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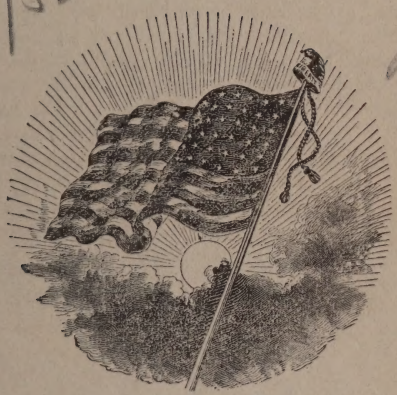

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

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THE ALARM-BELL OF ATRI.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown, —
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may"; —
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the king,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How happily the days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

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By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts; —
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And, day by day, sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadowless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer-time,
With bolted doors, and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his sweet repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace,
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade,
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form, of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together, like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees, that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

Henry W. Longfellow.

A SHADOW.

I SHALL always remember one winter evening, a little before Christmas-time, when I took a long, solitary walk in the outskirts of the town. The cold sunset had left a trail of orange light along the horizon, the dry snow tinkled beneath my feet, and the early stars had a keen, clear lustre that matched well with the sharp sound and the frosty sensation. For some time I had walked toward the gleam of a distant window, and as I approached, the light showed more and more clearly through the white curtains of a little cottage by the road. I stopped, on reaching it, to enjoy the suggestion of domestic cheerfulness in contrast with the dark outside. I could not see the inmates, nor they me; but something of human sympathy came from that steadfast ray.

As I looked, a film of shade kept appearing and disappearing with rhythmic regularity in a corner of the window, as if some one might perhaps be sitting in a low rocking-chair beside it. Presently the motion ceased, and suddenly across the curtain came the shadow of a woman. She raised in her arms the shadow of a baby, and kissed it; then both disappeared, and I walked on.

What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of a mother's love, fixed in permanent outline forever? Here the group actually moved upon the canvas. The curtains which hid it revealed it. The ecstasy of human love passed in brief, intangible panorama before me. It was something seen, yet unseen; airy, yet solid; a type, yet a reality; fugitive, yet destined to last in my memory while I live. It said more to me than would any Madonna of Raphael's, for his mother never kisses her child. I believe I have never passed over that road since then, never seen the house, never heard the names of its occupants. Their character, their history, their fate, are all unknown. But these two will always stand for me as disembodied types of humanity, the Mother and the Child, they seem nearer to me than my immediate neighbors, yet they are as ideal and impersonal as the goddesses of Greece or as Plato's archetypal man.

I know not the parentage of that child, whether black or white, native or foreign, rich or poor. It makes no difference. The presence of a baby equalizes all social conditions. On the floor of some Southern hut, scarcely so comfortable as a dog-kennel, I have seen a dusky woman look down upon her infant with such an expression of delight as painter never drew. No social culture can make a mother's face more than a mother's, as no wealth can make a nursery more than a place where children dwell. Lavish thousands of dollars on your baby-clothes, and after all the child is prettiest when every garment is laid aside. That becoming nakedness, at least, may adorn the chubby darling of the poorest home.

I know not what triumph or despair may have come and gone through that wayside house since then, what jubilant guests may have entered, what lifeless form passed out. What anguish or what sin may have come between that woman and that child; through what worlds they now wander, and whether separate or in each other's arms, — this is all unknown. Fancy can picture other joys to which the first happiness was but the prelude, and, on the other hand, how easy to imagine some special heritage of human woe and call it theirs!

> "I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
> Lord of thy house and hospitality;
> And Grief, uneasy lover, might not rest
> Save when he sat within the touch of thee."

Nay, the foretaste of that changed fortune may have been present, even in the kiss. Who knows what absorbing

emotion, beside love's immediate impulse, may have been uttered in that shadowy embrace? There may have been some contrition for ill-temper or neglect, or some triumph over ruinous temptation, or some pledge of immortal patience, or some heart-breaking prophecy of bereavement. It may have been simply an act of habitual tenderness, or it may have been the wild reaction toward a neglected duty; the renewed self-consecration of the saint, or the joy of the sinner that repenteth? No matter. She kissed the baby. The feeling of its soft flesh, the busy struggle of its little arms between her hands, the impatient pressure of its little feet against her knees, these were the same, whatever the mood or circumstance beside. They did something to equalize joy and sorrow, honor and shame. Maternal love is love, whether a woman be a wife or only a mother. Only a mother!

The happiness beneath that roof may, perhaps, have never reached so high a point as at that precise moment of my passing. In the coarsest household, the mother of a young child is placed on a sort of pedestal of care and tenderness, at least for a time. She resumes something of the sacredness and dignity of the maiden. Coleridge ranks as the purest of human emotions that of a husband towards a wife who has a baby at her breast, — "a feeling how free from sensual desire, yet how different from friendship!" And to the true mother, however cultivated, or however ignorant, this period of early parentage is happier than all else, in spite of its exhausting cares. In that delightful book, the letters of Mrs. Richard Trench, (mother of the well-known English writer), the most agreeable passage is perhaps that in which, after looking back upon a life spent in the most brilliant society of Europe, she gives the palm of happiness to the time when she was a young mother. She writes to her god-daughter: "I believe it is the happiest time of any woman's life, who has affectionate feelings, and is blessed with healthy and well-disposed children. I know at least that neither the gayeties and boundless hopes of early life, nor the more grave pursuits and deeper affections of later years, are by any means comparable in my recollection with the serene, yet lively pleasure of seeing my children playing on the grass, enjoying their little temperate supper, or repeating 'with holy look' their simple prayers, and undressing for bed, growing prettier for every part of their dress they took off, and at last lying down, all freshness and love, in complete happiness, and an amiable contest for mamma's last kiss."

That kiss welcomed the child into a world where joy predominates. The vast multitude of human beings enjoy existence and wish to live. They all have their earthly life under their own control. Some religions sanction suicide; the Christian Scriptures nowhere explicitly forbid it; and yet it is a rare thing. Many persons sigh for death when it seems far off, but the inclination vanishes when the boat upsets, or the locomotive runs off the track, or the measles set in. A wise physician once said to me: "I observe that every one wishes to go to heaven, but I observe that most people are willing to take a great deal of very disagreeable medicine first." The lives that one least envies — as of the Digger Indian or the outcast boy in the city — are yet sweet to the living. "They have only a pleasure like that of the brutes," we say with scorn. But what a racy and substantial pleasure is that! The flashing speed of the swallow in the air, the cool play of the minnow in the water, the dance of twin butterflies round a thistle-blossom, the thundering gallop of the buffalo across the prairie, nay, the clumsy walk of the grizzly bear; it were doubtless enough to reward existence, could we have joy like such as these, and ask no more. This is the hearty physical basis of animated life, and as step by step the savage creeps up to the possession of intellectual manhood, each advance brings with it new sorrow and new joy, with the joy always leading.

There are many who will utterly disavow this creed that life is desirable in itself. A fair woman in a ball-room, exquisitely dressed, and possessed of all that wealth could give, once declared to me her belief — and I think honestly — that no person over thirty was consciously happy, or would wish to live, but for the fear of death. There could not even be pleasure in one's children, she asserted, since they were living in such a world of sorrow. Asking the opinion, within half an hour, of another woman as fair and as favored by fortune, I found directly the opposite verdict. "For my part I can truly say," she answered, "that I enjoy every moment I live." The varieties of temperament and of physical condition will always afford us these extremes; but the truth lies between them, and most persons will endure many sorrows and still find life sweet.

And the mother's kiss welcomes the child into a world where good predominates as well as joy. What recreants must we be, in an age that has abolished slavery in America and popularized the governments of all Europe, if we doubt that the tendency of man is upward! How much that the world calls selfishness is only generosity with narrow walls, — a too exclusive solicitude to maintain a wife in luxury or make one's children rich! In an audience of rough people a generous sentiment always brings down the house. In the tumult of war both sides applaud an heroic deed. A courageous woman, who had traversed alone, on benevolent errands, the worst parts of New York, told me that she never felt afraid except in the solitudes of the country; wherever there was a crowd, she found a protector. A policeman of great experience once spoke to me with admiration of the fidelity of professional thieves to each other, and the risks they would run for the women whom they loved; when "Bristol Bill" was arrested, he said, there was found upon the burglar a set of false keys, not quite finished, by which he would certainly, within twenty-four hours, have had his mistress out of jail. Parent-Duchatelet found always the remains of modesty among the fallen women of Paris hospitals; and Mayhew, amid the London outcasts, says that he thinks better of human nature every day. Even among politicians, whom it is our American fashion to revile as the chief of sinners, there is less of evil than of good. In Wilberforce's "Memoirs" there is an account of his having once asked Mr. Pitt whether his long experience as Prime Minister had made him think well or ill of his fellow-men. Mr. Pitt answered, "Well"; and his successor, Lord Melbourne, being asked the same question, answered, after a little reflection, "My opinion is the same as that of Mr. Pitt."

Let us have faith. It was a part of the vigor of the old Hebrew tradition to rejoice when a man-child was born into the world; and the maturer strength of nobler ages should rejoice over a woman-child as well. Nothing human is wholly sad, until it is effete and dying out. Where there is life there is promise. "Vitality is always hopeful," was the verdict of the most refined and clear-sighted woman who has yet traversed the rough mining villages of the Rocky Mountains. There is apt to be a certain coarse virtue in rude health; as the Germanic races were purest when least civilized, and our American Indians did not unlearn chastity till they began to decay. But even where vigor and vice are found together, they still may hold a promise for the next generation. Out of the strong cometh forth sweetness. Parisian wickedness is not so discouraging merely because it is wicked, as from a suspicion that it is draining the life-blood of the nation. A mob of miners or of New York bullies may be uncomfortable neighbors, and may make a man of refinement hesitate whether to stop his ears or to feel for his revolver; but they hold more promise for the coming generations than the line which ends in Madame Bovary or the Vicomte de Camors.

But behind that cottage curtain, at

any rate, a new and prophetic life had begun. I cannot foretell that child's future, but I know something of its past. The boy may grow up into a criminal, the woman into an outcast, yet the baby was beloved. It came "not in utter nakedness." It found itself heir of the two prime essentials of existence, — life and love. Its first possession was a woman's kiss; and in that heritage the most important need of its career was guaranteed. "An ounce of mother," says the Spanish proverb, "is worth a pound of clergy." Jean Paul says that in life every successive influence affects us less and less, so that the circumnavigator of the globe is less influenced by all the nations he has seen than by his nurse. Well may the child imbibe that reverence for motherhood which is the first need of man. Where woman is most a slave, she is at least sacred to her son. The Turkish sultan must prostrate himself at the door of his mother's apartments, and were he known to have insulted her, it would make his throne tremble. Among the savage African Touaricks, if two parents disagree, it is to the mother that the child's obedience belongs. Over the greater part of the earth's surface, the foremost figures in all temples are the Mother and Child. Christian and Buddhist nations, numbering together two thirds of the world's population, unite in this worship. Into the secrets of the ritual that baby in the window had already received initiation.

And how much spiritual influence may in turn have gone forth from that little one. The coarsest father gains a new impulse to labor from the moment of his baby's birth; he scarcely sees it when awake, and yet it is with him all the time. Every stroke he strikes is for his child. New social aims, new moral motives, come vaguely up to him. The London costermonger told Mayhew that he thought every man would like his child to have a better start in the world than himself. After all, there is no tonic like the affections. Philosophers express wonder that the divine laws should give to some young girl, almost a child, the custody of an immortal soul. But what instruction the baby brings to the mother! She learns patience, self-control, endurance; her very arm grows strong, so that she can hold the dear burden longer than the father can. She learns to understand character, too, by dealing with it. "In training my first children," said a wise mother to me, "I thought that all were born just the same, and that I was wholly responsible for what they should become. I learned by degrees that each had a temperament of its own, which I must study before I could teach it." And thus, as children grow older, their dawning instincts guide those of the parents; their questions suggest new answers, and to have loved them is a liberal education.

For the height of heights is love. The philosopher dries into a skeleton like that he investigates, unless love teaches him. He is blind among his microscopes, unless he sees in the humblest human soul a revelation that dwarfs all the world beside. While he grows gray in ignorance among his crucibles, every girlish mother is being illuminated by every kiss of her child. That house is so far sacred, which holds within its walls this new-born heir of eternity. But to dwell on these high mysteries would take us into depths beyond the present need of mother or of child, and it is better that the greater part of the baby-life should be that of an animated toy.

Perhaps it is well for all of us that we should live mostly on the surfaces of things and should play with life, to avoid taking it too hard. In a nursery the youngest child is a little more than a doll, and the doll is a little less than a child. What spell does fancy weave on earth like that which the one of these small beings performs for the other? This battered and tattered doll, this shapeless, featureless, possibly legless creature, whose mission it is to be dragged by one arm, or stood upon its head in the bathing-tub, until it finally reverts to the rag-bag whence it came,

— what an affluence of breathing life is thrown around it by one touch of dawning imagination! Its little mistress will find all joy unavailing without its sympathetic presence, will confide every emotion to its pen-and-ink ears, and will weep passionate tears if its extremely soiled person is pricked when its clothes are mended. What psychologist, what student of the human heart, has ever applied his subtile analysis to the emotions of a child toward her doll?

I read lately the charming autobiography of a little girl of eight years, written literally from her own dictation. Since "Pet Marjorie" I have seen no such actual self-revelation on the part of a child. In the course of her narration she describes, with great precision and correctness, the travels of the family through Europe in the preceding year, assigning usually the place of importance to her doll, who appears simply as "My Baby." Nothing can be more grave, more accurate, more serious than the whole history, but nothing in it seems quite so real and alive as the doll. "When we got to Nice, I was sick. The next morning the doctor came, and he said I had something that was very much like scarlet fever. Then I had Annie take care of baby, and keep her away, for I was afraid she would get the fever. She used to cry to come to me, but I knew it would n't be good for her."

What firm judgment is here, what tenderness without weakness, what discreet motherhood! When Christmas came, it appears that baby hung up her stocking with the rest. Her devoted parent had bought for her a slate with a real pencil. Others provided thimble and scissors and bodkin and a spool of thread, and a travelling-shawl with a strap, and a cap with tarlatan ruffles. "I found baby with the cap on early in the morning, and she was so pleased she almost jumped out of my arms." Thus in the midst of visits to the Coliseum and St. Peter's, the drama of early affection goes always on. "I used to take her to hear the band, in the carriage, and she went everywhere I did."

But the love of all dolls, as of other pets, must end with a tragedy, and here it comes. "The next place we went to was Lucerne. There was a lovely lake there, but I had a very sad time. One day I thought I 'd take baby down to breakfast, and, as I was going up stairs, my foot slipped and baby broke her head. And O, I felt so bad! and I cried out, and I ran up stairs to Annie, and mamma came, and O, we were all so sorry! And mamma said she thought I could get another head, but I said, 'It won't be the same baby.' And mamma said, maybe we could make it seem so."

At this crisis the elder brother and sister departed for Mount Righi. "They were going to stay all night, and mamma and I stayed at home to take care of each other. I felt very bad about baby and about their going, too. After they went, mamma and I thought we would go to the little town and see what we could find." After many difficulties, a waxen head was discovered. "Mamma bought it, and we took it home and put it on baby; but I said it was n't like my real baby, only it was better than having no child at all!"

This crushing bereavement, this reluctant acceptance of a child by adoption, to fill the vacant heart, — how real and formidable is all this rehearsal of the tragedies of maturer years! I knew an instance in which the last impulse of ebbing life was such a gush of imaginary motherhood. A dear young friend of mine, whose sweet charities prolong into a third generation the unbounded benevolence of old Isaac Hopper, used to go at Christmas-time with dolls and other gifts to the poor children on Randall's Island. Passing the bed of a little girl whom the physician pronounced to be unconscious and dying, the kind visitor insisted on putting a doll into her arms. Instantly the eyes of the little invalid opened, and she pressed the gift eagerly to her heart, murmuring over it and caressing it. The matron afterwards wrote that

the child died within two hours, wearing a happy face, and still clinging to her new-found treasure.

And beginning with this transfer of all human associations to a doll, the child's life interfuses itself readily among all the affairs of the elders. When it appears, formality vanishes; the most oppressive ceremonial is a little relieved when children enter. Their presence is pervasive and irresistible, like that of water, which adapts itself to any landscape, — always takes its place, welcome or unwelcome, — keeps its own level and seems always to have its natural and proper margin. Out of doors how children mingle with nature, and seem to begin just where birds and butterflies leave off! Leigh Hunt, with his delicate perceptions, paints this well: "The voices of children seem as natural to the early morning as the voice of the birds. The suddenness, the lightness, the loudness, the sweet confusion, the sparkling gayety, seem alike in both. The sudden little jangle is now here and now there; and now a single voice calls to another, and the boy is off like the bird." So Heine, with deeper thoughtfulness, noticed the "intimacy with the trees" of the little wood-gatherer in the Hartz Mountains; soon the child whistled like a linnet, and the other birds all answered him; then he disappeared in the thicket with his bare feet and his bundle of brushwood. "Children," thought Heine, "are younger than we, and can still remember the time when they were trees or birds, and can therefore understand and speak their language; but we are grown old, and have too many cares, and too much jurisprudence and bad poetry in our heads."

But why go to literature for a recognition of what one may see by opening one's eyes? Before my window there is a pool, two rods square, that is haunted all winter by children, — clearing away the snow of many a storm, if need be, and mining downward till they strike the ice. I look this morning from the window, and the pond is bare. In a moment I happen to look again, and it is covered with a swarm of boys; a great migrating flock has settled upon it, as if swooping down from parts unknown to scream and sport themselves here. The air is full of their voices; they have all tugged on their skates instantaneously, as it were by magic. Now they are in a confused cluster, now they sweep round and round in a circle, now it is broken into fragments and as quickly formed again; games are improvised and abandoned; there seems to be no plan or leader, but all do as they please, and yet somehow act in concert, and all chatter all the time. Now they have alighted, every one, upon the bank of snow that edges the pond, each scraping a little hollow in which to perch. Now every perch is vacant again, for they are all in motion; each moment increases the jangle of shrill voices, — since a boy's outdoor whisper to his nearest crony is as if he was hailing a ship in the offing, — and what they are all saying can no more be made out than if they were a flock of gulls or blackbirds. I look away from the window once more, and when I glance out again there is not a boy in sight. They have whirled away like snowbirds, and the little pool sleeps motionless beneath the cheerful wintry sun. Who but must see how gradually the joyous life of the animal rises through childhood into man, — since the soaring gnats, the glancing fishes, the sliding seals are all represented in this mob of half-grown boyhood just released from school.

If I were to choose among all gifts and qualities that which, on the whole, makes life pleasantest, I should select the love of children. No circumstance can render this world wholly a solitude to one who has this possession. It is a freemasonry. Wherever one goes, there are the little brethren and sisters of the mystic tie. No diversity of race or tongue makes much difference. A smile speaks the universal language. "If I value myself on anything," said the lonely Hawthorne, "it is on hav-

ing a smile that children love." They are such prompt little beings, too; they require so little prelude; hearts are won in two minutes, at that frank period, and so long as you are true to them they will be true to you. They use no argument, no bribery. They have a hearty appetite for gifts, no doubt, but it is not for these that they love the giver. Take the wealth of the world and lavish it with counterfeited affection: I will win all the children's hearts away from you by empty-handed love. The gorgeous toys will dazzle them for an hour; then their instincts will revert to their natural friends. In visiting a house where there are children I do not like to take them presents: it is better to forego the pleasure of the giving than to divide the welcome between yourself and the gift. Let that follow after you are gone.

It is an exaggerated compliment to women when we ascribe to them alone this natural sympathy with childhood. It is an individual, not a sexual trait, and is stronger in many men than in many women. It is nowhere better exhibited in literature than where the happy Wilhelm Meister takes his boy by the hand, to lead him "into the free and lordly world." Such love is not universal among the other sex, though men, in that humility which so adorns their natures, keep up the pleasing fiction that it is. As a general rule any little girl feels some glimmerings of emotion towards anything that can pass for a doll, but it does not follow that, when grown older, she will feel as ready an instinct toward every child. Try it. Point out to a woman some bundle of blue-and-white or white-and-scarlet in some one's arms at the next street corner. Ask her, "Do you love that baby?" Not one woman in three will say promptly, "Yes." The others will hesitate, will bid you wait till they are nearer, till they can personally inspect the little thing and take an inventory of its traits; it may be dirty, too; it may be diseased. Ah, but this is not to love children, and you might as well be a man. To love children is to love childhood, instinctively, at whatever distance, the first impulse being one of attraction, though it may be checked by later discoveries. Unless your heart commands at least as long a range as your eye, it is not worth much. The dearest saint in my calendar never entered a railway car that she did not look round for a baby, which, when discovered, must always be won at once into her arms. If it was dirty, she would have been glad to bathe it; if ill, to heal it; it would not have seemed to her anything worthy the name of love, to seek only those who were wholesome and clean. Like the young girl in Holmes's most touching poem, she would have claimed as her own the outcast child whom nurses and physicians had abandoned.

> "'Take her, dread Angel! Break in love
> This bruised reed and make it thine!'
> No voice descended from above,
> But Avis answered, 'She is mine!'"

When I think of the self-devotion which the human heart can contain, — of those saintly souls that are in love with sorrow, and that yearn to shelter all weakness and all grief, — it inspires an unspeakable confidence that there must also be an instinct of parentage beyond this human race, a heart of hearts, *cor cordium*. As we all crave something to protect, so we long to feel ourselves protected. We are all infants before the Infinite; and as I turned from that cottage window to the resplendent sky, it was easy to fancy that mute embrace, that shadowy symbol of affection, expanding from the narrow lattice till it touched the stars, gathering every created soul into the arms of Immortal Love.

T. W. Higginson.

A WOMAN'S PULPIT.

I FELL to regretting to-day, for the first time in my life, that I am an old maid; for this reason: I have a very serious, long, religious story to tell, and a brisk matrimonial quarrel would have been such a vivacious, succinct, and secular means of introducing it.

But when I said, one day last winter, "I want some change," it was only Mädchen who suggested, "Wait for specie payment."

And when I said, for I felt sentimental, and it was Sunday too, "I will offer myself as a missionary in Boston," I received no more discouraging reply than, "I think I see you! You 'd walk in and ask if anything could be done for their souls to-day? And if they said No, you 'd turn around and come out!"

And when I urged, "The country heathen requires less courage; I will offer myself in New Vealshire," I was met by no louder lion than the insinuation, "Perhaps I meant to turn Universalist, then?"

"Mädchen!" said I, "you know better!"

"Yes," said Mädchen.

"And you know I could preach as well as anybody!"

"Yes," said Mädchen.

"Well!" said I.

"Well!" said Mädchen.

So that was all that was said about it. For Mädchen is a woman and minds her own business.

It should be borne in mind, that I am a woman "myself, Mr. Copperfull," and that the following correspondence, now for the first time given to the public, was accordingly finished and filed, before Mädchen ever saw or thought of it.

This statement is not at all to the point of my purpose, further than that it may have, as I suppose, some near or remote bearings, movable on springs to demand, upon the business abilities —by which, as nearly as I can make out, is meant the power of holding one's tongue — of the coming woman, and that I am under stress of oath never to allow an opportunity to escape me, of strewing my garments in the way of her distant, royal feet.

"To be sparing," as has been said, "of prefatory, that is to say, of condemnatory remarking," I append at once an accurate vellum copy of the valuable correspondence in question.

HERCULES, February 28, 18—.

SECRETARY OF THE NEW VEALSHIRE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: — I am desirous of occupying one of your vacant posts of ministerial service: place and time entirely at your disposal. I am not a college graduate, nor have I yet applied for license to preach. I am, however, I believe, the possessor of a fair education, and of some slight experience in usefulness of a kind akin to that which I seek under your auspices, as well as of an interest in the neglected portions of New England, which *ought* to warrant me success in an attempt to serve their religious welfare.

For confirmation of these statements I will refer you, if you like, to the Rev. Dr. Dagon of Dagonsville, and to Professor Tacitus of Sparta.

An answer at your earliest convenience, informing me if you are disposed to accept my services, and giving me details of terms and times, will oblige,

Yours respectfully,

J. W. BANGS.

HARMONY, N. V., March 5, 18—.

J. W. BANGS, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR: — Your lack of collegiate education is an objection to your filling one of our stations, but not an insurmountable one. I like your letter, and am inclined to think favorably of the question of accepting your services. I should probably send you among the

Gray Hills, and in March. We pay six dollars a week and "found." Will this be satisfactory? Let me hear from you again.

Truly yours,
Z. Z. ZANGROW,
Sect. N. V. H. M. S.

P. S. I have been too busy as yet to pursue your recommendations, but have no doubt that they are satisfactory.

HERCULES, March 9, 18—.

REV. DR. ZANGROW.

DEAR SIR: — Yours of the 5th is at hand. Terms are satisfactory. I neglected to mention in my last that I am a woman.

Yours truly,
JERUSHA W. BANGS.

HARMONY, N. V., March 9, 18—.

JERUSHA W. BANGS.

DEAR MADAM: — You have played me an admirable joke. Regret that I have no time to return it.

Yours very sincerely,
Z. Z. ZANGROW, *Sect.*

HERCULES, March 11th.

DEAR SIR: — I was never more in earnest in my life.

Yours,
J. W. BANGS.

HARMONY, March 14th.

DEAR MADAM: — I am sorry to hear it.

Yours,
Z. Z. ZANGROW.

HERCULES, March 15, 18—.

REV. DR. ZANGROW.

MY DEAR SIR: — After begging your pardon for encroaching again upon your time and patience, permit me to inquire if you are not conscious of some slight — we will call it by its mildest possible cognomen — inconsistency in your recent correspondence with me? By your own showing, I am individually and concretely qualified for the business in question; I am generally and abstractly beyond its serious recognition. As an educated American Christian, I am capable, by the word that goeth forth out of my mouth, of saving the Vealshire Mountain soul. As an educated American Christian woman, I am remanded by the piano and the crochet-needle to the Hercules parlor soul.

You will — or you would, if it fell to your lot — send me under the feminine truce flag of "teacher" into Virginia to speak on Sabbath mornings to a promiscuous audience of a thousand negroes: you forbid me to manage a score of White-Mountaineers. Mr. Spurgeon's famous lady parishioner may preach to a "Sabbath-school class" of seven hundred men: you would deny her the scanty hearing of your mission pulpits.

My dear sir, to crack a hard argument, you have, in the words of Sir William the logical, "mistaken the associations of thought for the connections of existence." If you will appoint me a brief meeting at your own convenience in your own office in Harmony, I shall not only be very much in debt to your courtesy, but I shall convince you that you ought to send me into New Vealshire.

Meantime I am
Sincerely yours,
J. W. BANGS.

HARMONY, March 18, 18—.

MY DEAR MISS BANGS: — You are probably aware that, while it is not uncommon in the Universalist pulpit to find the female preacher, she is a specimen of humanity quite foreign to Orthodox ecclesiastical society.

I will confess to you, however (since you are determined to have your own way), that I have expressed in our hurried correspondence rather a denominational and professional than an individual opinion.

I can give you fifteen minutes on Tuesday next at twelve o'clock in my office, No. 41 Columbia Street.

It will at least give me the pleasure to make your personal acquaintance, whether I am able or not to gratify your enthusiastic and somewhat eccentric request.

I am, my dear madam,
Cordially yours,
Z. Z. ZANGROW, *Sect.*

I went, I saw, I conquered. I stayed fifteen minutes, just. I talked twelve of them. The secretary sat and drummed meditatively upon the table for the other three. He was a thin man in a white cravat. Two or three other thin men in white cravats came in as I was about to leave. The secretary whispered to them; they whispered to the secretary: they and the secretary looked at me. Somebody shook his head: somebody else shook his head. The secretary, drumming, smiled. Drumming and smiling, he bowed me out, merely remarking that I should hear from him in the course of a few days.

In the course of a few days I heard from him. I have since acquired a vague suspicion, which did not dawn at the time upon my broadest imagination, that the secretary sent me into New Vealshire as a private, personal, metaphysical speculation upon the woman question, and that the New Vealshire Home Missionary Society would sooner have sent me to heaven.

However that may be, I received from the secretary the following: —

HARMONY, N. V., March 23, 18—.

DEAR MISS BANGS: — I propose to send you as soon as possible to the town of Storm, New Vealshire, to occupy on trial, for a few weeks, a small church long unministered to, nearly extinct. You will be met at the station by a person of the name of Dobbins, with whom I shall make all necessary arrangements for your board and introduction.

When can you go?

Yours, etc.,

Z. Z. ZANGROW, *Sect.*

HERCULES, March 24, 18—.

MY DEAR DR. ZANGROW: — I can go to-morrow.

Yours, etc.,

J. W. BANGS.

A telegram from the secretary, however, generously allowed me three days "to pack." If I had been less kindly entreated at his hands, I should have had nothing to pack but my wounded dignity. I *always* travel in a bag. Did he expect me to preach out a Saratoga trunkful of flounces? I explosively demanded of Mädchen?

"He is a man," said Mädchen, soothingly, "and he has n't behaved in the least like one. Don't be hard upon him."

I relented so far as to pack a lace collar and an extra paper of hairpins. Mädchen suggested my best bonnet. I am sorry to say that I locked her out of the room.

For the benefit of any of my sex who may feel induced to follow in my footsteps, I will here remark that I packed one dress, Barnes on Matthew, Olshausen on something else, a Tischendorff Testament, Mädchen's little English Bible, Jeremy Taylor (Selections), and my rubber boots. Also, that my bag was of the large, square species, which gapes from ear to ear.

"It is n't here," said Mädchen, patiently, as I locked the valise.

"Mädchen," said I, severely, "if you mean my Florentine, I am perfectly aware of it. I am going to preach in black ties, — always!"

"Storm!" said Mädchen, concisely. As that was precisely what I was doing, to the best of my abilities, I regarded Mädchen confusedly, till I saw the Pathfinder on her knees, her elbows on the Pathfinder, and her chin in her hands.

"It is n't here," repeated Mädchen, "nor anything nearer to it than Whirlwind. That 's in the eastern part of Connecticut."

I think the essentially feminine fancy will before this have dwelt upon the fact that the secretary's letter was not, to say the least of it, opulent in directions for reaching the village of Storm. I do not think mine is an essentially feminine fancy. I am sure this never had occurred to me.

When it comes to Railway Guides, I am not, nor did I ever profess to be, strong-minded. When I trace, never so patiently, the express to Kamtschatka, I am let out of the Himalaya, Saturday-night accommodation. If I aim at a morning call in the Hima-

layas, I am morally sure to be landed on the southern peak of Patagonia. Mädchen, you understand, would leave her card in the Himalayas, if she had to make the mountains when she got there.

So, when Mädchen closed the Pathfinder with a snap of despair, I accepted her fiat without the wildest dream of disputing it, simply remarking that perhaps the conductor would know.

"Undoubtedly," said Mädchen, with her scientific smile. "Tell him you are going to see Mr. Dobbin of New Vealshire. He cannot fail to set you down at his back door."

He did, or nearly. If I cannot travel on paper, I can on iron. Although in the Pathfinder's index I am bewildered, routed, *non est inventus*, "a woman and an idiot," I can master the *patois* of brakemen and the hearts of conductors with unerring ease. I am sure I don't know how I got to Storm, and when I got there I was sure I didn't know how I was to get back again; but the fact remains that I got there. I repeat it with emphasis. I beg especially to call the masculine attention to it. I desire the future historian of "Woman in the Sacred Desk," as he playfully skims the surface of antiquated opposition to this then long-established phase of civilization, to make a note of it, that there *was* a woman, and she at the disadvantage of a pioneer, who got there.

Before proceeding to a minute account of my clerical history, I should like to observe, for the edification of the curious as well as for the instruction of the imitative, that I labored under the disadvantage of ministering to two separate and distinct parishes, which it was as impossible to reconcile as hot coals and parched corn. These were the Parish Real and the Parish Ideal. At their first proximity to each other, my ideal parish hopped in the corn-popper of my startled imagination, and, as nearly as I can testify, continued in active motion till the popper was full.

Let us, then, in the first place, briefly consider (you will bear, I am sure, under the circumstances, with my "porochial" style)

The Parish Ideal.

It was "in the wilderness astray," but it abounded in fresh meat and canned vegetables. Its inhabitants were heathen, of a cultivated turn of mind. Its opportunities were infinite, its demands delicately considerate; its temper was amiable, its experience infantine. It numbered a score or so of souls, women and children for the most part; with a few delightful old men, whose white hairs would go down in sorrow to the grave, should they miss, in the afternoon of life, the protecting shade of my ministrations. I collected my flock in some rude tenement, — a barn perhaps, or antiquated school-house, — half exposed to the fury of the elements, wholly picturesque and poetical. Among them, but not of them, at a little table probably, with a tallow candle, I sat and talked, as the brooks run, as the clouds fly, as waves break; smoothly, as befitted a kind of New Vealshire *conversazione;* eloquently, as would Wesley, as would Whitfield, as would Chalmers, Spurgeon, Beecher.

Royally but modestly, I ruled their stormy hearts. (N. B. No pun intended.) Their rude lives opened, paved with golden glories, to my magic touch. Hearts, which masculine wooing would but have intrenched in their shells of ignorance and sin, bowed, conquered, and chained to their own well-being and the glory of God — or their minister — by my woman's fingers. I lived among them as their idol, and died — for I would die in their service — as their saint. Mädchen might stay at home and make calls. For me, I had found the arena worthy of my possibilities, and solely created for my happiness.

I wish to say just here, that, according to the best information which I can command, there was nothing particularly uncommon, certainly nothing particularly characteristic of my sex, in

this mental *pas seul* through which I tripped. I suspect that I was no more interested in myself, and as much interested in my parishioners, as most young clergymen. The Gospel ministry is a very poor business investment, but an excellent intellectual one. Your average pastor must take care of his own horse, dress his daughter in her rich relations' cast-off clothing, and never be able to buy the new Encyclopædia, as well at the end of twenty years as of two. But he bounds from his recitation-room into a position of unquestioned and unquestionable official authority and public importance, in two months. No other profession offers him this advantage. To be sure, no other profession enfolds the secret, silent, tremendous struggles and triumphs, serving and crowning of the Christian minister, — a struggle and service which no patent business motive can touch at arm's length; a triumph and crown which it is impossible to estimate by the tests of the bar, the bench, the lecture-room. But as it is perfectly well known that this magazine is never read on Sundays, and that the introduction of any but "week-day holiness" into it would be the ruin of it, I refrain from pursuing my subject in any of its finer, inner lights, such as you can bear, you know, after church, very comfortably; and have only to bespeak your patience for my delay in introducing you to

The Parish Real.

I arrived there on Saturday night, at the end of the day, a ten miles' stage-ride, and a final patch of crooked railway, in a snow-storm. Somebody who lectures has somewhere described the unique sensations of hunting in a railway station for a "committee" who never saw you, and whom you never saw. He should tell you how I found Mr. Dobbin, for I am sure I cannot. I found myself landed in a snow-drift — I suppose there was a platform under it, but I never got so far — with three other women. The three women had on waterproofs; I had on a waterproof. There were four men and a half, as nearly as I could judge, in slouched hats, to be seen in or about the little crazy station. One man, one of the whole ones, was a ticketed official of some kind; the other two were lounging against the station walls, making a spittoon of my snow-drift; the half-man was standing with his hands in his pockets.

"Was you lookin' for anybody in partikkelar?" said one of the waterproofs, thoughtfully, or curiously, as I stood dismally regarding the prospect.

"Thank you. Yes. Can you tell me if Mr. Do—"

"obbins," said the half-man at this juncture, "Bangs?"

"Yes, sir."

"New parson?"

"Yes, sir."

"That 's the talk!" said Mr. Dobbins. "Step right round here, ma'am!"

"Right round here," brought us up against an old buggy sleigh, and an old horse with patient ears. "Hold on a spell," said Mr. Dobbins, "I 'll put ye in."

Now Mr. Dobbins was not, as I have intimated, a large man. Whether he were actually a dwarf, or whether he only got so far and stopped, I never satisfactorily discovered. But at all events, I could have "put" Mr. Dobbins into anything twice as comfortably as I could support the reversal of the process; to say nothing of the fact that the ascent of a sleigh is not at most a superhuman undertaking. However, not wishing to wound his feelings, I submitted to the situation, and Mr. Dobbins handed me in and tucked me up, with consummate gallantry. I mention this circumstance, not because I was prepared for, or expected, or demanded, in my ministerial capacity, any peculiar deference to my sex, but because it is indicative of the treatment which, throughout my ministerial experience, I received.

"Comfortable?" asked Mr. Dobbins after a pause, as we turned our faces eastward, towards a lonely landscape of billowy gray and white, and in

the jaws of the storm; "'cause there 's four miles and three quarters of this. Tough for a lady."

I assured him that I was quite comfortable, and that if the weather were tough for a lady, I was too.

"You don't!" said Mr. Dobbins.

Another pause followed, after which Mr. Dobbins delivered himself of the following: —

"Been at the trade long?"

"Of preaching? Not long."

"Did n't expect it, you know" (confidentially). "Not such a young un. Never thought on 't."

Not feeling called upon to make any reply to this, I made none, and we braved in silence the great gulps of mountain wind that wellnigh swept the buggy sleigh over.

"Nor so good lookin', neither," said Mr. Dobbins, when we had ridden perhaps half a mile.

This was discouraging. A vision of Mädchen scientifically smiling, of the Rev. Dr. Z. Z. Zangrow dubiously drumming, of the New Vealshire Home Missionary Society shaking its head, drifted distinctly by me, in the wild white whirlpool over Mr. Dobbins's hat.

Were my professional prospects to be gnawed at the roots by a dispensation of Providence for which I was, it would be admitted by the most prejudiced, not in the least accountable? Were the Universalist clergywomen never young and "good lookin'?"

I did not ask Mr. Dobbins the question, but his next burst of eloquence struck athwart it thus: —

"Had 'em here in spots, ye see; Spiritooalist and sech. There 's them as thinks 't ain't scriptooral in women folks to hev a hand in the business, noway. Then ag'in there 's them as feels very like the chap whose wife took to beatin' of him; 'It amuses her, and it don't hurt me.' Howsomever, there 's them as jest as lieves go to meetin' as not, when there 's nothin' else goin' on. Last one brought her baby, and her husband he sat with his head ag'in the door, and held it."

To these consoling observations Mr. Dobbins added, I believe, but two others in the course of our four miles and three quarters' drive; these were equally cheering: —

"S'pose you know you 're ticketed to Samphiry's."

I was obliged to admit that I had never so much as heard a rumor of the existence of Samphiry.

"Cousin of mine," explained Mr. Dobbins, "on the mother's side. Children got the mumps down to her place. Six on 'em."

It will be readily inferred that Mr. Dobbins dropped me in the drifts about Samphiry's front door, in a subdued state of mind. Samphiry greeted me with a sad smile. She was a little yellow woman in a red calico apron. Six children, in various picturesque stages of the disease which Mr. Dobbins had specified, hung about her.

"Law me, child!" said Samphiry, when she had got me in by the fire, taken my dripping hat and cloak, and turned me full in the dying daylight and living firelight. "Why, I don't believe you 're two year older than Mary Ann!"

Mary Ann, an overgrown child of perhaps seventeen, in short dresses buttoned up behind, sat with her mouth open, and looked at me during the expression of this encouraging comparison.

I assumed my severest ministerial gravity and silence, but my heart was sinking.

I had salt-pork and barley bread for supper, and went to bed in a room where the ice stood on my hair all night, where I wrapped it around my throat as a preventive of diphtheria. I was prepared for hardship, however, and bore these little physical inconveniences bravely; but when one of Mary Ann's brothers, somewhere in the extremely small editions, cried aloud from midnight to five A. M., and Samphiry apologized for the disturbance the next morning on this wise: "— Hope you was n't kept awake last night, I'm sure. They generally cry for a night or two before they get through with it. If

you 'd been a man-minister now, I don't s'pose I should have dared to undertake the keep of you, with mumps in the house; but it 's so different with a woman; she 's got so much more fellow-feeling for babies; I thought you would n't mind!" — I confess that my heart dropped "deeper than did ever plummet sound." For about ten minutes I would rather have been in Hercules making calls than in New Vealshire preaching the Gospel.

I was aroused from this brief state of despair, however, by the remembrance of my now near-approaching professional duties; and after a hot breakfast (of salt-pork and barley bread), I retired to my icy room to prepare my mind appropriately for my morning's discourse.

The storm had bent and broken since early dawn. The sun and the snow winked blindly at each other. The great hills lifted haughty heads out of wraps of ermine and gold. Outlines in black and gray of awful fissures and caverns gaped through the mass of wealthy color which they held. Little shy, soft clouds fled over these, frightened, one thought; now and then a row of ragged black teeth snapped them up; I could see them struggle and sink. Which was the more relentless, the beauty or the power of the sight, it were difficult choosing. But I, preparing to preach my first sermon, and feeling in myself (I hope) the stillness and smallness of the very valley of humiliation, did not try to choose. I could only stand at my window and softly say, "Before the mountains were brought forth, THOU art."

I do not know whether Mary Ann heard me, but when she appeared at that crisis with my "shaving-water," and blushed scarlet, transfixed in the middle of the room, with her mouth open, to beg pardon for the mistake, but "she 'd got kinder used to it with the last minister, and never thought till she opened the door and see my crinoline on the chair!" I continued, with a gentle enthusiasm: —

"That is a grand sight, my dear, over there. It ought to make one very good, I think, to live in the face of such hills as those."

"I want to know!" said Mary Ann, coming and gaping over my shoulder. "Why, I get as used to 'em as I do to washing-day!"

I had decided upon extempore preaching as best adapted to the needs of my probable audience, and, with my icy hands in the warm "shaving-water" and my eyes on the icy hills, was doing some rambling thinking about the Lord's messages and messengers, — a subject which the color and dazzle and delight of the morning had touched highly to my fancy; but wondering, through my slicing of introduction, firstly, secondly, a, b, c, d, and conclusion, if the rural tenement in which we should worship possessed a dinner-bell, or a gong, or anything of that sort, which could be used as summons to assemble, and if it were not quite time to hear the sound, when Mary Ann introduced herself upon the scene again, to signify that Mr. Dobbins awaited my pleasure down stairs. Somewhat confused by this sudden announcement, I seized my Bible and my hat, and presented myself promptly but palpitating.

"Morning," said Mr. Dobbins, with a pleasant smile. "Rested yet?"

I thanked him, and was quite rested.

"You don't!" said Mr. Dobbins. "Wal, you see I come over to say that meetin' 's gin up for to-day."

"Given up!"

"Wal, yes. Ye see there 's such a heft of snow, and no paths broke, and seein' it was a gal as was goin' to preach, me and the other deacon we thought she 'd get her feet wet, or suthin', and so we 'greed we would n't ring the bell! Thought ye 'd be glad to be let off, after travellin' all day yesterday, too!"

I looked at Mr. Dobbins. Mr. Dobbins looked at me. There was a pause.

"Will your paths be broken out by night?" I asked, with a terrible effort at self-control.

"Wal, yes. In spots; yes; middlin' well."

"Will my audience be afraid of wetting their feet, after the paths are broken?"

"Bless you, no!" said Mr. Dobbins, staring, "they 're used to 't."

"Then you will please to appoint an evening service, and ring your bell at half past six precisely. I shall be there, and shall preach, if there is no one but the sexton to hear me. And next Sabbath you will oblige me by proceeding with the regular services, whatever the weather, without the least anxiety for my feet."

"If you was n't a minister, I should say you was spunky," said Mr. Dobbins, thoughtfully. He regarded me for some moments with disturbed interest, blindly suspicious that somebody was offended, but whether pastor or parishioner he could not make out. He was still undecided, when he took to his hat, and I to my "own sweet thoughts."

This incident vitally affected my programme for the day. It was harrowing, but it was stimulative. There was the inspiration of the rack about it. The *animus* of the stake was upon me. I could die, but I would not surrender. I would gain the respect of my parishioners, whether — well, yes — whether I gained their souls or not; I am not ashamed to say it now, partly because of the true, single, gnawing hunger for usefulness for usefulness' sake, and for higher than usefulness' sake, which came to me afterwards, and which, you remember, is all left out for the Sunday magazines; partly because the acquisition of my people's respect was a necessary antecedent to that of their salvation.

So by help of a fire which I cajoled from Samphiry, and the shaving-water which was warmer than the fire, I contrived to employ the remainder of the Sabbath in putting my first sermon upon paper.

The bell rang, as I had directed, at half past six. It did not occur to me at the time that it sounded less like a dinner-gong than a church-bell of average size and respectability. I and my sermon were both quite ready for it, and I tramped off bravely (in my rubber boots), with Mary Ann as my guide, through the drifted and drifting paths. Once more, for the benefit of my sex, I may be permitted to mention that I wore a very plain street suit of black, *no crimps*, a white collar of linen, and a black tie; and that I retained my outside garment — a loose sack — in the pulpit.

"Here we are," said Mary Ann, as I floundered up half blinded from the depths of a three-feet drift. Here we were indeed. If Mary Ann had not been with me I should have sat down in the drift, and — no, I do not think I should have cried, but I should have gasped a little. *Why* I should have been horribly unprepared for the sight of a commodious white church, with a steeple, and a belfry and stone steps, and people going up the steps in the latest frill and the stove-pipe hat, the reader who has ever tried to patronize an American seamstress, or give orders to an American servant, or ask an American mechanic if he sees a newspaper, must explain. The citizens of Storm might be heathen, but they were Yankees; what more could be said? Sentence a Yankee into the Desert of Sahara for life, and out of the "sandwiches there" he would contrive means to live like "other folks."

However, I did not sit down in the drift, but went on, with meeting-house and worshippers all in an unnatural light like stereoscopic figures, and sat down in the pulpit; a course of conduct which had at least one advantage, — it saved me a cold.

Mr. Dobbins, it should be noted, met me at the church door, and conducted me, with much respect, up the pulpit stairs. When he left me, I removed my hat and intrenched my beating heart behind a hymn-book.

It will be understood that, while I was not unpractised in Sabbath-school teaching, mission prayer-meeting exhortation, "remarks" at sewing-schools, and other like avenues of religious influence, of the kind considered suitable

for my sex, I had never engaged in anything which could be denominated public speech; and that, when the clear clang of the bell hushed suddenly, and the pause on the faces of my audience — there may have been forty of them — warned me that my hour had come, I was in no wise more ready to meet it than any Miss A, B, or C, who would be content to employ life in making sofa-pillows, but would be quite safe from putting it to the *outré* purpose of making sermons.

So I got through my introductory exercises with a grim desperation, and made haste to my sermon. Once with the manuscript in my hands, I drew breath. Once having looked my audience fairly in the eye, I was prepared to conquer or be conquered by it. There should be no half-way work between us. So I held up my head and did my best.

The criticism of that sermon would be, I suspect, a choice morning's work for any professor of homiletics in the country. Its divisions were numerous and startling; its introduction occurred just where I thought it would sound best, and its conclusion was adjusted to the clock. I reasoned of righteousness and judgment to come, in learned phrase. Theology and metaphysics, exegesis and zoölogy, poetry and botany, were impressed liberally into its pages. I quoted Sir William Hamilton, Strauss, Aristotle, in liberal allowance. I toyed with the names of Schleiermacher and Copernicus. I played battledoor and shuttlecock with "views" of Hegel and Hobbes. As nearly as I can recollect, that sermon was a hash of literature in five syllables, with a seasoning of astronomy and Adam.

I had the satisfaction of knowing, when I read as modestly, reverently, and as much like an unanointed church-member as I knew how, a biblical benediction, and sat down again on the pulpit cushions, that if I had not preached the Gospel, I had at least subdued the church-going population of Storm.

Certain rough-looking fellows, upon whom I had had my eye since they came in, — there were several of them, grimy and glum, with keen eyes; men who read Tom Paine, you would say, and had come in "to see the fun," — while I must admit that they neither wept nor prayed, left the house in a respectful, stupid way that was encouraging.

"You gin it to us!" said Mr. Dobbins, enthusiastically. "Folks is all upsot about ye. That there was an eloquent discourse, marm. Why, they don't see but ye know jest as much as if ye was n't a woman!"

And when I touched Mary Ann upon the shoulder to bring her home, I found her sitting motionless, not quite strangled stiff. She had made such a cavern of her mouth, during my impassioned peroration, that an irreligious boy somewhere within good aim had snapped an India-rubber ball into it, which had unfortunately stuck.

Before night, I had reason to feel assured from many sources that I had "made a hit" in my corner of New Vealshire. But before night I had locked myself into the cool and dark, and said, as was said of the Charge of the Six Hundred: "It is magnificent; but it is not war!"

But this is where the Sunday part of my story comes in again, so it is of no consequence to us. Suffice it to say that I immediately appointed a little prayer-meeting, very much after the manner of the ideal service, for the following Wednesday night, in the school-house, with a little table, and a tallow candle, too. The night was clear, and the room packed. The men who read Tom Paine were there. There were some old people present who lived out of walking distance of the church. There were a few young mothers with very quiet children. I succeeded in partially ventilating the room, and chanced on a couple of familiar hymns. It needed only a quiet voice to fill and command the quiet place. I felt very much like a woman, quite enough like a lady, a little, I hope, like a Christian too.

Like the old Greek sages, I "was not in haste to speak; I said only that which I had resolved to say." The people listened to me, and prayed as if they felt the better for it. My meeting was full of success and my heart of hope.

Arrived at this point in my narrative, I feel myself in strong sympathy with the famous historian of Old Mother Morey. For, when "my story 's just begun," why, "now, my story 's done."

"Ce n'est pas la victoire, mais le combat," which is as suitable for autobiographical material, as to "make the happiness of noble hearts."

From the time of that little Wednesday-evening meeting my life in Storm was a triumph and a joy, in all the better meanings that triumph and joy can hold. My people respected me first and loved me afterwards. I taught them a little, and they taught me a great deal. I brightened a few weeks of their dulled, drowsy, dejected life: they will gild years of mine.

I desire especially to record that all sense of personal embarrassment and incongruity to the work rapidly left me. My people at once never remembered and never forgot that I was a woman. The rudest of the readers of the "Age of Reason" tipped his hat to me, and read "Ecce Homo" to gratify me, and after that the Gospel of John to gratify himself.

Every Sabbath morning I read a plain-spoken but carefully written sermon, which cost me perhaps three days of brain-labor. Every Sabbath afternoon I talked of this and that, according to the weather and the audience. Every Wednesday night I sat in the school-house, behind the little table and the tallow candle, with the old people and the young mothers, and the hush, and the familiar hymns, and lines of hungry faces down before me that made my heart ache at one look and bound at the next. It used to seem to me that the mountains had rather starved than fed them. They were pinched, compressed, shut-down, shut-in faces. All their possibilities and developments of evil were those of the dwarf, not of the giant. They were like the poor little Chinese monsters, moulded from birth in pitchers and vases; all the crevices and contortions of life they filled, stupidly. Whether it was because, as Mary Ann said, they "got as used to the mountains as they did to washing-day," and the process of blunting to one grandeur dulled them to all others, I can only conjecture; but of this my New Vealshire experience convinced me: the temptations to evil of the city of Paris will bear no comparison to those of the grandest solitude that God ever made. It is in repression, not in extension, that the danger of disease lies to an immortal life. No risks equal those of ignorance. Daniel Webster may or may not escape the moral shipwrecks of life, but what chance has an idiot beside him?

"It 's enough to make a man wish he 'd been born a horse in a treadmill and done with it!" said Happen to me one day. Happen was a poor fellow on whom I made my first "parish call"; and I made a great many between Sunday and Sunday. He lived five miles out of the village, at the end of an inexpressible mountain road, in a gully which lifted a pinched, purple face to the great Harmonia Range. I made, with difficulty, a riding-skirt out of my waterproof, and three miles an hour out of Mr. Dobbins's horse, and got to him.

The road crawled up a hill into his little low brown shanty, and there stopped. Here he had "farmed it, man and boy," till the smoke of Virginia battles puffed over the hills into his straightforward brown young eyes.

"So I up and into it, marm, two years on 't tough; then back again to my hoe and my wife and my baby, to say nothing of the old lady, — you see her through the door there, bedridden this dozen year, — and never a grain of salt too much for our porridge, I can tell ye, when one day I 'm out to cut and chop, ten mile deep in the furrest, — alon' too, — and first I know I 'm hit and down with the trunk of a great hickory lyin' smash! along this here leg.

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Suffer? Well; it was a day and a half before they found me; and another half-day afore you can get the nighest doctor, you see, over to East Storm. Well, mebbe he did his best by me, but mebbe he did n't know no more how to set a bone nor you do. He vowed there was n't no fracture there. Fracture! it was jelly afore his eyes. So he ties it up and leaves a tumbler of suthin', and off. Mortified? Yes. Been here ever since — on this sofy — yes. Likely to be here — bless you, yes! My wife, she tends the farm and the baby and the old lady and me. Sometimes we have two meals a day, and again we don't. When you come to think as your nighest neighbor 's five mile off, and that in winter-time, — why, I can see, a-lookin' from my sofy six feet of snow drifted across that there road to town, — and nought but one woman in gunshot of you, able to stir for you if you starve; why, you feel, sometimes, now, marm, beggin' your pardon, you feel like hell! There 's summer-folks in their kerridges comes riding by to see them there hills, — and kind enough to me some of 'em is, I 'll say that for 'em, — and I hear them a-talking and chattering among themselves, about 'the grand sight,' says they. 'The d—d sight,' says I; for I lie on my sofy and look over their heads, marm, at things they never see, — lines and bars like, over Harmonia, red-hot, and criss-cross like prison grates. Which comes mebbe of layin' and lookin' so long, and fanciful. They say, I 'd stand a chance to the hospital to New York or Boston, mebbe. I hain't gin it up yet. I 've hopes to go and try my luck some day. But I suppose it costs a sight. And my wife, she 's set her heart on the leg's coming to of itself, and so we hang along. Sometimes folks send me down books and magazines and such like. I got short o' reading this winter and read the Bible through; every word, from 'In the beginning' to 'Amen.' It 's quite a pretty little story-book, too. True? I don't know about that. Most stories set up to be true. I s'pose if I was a parson, and a woman into the bargain, I should think so."

Among my other parochial discoveries, I learned one day, to my exceeding surprise, that Samphiry — who had been reticent on her family affairs — was the widow of one of my predecessors. She had married him when she was young and pretty, and he was young and ambitious, — "Fond of his book, my dear," she said, as if she had been talking of some dead child, "but slow in speech, like Aaron of old. And three hundred and fifty dollars was tight living for a family like ours. And his heart ran out, and his people, and maybe his sermons, too. So the salary kept a-dropping off, twenty-five dollars at a time, and he could n't take a newspaper, besides selling the library mostly for doctor's bills. And so he grew old and sick and took to farming here, without the salary, and baptized babies and prayed with sick folks free and willing, and never bore anybody a grudge. So he died year before last, and half the valley turned out to bury him. But that did n't help it any, and I know you 'd never guess me to be a minister's widow, as well as you do, my dear. I 'm all washed out and flattened in. And I can't educate my children, one of them. If you 'll believe it, I don't know enough to tell when they talk bad grammar half the time, and I 'd about as lieves they 'd eat with their knives as not. If they get anything to eat, it 's all I 've got heart to care. I 've got an aunt down in Massachusetts, but it 's such a piece of work to get there. So I suppose we shall live and die here, and I don't know but it 's just as well."

What a life it was! I felt so young, so crude, so blessed and bewildered beside it, that I gave out that night, at evening prayers, and asked Samphiry to "lead" for herself and me. But I felt no older, no more finished, no less blessed or bewildered, when she had done so.

I should not neglect to mention that I conducted several funerals while I was in Storm. I did not know how,

but I knew how to be sorry, which seemed to answer the same purpose; at least they sought me out for the object from far and near. On one occasion I was visited by a distant neighbor, with the request that I would bury his wife. I happened to know that the dead woman had been once a member of the Methodist church in East Storm, whose pastor was alive, active, and a man.

"Would it not be more suitable," I therefore suggested, "at least more agreeable to the feelings of Brother Hand, if you were to ask him to conduct either the whole or a part of the service?"

"Waal, ye see, marm," urged the widower, "the cops was partikelar sot on hevin' you, and as long as I promised her afore she drawed her last that you should conduct the business, I think we 'd better perceed without any reference to Brother Hand. I 've been thinking of it over, and I come to the conclusion that he could n't take offence *on so slight an occasion!*"

I had ministered "on trial" to the people of Storm, undisturbed by Rev. Dr. Zangrow, who, I suspect, was in private communication of some sort with Mr. Dobbins, for a month, — a month of pouting, spring weather, and long, lazy walks for thinking, and brisk, bright ones for doing; of growing quite fond of salt-pork and barley bread; of calling on old, bedridden women, and hunting up neglected girls, and keeping one eye on my Tom Paine friends; of preaching and practising, of hoping and doubting, of struggling and succeeding, of finding my heart and hands and head as full as life could hold; of feeling that there was a place for me in the earnest world, and that I was in my place; of feeling thankful every day and hour that my womanhood and my work had hit and fitted; of a great many other things which I have agreed not to mention here, — when one night the stage brought me a letter which ran: —

HERCULES, April 28, 18—.

MY DEAR: — I have the measles.

MÄDCHEN.

Did ever a woman try to do anything, that some of the children did not have the measles?

I felt that fate was stronger than I. I bowed my head submissively, and packed my valise shockingly. Some of the people came in a little knot that night to say good by. The women cried and the men shook hands hard. It was very pleasant and very heart-breaking. I felt a dismal foreboding that, once in the clutches of Hercules and Mädchen, I should never see their dull, dear faces again. I left my sorrow and my Jeremy Taylor for Happen, and my rubber-boots for Samphiry. I tucked the lace collar and the spare paper of hairpins into Mary Ann's upper drawer. I begged Mr. Dobbins's acceptance of Barnes on Matthew, with the request that he would start a Sunday school.

In the gray of the early morning the patient horse trotted me over, with lightened valise and heavy heart, to the crazy station. When I turned my head for a farewell look at my parish, the awful hills were crossed with Happen's red-hot bars, and Mary Ann, with her mouth open, stood in her mother's crumbling door.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

DRIVES FROM A FRENCH FARM.

II.

Bibracte.

IN the first of these papers I described some of the outside appearances of what is going forward on the summit of Mount Beuvray, where a determined and enthusiastic antiquary has spent several summers, and many bank-notes also, in the study of Gaulish antiquity. During my stay at his encampment, one night, when it was late enough for us to be sure of uninterrupted hours, — when the workmen were asleep in their narrow huts, or had descended to their families in the valley, and all picnic parties had returned to the places whence they came, — I begged M. Bulliot to give me a succinct account of the great Bibracte controversy. It was, of course, more interesting to me, as I heard it at midnight in the camp itself, surrounded by Celtic remains just recently disinterred, and on the summit of that hill of refuge whose fortifications I had followed through forest and broom, than it is likely to be to readers beyond the broad Atlantic; but it is one of the best privileges of literature to bring many minds into unison with that of the writer, and an author may, without presumption, count upon interesting others if only he has been really interested himself.

Any intelligent person, however little of an antiquarian, would have felt interested in my place. My host had given, year after year, such genuine and undeniable proofs of devotion to his great enterprise, that it was not possible to listen to him without attention. Labors pursued solely for the increase of the world's knowledge, without any selfish aim beyond the noble desire to see one's name attached to a discovery, — labors pursued, too, in all but unbroken silence, without self-assertion, without the least evidence of vanity, in patient persistence against calumny, against unceasing efforts to make them appear futile and of no account, — labors such as these give weight to a man's words. And I did not come altogether unprepared. I had heard the other side first, especially the constant reassertion of the falsehood that M. Bulliot had found nothing on the Beuvray, except the walls of a few cottages. For even now, when antiquities have been found upon the Beuvray *literally by cart-loads*, it is still repeated in the neighborhood that nothing has been discovered there.

The point of the controversy is, whether the Celtic Bibracte of Cæsar was situated at the top of Mount Beuvray or on the site afterwards occupied by Augustodunum, the modern Autun.

This controversy has raged in the neighborhood for many years, and if the reader will only imagine a similar controversy in his own neighborhood, causing every man to imply, more or less politely, that his neighbor was something lower than an idiot, he will at once realize the chronic local disturbance which has resulted from it. The quarrel has become of national importance since the Emperor Napoleon took a part in it, and sided with M. Bulliot. His Majesty has received many an envenomed letter on the subject since the publication of the *Vie de César*, but as he never reads any letters himself except such as are at the same time very short, and written in a big, legible hand, with sufficient spaces between the lines, it is likely that one of his secretaries received the brunt of these attacks.

The passage in the Emperor's Life of Cæsar which clearly committed him to M. Bulliot's party is the following note (Vol. II. p. 59), which stands opposite to one of the beautiful maps with which the work is enriched.

Even the map itself committed him, for there the line of march of the Roman army is so traced, that, by an inevitable deduction (supposing this line of march to be the true one) Bibrate cannot have been at Autun. But in the map preceding this one, the "General Map of the Campaign of the Year 696," Bibracte is positively fixed upon the Beuvray. Here is the note in question: —

"It is generally admitted that Bibracte stood upon the site of Autun, on account of the inscription found in this latter city in the seventeenth century, and preserved in the cabinet of antiquities at the Imperial Library. Another opinion, which identifies Bibracte with the Mount Beuvray (a hill of great extent, thirteen kilometres to the west of Autun) had, however, found, long ago, a few supporters. It may be observed, in the first place, that the Gauls selected for the sites of their cities, when they were able to do so, places difficult of access; in hilly countries they chose steep heights (as, for example, Gergovia, Alesia, Uxellodunum, etc.); in flat countries they chose lands surrounded by marshes (as Avaricum). The Ædni, consequently, would not have built their principal town on the site of Autun, situated at the foot of the hills. It used to be thought that a table-land as high as that of the Mount Beuvray (its summit is 810 metres above the sea) could not have been occupied by a great city. And yet the existence of eight or ten roads, which lead to this table-land, abandoned for so many centuries, and of which some are in quite a surprising state of preservation, ought to have led to an opposite conclusion. Let us add that recent excavations leave no doubt about the matter. They have brought to light, over an extent of 240 acres, foundations of Gaulish walls, some round and some square, mosaics, foundations of Gallo-Roman walls, gateways, chiselled stones, heaps of tiles, amphoræ in prodigious quantities, a semicircular theatre, etc. In short, everything leads us to place Bibracte on the Mount Beuvray; the striking resemblance between the two names, the designation of φρούριον, which Strabo gives to Bibracte, and even the vague and persistent tradition which, reigning amongst the inhabitants of the district, makes the Mount Beuvray a venerated centre."

The fatality in this controversy is, that not one ancient author uses a phrase or an expression which can really be held to settle it. For instance, there is that word φρούριον of Strabo, which had a general sense, *citadel, garrison town*, and a special sense, *hill-fort*. If Strabo used it in this special sense, the point in dispute would be settled beyond question, but there is nothing to prove that he did so, and Augustodunum might have been a φρούριον, according to the non-specialized meaning of the word. So with Julius Cæsar himself, though he visited Bibracte in person, and mentioned it in his Commentaries, there is not a syllable of natural description relative to its site. A modern writer would hardly, under any circumstances, fail to give us, at least, a few words of such description as might serve to identify a locality, but Cæsar does not tell us whether Bibracte was on a hill, or near a river, or in the midst of a level plain.

It has been observed, however, that Strabo used the word πόλις to designate such a town as Châlons, for instance, reserving φρούριον for the Gaulish fortresses; and with reference to the silence of Cæsar concerning the landscape about Bibracte, it may be added that he gives at least a measurement, — that of the distance of Bibracte from his line of march when pursuing the Helvetii.

Into all the discussion about that line of march it is impossible for me to enter. The dispute is simply interminable, and can have little interest for readers who are not familiar with the localities. But it is worth mentioning, as an additional instance of the curious way in which modern investigation often finds the solution of a difficulty to be dependent upon something with

which it has apparently no connection whatever. Only the other day the place where Cæsar landed on the coast of Britain was settled by some observations on the tide, made by order of the Admiralty at the request of the Society of Antiquaries.* Just in the same way, if it could be ascertained beyond a doubt what was the line of march pursued by Cæsar as he followed the Helvetii, it would be easy to choose between Autun and the Beuvray as the site of the Bibracte of the Gauls. For Cæsar tells us that this stronghold of Bibracte was at a distance of eighteen Roman miles from his line of march, which he quitted to seek provisions there. And Cæsar expressly says that the distance was not greater (*non amplicus* millibus passuum XVIII. aberat). Now if the line of march given in the Emperor's Life of Cæsar be the true one, it settles the question, for the Beuvray is separated from it by the distance given by Cæsar, whereas Autun is not eighteen Roman miles off, but thirty-four, or thereabouts.

Since the excavations, there is, of course, rather more light on the question, but as no inscriptions have been found, there is nothing absolutely decisive. The excavations on Mount Beuvray prove undeniably that a great Gaulish city existed there, and this city was most probably Bibracte; but if any one denies that this was Bibracte, he cannot be compelled to renounce his opinion. On the other hand, no Gaulish remains are ever found at Autun, and the recent construction of a railway which entirely traverses the site of the Roman city, and which has necessitated a deep cutting in the heart of it, has brought the strongest negative evidence. No vestige of anything anterior to the Roman period has been discovered there. The streets of the Roman town were as regular as the squares of a chess-board, the square blocks of buildings measuring one hundred and seven metres on each side. If a Gaulish city had existed there before, it is believed by the advocates of the Beuvray theory that some trace of Gaulish construction would have been found in the railway cutting, and that kind of construction is recognizable at a glance by any one who has had the opportunity of studying it.

It is unnecessary, in a paper of this kind, to pursue this quarrel of antiquaries any further. The question cannot be discussed in full detail in less than a volume, and the volume would be one that only an antiquary, and an antiquary acquainted with the localities, would have the patience to read through. The present writer has made himself acquainted with the arguments on both sides, and has come to the conclusion that the Emperor and M. Bulliot are most probably right in putting the Gaulish city on the hill-top, but that all that is clearly proved is the existence of an important Celtic *oppidum* there. After all, since the Emperor had to fix Bibracte somewhere, he did right to place it on the most probable site, even if the evidence in favor of that site were not absolutely conclusive. I believe that the city of Bibracte was situated on the summit of the Beuvray, but I *know* that the hill was a Celtic place of strength. The evidence of this latter fact is abundant

* "In the last century it was thought that no further light could be obtained beyond that which Cæsar's narrative supplies. Embarking at Boulogne, or near it, he arrived at an opening in the coast which is well understood to be Dover, and there, finding the inhabitants in arms, he steered away, at three in the afternoon, having the wind and tide with him, and disembarked at a place seven or eight miles distant. The narrative does not state whether he proceeded north or south, and whether he landed at Deal or Folkestone it seemed impossible to determine. Now, I should like to point out the ingenious train of reasoning by which the point has been ascertained, no new documents having been obtained, but ascertained by reasoning solely on what was known before. It was observed when Cæsar departed from before Dover, that he had the wind and tide in his favor. Of course we cannot tell what wind was blowing on that day, but with the tide it is different, for, by chance, we know that it was the fourth day before the full moon that Cæsar landed on the coast of Kent; and it seemed possible, by experiments on the direction of the tide on the fourth day before the full moon, to ascertain what was the direction of the tide on the day when Cæsar appeared. This impressed itself very much on several members of the Society of Antiquaries, experiments were made, and it was decided that at the time specified the tide flowed south, and therefore Cæsar's landing took place in the direction of Hythe." — EARL STANHOPE.

and incontestable, and of itself it goes a long way towards proving the rest. For if we admit the Emperor's supposition, that Gaul in the time of Cæsar, — the whole of Gaul, — did not contain more than eight millions of inhabitants, how improbable it is that two towns of importance would be so near each other as the Beuvray and Augustodunum! Even in the France of the present day, with its forty millions, towns of any consequence are considerably isolated: Autun is sixty kilometres from Châlons and a hundred from Nevers, and the distances between the great Celtic strongholds were much greater.

The personal history of M. Bulliot's discoveries is as follows: He began, of course, by reading what other men, his predecessors, had had to say upon the subject. First of these was Guy Coquille, author of a history of the Nivernais, which he wrote in the time of Henry III. of France, and Guy Coquille settled the question in twenty lines, placing Bibracte on the Beuvray. In the seventeenth century the question was taken up again by Adrien de Valois, a geographer, who also placed Bibracte on the Beuvray; and again, in the same century, another geographer, D'Anville, investigated the subject, and at first shared the views of Coquille and De Valois, but afterwards, for want of sufficient evidence (the evidence at that time, before the excavations, being very meagre, comparatively), came to the conclusion that Autun had succeeded Bibracte on the same site. Since then, different learned men have treated the matter in various ways, some suggesting Beaune as the ancient Bibracte, but the majority holding for Autun. However, the celebrated M. Dupin, almost alone in his generation, held the view of Coquille and De Valois. But D'Anville's final opinion was generally received and taught in the schools of Autun, and printed in all geographies and guide-books all the world over.

M. Bulliot at first received and held this opinion, like every other native of Autun, believing himself an inhabitant of the Bibracte of the Gauls. His archæological studies began with the Roman defensive system, on which he wrote a book. At that time he knew nothing whatever about the Beuvray, but visited it in search of Roman encampments. Finding there not merely the traces of a camp, but the fortifications of an important city, M. Bulliot came to the conclusion that he had before him one of the most remarkable facts in the archæology of the country, and proposed to the Eduen Society to make a survey of the fortifications, of which he generously offered to discharge half the expense. The mountain was carefully surveyed accordingly, and a map of the fortifications published.

M. Bulliot now (1856) began to study the whole question over again, with this new light to help him, and the consequence was that he became convinced that old Guy Coquille had been right, and that the ancient city had been on the mountain's crest.

The next thing was to dig and see if there were any remains of it.

M. Garenne began, and the Viscount D'Aboville, who is proprietor of the mountain, went on with some excavations in the centre of the *oppidum*. M. Bulliot began with the extremities near the fortifications, intending to circumscribe his researches by first ascertaining where the ground was unproductive, and hoping to find the Gaulish buildings in a better state of preservation away from the centre, which would naturally have been most inhabited by the Romans after their conquest. At the same time M. Bulliot directed the excavations of M. D'Aboville.

Now it came to pass that, whilst M. Bulliot was directing the Viscount's workmen, an old friend of his, the Archbishop of Rheims, visited the mountain.

The Archbishop was an utter unbeliever in the Beuvray theory; he had even written and published passages which treated it as incompatible with common sense. But his mind was open to conviction, and when he saw the diggings he went away with a deep

interest in the question, and an interest of an entirely new kind. Some time afterwards he was at the camp of Châlons, and happening one evening to be dining there with the Emperor, when the conversation turned on those questions of Gallo-Roman antiquity which at that time occupied much of Napoleon's attention, the Archbishop told his Majesty what he had seen on the Beuvray, and went so far as to entreat him to make further excavations there at his own cost. The Emperor did not forget this, and shortly afterwards M. Bulliot was somewhat astonished in his studious solitude by a letter commanding his attendance at the Tuileries. He went there with a map of the mountain, and during a long audience explained to the Emperor the reasons why it was probable that further excavations would repay their expense. The Emperor was convinced, fell in heartily with M. Bulliot's views, and from that time has made an annual allowance for the prosecution of the work.

No labor was lost. From the very first the excavators were rewarded with the most interesting discoveries. Although with the exception of the fortifications (which externally presented merely the appearance of earthworks) there was nothing to indicate man's presence, unless it were the quantities of broken pottery that were everywhere mixed with the ploughed earth, and the numbers of ancient coins that the laborers had picked up, century after century, no sooner had M. Bulliot seriously commenced his researches than he came upon a Gaulish wall built as Cæsar tells us that the walls of Avaricum were built.

If the Emperor's Life of Cæsar should happen to be accessible to the reader, he will find a plan of Avaricum on the eighteenth plate of the second volume, and in the left-hand corner of this plate he will find a section, plan, and elevation of a Gaulish town wall. The construction of these walls may, however, easily be understood without an illustration. In all double walls, ancient or modern, that are well built, there are stones which English masons call *throughs*, because they pass through the wall in its entire thickness, and serve to bind the smaller stones together. In a Gaulish town wall these throughs were exceedingly abundant, but they were of wood. If the reader has visited Paris he must have noticed the wood-yards, where wood is stored for fuel, and he can scarcely fail to have been struck with the huge walls which are built up with the logs, every log having its sawn end outwards. Now if he will only imagine stones between these logs, so that each log would be separated from its neighbor by a distance of about two feet, he has exactly the outward appearance of a Gaulish town wall. Only the stone wall was a mere outward coating, like the iron armor on a plated frigate. Behind this stone armor the spaces between the logs were filled with earth. There were also longitudinal beams in the interior of the wall running at right angles to the throughs, and laid upon them. These beams were forty feet long, and were nailed to the throughs with long iron nails. All this is correctly set forth in the Emperor's book, but it may be necessary to warn the reader that some translators of Cæsar have misunderstood his explanation of Gaulish building, and have made him say that the walls were forty feet thick, because the beams were forty feet long. These long beams were not the throughs; their office was to hold the throughs together, and they ran at right angles to them, in the interior of the wall. The thickness of the wall, that is, the length of the throughs, was nearer fourteen feet than forty.

This bit of detail about Gaulish construction is a necessary preface to what I have now to relate. When M. Bulliot excavated the fortifications of Bibracte he found the wall constructed precisely as Cæsar had described that of Avaricum. The wood, of course, had decayed, but the holes remained where the throughs had been, and there were ligneous fragments in abundance. *The great iron nails also, which had fastened*

the longitudinal beams to the throughs, were still standing. The reader will please to remember that I write as an eyewitness, having myself been present during a portion of the excavations, and having examined the structure of the wall as it was brought once more to the light of day.

Then they found a ditch eleven metres wide and five deep, and in the ditch quantities of fragments of ornaments, — bracelets of glass and schist, specimens of polished stone, broken hand-mills (for grinding corn and wheat); and near the gates in the walls heaps of cinders and calcined wood led to the belief that wooden towers of defence had existed there, — those wooden towers which are known to have been an essential part of the defensive system of the Gauls.

It was discovered also that one of the many streams which flow from the springs of the Beuvray had been artificially detained in five basins made with *béton* and impermeable clay.

The first entrance of the city which was thoroughly explored presented this curious feature. The walls themselves *turned inwards*, forming the two sides of a passage about forty yards long and twenty yards wide. And the ditch of each wall turned in also, so that the passage between the ditches was only five yards.

A matter of more general interest than the fortifications is the construction of the houses. The Gauls were very poorly lodged, and it seems to me, after examining their houses (where the earth had just been cleared away from them, and everything was still in the best possible state of preservation), that their notions of domestic architecture were not nearly so much advanced as their ideas of military defence. A people that knew how to build a town wall eighty feet high, capable of resisting battering-rams, and at the same time so arranged as to be fire-proof, notwithstanding the immense quantity of wood employed in its construction, a people whose system of fortification was admired by so consummate a general as Cæsar, might have been expected to construct something better for its domestic uses than the wigwam of a North American Indian. Yet the best and richest mansions of Bibracte were merely large round huts with low walls of stone and wood and mud; and as for the dwellings of the poor, they resembled in size, and most probably in cleanliness, nothing so much as a pigsty. Amongst the houses excavated in 1869 two or three small staircases were discovered; but these do not seem to imply the existence of a second story: they were probably nothing but a means of access to habitations below the level of the soil. To keep the walls from falling there were upright posts of wood; and M. Bulliot has become so accustomed to the Gaulish system of construction, that I have heard him tell his workmen beforehand the exact spots where they would find remains of these posts, or at all events the holes where they had been. Sometimes the wood was found in a recognizable state of preservation; more commonly the soil in the post-holes presented traces of wood carbonized. It may be well to explain how the post-holes are recognizable where all is filled with soil. The floors of the houses were hard, and are still much harder than the soil which has accumulated above them. When the workmen come down to a floor they stop, and simply clear away the soft earth which encumbers it. The floor being cleared, several soft spots are found at regular intervals where the pick meets little resistance. These soft spots are cleared out, and indications of wood are invariably found in them. They are the post-holes. Will the reader believe that M. Bulliot's enemies sometimes go so far as to say that he makes these holes on purpose?

The places occupied by the beams and throughs in the town wall are indicated in the same way, but here the antiquary has the advantage of finding the long nails in their places, often with wood still sticking to them.

In the way of Roman or Gallo-Ro-

man work, some aqueducts and a theatre have been discovered, and in the theatre the remains of a mosaic. Many of the houses show evidence of Roman teaching and influence.

Immense quantities of pottery have been found. I was myself present when the workmen came upon a whole bed of large amphoræ in fine preservation. They lay there by dozens, one upon another. It was a place which had been used as a cemetery, and these amphoræ contained cinders. There are also plates and a great variety of vases, often very beautifully ornamented. I stood by the side of a workman when he came upon a little vase of exquisite design, scarcely thicker than a visiting-card, and so fragile that the wonder was how any fragment of it could have been preserved. Great numbers of these vases have been ingeniously restored by a clever artist at Autun, and to the uninitiated it seems at first surprising how a vase can be restored from such meagre data; but when the design is a simple one, repeated all round the circumference, it is sufficient to have a very small segment of it to reconstruct the whole. The precious little vase above mentioned was, however, perfect or nearly so.

Many of the houses at Bibracte were covered with tiles, probably at a comparatively late period. These tiles are found in great abundance, in some places literally in heaps.

M. Bulliot is very deeply interested in everything that helps to illustrate the condition of the arts in ancient Gaul. Many ornaments have been found at Bibracte, some of elegant workmanship, with enamel. An enameller's shop has also been discovered, and I was present when his bellows were found. The tube of the bellows, being in earthenware, was perfectly preserved, and on the floor of the shop many bits of enamel were picked up. It is curious that this art should have been so far advanced amongst a people who were so backward in domestic architecture. Amongst other ornaments a brooch was found, exactly of the kind known in Scotland as the brooch of Lorn; but this was a solitary instance. Just at the close of 1869 some curious specimens of sheet-iron, pierced in patterns, turned up amongst masses of rubbish.

The number of coins which occur is remarkable, but their variety is not equal to their number. The workmen receive a bonus of fifty centimes for every coin found, and consequently they hand them over very faithfully, it being impossible to sell such coins in the neighborhood for half a franc each. One workman showed me fifteen in his purse, which he had found all together, — rather a good find for him, — seven francs and a half!

The diggings of 1869 have been so fruitful that M. Bulliot intends to improve his camp next year by the addition of a stone edifice, which if not very luxurious will no doubt be as good as the houses of ancient Bibracte, and a true antiquary has scarcely a right to be more luxurious than that. Still, so far as my experience of M. Bulliot's hospitality goes, I venture to predict that the food and drink in new Bibracte will be a great deal better than it ever could have been in the Gaulish city. Had the Gauls coffee, and cognac, and kirsch? Had they tobacco? Old Bibracte may have been very grand in Cæsar's time, with its miles of barbarian fortifications; but I prefer the little camp which we jestingly call Bibracte to-day, — the little camp of wooden huts and canvas tents, with its daily messenger from the valleys, bringing modern food and newspapers. The landscapes around are not less fair than they were in Cæsar's time, the horizons not less vast. Still flows the Arroux in her rocky bed, and still spreads the broad Loire on her plains of shifting sand. The sunsets are as fiery as when their reverberations crimsoned the Celtic citadel, and the valleys lie as peacefully in the blue mist as they did when their tranquillity was guarded from these fortress heights.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

EQUAL YET DIVERSE.

"MAN and woman are one, but the man is the one."

"Man and woman are one, but the one is the woman."

"Man and woman are two, equal and identical."

"Man and woman are two halves of one, equal but diverse."

Such are the four creeds of the four parties which include most thinking people of the day.

The first is based upon the past; upon barbaric ages of physical cruelty and oppression, and upon the mental neglect and repression of more modern times; upon every menial service which woman has performed, and upon every aspiration which man has crushed; upon all that has ever flowed from the selfish strength of man joined to woman's weakness and submission.

The second is with some the doctrine of the present, the inevitable reaction toward the opposite extreme. It is preached by misguided or selfish women, and heard by unmanly or over-generous men; to its support is dragged every case of bodily or mental superiority in woman; and when put in practice it becomes a tyranny not less galling than that which it aims to supersede.

The third is, in the expectation of others, the creed of the future; their hearts are dead, and their minds are in doubt between the two extreme doctrines; so they take refuge in a mean and negative view; they burrow away from the light, and in the darkness they affirm, There is neither man nor woman any more.

But the last is, under Providence, the real creed of the future; far off, perhaps, but certain as the other life, where we may see all things clearly if we will: equal but not identical; diverse yet complementary; the man for the woman, and the woman for the man.

Such are different readings of the doctrine, man and woman are two halves of one, equal but diverse.

And it is to be hoped that many of my readers believe that there is a real and fundamental distinction of sex, which serves as the basis for two departments of labor and obligation; that the "man is half and the woman half"; that each has what the other lacks; and that, since "things indispensable are economically equal, equivalency rather than identity" is the true relation of the sexes in the work of life.

Some of the above sentences are quoted from the writings of a brilliant woman,* but men are not wanting to confirm the doctrine in both prose and verse.

Says Emerson, "Everything is a half and suggests another thing to make it whole."

A charming poet writes,

> "Female and male God made the man,
> His image is the whole, not half";†

and again,

> "Nature, with endless being rife,
> Parts all things into him and her,
> And in the arithmetic of life
> The smallest unit is a pair."

Turning from the English poet to the German philosopher, we read, "Every single thing is a duplicity."‡ And by a theologian we are told "that there are duties proper to the man, and duties proper to the wife; and that the wife cannot enter into the duties proper to the man, nor the man into the duties proper to the wife, and discharge them aright";§ for it was a law of Moses that "there shall not be the garment of a woman upon a man, nor the garment of a man upon a woman."‖

Now in all these teachings there is implied an *equality* between the sexes;

* Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.
† Patmore, The Angel in the House.
‡ Oken, Physiophilosophy.
§ Swedenborg.
‖ Deuteronomy xxii. 5.

and this is confirmed by the experience of all those who, having heard "ye twain are now one flesh," are living a truly happy life; for each day proves to them that their very diversity is the ground of their unity; that "heart" is the equal of "head"; that the beauty and depth and warmth of affection may be fairly mated with the strength and height and light of thought; and that neither is, or can aspire to be, the superior of the other.

We leave a further "confession of faith" to the close of this article; and, in view of the general and peculiar interest which the relations of the sexes excites at the present time; in view of the diverse opinions held by different parties; in view of the superabundance of ideas and suggestions, and theories and suggestions already afloat and constantly launched; and especially in view of the apparently slight basis of fact which most of them possess, our better way is to avoid discussion of principles, and to bring together into the smallest possible compass all the positive information we have bearing upon the mental and physical relation of the sexes, among animals as well as men, and to leave it as a contribution toward a more reliable basis for discussion than now seems to exist.

We take for granted that not even the fiercest iconoclasts aim their argumentative sledges at the time-honored recognition of distinct sexual functions in the individuals of a pair. Let us look, then, only for those peculiarities which, not being in themselves essential to the reproduction of the species, have been called *accessory sexual features.*

Under this title will come all distinction of *size* and *color;* all difference in *form;* all peculiarities of *habit* and *instinct,* too, whether such as involve the entire creature or are confined to the separate functions of particular organs.

In order to present as much material as possible, before alluding to any points likely to excite discussion, let us commence, not with man, where every fact is differently interpreted by different parties, but with the lower groups of the animal kingdom.

Our first example is perhaps the most remarkable, and exemplifies nearly all the peculiarities to be found anywhere, distinguishing the sexes from each other. In the exquisite shell which is called the paper nautilus lodges a creature closely resembling a common "squid," or cuttle-fish, having eight arms or tentacles covered with suckers, with which it adheres to other bodies; as a whole, this animal is a female, and eggs are found in her which are deposited and hatched, thus showing that they must have been fertilized by the male; but no male of this species has been known to exist until quite recently, when it was found that one of the eight arms of the female became charged with an impregnating fluid, spontaneously detached itself from the body, and, taking on an independent existence, floated off in search of a mate. This detached arm, indeed, had been so far from suspicion of any previous attachment to the female nautilus, that it was placed in a distinct genus, called Hectocotylus. But now that we know what it really is, it is not easy to dignify it even by the name of animal at all; it is rather a fragment of an animal, endowed with fertilizing properties and the power of independent existence for a brief period; very much as if a single stamen of a monœcious flower should float away upon the wind, and so be carried to the pistil of another flower.

Scarcely less insignificant in size and structural importance is the male of some kinds of spider; that, for instance, of the *Nephila plumipes* is about one hundred and twenty-five times smaller than the female, is dull in color, spindle-shanked, and destitute of ornamentation; he is cowardly in disposition, and abstemious in habit, though not from choice apparently, but from lack of ability to construct a web for taking food: he roams disconsolately around the borders of his partner's web, a "body hanging upon the verge

of government," and is in daily apprehension of being devoured by her, though she is sometimes so considerate (not for him, but for the future of her race) as to carry him upon her broad back when they require to change their location. These are all negative and unworthy characteristics; and indeed almost his only positive claims to distinction are the enlarged, club-shaped ends of his palpi, or feelers, which in the female taper gradually to a point. This difference exists with all spiders, and, excepting with the diving spider (*Argyroneta aquatica*), the female is always the larger; but I am aware of no other such aggravated instance of "men's wrongs" as that of the *Nephila plumipes*, in the arachnidian order of insects. Let us now turn to the true or winged representatives of the class.

Here it is an almost universal rule that the female is larger than the male; and this disproportion is sometimes so great, that in a beetle described by Reaumur the male was as a "hare set beside the largest cow"; the female of many gall insects is so large that the male traverses her back as an ample area for a walk. Whatever original difference exists is often due to the space required in the abdominal region of the females for the development of the immense number of eggs which they produce, and it is, of course, greatly exaggerated while the eggs are forming; in the white ant, for instance, the abdomen of the female becomes so distended that she exceeds the male many thousand times in bulk.

But while most insects conform to the above rule, at least in respect to the abdominal region of the body, there are some notable exceptions. The female dragon-flies are sometimes smaller, and never larger than the males; the males of the Dynastidæ and Lucanidæ among the beetles are considerably the larger; the male hive-bee is more robust than the female, and the difference is still more marked in some other allied species; the same is true among some of the Diptera, or two-winged flies. And when we consider the other regions of the insect body, especially the organs of offence and defence and of locomotion, we shall find many cases in which the male is evidently the better supplied. The male stag-beetle has tremendous jaws, serrated upon their edges and strongly hooked at their extremities, those of the female being much less formidable; the male humblebee has a heavy curly beard upon the jaws, while the female has none; and the male antennæ are almost always larger, being sometimes composed of a greater number of joints, or, when feathered, as in certain moths, much broader and handsomer than those of the female.

In some insects wings occur upon only one sex, and this is always the *male:* such are, among the beetles, the glow-worm, or lampyris; among the Orthoptera, the cockroaches; among the moths, many species, as our common cankerworm; and finally, among the bugs, the aphides, or plant-lice.

In most of the Hymenoptera the wings of each side are joined by little hooks upon the anterior edge of the hinder wings, which catch upon a slight rim on the posterior edge of the fore-wing; and it is found that the number of these hooks varies immensely in different species. Generally the female has the greater number, as in the humble-bees and some other wild bees; but the male hive-bee, or drone, has twenty-one hooks, and the female, or queen, only seventeen; and in other kinds of bee, the difference is much greater, even as twenty-three to thirteen. By reference to the habits of all these insects it appears that the number of hooks is greater in those species and in that sex which perform the more rapid and continued flights, the hooks serving to connect the action of the two wings on each side.

The wings of the male house-cricket are so constructed as to serve in the production of sound when one is rubbed over the other; the nervures, or raised lines of the wings, are irregularly arranged, and moreover there is upon the lower surface of each wing a very

strong nervure covered by minute teeth, which play upon the nervures of the other wing, and so produce the "shrilling."

The female lampyris, or glow-worm, being destitute of wings with which to put herself in the path of the male, is compensated by the possession of luminous organs which occupy two or three segments of the abdomen, while the male has only a small luminous point on each side of one of these segments; her light, however, ceases after the eggs are deposited.

Experienced cultivators of the silk-worm are generally able to distinguish the male from the female cocoon by the more pointed ends of the former; and it is said that some persons can predict the sex of the fowl to be hatched from an egg; but in neither of these cases are the rules infallible.

As is well known, the stings of bees and wasps correspond in structure to the tubular organs through which the ichneumons deposit their eggs in or upon the bodies of other creatures; but this latter instrument, the ovipositor, exists as such only in the female ichneumons; and it appears that the males of even the dreaded mosquitoes should be exonerated from the charges against the race, for they are said to be "beautiful, both physically and morally, as they do not bite; their manners are more retiring than those of their stronger-minded partners, as they rarely enter our dwellings, and live unnoticed in the woods." We suspect the author of the above quotation of attempting an allegory respecting Socrates and Xantippe.

Differences in the color, the shape, the degree of pubescence, etc., of the two sexes of insects are very numerous, and familiar to every student of entomology; it is enough to say here, that in many cases the difference is such as would otherwise entitle us to consider the two sexes as different species, and even genera; indeed, there is one beetle the female of which has five joints to all the feet, and the male only four to the hinder pair; the one, therefore, coming under the pentamerous, the other under the heteromerous group of insects, if only those organs were regarded; but for these and many other instances of sexual differences, the reader is referred to Kirby and Spence's Entomology.*

Aside from the differences of habit and instinct, which would naturally exist with extreme distinctions of size and structure, there are other peculiarities to be observed in the character of the male and female of some insects, as shown by their proceedings. We can as yet assign no reason for the laziness of the male bee; nor can we easily understand why the worker in the hive should perform all the duties of both laborers and soldiers, since among the white ants the soldiers have one type of structure and the laborers another; so that they may be distinguished by their size and appearance as well as by their actions.

The males, too, of some species associate in large numbers during the pairing season; the little root beetle of England (*Hoplia argentea*) appears in myriads, unaccompanied by a single female; and the males of the cock-chafer and fern-chafer at that season hover in swarms over the trees and hedges where the female lies concealed.

Among the Crustacea, the female is supplied with the means of retaining her eggs after they are excluded from the body; in some species the anterior limbs have peculiar flat appendages for holding the eggs under the thorax, and in others they are retained beneath the abdomen by appendages of that region; these latter, of which the ordinary crabs are instances, have the abdomen so much widened as to distinguish them at first sight from the males; and, as among the insects, the differences sometimes affect other organs so much as to have caused naturalists to place the two sexes in two distinct genera.

Among the worms, the lowest class of articulate animals, the male is generally the smaller; but in Bilharia, a curious parasitic species of Africa, the

* Vol. III. p. 298.

female is much the smaller and lies enfolded in a concavity upon one side of the male.

We have seen, then, that, as a rule, the female of articulated animals is the larger and more powerful of the two sexes.

The limits assigned to this article preclude an equal consideration of all the classes of vertebrates, so I will mention only one or two striking instances of sexual differences in the fishes and the reptiles, and then pass on to the higher and warm-blooded groups.

The male salmon has a hooked jaw, with which it fights with other males; and the males of some species of skates have teeth very much sharper than the females, and probably use them as weapons, since it can scarcely be supposed that the two sexes live upon different kinds of food.

I do not know which is the larger among fishes, or among the reptiles generally; but in Surinam is a very remarkable toad of which the female is immense, and the male, the little "man-toad" as the natives call it, a very insignificant creature.

The birds have been well said to represent the insects; and the analogy holds good when we examine the diversified and often apparently contradictory relation which the sexes bear to each other in different species. Among the insects, however, there are very few (excepting, of course, the true social species, as ants, bees, and white ants) which provide for their young after the latter are hatched. The parents take great care to place the eggs in such situations as shall insure an abundance of food for the newly hatched larvæ, and they then either die or perform the same labors elsewhere for another brood. But what is thus an exception among the aerial articulates is the almost universal rule among the aerial vertebrates; and the birds far surpass the cold-blooded fishes and reptiles in the variety, extent, and duration of the offices they perform for the sake of their offspring, not only in the location and construction of nests, but in the feeding and protection of the young after hatching.

Among the birds, too, there is an additional element whose importance has led many naturalists to recognize a twofold division of the entire class in reference to it. No observer of the habits of the feathered tribes can fail to have noted that the condition in which the young leave the egg is very different in different species; that, for instance, a newly hatched chicken is as lively and active, and as fully in possession of all its faculties, as the old hen herself; it runs briskly about after its mother, makes astonishing efforts to feed, and generally gets into trouble of one sort or another so early that even the proud parent seems at times to consider her offspring rather precocious. Now the species which are found to be thus able at birth to look out for themselves to a greater or less extent are called Præcoces; and they are the common fowls, in all variety, — the turkeys, partridges, and quails, the plovers and bustards, the snipes and curlews, coots and rails, the ducks and geese, the penguins, auks, and grebes; but, on the other hand, the young pigeon is helpless, and is not only fed by the mother with what she collects for them, but also with a whitish fluid secreted by the crop, so that the relation between them seems prophetic of the close and intimate dependency which exists among the mammalia. The young eagles also are unable to fly, and must be for a long time fed by the parent birds; they are very scantily supplied with feathers, too, whereas the Præcoces are covered with thick down, and can thus maintain their proper temperature, at least while in active motion; and, in view of the nursing duties of the parents in the birds of prey, the pigeons, the ordinary singing birds, the parrots, and cuckoos, the gulls and the cormorants, the cranes and storks, the name Altrices has been given to them.

Now, it is interesting to note that all of the Altrices are decidedly *aerial* birds; or, if a part of their time is

spent upon the water, or upon the earth, as with the last two groups, they also possess very considerable power of flight; but nearly all of the Præcoces are heavy bodied, some having no power of flight whatever, and the others passing by far the larger part of their lives either swimming or wading or walking, but never seeking their food upon the wing. In this respect we are certainly inclined to rank the Altrices higher than the Præcoces.

But now let us see what are the relations of the sexes in these two groups. As a rule, the Altrices, are monogamous; they live in pairs, and the two mates share all the work of the family, sometimes with a more or less complete division of labor, sometimes by taking turns at each kind of duty. But among the Præcoces one group, that of the fowls, are confirmed polygamists; and, however gallant the cock may be in public, when, strutting grandly at the head of his peripatetic harem, he summons his wives to pick up a worm, and looks upon their struggle for the morsel with an air of self-abnegation and supreme indifference to all considerations of appetite; however all this may be, no sooner does one of the hens retire for what is no doubt the chief purpose of her existence, than he appears to forget all about her, never goes to inquire for her well-being, and, beyond an unearthly scream in answer to her cackle of oviposition, never manifests the least concern for the result; she may set many weary days upon her eggs, but he never carries food to her; and, even after the chickens are hatched, seems to look upon them rather in the light of a necessary evil, which it is no unpardonable sin to peck at and to step upon. Here is a striking contrast to what we saw among the pigeons and the birds of prey. But does this low state of family relation exist among the other precocious birds? It would be interesting to know; but the information seems to be very scanty, or at most confined to particular species. In domestication the ducks and geese are polygamous, but we do not know how it is in nature. I am inclined to think that the other groups — all wading or swimming birds — live in pairs, but they are zoölogically in bad company; and, so long as it is not certain, we must regard the Præcoces as presenting a lower grade of domestic relations than the Altrices.

Now comes the question which really concerns us in this connection, — how do the males and the females compare with each other in these two groups as to size, beauty of plumage, and disposition?

That there are differences between the two sexes of many species is too well known to require further mention; and these differences are often so great that the two would never be suspected of belonging to the same species; but while this is recognized by some authors so far as to induce them to give separate descriptions and measurements of the two sexes, it is not heeded at all by others, or even by the former in all their works; so that the state of our information is extremely unsatisfactory when we seek to generalize as to one feature among all the groups of birds.

Among the Præcoces, the only group concerning which all the facts are certain is the Gallinæ, or fowl-tribe, in which the male is conspicuously larger, stronger, handsomer, and often provided with appendages (the comb, wattle, and spur) which the female either wants altogether or possesses in a less degree. The common fowl, the turkey, and, *par excellence*, the peacock, are striking examples. The same rule seems to hold among the Lamellirostræ or duck family, and the male is the brighter in plumage if not always the larger. And as in the Gallinæ, both the voice and the disposition differ decidedly in the two sexes.

Among the wading birds the female is said by one author to be the larger, but in some species the male is the more brightly colored; and concerning the short-winged penguin and auks, I have no information.

With the Altrices, our information is more extensive, but at the same time somewhat contradictory. Among the birds of prey the *female* is always the larger; her length exceeding that of the male by one or two inches, according to the size of the species. The reason for this it is not easy to understand, but it has probably some reference to the females having not only to take living prey as well as the male, but also to cover the young and shelter them, at least more than he, although he may at times relieve her. But though smaller in size, he is more brilliant in plumage, like all the other Altrices of which the facts are recorded; and the male is also the *larger* among the doves, the perchers, and singing birds, the pelicans and cormorants, the gulls and the petrels; as to the cranes and storks, the parrots and cuckoos, I know nothing certainly.

The male carrier pigeon has wattles under the head, reminding us of the larger combs and wattles of the cocks and the turkey-cocks; the latter has also a peculiar tuft of long hair on the breast. Among the singing birds the males always excel in musical power, and every work upon the habits of birds mentions traits of character peculiar to one of the sexes; so many are known as to lead us to infer that their existence is universal, but until naturalists recognize all such facts as bearing upon the discussion of very important principles, only the more striking instances will be recorded by them.

Of the two hundred and fifty species of birds described in Samuels's "Ornithology of New England," only about sixty are referred to as presenting sexual differences; but what is already known of these and of some tropical species shows the utter insufficiency of a measurement or a description of either plumage, structure, or habits which does not include both sexes.

I approach the consideration of the Mammalia with interest, and at the same time with considerable caution; for it is the class to which man himself belongs, so far as concerns his bodily organization, and of which he is, both by structure and by function as well as by the decree of his Maker, the ruler and the archetype. Throughout the class we can trace an effort to approximate the human body; from the horizontal whale, through the gradually elevated seals and quadrupeds, to the semi-erect apes, all its members strive, though forever in vain, to attain the vertical position of man. In all our studies of their habits and dispositions, their organs and functions, constant reference is made to the human body, and to the natural passions and appetites and social and domestic relations of man; and, finally, try to shut our eyes to it as we may, not a fact or an opinion can be stated upon the relations of the two sexes among the mammalia, without our passing an immediate judgment upon it accordingly as it seems to favor or disprove the particular theory which we hold at the time concerning what are, or have been, or ought to be, the relation of man to woman and woman to man.

As has been already intimated, I have my own opinion upon this point; but, in its basis, it savors of religion rather than of science, and cannot, therefore, be advanced here where it is my especial purpose to offer some purely scientific facts grouped in the simplest manner, and not at all with reference to any particular theory of sexual relation.

The first and simplest distinction to be looked for is that of size; and among the Mammalia there is a uniformity which enables us to offer a statement, doubtless refreshing to the weary reader who, after reading the bird section half a dozen times, still feels himself in danger of forgetting "which are which." *All male mammals are larger and stronger than the females;* there are, of course, individual exceptions, but that is the rule.

To say that they are also handsomer will, for the reason already stated, bring a blush of modesty to the brow of manhood, a glow of assent to the cheek of womanhood, and, perchance a flush of

indignation to both cheeks and brows of some who, through either native deficiency or mistaken views or disappointed affections, deny that manhood and womanhood any longer exist.

But, in truth, perhaps, it ought not so to be said; for the colors of the Mammalia are rarely bright in either sex, and so the beauty of neither is comparable with that of the birds whose hues are certainly more brilliant in the males. And it is probable that the general opinion that the male among our common animals is the handsomer comes from the very same mistaken view of what constitutes excellence of both mind and body with men; of this, more further on; but it is certain that in the possession, or at least in the greater development of certain weapons and showy appendages, the male mammal presents in very many cases the more striking and imposing appearance.

The lion has a flowing mane, which his mate wants altogether; though there is a species, or at least a variety, inhabiting Guzerat in India, where neither sex has a mane; and not again until we reach the human family does the quantity or the collection of the hairy covering constitute a sexual peculiarity.

Horns and teeth, like hair, are really and primarily outgrowths from the skin, and are only attached to the bony skeleton at a later period, to give them greater firmness and availability as organs of combat and of mastication.

The one or two horns upon the snout of the rhinoceros are considered to be a mere agglutination of hairs, growing side by side, and attached by their base to a rough spot upon the bones of the nose. There does not appear to be any sexual distinction in them.

The true horns in pairs are found only in the order Ruminantia, or "cud-chewers," including the cattle, sheep, deer, antelopes, and giraffes; and with all these they are larger in the male, and in a few species exist only in that sex, or are merely rudimentary in the female, as in some antelopes. The greater number of branches upon the horns of the male deer and stags, and the strongly curved form which they assume in the rams and he-goats, are well known. It is true that among the domestic cattle, the bulls have the smallest horns, the cows rather larger, and the oxen the largest and most strongly curved; but the exception is more apparent than real, since the horns of the bull, though smaller, are sharper and straighter and more effective in thrusting than those of either the cow or the ox; and, more than that, the neck of the bull is so very much stronger as to enable him to use his short sharp horns to the best advantage; and so, taking quality into consideration rather than quantity, the rule holds good, that the male ruminant is better supplied with horns than the female.

There are some other ruminating animals which have no horns at all, — the camels and llamas; but these have as weapons of offence and defence sharp-pointed teeth in both jaws, which do not exist or are not sharp-pointed in the ordinary Ruminants; and these teeth are larger and sharper in the male camel and llama than in the female.

And this leads us to consider the teeth among the other Mammalia, — not the chewing or grinding teeth, which are subservient only to digestion, and which, since both sexes eat the same food, would not be expected to present any sexual distinction; but, sharp-pointed teeth existing in nearly all mammals which may be used for seizing and tearing food, and which in the males are more largely developed, so as to be quite formidable weapons. Such are the long canine teeth of the male lion and tiger, of the male gorilla and other apes, and boars of some wild species in which they project beyond the lips, and may even curve upward and over so as to be capable of inflicting terrible wounds; the stallion has short but sharp canines in both jaws, the gelding has them smaller, and in the mare they are wanting altogether.

All these teeth are true "canines," but in some species the front or incisor teeth may take on the form and function of tusks; those of the elephants and mastodons and mammoths, for instance, are enormously developed incisor teeth, which are larger and more strongly curved in the male than in the female; though in certain parts of Africa the elephants are said not to differ as to the tusks in the two sexes. I venture to suggest, however, that in this, as in many other cases, the comparisons have not been made with sufficient care.

In the Narwhal the young of both sexes possess two rudimentary tusks at the end of the upper jaw, which in the female never project beyond the gum; but in the male that of the left side soon increases in length, and finally forms a straight though twisted tusk, which may attain a thickness of four inches, and a length of nine or ten feet.

Among the lower orders of the true Mammalia — as the Rodents and Insectivora — the sexes are externally so much alike as to require a very close comparison in order to detect them; but with the Marsupials — as the opossums, kangaroos, and the like — most of them inhabiting Australia, the female is at once known by the possession of the *marsupium*, a pouch upon the abdomen in which the young are deposited, and where, by sucking the milk from the nipples which open into it, they gradually advance from the immature and perfectly helpless condition in which they are first born to one corresponding with that in which the ordinary mammals come into the world. The males have no such open pouch, but under the skin of the abdomen may be felt the two slender marsupial bones, which in them as in the females reach forward and outward from the loin of the pelvis.

In the male Ornithorhynchus is a very peculiar hollow spur upon each hind leg, and a gland concealed at its base, both these being rudimentary in the female. Its use is not known.

The mammary glands, the milk-secreting organs which distinguish the Mammalia from all other classes of vertebrates, are likewise distinctive marks of sex within the class; not by their existence in the female alone, but by their greater size and ordinary functional development; for, like men, all the males of the monkeys, the quadrupeds, the seals, and the whales possess rudimentary glands, or at least the nipples, in the various locations where they are developed in the females; in some, as in the bats and apes, two in number upon the chest; in others numerous along the whole lower surface of the body; in others, as in the cow and horse, few in number, and brought within a small space between the hinder legs; even in mankind, however, their position may be altered, for in an otherwise well-formed man there was a breast about three inches in diameter, with a nipple, located upon the front of one thigh; no milk could be obtained from it, but there have been at different times several male individuals who not only possessed well-developed mammary glands, but even secreted through them a milky fluid capable of nourishing infants; in all these cases the general form and aspect of the body was rather feminine.

And this leads us to a consideration of the outline and proportions of the body in the two sexes. These have been studied more by artists than by anatomists, and are so generally admitted as to require a mere mention here. The shoulders of man are wider, but the hips in woman; the legs of man are longer, so that when standing he is the taller; but there is little or no difference in the length of the trunk, so that when sitting the distinction is lost.

But beside these definite peculiarities, the two sexes are usually distinguishable by the general form and character of all parts. In man the skin is rougher, the hands and feet larger, the cheekbones more prominent, and all the joints larger; there is less fat between the muscles, so that the form is

less rounded than in the female; but beyond all this there are distinctions constant and easy to see, though not easy to describe, between the masculine and feminine features which rarely allow us to mistake the one for the other.

From the external to the true internal organs an easy passage is afforded by the vocal apparatus, which, though concealed from direct view, yet projects beneath the skin, and still more readily indicates sexual differences by the quality and quantity of the sounds produced.

The greater size of the male larynx is indicated by the prominence called "Adam's apple"; and the length of the "chink of the glottis," through which air passes in speaking or singing, is as three in man to two in woman.

In considering the size of various internal organs, we ought to give both the absolute weight and the weight relative to that of the entire body.

For instance, the average heart of women weighs eight or ten ounces, and that of man ten or twelve; which fact, when viewed in the common idea of the heart's mental relations, rather militates against the affectional superiority of woman. But if these figures are compared with the weight of the body in the two sexes, the case looks better; for in man the heart is as one to one hundred and sixty-nine, in woman as one to one hundred and forty-nine. The action of the heart, too, is more rapid in women, the average pulsations being five or ten more per minute than in men of the same age.

The lungs, however, are, both absolutely and relatively, larger in man, constituting in him one thirty-seventh, and in woman one forty-third, of the weight of the body. The statements regarding the number of respirations per minute are contradictory; but we should incline to expect them to be more numerous in man. The red blood-corpuscles are said to be more numerous in man than in woman.

It is said by good authorities that women are more impressible to the action of medicines than men, and that the action is apt to be also more irregular; they are also said to endure surgical operations better than the sterner sex.

And now, last but by no means least, the nervous system claims our attention; and he would be a very brave or a very ignorant person who should venture, without some trepidation, upon the presentment of facts, much less of opinions. He stands between two fiercely hostile parties, and a hair's-breadth leaning toward the one will call down upon him the wrath and condemnation of the other. I will therefore state the facts of other people, and let my readers form their own opinions.

By the careful weighing of many human brains it has been found: —

1. That the average brain of man weighs fifty ounces, and that of woman weighs forty-four ounces.

2. That the cerebrum, which is generally regarded as the organ of the higher mental powers, is not as a rule larger in proportion to the cerebellum, in either man or woman.

And if the advocates of man's superiority base their claim for him upon a larger organ of the mind than exists in woman, they must take into account a third fact.

3. That both elephants and whales, the latter of which have never been deemed to possess any remarkable intelligence, have brains weighing from eighty to one hundred and sixty ounces, whereas the largest human brains — those of Cuvier and Dupuytren — weighed only fifty-nine and fifty-eight ounces respectively; if, then, it is objected that the human brain is bigger in proportion to the size of the body than that of the whale or elephant, we must first explain away this next fact.

4. In certain birds, in some small quadrupeds, and even in some monkeys, the size of the brain is, relatively to the size of the body, greater than in man.

It is evident, now, that neither absolute nor relative size proves anything;

and even if it did, little help would be afforded in our estimate of masculine and feminine mental organs; for the proportion between the weight of the brain and that of the body is the same in the two sexes, or, according to some authors, a little larger in woman.

Some assistance might be derived from a comparison of the size of the brain with that of the nerves which proceed from it, or, what would probably amount to the same thing, a comparison of the gray or cellular and dynamic nervous substance with the white or fibrous and conducting portions; for it is certain that in this respect the brain of man excels all others. But there are no observations which enable us to make the comparison between the two sexes of human beings.

Let us, then, leave mere quantity out of the question entirely, and consider the quality of brains and their structural complexity. This promises well; for

5. Although there are apparent and perhaps real exceptions among the animals as compared with each other, — the sheep's brain, for instance, being more convoluted than the cat's, — yet there is no question but that the human brain surpasses that of all others, — even that of the apes, — in the number and depth of its convolutions and the amount of the gray matter. But here, unfortunately, there are no materials for making such a comparison between the brain of man and of woman.

If now we attempt to judge of them by the degree or quality of their intellectual manifestations, then we at once diverge from the safe, though narrow highway of facts into the broad fields of individual estimates and opinions, which would indeed involve the begging of the very question which we are trying to solve.

Here I leave the subject. If the height of wisdom is to be aware of our ignorance, my candid readers are certainly wiser than before, and may move forward in the investigation with no fear of having to retrace their steps.

And if I may be permitted to suggest what seems to me to be the teaching of the animal kingdom upon this matter, it would be that, among the more highly organized forms, and among those which seem to represent the better and nobler qualities of humanity, the principle of division of labor is carried to the greatest degree; that thus the male and the female mutually aid and comfort one another; that each may perform more or less completely the offices usually in charge of the other; but that the male does the courting, the fighting, and the larger part of the talking; that he is generally the larger and stronger, often the handsomer, and is provided with weapons and endowed with greater vocal powers; that the female, on the contrary, is less striking in appearance, more retiring in disposition, softer and gentler in conversation, careful of her offspring, and ready to defend them too, with what strength she may possess; that, in short, the male is best fitted to shine in public, the female in private; the male abroad, the female at home; and that each feels the other to be so fully essential that neither envy nor contempt can exist between them.

And that, finally, if any distinction can be drawn between them, it is that, while both work together and equally well, the powers of the male seem to flow from the heart through the head, and those of the female as instinctive perceptions of necessities from the head through the heart, so as to fit her better for works of intimate care and affection.

And Nature, the unperverted mouthpiece of God, does not say to us that the head is better than the heart, or the heart better than the head, but that each is the equal of the other, and each noble and good and beautiful in its own way.

Burt G. Wilder.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I HAVE a plan," said Julia, a week or two later. "Can you guess it? No, I think not; and yet, you *might!* O, how lovely the light falls on your hair: it is perfect satin!"

She had one hand on his shoulder, and ran the fingers of the other lightly through his brown locks. Her face, sparkling all over with a witching fondness, was lifted towards his. It was the climax of an amiable mood which had lasted three days.

What young man can resist a playful, appealing face, a soft, caressing touch? Joseph smiled, as he asked, —

"Is it that I shall wear my hair upon my shoulders, or that we shall sow plaster on the clover-field, as old Bishop advised you the other day?"

"Now, you are making fun of my interest in farming; but wait another year! I am trying earnestly to understand it, but only so that ornament — beauty — what was the word in those lines you read last night? — may grow out of Use. That 's it — Beauty out of Use! I know I 've bored you a little sometimes — just a little, now, confess it! — with all my questions; but this is something different. Can't you think of anything that would make our home, O *so* much more beautiful?"

"A grove of palm-trees at the top of the garden? Or a lake in front, with marble steps leading down to the water?"

"You perverse Joseph! No: something possible, something practicable, something handsome, something profitable! Or, are you so old-fashioned that you think we must drudge for thirty years, and only take our pleasure after we grow rheumatic?"

Joseph looked at her with a puzzled, yet cheerful face.

"You don't understand me yet!" she exclaimed. "And indeed, indeed, I dread to tell you, for one reason: you have such a tender regard for old associations, — not that I 'd have it otherwise, if I could. I like it: I trust I have the same feeling: yet a little sentiment sometimes interferes practically with the improvement of our lives."

Joseph's curiosity was aroused. "What do you mean, Julia?" he asked.

"No!" she cried; "I will not tell you until I have read part of pa's letter, which came this afternoon. Take the arm-chair, and don't interrupt me."

She seated herself on the window-sill and opened the letter. "I saw," she said, "how uneasy you felt when the call came for the fourth instalment of ten per cent on the Amaranth shares, especially after I had so much difficulty in persuading you not to sell the half. It surprised *me*, although I knew that, where pa is concerned, there 's a good reason for everything. So I wrote to him the other day, and this is what he says, — you remember, Kanuck is the company's agent on the spot: —

"'Tell Joseph that in matters of finance there 's often a wheel within a wheel. Blenkinsop, of the Chowder Company, managed to get a good grab of our shares through a third party, of whom we had not the slightest suspicion. I name no name at present, from motives of prudence. We only discovered the circumstance after the third party left for Europe. Looking upon the Chowder as a rival, it is our desire, of course, to extract this entering wedge before it has been thrust into our vitals, and we can only accomplish the end by still keeping secret the discovery of the torpedoes (an additional expense, I might remark), and calling for fresh instalments from *all* the stockholders. Blenkinsop, not being within the inside ring, — and no possibility of *his* getting in! — will

naturally see only the blue of disappointment where we see the rose of realized expectations. Already, so Kanuck writes to me, negotiations are on foot which will relieve our Amaranth of this parasitic growth, and a few weeks — days — hours, in fact, may enable us to explode and triumph! I was offered, yesterday, by one of our shrewdest operators, who has been silently watching us, ten shares of the Sinnemahoning Hematite for eight of ours. Think of that, — the Sinnemahoning Hematite! No better stock in the market, if you remember the quotations! Explain the significance of the figures to your husband, and let him see that he has — but no, I will restrain myself and make no estimate. I will only mention, under the seal of the profoundest secrecy, that the number of shafts now sinking (or being sunk) will give an enormous flowing capacity when the electric spark fires the mine, and I should not wonder if our shares then soared high over the pinnacles of all previous speculation!'

"No, nor I!" Julia exclaimed, as she refolded the letter; "it is certain, — positively certain! I have never known the Sinnemahoning Hematite to be less than 147. What do you say, Joseph?"

"I hope it may be true," he answered. "I can't feel so certain, while an accident — the discovery of the torpedo-plan, for instance — might change the prospects of the Amaranth. It will be a great relief when the time comes to 'realize,' as your father says."

"You only feel so because it is your first experience; but for your sake I will consent that it shall be the last. We shall scarcely need any more than this will bring us; for, as pa says, a mere competence in the city is a splendid fortune in the country. You need leisure for books and travel and society, and you shall have it. Now, let us make a place for both!"

Thereupon she showed him how the parlor and rear bedroom might be thrown into one; where there were alcoves for bookcases and space for a piano; how a new veranda might be added to the western end of the house; how the plastering might be renewed, a showy cornice supplied, and an air of elegant luxury given to the new apartment. Joseph saw and listened, conscious at once of a pang at changing the ancient order of things, and a temptation to behold a more refined comfort in its place. He only asked to postpone the work; but Julia pressed him so closely, with such a multitude of unanswerable reasons, that he finally consented to let a mechanic look at the house, and make an estimate of the expense.

In such cases, the man who deliberates is lost.

His consent once reluctantly exacted, Julia insisting that she would take the whole charge of directing the work, a beginning was made without delay, and in a few days the ruin was so complete that the restoration became a matter of necessity.

Julia kept her word only too faithfully. With a lively, playful manner in the presence of the workmen, but with a cold, inflexible obstinacy when they were alone, she departed from the original plan, adding showy and expensive features, every one of which, Joseph presently saw, was devised to surpass the changes made by the Hopetons in their new residence. His remonstrances produced no effect, and he was precluded from a practical interference by the fear of the workmen guessing his domestic trouble. Thus the days dragged on, and the breach widened without an effort on either side to heal it.

The secret of her temporary fondness gave him a sense of positive disgust when it arose in his memory. He now suspected a selfish purpose in her caresses, and sought to give her no chance of repeating them, but in the company of others he was forced to endure a tenderness which, he was surprised to find, still half deceived him, as it wholly deceived his neighbors. He saw, too, — and felt himself powerless to change the impression, — that Julia's popularity increased with her

knowledge of the people, while their manner towards him was a shade less frank and cordial than formerly. He knew that the changes in his home were so much needless extravagance, to them; and that Julia's oft-repeated phrase (always accompanied with a loving look), "Joseph is making the old place so beautiful for me!" increased their mistrust, while seeming to exalt him as a devoted husband.

It is not likely that she specially intended this result; while, on the other hand, he somewhat exaggerated its character. Her object was simply to retain her growing ascendency: within the limits where her peculiar faculties had been exercised she was nearly perfect; but she was indifferent to tracing the consequences of her actions beyond those limits. When she ascertained Mr. Chaffinch's want of faith in Joseph's entire piety, she became more regular in her attendance at his church, not so much to prejudice her husband by the contrast, as to avoid the suspicion which he had incurred. To Joseph, however, in the bitterness of his deception, these actions seemed either hostile or heartless; he was repelled from the clearer knowledge of a nature so foreign to his own. So utterly foreign: yet how near beyond all others it had once seemed!

It was not a jealousy of the authority she assumed which turned his heart from her: it was the revelation of a shallowness and selfishness not at all rare in the class from which she came, but which his pure, guarded youth had never permitted him to suspect in any human being. A man familiar with men and women, if he had been caught in such toils, would have soon discovered some manner of controlling her nature, for the very shrewdest and falsest have their vulnerable side. It gave Joseph, however, so much keen spiritual pain to encounter her in her true character, that such a course was simply impossible.

Meanwhile the days went by, the expense of labor and material had already doubled the estimates made by the mechanics, bills were presented for payment, and nothing was heard from the Amaranth. Money was a necessity, and there was no alternative but to obtain a temporary loan at a county town, the centre of transactions for all the debtors and creditors of the neighboring country. It was a new and disagreeable experience for Joseph to appear in the character of a borrower, and he adopted it most reluctantly; yet the reality was a greater trial than he had suspected. He found that the most preposterous stories of his extravagance were afloat. He was transforming his house into a castle: he had made, lost, and made again a large fortune in petroleum; he had married a wealthy wife and squandered her money; he drove out in a carriage with six white horses; he was becoming irregular in his habits and heretical in his religious views; in short, such marvellous powers of invention had been exercised that the Arab story-tellers were surpassed by the members of that quiet, sluggish community.

It required all his self-control to meet the suspicions of the money-agents, and convince them of the true state of his circumstances. The loan was obtained, but after such a wear and tear of flesh and spirit as made it seem a double burden.

When he reached home, in the afternoon, Julia instantly saw, by his face, that all had not gone right. A slight effort, however, enabled her to say carelessly and cheerfully, —

"Have you brought me my supplies, dear?"

"Yes," he answered curtly.

"Here is a letter from pa," she then said. "I opened it, because I knew what the subject must be. But if you 're tired, pray don't read it now, for then you may be impatient. There 's a little more delay."

"Then I 'll not delay to know it," he said, taking the letter from her hand. A printed slip, calling upon the stockholders of the Amaranth to pay a *fifth* instalment, fell out of the envelope. Accompanying it there was a hasty

note from B. Blessing: "Don't be alarmed, my dear son-in-law! Probably a mere form. Blenkinsop still holds on, but we think this will bring him at once. If it don't, we shall very likely have to go on *with* him, even if it obliges us to unite the Amaranth and the Chowder. In any case, we shall ford or bridge this little Rubicon within a fortnight. Have the money ready, if convenient, but do not forward unless I give the word. We hear, through third parties, that Clementina (who is now at Long Branch) receives much attention from Mr. Spelter, a man of immense wealth, but, I regret to say, no refinement."

Joseph smiled grimly, when he finished the note. "Is there never to be an end of humbug?" he exclaimed.

"There, now!" cried Julia; "I knew you'd be impatient. You are so unaccustomed to great operations. Why, the Muchacho Land Grant — I remember it, because pa sold out just at the wrong time — hung on for seven years!"

"D— curse the Muchacho Land Grant, and the Amaranth too!"

"Are n't you ashamed!" exclaimed Julia, taking on a playful air of offence; "but you 're tired and hungry, poor fellow!" Therewith she put her hands on his shoulders, and raised herself on tiptoe to kiss him.

Joseph, unable to control his sudden instinct, swiftly turned away his head.

"O you wicked husband, you deserve to be punished!" she cried, giving him what was meant to be a light tap on the cheek.

It was a light tap, certainly; but perhaps a little of the annoyance which she banished from her face had lodged, unconsciously, in her fingers. They left just sting enough to rouse Joseph's heated blood. He started back a step, and looked at her with flaming eyes.

"No more of that, Julia! I know, *now*, how much your arts are worth. I am getting a vile name in the neighborhood, — losing my property, — losing my own self-respect, — because I have allowed you to lead me! Will you be content with what you have done, or must you go on until my ruin is complete?"

Before he had finished speaking she had taken rapid counsel with herself, and decided. "Oh, oh! such words to me!" she groaned, hiding her face between her hands. "I never thought *you* could be so cruel! I had *such* pleasure in seeing you rich and free, in trying to make your home beautiful; and now this little delay, which no business-man would think anything of, seems to change your very nature! But I will not think it 's your true self: something has worried you to-day, — you have heard some foolish story —"

"It is not the worry of to-day," he interrupted, in haste to state his whole grievance, before his weak heart had time to soften again, — "it is the worry of months past! It is because I thought you true and kind-hearted, and I find you selfish and hypocritical! It is very well to lead me into serious expenses, while so much is at stake, and now likely to be lost, — it is very well to make my home beautiful, especially when you can outshine Mrs. Hopeton! It is easy to adapt yourself to the neighbors, and keep on the right side of them, no matter how much your husband's character may suffer in the process!"

"That will do!" said Julia, suddenly becoming rigid. She lifted her head, and apparently wiped the tears from her eyes. "A little more and it would be too much, for even *me!* What do I care for 'the neighbors'? persons whose ideas and tastes and habits of life are so different from mine? I have endeavored to be friendly with them for *your* sake: I have taken special pains to accommodate myself to their notions, just because I intended they should justify *you* in choosing me! I believed — for you told me so — that there was no calculation in love, that money was dross in comparison; and how could I imagine that you would so soon put up a balance and begin to weigh the two? Am I your wife or

your slave? Have I an equal share in what is yours, or am I here merely to increase it? If there is to be a question of dollars and cents between us, pray have my allowance fixed, so that I may not overstep it, and may save myself from such reproaches! I knew you would be disappointed in pa's letter: I have been anxious and uneasy since it came, through my sympathy with you, and was ready to make any sacrifice that might relieve your mind; and now you seem to be full of unkindness and injustice! What shall I do, O what shall I do?"

She threw herself upon a sofa, weeping hysterically.

"Julia!" he cried, both shocked and startled by her words, "you purposely misunderstand me. Think how constantly I have yielded to you, against my own better judgment! When have you considered my wishes?"

"When?" she repeated: then, addressing the cushion with a hopeless, melancholy air, "he asks, when! How could I misunderstand you? your words were as plain as daggers. If you were not aware how sharp they were, call them back to your mind when these mad, unjust suspicions have left you! I trusted you so perfectly, I was looking forward to such a happy future, and now — now, all seems so dark! It is like a flash of lightning: I am weak and giddy: leave me, — I can bear no more!"

She covered her face, and sobbed wretchedly.

"I am satisfied that you are not as ignorant as you profess to be," was all Joseph could say, as he obeyed her command, and left the room. He was vanquished, he knew, and a little confused by his wife's unexpected way of taking his charges in flank instead of meeting them in front, as a man would have done. *Could* she be sincere? he asked himself. Was she really so ignorant of herself, as to believe all that she had uttered? There seemed to be not the shadow of hypocrisy in her grief and indignation. Her tears were real: then why not her smiles and caresses? Either she was horribly, incredibly false, — worse than he dared dream her to be, — or so fatally unconscious of her nature that nothing short of a miracle could ever enlighten her. One thing, only, was certain: there was now no confidence between them, and there might never be again.

He walked slowly forth from the house, seeing nothing, and unconscious whither his feet were leading him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STILL walking, with bent head, and a brain which vainly strove to work its way to clearness through the perplexities of his heart, Joseph went on. When, wearied at last, though not consciously calmer, he paused and looked about him, it was like waking from a dream. Some instinct had guided him on the way to Philip's forge: the old road had been moved to accommodate the new branch railway, and a rapid ring of hammers came up from the embankment below. It was near the point of the hill where Lucy's schoolhouse stood, and even as he looked she came, accompanied by her scholars, to watch the operation of laying the track. Elwood Withers, hale, sunburnt, full of lusty life, walked along the sleepers directing the workmen.

"He was right, — only too right!" muttered Joseph to himself. "Why could I not see with his eyes? 'It's the bringing up,' he would say; but that is not all. I have been an innocent, confiding boy, and thought that years and acres had made me a man. O, *she* understood me, — she understands me now; but in spite of her, God helping me, I shall yet be a man."

Elwood ran down the steep side of the embankment, greeted Lucy, and helped her to the top, the children following with whoops and cries.

"Would it have been different," Joseph further soliloquized, "if Lucy and I had loved and married? It is hardly treating Elwood fairly, to suppose such

a thing, yet — a year ago — I might have loved her. It is better as it is: I should have stepped upon a true man's heart. Have they drawn nearer? and if so, does he, with his sturdier nature, his surer knowledge, find no flaw in her perfections?"

A morbid curiosity to watch the two suddenly came upon him. He clambered over the fence, crossed the narrow strip of meadow, and mounted the embankment. Elwood's back was towards him, and he was just saying: "It all comes of taking an interest in what you 're doing. The practical part is easy enough, when you once have the principles. I can manage the theodolite already, but I need a little showing when I come to the calculations. Somehow, I never cared much about study before, but here it 's all applied as soon as you 've learned it, and that fixes it, like, in your head."

Lucy was listening with an earnest, friendly interest on her face. She scarcely saw Joseph until he stood before her. After the first slight surprise, her manner towards him was quiet and composed: Elwood's eyes were bright, and there was a fresh intelligence in his appearance. The habit of command had already given him a certain dignity.

"How can *I* get knowledge which may be applied as soon as learned?" Joseph asked, endeavoring to assume the manner furthest from his feelings. "I 'm still at the foot of the class, Lucy," he added, turning to her.

"How?" Elwood replied. "I should say by going around the world alone. That would be about the same for you as what these ten miles I 'm overseeing are to me. A little goes a great way with me, for I can only pick up one thing at a time."

"What kind of knowledge are you looking for, Joseph?" Lucy gravely asked.

"Of myself," said he, and his face grew dark.

"That 's a true word!" Elwood involuntarily exclaimed. He then caught Lucy's eye, and awkwardly added: "It 's about what we all want, I take it."

Joseph recovered himself in a moment, and proposed looking over the work. They walked slowly along the embankment, listening to Elwood's account of what had been done and what was yet to do, when the Hopeton carriage came up the highway, near at hand. Mrs. Hopeton sat in it alone.

"I was looking for you, Lucy," she called. "If you are going towards the cutting, I will join you there."

She sent the coachman home with the carriage, and walked with them on the track. Joseph felt her presence as a relief, but Elwood confessed to himself that he was a little disturbed by the steady glance of her dark eyes. He had already overcome his regret at the interruption of his rare and welcome chance of talking with Lucy, but then Joseph knew his heart, while this stately lady looked as if she were capable of detecting what she had no right to know. Nevertheless, she was Lucy's friend, and that fact had great weight with Elwood.

"It 's rather a pity to cut into the hills and bank up the meadows in this way, is n't it?" he asked.

"And to disturb my school with so much hammering," Lucy rejoined; "when the trains come, I must retreat."

"None too soon," said Mrs. Hopeton. "You are not strong, Lucy, and the care of a school is too much for you."

Elwood thanked her with a look, before he knew what he was about.

"After all," said Joseph, "why should n't nature be cut up? I suppose everything was given to us to use, and the more profit the better the use, seems to be the rule of the world. 'Beauty grows out of Use,' you know."

His tone was sharp and cynical, and grated unpleasantly on Lucy's sensitive ear.

"I believe it is a rule in art," said Mrs. Hopeton, "that mere ornament, for ornament's sake, is not allowed. It must always seem to answer some pur-

pose, to have a necessity for its existence. But, on the other hand, what is necessary should be beautiful, if possible."

"A loaf of bread, for instance," suggested Elwood.

They all laughed at this illustration, and the conversation took a lighter turn. By this time they had entered the narrower part of the valley, and on passing around a sharp curve of the track found themselves face to face with Philip and Madeline Held.

If Mrs. Hopeton's heart beat more rapidly at the unexpected meeting, she preserved her cold, composed bearing. Madeline, bright and joyous, was the unconscious agent of unconstraint, in whose presence each of the others felt immediately free.

"Two inspecting committees at once!" cried Philip. "It is well for you, Withers, that you did n't locate the line. My sister and I have already found several unnecessary curves and culverts."

"And *we* have found a great deal of use and no beauty," Lucy answered.

"Beauty!" exclaimed Madeline. "What is more beautiful than to see one's groceries delivered at one's very door? Or to have the opera and the picture-gallery brought within two hours' distance? How far are we from a lemon, Philip?"

"You were a lemon, Mad, in your vegetable, pre-human state; and you are still acid and agreeable."

"Sweets to the sweet!" she gayly cried. "And what, pray, was Miss Henderson?"

"Don't spare me, Mr. Held," said Lucy, as he looked at her with a little hesitation.

"An apple."

"And Mrs. Hopeton?"

"A date-palm," said Philip, fixing his eyes upon her face.

She did not look up, but an expression which he could not interpret just touched her lips and faded.

"Now, it's your turn, Miss Held," Elwood remarked: "what were we men?"

"O, Philip, a prickly pear, of course; and you, well, some kind of a nut; and Mr. Asten —"

"A cabbage," said Joseph.

"What vanity! Do you imagine that you are all head, — or that your heart is in your head? Or that you keep the morning dew longer than the rest of us?"

"It might well be," Joseph answered; and Madeline felt her arm gently pinched by Philip, from behind. She had tact enough not to lower her pitch of gayety too suddenly, but her manner towards Joseph became grave and gentle. Mrs. Hopeton said but little: she looked upon the circling hills, as if studying their summer beauty, while the one desire in her heart was to be away from the spot, — away from Philip's haunting eyes.

After a little while, Philip seemed to be conscious of her feeling. He left his place on the opposite side of the track, took Joseph's arm and led him a little aside from the group.

"Philip, I want you!" Joseph whispered; "but no, not quite yet. There is no need of coming to you in a state of confusion. In a day or two more I shall have settled a little."

"You are right," said Philip: "there is no opiate like time, be there never so little of it. I felt the fever of your head in your hand. Don't come to me, until you feel that it is the one thing which must be done! I think you know why I say so."

"I do!" Joseph exclaimed. "I am just now more of an ostrich than anything else; I should like to stick my head in the sand, and imagine myself invisible. But — Philip — here are six of us together. One other, I know, has a secret wound, perhaps two others: is it always so in life? I think I am selfish enough to be glad to know that I am not specially picked out for punishment."

Philip could not help smiling. "Upon my soul," he said, "I believe Madeline is the only one of the six who is not busy with other thoughts than those we all seem to utter. Specially

picked out? There is no such thing as special picking out, in this world! Joseph, it may seem hard and schoolmaster-like in me to say 'wait!' yet that is the only word I can say."

"Good evening, all!" cried Elwood. "I must go down to my men; but I 'd be glad of such an inspection as this, a good deal oftener."

"I 'll go that far with you," said Joseph.

Mrs. Hopeton took Lucy's arm with a sudden, nervous movement. "If you are not too tired, let us walk over the hill," she said; "I want to find the right point of view for sketching our house."

The company dissolved. Philip, as he walked up the track with his sister, said to himself: "Surely, she was afraid of me. And what does her fear indicate? What, if not that the love she once bore for me still lives in her heart, in spite of time and separated fates? I should not, *dare* not think of her; I shall never again speak a word to her which her husband might not hear; but I cannot tear from me the dream of what she might be, the knowledge of what she is, false, hopeless, fatal, as it all may be!"

"Elwood," said Joseph, when they had walked a little distance in silence, "do you remember the night you spent with me, a year ago?"

"I 'm not likely to forget it."

"Let me ask you one question, then. Have you come nearer to Lucy Henderson?"

"If no further off means nearer, and it almost seems so in my case, — yes!"

"And you see no difference in her, — no new features of character, which you did not guess, at first?"

"Indeed, I do!" Elwood emphatically answered. "To me she grows less and less like any other woman, — so right, so straightforward, so honest in all her ways and thoughts! If I am ever tempted to do anything — well, not exactly mean, you know, but such as a man might as well leave undone, I have only to say to myself: 'If you 're not thoroughly good, my boy, you 'll lose her!' and that does the business, right away. Why, Joseph, I 'm proud of myself, that I mean to deserve her!"

"Ah!" A sigh, almost a groan, came from Joseph's lips. "What will you think of me?" he said. "I was about to repeat your own words, — to warn you to be cautious, and take time, and test your feelings, and not to be too sure of *her* perfection! what can a young man know about women? He can only discover the truth after marriage, and then — they are indifferent how it affects him — *their* fortunes are made!"

"I know," answered Elwood, turning his head away slightly; "but there 's a difference between the women you seek, and work to get, and the women who seek, and work to get you."

"I understand you."

"Forgive me for saying it!" Elwood cried, instantly repenting his words. "I could n't help seeing and feeling what you know now. But what man — leastways, what friend — could ha' said it to you with any chance of being believed? You were like a man alone in a boat above a waterfall; only *you* could bring yourself to shore. If I stood on the bank and called, and you did n't believe me, what then? The Lord knows, I 'd give this right arm, strong as it is, to put you back where you were a year ago."

"I 've been longing for frankness, and I ought to bear it better," said Joseph. "Put the whole subject out of your thoughts, and come and see me as of old. It is quite time I should learn to manage my own life."

He grasped Elwood's hand convulsively, sprang down the embankment, and took to the highway. Elwood looked after him a minute, then slowly shook his head and walked onward towards the men.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hopeton and Lucy had climbed the hill, and found themselves on the brow of a rolling upland, which fell on the other side, towards the old Calvert place. The day was hot. Mrs. Hopeton's knees trembled

under her, and she sank on the soft grass at the foot of a tree. Lucy took a seat beside her.

"You know so much of my trouble," said the former, when the coolness and rest had soothed her, "and I trust you so perfectly, that I can tell you all, Lucy. Can you guess the man whom I loved, but must never love again?"

"I have sometimes thought —" but here Lucy hesitated.

"Speak the name in your mind, or, let me say 'Philip Held,' for you! Lucy, what am I to do? he loves me still: he told me so, just now, where we were all together below there!"

Lucy turned with a start, and gazed wonderingly upon her friend's face.

"Why does he continue telling me what I must not hear? with his eyes, Lucy! in the tones of his voice, in common words which I am forced to interpret by *his* meaning! I had learned to bear my inevitable fate, for it was not an unhappy one; I can bear even his presence, if he were generous enough to close his heart as I do, — either that, or to avoid me; for I now dread to meet him again."

"Is it not," Lucy asked, "because the trial is new, and takes you by surprise and unprepared? May you not be fearing more than Mr. Held has expressed, or, at least, intended?"

"The speech that kills, or makes alive, needs no words. What I mean is, there is no *resistance* in his face. I blush for myself, I am indignant at my own pitiful weakness, but something in his look to-day made me forget everything that has passed since we were parted. While it lasted, I was under a spell, — a spell which it humiliates me to remember. Your voices sounded faint and far off; all that I have, and hold, seemed to be slipping from me. It was only for a moment, but, Lucy, it frightened me. My will is strong, and I think I can depend upon it; yet what if some influence beyond my control were to paralyze it?"

"Then you must try to win the help of a higher will; our souls always win something of that which they wrestle and struggle to reach. Dear Mrs. Hopeton, have you never thought that we are still as children who cannot have all they cry for? Now, that you know what you fear, do not dread to hold it before your mind and examine what it is: at least, I think that would be my instinct, — to face a danger at once when I found I could not escape it."

"I have no doubt you are right, Lucy," said Mrs. Hopeton; but her tone was sad, as if she acquiesced without clearly believing.

"It seems very hard," Lucy continued, "when we cannot have the one love of all others that we need, harder still when we must put it forcibly from our hearts. But I have always felt that, when we can bring ourselves to renounce cheerfully, a blessing will follow. I do not know how, but I must believe it. Might it not come at last, through the love that we have, though it now seems imperfect?"

Mrs. Hopeton lifted her head from her knees, and sat erect. "Lucy," she said, "I do not believe you are a woman who would ask another to bear what is beyond your own strength. Shall I put you to the test?"

Lucy, though her face became visibly paler, replied: "I did not mean to compare my burden with yours; but weigh me, if you wish. If I am found wanting, you will show me wherein."

"Your one love above all others is lost to you. Have you conquered the desire for it?"

"I think I have. If some soreness remains, I try to believe that it is the want of the love which I know to be possible, not that of the — the person."

"Then, could you be happy with what you call an imperfect love?"

Lucy blushed a little, in spite of herself. "I am still free," she answered, "and not obliged to accept it. If I were bound, I hope I should not neglect my duty."

"What if another's happiness depended on your accepting it? Lucy, my eyes have been made keen by what I have felt. I saw to-day, that a man's

heart follows you, and I guess that you know it. Here is no imperfect love on his part: were you his wife, could you learn to give him so much that your life might become peaceful and satisfied?"

"You do, indeed, test me!" Lucy murmured. "How can I know? What answer can I make? I have shrunk from thinking of that, and I cannot feel that my duty lies there. Yet, if it were so, if I were already bound, irrevocably, surely all my present faith must be false if happiness in some form did not come at last!"

"I believe it would, to you!" cried Mrs. Hopeton. "Why not to me? Do you think I have ever looked for *love* in my husband? It seems, now, that I have been content to know that he was proud of me. If I seek, perhaps I may find more than I have dreamed of; and if I find, — if indeed and truly I find, — I shall never more lack self-possession and will!"

She rose to her full height, and a flush came over the pallor of her cheeks. "Yes," she continued, "rather than feel again the humiliation of to-day, I will trample all my nature down to the level of an imperfect love!"

"Better," said Lucy, rising also, — "better to bend only for a while to the imperfect, that you may warm and purify and elevate it, until it shall take the place of the perfect in your heart."

The two women kissed each other, and there were tears on the cheeks of both.

CHAPTER XIX.

On his way home Joseph reviewed the quarrel with a little more calmness, and, while admitting his own rashness and want of tact, felt relieved that it had occurred. Julia now knew, at least, how sorely he had been grieved by her selfishness, and she had thus an opportunity, if she really loved him, of showing whether her nature were capable of change. He determined to make no further reference to the dissension, and to avoid what might lead to a new one. He did not guess, as he approached the house, that his wife had long been watching at the front window, in an anxious, excited state, and that she only slipped back to the sofa and covered her head just before he reached the door.

For a day or two she was silent, and perhaps a little sullen; but the payment of the most pressing bills, the progress of the new embellishments, and the necessity of retaining her affectionate playfulness in the presence of the workmen, brought back her customary manner. Now and then a sharp, indirect allusion showed that she had not forgotten, and had not Joseph closed his teeth firmly upon his tongue, the household atmosphere might have been again disturbed.

Not many days elapsed before a very brief note from Mr. Blessing announced that the fifth instalment would be needed. He wrote in great haste, he said, and would explain everything by a later mail.

Joseph was hardly surprised now. He showed the note to Julia, merely saying: "I have not the money, and if I had, he could scarcely expect me to pay it without knowing the necessity. My best plan will be to go to the city at once."

"I think so, too," she answered. "You will be far better satisfied when you have seen pa, and he can also help you to raise the money temporarily, if it is really inevitable. He knows all the capitalists."

"I shall do another thing, Julia. I shall sell enough of the stock to pay the instalment; nay, I shall sell it all, if I can do so without loss."

"Are you —" she began fiercely, but, checking herself, merely added, "see pa first, that 's all I stipulate."

Mr. Blessing had not returned from the Custom-House when Joseph reached the city. He had no mind to sit in the dark parlor and wait; so he plunged boldly into the labyrinth of clerks, porters, inspectors, and tide-waiters. Everybody knew Blessing, but nobody

could tell where he was to be found. Finally some one, more obliging than the rest, said: "Try the Wharf-Rat!"

The Wharf-Rat proved to be a "saloon" in a narrow alley behind the Custom-House. On opening the door a Venetian screen prevented the persons at the bar from being immediately seen, but Joseph recognized his father-in-law's voice, saying, "Straight, if you please!" Mr. Blessing was leaning against one end of the bar, with a glass in his hand, engaged with an individual of not very prepossessing appearance. He remarked to the latter, almost in a whisper (though the words reached Joseph's ears), "You understand, the collector can't be seen every day; it takes time, and — more or less capital. The doorkeeper and others expect to be feed."

As Joseph approached, he turned towards him with an angry, suspicious look, which was not changed into one of welcome so soon that a flash of uncomfortable surprise did not intervene. But the welcome once there, it deepened and mellowed, and became so warm and rich that only a cold, contracted nature could have refused to bathe in its effulgence.

"Why!" he cried, with extended hands, "I should as soon have expected to see daisies growing in this sawdust, or to find these spittoons smelling like hyacinths! Mr. Tweed, one of our rising politicians, Mr. Asten, my son-in-law! Asten, of Asten Hall, I might almost say, for I hear that your mansion is assuming quite a palatial aspect. Another glass, if you please: your throat must be full of dust, Joseph,—*pulvis faucibus hæsit*, if I might be allowed to change the classic phrase."

Joseph tried to decline, but was forced to compromise on a moderate glass of ale; while Mr. Blessing, whose glass was empty, poured something into it from a black bottle, nodded to Mr. Tweed, and saying, "Always straight!" drank it off.

"You would not suppose," he then said to Joseph, "that this little room, dark as it is and not agreeably fragrant, has often witnessed the arrangement of political manœuvres which have decided the City, and through the City the State. I have seen together at that table, at midnight, Senator Slocum, and the Honorables Whitstone, Hacks, and Larruper. Why, the First Auditor of the Treasury was here no later than last week! I frequently transact some of the confidential business of the Custom-House within these precincts, as at present."

"Shall I wait for you outside?" Joseph asked.

"I think it will not be necessary. I have stated the facts, Mr. Tweed, and if you accept them, the figures can be arranged between us at any time. It is a simple case of algebra: by taking x, you work out the unknown quantity."

With a hearty laugh at his own smartness, he shook the "rising politician's" hand, and left the Wharf-Rat with Joseph.

"We can talk here as well as in the woods," he said. "Nobody ever hears anything in this crowd. But perhaps we had better not mention the Amaranth by name, as the operation has been kept so very close. Shall we say 'Paraguay' instead, or — still better — 'Reading,' which is a very common stock? Well, then, I guess you have come to see me in relation to the Reading?"

Joseph, as briefly as possible, stated the embarrassment he suffered, on account of the continued calls for payment, the difficulty of raising money for the fifth instalment, and bluntly expressed his doubts of the success of the speculation. Mr. Blessing heard him patiently to the end, and then, having collected himself, answered: —

"I understand, most perfectly, your feeling in the matter. Further, I do not deny that in respect to the time of realizing from the Am — Reading, I should say — I have also been disappointed. It has cost me no little trouble to keep my own shares intact, and my stake is so much greater than

yours, for it is my *all!* I am ready to unite with the Chowder, at once: indeed, as one of the directors, I mentioned it at our last meeting, but the proposition, I regret to say, was not favorably entertained. We are dependent, in a great measure, on Kanuck, who is on the spot superintending the Reading; he has been telegraphed to come on, and promises to do so as soon as the funds now called for are forthcoming. My faith, I hardly need intimate, is firm."

"My only resource, then," said Joseph, "will be to sell a portion of my stock, I suppose?"

"There is one drawback to that course, and I am afraid you may not quite understand my explanation. The — Reading has not been introduced in the market, and its *real* value could not be demonstrated without betraying the secret lever by which we intend hoisting it to a fancy height. We could only dispose of a portion of it to capitalists whom we choose to take into our confidence. The same reason would be valid against hypothecation."

"Have *you* paid this last instalment?" Joseph suddenly asked.

"N — no; not wholly; but I anticipate a temporary accommodation. If Mr. Spelter deprives me of Clementina, as I hear (through third parties) is daily becoming more probable, my family expenses will be so diminished that I shall have an ample margin; indeed, I shall feel like a large paper copy, with my leaves uncut!"

He rubbed his hands gleefully; but Joseph was too much disheartened to reply.

"*This* might be done," Mr. Blessing continued. "It is not certain that all the stockholders have yet paid. I will look over the books, and if such be the case, your delay would not be a sporadic delinquency. If otherwise, I will endeavor to gain the consent of my fellow-directors to the introduction of a new capitalist, to whom a small portion of your interest may be transferred. I trust you perceive the relevancy of this caution. We do not mean that our flower shall always blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the oleaginous air; we only wish to guard against its being 'untimely ripped' (as Shakespeare says) from its parent stalk. I can well imagine how incomprehensible all this may appear to you. In all probability much of *your* conversation at home, relative to crops and the like, would be to me an unknown dialect. But I should not, therefore, doubt your intelligence and judgment in such matters."

Joseph began to grow impatient. "Do I understand you to say, Mr. Blessing," he asked, "that the call for the fifth instalment *can* be met by the sale of a part of my stock?"

"In an ordinary case it might not — under the peculiar circumstances of our operation — be possible. But I trust I do not exaggerate my own influence when I say that it is within *my* power to arrange it. If you will confide it to my hands, you understand, of course, that a slight formality is necessary, — a power of attorney?"

Joseph, in his haste and excitement, had not considered this, or any other legal point: Mr. Blessing was right.

"Then, supposing the shares to be worth only their par value," he said, "the power need not apply to more than one tenth of my stock?"

Mr. Blessing came into collision with a gentleman passing him. Mutual wrath was aroused, followed by mutual apologies. "Let us turn into the other street," he said to Joseph; "really, our lives are hardly safe in this crowd; it is nearly three o'clock, and the banks will soon be closed."

"It would be prudent to allow a margin," he resumed, after their course had been changed: "the money market is very tight, and if a *necessity* were suspected, most capitalists are unprincipled enough to exact according to the urgency of the need. I do not say — nor do I at all anticipate — that it would be so in your case; still, the future is a sort of dissolving view, and my suggestion is that of the merest prudence. I have no doubt that double

the amount — say one fifth of your stock — would guard us against all contingencies. If you prefer not to intrust the matter to my hands, I will introduce you to Honeyspoon Brothers, the bankers, — the elder Honeyspoon being a director, — who will be very ready to execute your commission."

What could Joseph do? It was impossible to say to Mr. Blessing's face that he mistrusted him: yet he certainly did not trust! He was weary of plausible phrases, the import of which he was powerless to dispute, yet which were so at variance with what seemed to be the facts of the case. He felt that he was lifted aloft into a dazzling, secure atmosphere, but as often as he turned to look at the wings which upheld him, their plumage shrivelled into dust, and he fell an immense distance before his feet touched a bit of reality.

The power of attorney was given. Joseph declined Mr. Blessing's invitation to dine with him at the Universal Hotel, the Blessing table being "possibly a little lean to one accustomed to the bountiful profusion of the country," on the plea that he must return by the evening train; but such a weariness and disgust came over him that he halted at the Farmers' Tavern, and took a room for the night. He slept until long into the morning, and then, cheered in spirit through the fresh vigor of all his physical functions, started homewards.

Bayard Taylor.

AN EX-SOUTHERNER IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A JOURNEY due South in the midst of winter can hardly be otherwise than pleasant. It is a concentrated spring-time, and the traveller traverses with dream-like rapidity the whole series of changes by which the Northern year struggles out of its bondage of ice and snow. To be one day in the midst of snow deep enough to take away any lingering doubt of the arguments in proof of a glacial period, to pass on the next through a country where one sees first the dry fields, with the wrecks of winter on their colder slopes, and then the faint hue of green in the sunny spots; to wake the third morning in an air of heavenly softness, and in a land which seems all flowers, affords, indeed, almost intoxicating pleasure. Were it not for the languor produced by the unaccustomed warmth, a languor which takes away all physical vigor, but leaves the indolent mind intensely sensitive to all physical delights, one would resolve to repeat again and again this enchanting journey, that he might live the best of many years in these repeated spring-times.

To the observant traveller each mile gives something noteworthy, but there is little that justifies extended description in what meets his eye in a run from Boston to Charleston. The most interesting points are those which he passes in traversing the old war-paths of Virginia. It is remarkable how rapidly all the physical evidences of the war have passed and are passing away. This change is particularly surprising to any one who was familiar with the condition of the country during the years of the war. Over the most of that almost continuous battle-field, along the railway from Washington to Richmond, any one a little inattentive could now pass without perceiving that it had been swept by war as never a region had been swept before.

Near Fredericksburg the railroad passes close to the scene of the worst part of the great battle. Here and there are the low earthworks almost worn down by the rain and frost of the

few winters which they have withstood. The long escarpment of the plateau against which our army broke is bare and furrowed; and the deep-red soil seems stained with the blood which will not wash away. Here the traveller sees for the first time a military cemetery, with its spectral parade of uniformed tombstones arranged in martial order, the last and most distressing manifestation of American fondness for *post-mortem* show. Far more fitting would it have been to leave the ashes of these fallen braves in the ground baptized by their blood, where they were hearsed by their surviving comrades, than to have imposed on them this Egyptian perpetuity. The only physical result of the war in Virginia which remains at all noteworthy is the destruction of the forests. A camp is a great consumer of timber; and the five years in which this region was warred over served to sweep away a large part of the trees. The country around Petersburg retains more of the scars of war than any other part of Virginia. That the ugly gashes of the earth have not healed under the kindly ministerings of frost and rain is chiefly due to the fact that the African citizens of the neighborhood have used them as iron and lead mines ever since the war, and to this day they are always engaged like industrious crows in pecking away for these spoils of the battlefield. There is a certain hazard in this work which, maybe, serves as stimulus to them, for many of the percussion shells retain to this day their explosive properties. It seems indeed strange that these missiles should retain their deadly force so long. Six years ago the drollest man in the nation could not have imagined that at the end of the decade, before the powder had been damped in the unexploded shells or the percussion-caps lost their fire, Jefferson Davis would be keeping an insurance office in Memphis and Joseph Johnson a similar shop at Savannah, and that the great captain who stood so long at bay in Virginia would be master of a school maintained in part by contributions of Northern men. There is an almost theatrical fitness in the disposition manifested by the leaders of the great Rebellion to go into the insurance business. This occupation seems to suit very well to men who had suffered the most from vicissitudes of fortune.

In Virginia, although there is little sign of thrift and every evidence of poverty among the cultivators of the soil, there is evidently a good heart in the land, which secures a noble future to the agriculture of the State. But when we cross the State line we enter the most hopeless-looking region this side of the Alkali Desert. The Atlantic swamp belt is destined to exercise a great negative influence in the development of the country. A sea of sand which in any less favorable climate would be a desert, with much of its surface so little elevated above the sea that it is scarcely better than a swamp, and studded with marshy islands, it seems capable of producing little except miasma. With our frightful increase in population, it must soon swarm with the people for which the mosquitoes have been waiting for centuries; and in time this inundated Sahara will doubtless prove as fertile as the lower valley of the Po, — a region it resembles in some regards; but it sickens one to think of the generations during which it must bear an unhappy population, living like cranes until they are rich enough to dike the streams and end their amphibious existence. Let us hope and pray that some lucky geological accident may give this region a lift of fifty feet or so, or that the ocean may take back its imperfect work, and not return it until the task is worthier of its workmanship.

The traveller soon loses interest in the prospect which shows him a monotonous woodland, only varying when the black water of the swamp is replaced by the occasional strip of white sand, with here and there the rude buildings of a tar-factory. He is sure to find in the car some more interesting and less monotonous material for

study. In half a hundred Southerners you are sure to find a greater variety of men than among the same number of Northerners. They have grown up farther apart, and so have not shaped themselves on each other, like the cells in a honeycomb or the trees in a forest.

The war has made a material change in the character of the Southern people. Take almost any man you happen to meet, and enter into conversation with him, and you will probably find that his occupation has changed since the war, and that his views of life, and his whole existence in fact, have altered as well. The business spirit has sprung into activity with great suddenness. There is, despite a certain distrust of the present, a deep hope for the future, which is quite consoling. Nearly all those you talk with have been in the Confederate Army in some position or other, — or at least claim to have been. One hears numerous narratives, which it is much to be regretted cannot be preserved. I talked for some hours with a gentleman who commanded a division in the Confederate Army at Fredericksburg during Burnside's attack. It seems, from his description, that the obstacles encountered by the Federal Army were wellnigh insurmountable, and any renewal of the attack on the left of the Confederate position would have been equally disastrous. Another young man told me that he was in the Confederate Army at the time of its surrender to Grant. He says that the men near Lee's head-quarters had heard of the surrender, but could get no statement which made the matter clear. At length they saw Lee come out of his tent, mount a horse, and ride away. His men, actuated by regard for their old commander, and fearing he was about to leave them forever, ran across the fields to head him off. General Lee, divining their intention, tried to take another road and escape them; but others of the mob, that had so lately been his faithful army, stopped his new way also. Finding himself thus at bay, the General dismounted and stood uncovered beside his horse, while his officers and men thronged in respectful sorrow around him. My informant told me that he climbed a tree within a few feet of the General, and could see that his face was very pale; tears were dropping over his beard, and his whole frame shook with strong emotion. At length, mastering his feelings, he spoke in a calm, strong voice to his men, telling them that he had sought to spare himself and them the pain of these parting words. They had been surrendered to an overwhelming force only after all resistance had proved hopeless, and a brave and generous enemy had granted them the conditions of an honorable capitulation. He bade them go to their homes and take upon themselves again the duties of citizens, each with the assurance that he had done his whole duty. When he ceased to speak, his men pressed around him with great emotion, but directly Lee mounted his horse and rode slowly away.

The narrator of this interesting event was no Thucydides, seemed to have no desire to tell a fine story, nor even to know why I felt such an interest in his narrative.

South Carolina has apparently a little poorer quality of sand for its soil than its sister on the North. It seems, indeed, inconceivable that the region traversed by the railroad should be able to produce the food of its own population under the double disadvantage of meagre soil and wretched cultivation. It owes the little fertility it possesses to the influence of the climate; warmth and comparative freedom from droughts balancing certain other disadvantages.

The population, both white and black, which one sees along the railroad, live in a state of squalor which would indicate great misery in a Northern climate, but which here means only moderate discomfort. In fifty miles one may not see a comfortable-looking plantation-house. On this country the worst form of war could exercise little effect by direct destruction; the only blow given was through the overthrow of slavery. There was never much money

here, nor had there grown up a complicated system of business which could be shocked by a great revolution. But for the social change it brought, these backwoodsmen might have felt the issue of the war less than did the ryots of India.

When the railway has brought the traveller to within a few miles of Charleston, he begins to perceive some evidences of accumulated capital which have been wanting hitherto. From Wilmington to within seven miles of the city it is hard to find evidence that any one has ever capitalized a dollar made out of the soil. The sudden evidence of thrift makes, therefore, a singularly pleasant impression.

But the real peculiarities of South Carolina do not begin to appear until the seaboard is approached. The whole country being flat, the expression of the landscape depends entirely upon the vegetation. The most important elements of this expression, the live-oak and the palmetto, are limited to the littoral region. The train from the north gives the traveller some charming glimpes down the long avenues of live-oaks which lead from the highway toward some old plantation-house. It is not too much to say that these oaks are to this level soil what the hills are to a region of more diversified surface. The solidity of their shade is unparalleled. To the sober gloom of the Northern pine forest they add a deeper shade, which seems to be penetrated with the mysteries of some strange worship. In its youth, the tree is commonplace in appearance, looking at a little distance like a flourishing cherry-tree, but as it passes its fiftieth year it gains a hoary dignity, as an Italian beggar does. Its branches close in until their overlapping leaves shut out the sun; it locks arms with its neighbors, making with them one roof of shade. The long moss drops down from the branches, its spectral-looking festoons beautifully contrasting their ashy hue with the enduring green of the foliage; and its pliant folds, swaying with the slight movements of the air which alone can penetrate this sanctuary, make the rugged branches seem the more unbending. It is, indeed, an experience deserving to rank with the first sight of the sea, of eternal snow, or the other great sensations which the world affords, to walk from the garish sunlight of a half-tropical sky into this abode of eternal shadow.

It is to the uncommercial traveller a great pleasure to tread the streets of Charleston. One seems at last free from the spirit of material progress which in most of the American towns walks always by one's side with a tiresome tale about mere physical growth. It is a town that has not doubled its population in ten years, which does not hold its place in the affections of its people because of its mushroom growth, on account of its exports, its elevators, or its pork-packing. The war gave the city a great advantage in the way of associations over its rivals on the Atlantic: though it lost in trade, it gained in tradition. At present the main object of the city seems to be to preserve these as carefully as possible.

Even the bitterest enemy of the secession movement, if there be a trace of sympathy in his soul, cannot but feel a sense of pity when he thinks of the hopeless overthrow of all the bright hopes born here a decade ago. They were brave men, actuated by the same high impulses as those who gathered eighty years ago in Independence Hall. They proved their honesty of motive by giving up their lives and fortunes to their cause; and, however the coming generations may deplore their costly mistake, it must award them a place among those who risk all present good in struggling to attain what they believed to be the good of the future.*

In Charleston one first comes fairly in contact with the race question. The proportion between the races in the large cities to the Northward is such that the negro cannot have any

* The writer having been a soldier in the Federal Army, and a member of the Republican party through the war, may claim a right to speak thus of the motives of those whose acts he combated with all his strength.

considerable influence on society. He is there no element in the social structure, but only fits himself into the waste nooks, as the rats and swallows do. In this city, however, the negro vote is one half the total vote, and the negroes are a much more intelligent class than in the country districts. Nearly all the mulattoes in the South have found their way to the cities. The mixed races are quick-witted, but generally more unfitted and indisposed to hard labor than the pure blacks. They find in the cities the conditions which suit them best, and crowd out the pure blacks in many of the light occupations for which they have an especial talent. The result of this is unfortunate, and for the future promises to be a great obstacle to the progress of the race. The tendency is to crowd the towns with a dangerous population. The mulatto, like the man of most mixed races, is peculiarly inflammable material. From the white he inherits a refinement unfitting him for all work which has not a certain delicacy about it; from the black, a laxity of morals which, whether it be the result of innate incapacity for certain forms of moral culture or the result of an utter want of training in this direction, is still unquestionably a negro characteristic. The extreme Southern towns are thus crowded with barbers, hotel waiters, and house-servants of the mixed race, who are getting a training in vice and lawlessness which is simply deplorable. The worst of this is, that the pure negro is kept out of just those positions which are most likely to prove a good school for him. Whatever hopes we may have of the future of the pure black, there can be none for the mixed race; and as the cities are the best places for the education of the negro, who is not to be elevated except by contact with the white race, we must regret that he has not now the best opportunity for such contact. It must be observed, however, that the mulattoes are a race at once short-lived and unfruitful, which, if the stock were not kept up, would soon pass away. The fact that the law of bastardy, which has hitherto had no influence in the South, is now tending to break down the peculiar relations which once subsisted between the races in this section, must be considered, if we would form any idea as to the future of the mixed race. From all I could see and learn, there are far fewer half-breed children born now than before the Rebellion. There seems, indeed, a chance that the production of original half-breeds may be almost done away with, in which case the mixed race, being too feeble to maintain itself, would in a few generations cease to be of any importance in the population.

On the whole, the condition of the negro population in the city of Charleston seems to be rather more satisfactory than might be expected by any one who knows how much this race suffers in all physical respects in being removed from the guardianship of the white owner. A few years ago they were watched over with all the care which invested capital commands. Thus unfitted for self-control, they have been suddenly thrown out into the world, where the race which so lately looked upon them with all the interest of possession now regards them with distrust — their lot has indeed been hard. There seems little doubt, however, that the negro population does not increase as rapidly now as before the emancipation; and although the births may be as numerous as among the whites, the actual increase, owing to the great mortality among the children, must be considerably less, — may, indeed, amount to an absolute decrease. This mortality cannot be actually determined, as there is no satisfactory statistical basis on which to found an assertion. The Board of Health of the city has some statistics tending to show a great excess in the mortality among the freedmen; but the imperfect character of the census of all the Southern cities makes it impossible to take such returns as the basis of calculation. One has to gather it from observation of ne-

gro families or inquiry among those persons who have some opportunities of acquainting themselves with the facts. It is hardly to be believed, however, that this is a necessary or even natural condition of the negro in a state of freedom. There is reason to believe that the lessons of self-care and mutual assistance which his present condition is likely to teach may soon do away with the neglect of the infants and the sick, which is the most painful feature among the freedmen.

The condition of feeling between the two races in Charleston is not so bad as is generally supposed. The naturally docile negro makes no effort at unnecessary self-assertion, unless under the immediate instigation of some dangerous *friends* belonging to the other race, who undertake to manage his destiny. I could not see that their general demeanor is strikingly different from what it was when they were slaves. They were quite as respectful now as then. They are perhaps less merry than before; the careless laugh of the old slave is now rarely heard, for it belonged to a creature who had never pondered the question of where his next meal was to come from. The well-wishers of the negro race see with regret that they seem to have little inclination to take to mechanical pursuits. If success is to be won by them, it must be through the handicrafts. Nor are these of importance to them alone. Accumulation of wealth, which can only be brought about by ceasing to export raw products alone, is necessary to the South, is absolutely required as the basis of its development; and unless the negro, therefore, can handle something requiring more art than the hoe, he can take no part in this work. I have always thought that the race had some taste for the occupations of the artisan; the mulattoes especially often show much talent as rough mechanics, and sometimes even as artists, — probably, on the average, more than would be found among whites in the same condition. But notwithstanding this, it is a rare thing to find a negro adopting the trade of blacksmith, or carpenter, or any other requiring skilled labor. Some there are in all these occupations, but they have apparently not been recruited under the new condition of things.

If one would form a good idea of the condition of the black population in the South, he should not limit his observations to the cities. Although he will there find some of the gravest defects of the negroes, he sees them at the same time where they are shaped by the white population. He should go to the Sea Islands and study the negroes, where they are the least under the influence of the whites. The Sea Island belt is on many accounts the most curious part of the South. At the bottom of the Great Bay of the Carolinas, — if we may give a name to the nameless bend of the shore which stretches into the land between Capes Hatteras and Florida, — the tides, which have only a foot or two of height on these points, have a rise of about eight feet. This tide acting upon the low shore, as it lifted itself above the sea, cut it into the most complicated system of islands and bays which can be found anywhere on our coast, not excepting the *fiörd* region of Maine or Labrador, which it somewhat resembles. Before the war the region was the seat of the most profitable agricultural industry of the South, — the Sea Island cotton culture. This variety of cotton requires for its growth an annual manuring of mud from the salt marshes, so that its cultivation is not possible except where all parts of the land can be readily supplied with that material. Before the war nearly every available acre of land here was employed in the cotton culture, and probably at least seventy-five thousand negroes were engaged in it. During the war the few native whites who belonged on the plantations were driven away by our armies, the plantation system quite broken up, and the lands confiscated by the government. The large native population of negroes was re-enforced by all the runaways who could

find their way into our lines. This whole body of negroes was, during the occupation of our troops, under an industrious training in all the vices of the camp, diversified, it is true, by a certain amount of ineffectual school-teaching. A noble piece of Quixotism sought to counterbalance the evil of the army by the school, and gave to every commander a vexatious body of camp-followers composed of teachers and preachers, who felt quite ready to build a new civilization on the ruins of that his army marched over; but it has left marks of its work little more permanent than the army itself. One sees now and then a school-house which seems to have withstood the elements, moral and material, warring against it. From one, I heard the drowsy hum which is apt to call up a variety of unpleasant recollections to every adult mind, and a certain difference of pitch in that woful inarticulate sound which comes from imprisoned youth struggling on the educational rack, told me that the school was full of negro children. I ought to have gone in and examined the social phenomenon, but one becomes strangely self-indulgent in this dreamy air, which seems always to wrap the Sea Islands, and I could not at that moment have left the sunshine to see the innermost workings of the most wonderful social machine. One finds now and then a negro who can read a little, — enough to get an idea of a few chapters in his Testament, or the stanzas of some song-book with which to spoil his wild native airs; more frequently you encounter some correct figure, who gives you a military answer to a question, revealing at once that when the boy was growing to be a man he carried a musket long enough to acquire the spirit of the soldier. But school and army are fading away. There is a steady outflow of the white population of these islands, and their places are supplied ten times over by the blacks of the up country, who come down to the shore with the certainty that the sea will yield them a subsistence of "raccoon" oysters, and with a vague hope that they may find there the government officer who is to give them the "mule and forty acres of land" which have bewrayed the negro's steps ever since the Proclamation.

The intensity of the Africanizing influences at work here can only be conceived by those who know how strong the race characteristics of the negro really are. Observations made upon the negro where he forms only a considerable element of the population are not calculated to show the features one finds here. It must be remembered that a large part of these blacks are sons or grandsons of slaves from the Guinea coast. I was informed that a number of the negroes brought over by the famous schooner Wanderer are still among the Sea Islands, so that this people is more closly linked in blood with the ancient and unalterable peoples of Africa than are the whites of the same region with their European stock. In this multitude, heir to the ignorance and superstitions of that original chaos of humanity, Africa, there are only a few hundred whites, and these are mostly congregated about a few small trading towns. Some of the islands, with several thousand negroes upon them, are deserted by all the whites, except, may be, the storekeeper, who exchanges his wares for the products of the half-acre patches of cotton cultivated by the more industrious blacks, or the devoted Northern woman who toils her life away under the delusion that she can fight all Africa with a spelling-book and multiplication-table.

I had occasion to go a long journey in a row-boat with a crew of six negro boatmen. Our course lay through the intricate channels which lead from Bull River to Beaufort. For the first hour the stroke oar was sullen, and the rest of the crew chattered the vague, repetitive nonsense which forms the burden of all negro garrulity. There was an evident embarrassment on account of the presence of a strange white man. Seeing this, I feigned sleep, not a difficult task under the influence of the

warm sun and monotonous clank of the oars in the row-locks. At length, after a moment's pause, which showed a spontaneous impulse, one of the men began a sort of religious chant in a high-pitched voice, which the others joined in a sort of continuous accompaniment of four or five words, ending with a cry mournful enough to have been the expression of great pain. I have forgotten the words of the song; it was something about going to Jesus, I believe; but every time my thoughts go back to the Sea Islands, I see the intense, rapt faces of my crew, their eyes rolling, their heads swaying, their whole bodies swinging to the time of the music, until the boat, which before had only crawled against the tide, swept along by the successive leaps which their strong arms gave to the oars. It was a scene long to be remembered. Those sturdy forms and swarthy faces, which felt away from home when under the cold influence which one of the white race always brings among them, had found their way back to the spiritual Africa through their song. It was as if my feigned slumber had carried me away to that continent where reason is unknown, and life goes by impulse. In a moment I was with them in the home of their race. The low shores with their endless procession of palms, the warm glow of the afternoon sun, the responsive cry which came from some solitary black paddling slowly along with the tide, were well fitted to an African scene. For three hours I was farther away from my race than I have ever been before; and when we came in sight of Beaufort, I could not but feel that its houses, spectral-looking as they were in the twilight, were too real for the revery which had ended. It should have showed me the conical huts of a negro village; should have been, in fact, what the Charleston people call it, — the capital of the Kingdom of Dahomey.

Until one has had the good fortune to see how thoroughly exotic the negro is, one cannot appreciate the difficulties of making him a part of the social system which fits us. The negro is not easily read; he hides himself, as is the habit of all oppressed races, quite adroitly sometimes. Under his covering of imitated manners or stolidity slumber the passions of a mental organization widely differing from our own. There are some superb qualities in him, and some which make his best friends almost despair. The firmest bases for hope we have lie in his strong imitative faculties.

The all-important question is, What should we do to secure to this people the highest cultivation of which they are capable? Should we begin by trying to force upon them the last product of our civilization, — intellectual culture, — or should we first try and create in them the conditions of this intellectual culture? It needs no argument to convince an average mind that you could not effect any great alteration in a Comanche by teaching him English grammar. He would be a fool, indeed, who expected that the consequences would be the immediate change in the nature and purposes of the Indian. Now the fact is, we have almost as much to do in order to change the average negro into an intelligent citizen in a white society as we should have if we tried to embody the Indian into our government; and we have begun by teaching him English grammar. The school has its place in civilization, and, as a teacher, I should be the last to belittle its importance; but it is the last step in the development of a race, not the first, and its value consists in the fact that it is the final result of the education of a thousand years of effort; and when we undertake to civilize a race as foreign to us in every trait as the negroes, by imposing upon them this final product of our national growth, we wrong ourselves and them. Those who are clamoring for immediate high-school education for the negro will be the first to condemn him, when it is seen that this will not give him what he needs. And unless he is trained in thrift, unless his conception of life is enlarged, unless he is freed from the instincts which the savage life of a hundred generations

have planted in his blood, this education can do nothing for him. The training which is to shape the sensuous, enthusiastic, fickle negro into a useful citizen must be the training which a society alone can give. This schooling must come from the combined example of his neighbors of the higher race, — men and women sturdily working out their careers, starting from the same level of fortune as he does; give him the influence of this example, and you give him a chance which he has not at present, which he cannot have until those who have taken his destiny into their hands get some idea of the magnitude of their task.

To give the negro this chance two things need be done. First, every effort must be made to bring the best influence of the existing white population to bear upon him, by removing all barriers of hate which the revolution may have left, and starting that population at once on the road to prosperity. But this population is too small for its work, and is also in itself in need of teaching in its new condition, so that it is necessary to seek in the immigration of an industrious foreign population the teachers needed for the work. Every German family would be to the negro a school worth more to him, at the present stage of his career, than all the universities in the world. I saw at Beaufort a German of that admirable class well trained in both head and hands, who intended trying to found a colony on one of the islands. God grant him success! His hard-working countrymen may do for this black people what the Incas did for the old Peruvians.

Every move of the government has been clearly against the negro in this district. Confiscating the property of the whites, it cut him off from what would have been, on the whole, the good influence of his former masters. The whites who supplied their places were, perhaps, the worst specimens which could have been sent among the negroes. The property of the whites, taken under the law for the direct tax of 1861, has been absurdly held by the government, the negroes remaining upon it as tenants at will. They pay a tax equal to about fifty per cent on the cash value of much of the land, and have no certain future. In place of some practical teaching in the arts of life, the government has endeavored to civilize them with the alphabet. Besides this, the constant tutelage has fixed in the negro the belief that if he will just sit still and open his mouth, Uncle Samuel will see that he is fed.

Experience, which would act in spite of the government, has taught the negroes something, so that they seem to be slowly gaining in some things. A gentleman of excellent judgment tells me they are more honest than they were just after emancipation. But there can be no real future until the North learns that they cannot exorcise all the evils here with that idol of our modern civilization, a primary school; until they learn that, the negro, if he is to be lifted up to the level of ourselves, must be raised by strong hands and active brains, by helpers who, not seeking to ease the hard road he has to travel, toil with him, and give the real aid of example.

N. S. Shaler.

OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES.

THE WIDOW'S BANDBOX.

"LORDY massy! Stick yer hat into the nor'east, Horace, and see 'f ye can't stop out this 'ere wind. I 'm e'eny most used up with it."

So spake Sam Lawson, contemplating mournfully a new broad-brimmed straw hat in which my soul was rejoicing.

It was the dripping end of a sour November afternoon, which closed up a "spell o' weather" that had been steadily driving wind and rain for a week past, and we boys sought the shelter and solace of his shop, and, opening the door, let in the wind aforesaid.

Sam had been all day in one of his periodical fits of desperate industry. The smoke and sparks had been seen flying out of his shop chimney in a frantic manner, and the blows of his hammer had resounded with a sort of feverish persistence, intermingled with a doleful wailing of psalm-tunes of the most lugubrious description.

These fits of industry on Sam's part were an affliction to us boys, especially when they happened to come on Saturday; for Sam was as much a part of our Saturday-afternoon calculations as if we had a regular deed of property in him; and we had been all day hanging round his shop, looking in from time to time in the vague hope that he would propose something to brighten up the dreary monotony of a holiday in which it had been impossible to go anywhere or do anything.

"Sam, ain't you coming over to tell us some stories to-night?"

"Bless your soul and body, boys! life ain't made to be spent tellin' stories. Why, I shall hev to be up here workin' till arter twelve o'clock," said Sam, who was suddenly possessed with a spirit of the most austere diligence. "Here I be up to my neck in work, things kind o' comin' in a heap together. There 's Miss Cap'n Broad's andirons, she sent word she must have 'em to-night; and there 's Lady Lothrop, she wants her warmin'-pan right off, — they can't non' on 'em wait a minit longer. I 've ben a drivin' and workin' all day like a nigger-slave. Then there was Jeduth Pettybone, he brought down them colts to-day, and I worked the biggest part o' the mornin' shoein' on 'em; and then Jeduth he said he could n't make change to pay me, so there wa'n't nothin' comin' in for 't; and then Hepsy she kep' a jawin' at me all dinner-time 'bout that. Why, I warn't to blame now, was I? I can't make everybody do jest right and pay regular, can I? So ye see it goes, boys, gettin' yer bread by the sweat o' your brow; and sometimes sweatin' and not gettin' yer bread. That are 's what I call the *cuss*, the 'riginal cuss, that come on man for hearkenin' to the voice o' his wife, — that are was what did it. It allers kind o' riles me up with Mother Eve when I think on 't. The women hain't no bisness to fret as they do, 'cause they sot this 'ere state o' things goin' in the fust place."

"But, Sam, Aunt Lois and Aunt Nabby are both going over to Miss Mehitabel's to tea. Now you just come over and eat supper with us and tell us a story, do."

"Gone out to tea, be they?" said Sam, relaxing his hammering, with a brightening gleam stealing gradually across his lanky visage. "Wal, that are looks like a providential openin' to be sure. Wal, I guess I 'll come. What 's the use o' never havin' a good time? Ef you work yourself up into shoestrings you don't get no thanks for it, and things in this world 's 'bout as broad as they is long: the women 'll scold, turn 'em which way ye will; a

good mug o' cider and some cold victuals over to the Deacon's 'll kind o' comfort a feller up, and your granny, she 's sort o' merciful, she don't rub it into a fellow all the time like Miss Lois."

"Now let 's see, boys," said Sam, when a comfortable meal of pork and beans had been disposed of, and a mug of cider was set down before the fire to warm. "I s'pect ye 'll like to hear a Down East story to-night."

Of course we did, and tumbled over each other in our eagerness to get the nearest place to the narrator.

Sam's method of telling a story was as leisurely as that of some modern novel-writers. He would take his time for it, and proceed by easy stages. It was like the course of a dreamy, slow-moving river through a tangled meadow flat, — not a rush nor a bush but was reflected in it; in short, Sam gave his philosophy of matters and things in general as he went along, and was especially careful to impress an edifying moral.

"Wal, ye see, boys, ye know I was born down to Newport, — there where it 's all ships and shipping, and sich. My old mother she kep' a boardin'-house for sailors down there. Wal, ye see I rolled and tumbled round the world pretty consid'able afore I got settled down here in Oldtown.

"Ye see my mother she wanted to bind me out to a blacksmith, but I kind o' sort o' did n't seem to take to it. It was kind o' hard work, and boys is apt to want to take life easy. Wal, I used to run off to the sea-shore, and lie stretched out on them rocks there, and look off on to the water; and it did use to look so sort o' blue and peaceful, and the ships come a sailin' in and out so sort o' easy and natural, that I felt as if that are 'd be jest the easiest kind o' life a fellow could have. All he had to do was to get aboard one o' them ships and be off seekin' his fortin at t' other end o' the rainbow, where gold grows on bushes and there 's valleys o' diamonds.

"So nothin' would do but I gin my old mother the slip, and away I went to sea, with my duds tied up in a handkercher.

"I tell ye what, boys, ef ye want to find an easy life, don't ye never go to sea. I tell ye life on shipboard ain't what it looks to be on shore. I had n't been aboard more 'n three hours afore I was the sickest critter that ever ye did see, and I tell you, I did n't get no kind o' compassion. Cap'ns and mates they allers thinks boys hain't no kind o' business to have no bowels nor nothin', and they put it on 'em sick or well. It 's jest a kick here and a cuff there and a twitch by the ear in t' other place; one a shovin' on 'em this way and another hittin' on 'em a clip, and all growlin' from mornin' to night. I believe the way my ears got so long was bein' hauled out o' my berth by 'em: that are 's a sailor's regular way o' wakin' up a boy.

"Wal, by time I got to the Penobscot country all I wanted to know was how to get back again. That are 's jest the way folks go all their lives, boys. Its all fuss, fuss, and stew, stew, till ye get somewhere; and then it 's fuss, fuss, and stew, stew to get back ag'in; jump here and scratch yer eyes out, and jump there and scratch 'em in ag'in.

"Wal, I kind o' poked round in Penobscot country till I got a berth on the Brilliant that was lyin' at Camden, goin' to sail to Boston.

"Ye see the Brilliant she was a tight little sloop in the government service: 't was in the war times, ye see, and Commodore Tucker that is now (he was Cap'n Tucker then), he had the command on her, — used to run up and down all the coast takin' observations o' the British, and keepin' his eye out on 'em, and givin' on 'em a nip here and a clip there, 'cordin' as he got a good chance. Why, your gran'ther knew old Commodore Tucker. It was he that took Dr. Franklin over Minister to France, and dodged all the British vessels, right in the middle of the war. I tell you that are was like run-

ning through the drops in a thundershower. He got chased by the British ships pretty consid'able, but he was too spry for 'em. Arter the war was over, Commodore Tucker took over John Adams, our fust Minister to England. A dreffful smart man the Commodore was, but he most like to 'a' ben took in this 'ere time I 'm a tellin' ye about, and all 'cause he was sort o' softhearted to the women. Tom Toothacre told me the story. Tom he was the one that got me the berth on the ship. Ye see I used to know Tom at Newport, and once when he took sick there my mother nussed him up, and that was why Tom was friends with me and got me the berth, and kep' me warm in it too. Tom he was one of your rael Maine boys, that 's hatched out, so to speak, in water like ducks. He was born away down there on Harpswell P'int; and they say if ye throw one o' them Harpswell babies into the sea he 'll take to it nateral and swim like a cork; ef they hit their heads ag'in a rock it only dents the rock, but don't hurt the baby. Tom he was a great character on the ship. He could see further and knew more 'bout wind and water than most folks; the officers took Tom's judgment, and the men all went by his say. My mother she chalked a streak o' good luck for me when she nussed up Tom.

"Wal, we wus a lyin' at Camden there, one arternoon, goin' to sail for Boston that night. It was a sort o' soft, pleasant arternoon, kind o' still, and there wa' n't nothin' a goin' on but jest the hens a craw-crawin', and a histin' up one foot and holdin' it a spell 'cause they did n't know when to set it down, and the geese a sissin' and a pickin' at the grass. Ye see Camden was n't nothin' of a place, — 't was jest as if somebody had emptied out a pocketful o' houses and forgot 'em; there were n't nothin' a stirrin' or goin' on, and so we was all took aback, when 'bout four o'clock in the arternoon there come a boat alongside with a tall elegant lady in it, all dressed in deep mournin'; she rared up sort o' princess-like and come aboard our ship and wanted to speak to Cap'n Tucker. Where she come from or what she wanted or where she was goin' to, we none on us knew; she kep' her veil down so we could n't get sight o' her face. All was she must see Cap'n Tucker alone right away.

"Wal, Cap'n Tucker he was like the generality o' cap'ns. He was up to 'bout everything that any *man* could do, but it was pretty easy for a woman to come it over him. Ye see cap'ns, they don't see women as men do ashore. They don't have enough of 'em to get tired on 'em; and every woman 's an angel to a sea-cap'n. Anyway, the cap'n he took her into his cabin, and he sot her a chair, and was her humble servant to command, and what would she have of him? And we was all a winkin' and a nudgin' each other and a peekin' to see what was to come of it; and she see it, and so she asks, in a sort o' princess' way, to speak to the cap'n alone, and so the doors was shut, and we was left to our own ideas and a wonderin' what it was all to be about.

"Wal, you see, it come out arterwards all about what went on; and things went this way. Jest as soon as the doors was shut and she was left alone with the cap'n, she busted out a cryin' and a sobbin' fit to break her heart

"Wal, the cap'n he tried to comfort her up; but no, she would n't be comforted, but went on a weepin' and a wailin' and a wringin' on her hands till the poor cap'n's heart was a'most broke, for the cap'n was the tenderest-hearted critter that could be, and could n't bear to see a child or a woman in trouble noways.

"'O cap'n,' said she, 'I 'm the most unfortunate woman. I 'm all alone in the world,' says she, 'and I don't know what 'll become of me ef you don't keep me,' says she.

"Wal, the cap'n thought it was time to run up his colors, and so says he: 'Ma'am, I 'm a married man, and love my wife,' says he, 'and so I can

feel for all women in distress,' says he.

"'O, well then,' says she, 'you can feel for me, and know how to pity me. My dear husband 's just died suddenly when he was up the river. He was taken with the fever in the woods. I nussed him day and night,' says she, 'but he died there in a miserable little hut far from home and friends,' says she, 'and I 've brought his body down with me, hopin' Providence would open some way to get it back to our home in Boston. And now, cap'n, you must help me.'

Then the cap'n see what she was up to, and he hated to do it and tried to cut her off of askin', but she wa' n't to be put off.

"'Now, cap'n,' says she, 'ef you 'll take me and the body of my husband on board to-night, I 'd be willing to reward you to any amount. Money would be no object to me,' says she.

"Wal, you see, the cap'n he kind o' hated to do it, and he hemmed and hawed, and he tried to 'pologize. He said 't was a government vessel, and he did n't know as he had a right to use it. He said sailors was apt to be superstitious; and he did n't want 'em to know as there was a corpse on board.

"'Wal,' says she, 'why need they know?' For you see she was up to every dodge, and she said she 'd come along with it at dusk, in a box, and have it just carried to a state-room, and he need n't tell nobody what it was.

"Wal, Cap'n Tucker he hung off, and he tried his best to persuade her to have a funeral, all quiet, there at Camden. He promised to get a minister, and 'tend to it, and wait a day till it was all over, and then take her on to Boston free gratis. But 't was all no go. She would n't hear a word to 't. And she reeled off the talk to him by the yard. And when talk failed she took to her water-works again, till finally the cap'n said his resolution was clean washed away, and he jest give up hook and line; and so 't was all settled and arranged that when evening come she was to be alongside with her boat and took aboard.

"When she come out o' the cap'n's room to go off, I see Tom Toothacre a watchin' on her. He stood there by the railin's a shavin' up a plug o' baccy to put in his pipe. He did n't say a word, but he sort o' took the measure o' that are woman with his eye and kept a follerin' on her.

"She had a fine sort o' lively look, carried her head up and shoulders back, and stepped as if she had steel springs in her heels.

"'Wal, Tom, what do ye say to her?' says Ben Bowdin.

"'I don't *say* nothin',' says Tom, and he lit his pipe; 't ain't *my* bus'ness,' says he.

"'Wal, what do you *think?*' says Ben. Tom gin a hist to his trousers.

"'My thoughts is my own,' says he, 'and I calculate to keep 'em to myself,' says he. And then he jest walked to the side o' the vessel and watched the woman a gettin' ashore. There was a queer kind o' look in Tom's eye.

"Wal, the cap'n he was dreffal sort o' oneasy arter she was gone. He had a long talk in the cabin with Mr. More, the fust officer, and there was a sort o' stir aboard as if somethin' was a goin' to happen; we could n't jest say what it was.

"Sometimes it seems as if when things is goin' to happen a body kind o' feels 'em comin' in the air. We boys was all that way; of course we did n't know nothin' 'bout what the woman wanted, or what she come for, or whether she was comin' ag'in; 'n fact we did n't know nothin' about it, and yet we sort o' expected suthin to come of it; and suthin did come, sure enough.

"Come on night, just at dusk, we see a boat comin' alongside, and there, sure enough, was the lady in it.

"'There, she 's comin' ag'in,' says I to Tom Toothacre.

"'Yes, and brought her baggage with her,' says Tom, and he pointed

down to a long, narrow pine box that was in the boat beside her.

"Jest then the cap'n called on Mr. More, and he called on Tom Toothacre, and among 'em they lowered a tackle and swung the box aboard and put it in the state-room right alongside the cap'n's cabin.

"The lady she thanked the captain and Mr. More, and her voice was jest as sweet as any nightingale, and she went into the state-room after they put the box in, and was gone ever so long with it. The cap'n and Mr. More they stood a whisperin' to each other, and every once in a while they 'd kind o' nod at the door where the lady was.

"Wal, by and by she come out with her handkercher to her eyes, and come on deck and begun talkin' to the cap'n and Mr. More, and a wishin' all kinds o' blessin's on their heads.

"Wal, Tom Toothacre did n't say a word, good or bad, but he jest kep' a lookin' at her, watchin' her as a cat watches a mouse. Finally we up sail and started with a fair breeze. The lady she kep' a walkin' up and down, up and down, and every time she turned on her heel, I saw Tom a lookin' arter her and kind o' noddin' to himself.

"'What makes you look arter her so, Tom?' says I to him.

"''Cause I think she *wants* lookin' arter,' says Tom. 'What 's more,' says he, 'if the cap'n don't look sharp arter her the Devil 'll have us all afore mornin'. I tell ye, Sam, there 's mischief under them petticuts.'

"'Why, what do ye think?' says I.

"'Think! I don't think, I knows! That are 's no gal, nor widder neither, if my name 's Tom Toothacre! Look at her walk, look at the way she turns on her heel! I 've been a watchin' on her. There ain't no woman livin' with a step like that!' says he.

"'Wal, who should the critter be, then?' says I.

"'Wal,' says Tom, 'ef that are ain't a British naval officer, I lose my bet. I 've been used to the ways on 'em, and I knows their build and their step.'

"'And what do you suppose she 's got in that long box?' says I.

"'What has she got?' says Tom. 'Wal, folks might say none o' my bisness; but I s'pects it 'll turn out some o' my bisness, and yourn too, if he don't look sharp arter it,' says Tom. 'It 's no good, that are box ain't.'

"'Why don't you speak to Mr. More?' says I.

"'Wal, you see she 's a chipperin' round and a makin' herself agreeable to both on 'em, you see; she don't mean to give nobody any chance for a talk with 'em; but I 've got my eye on her for all that. You see I hain't no sort o' disposition to sarve out a time on one o' them British prison-ships,' says Tom Toothacre. 'It might be almighty handy for them British to have the Brilliant for a coast vessel,' says he, 'but, ye see, it can't be spared jest yet. So, madam,' says he, 'I 've got my eye on you.'

"Wal, Tom was as good as his word, for when Mr. More came towards him at the wheel, Tom he up and says to him, 'Mr. More,' says he, 'that are big box in the state-room yonder wants lookin' into.'

"Tom was a sort o' privileged character, and had a way of speaking up that the officers took in good part, 'cause they knew he was a fust-rate hand.

"Wal, Mr. More he looks mysterious and says he, 'Tom, do the boys know what 's in that are box?'

"'I bet they don't,' says Tom. 'If they had, you would n't a got 'em to help it aboard.'

"'Wal, you see, poor woman,' says Mr. More to Tom, 'she was so distressed. She wanted to get her husband's body to Boston, and there wa' n't no other way, and so the cap'n he let it come aboard. He did n't want the boys to suspect what it really was.'"

"'Husband's body be hanged!' said Tom. 'Guess that are corpse ain't so dead but what there 'll be a resurrec-

tion afore mornin', if it ain't looked arter,' says he.

"'Why, what do you mean, Tom?' says Mr. More, all in a blue maze.

"'I mean that are gal that 's ben a switchin' her petticuts up and down our deck ain't no gal at all. That are 's a British officer, Mr. More. You give my duty to the cap'n, and tell him to look into his widder's bandbox and see what he 'll find there.'

"Wal, the mate he went and had a talk with the cap'n, and they 'greed between 'em that Mr. More was to hold her in talk while the cap'n went and took observations in the state-room.

"So, down the cap'n goes into the state-room to give a look at the box. Wal, he finds the state-room door all locked to be sure, and my lady had the key in her pocket; but then the cap'n he had a master key to it, and so he puts it in and opens the door quite softly, and begins to take observations.

"Sure enough, he finds that the screws had been drawed from the top o' the box, showin' that the widder had been a tinkerin' on 't when they thought she was a cryin' over it; and then, lookin' close, he sees a bit o' twine goin' from a crack in the box out o' the winder, and up on deck.

"Wal, the cap'n he kind o' got in the sperit o' the thing, and he thought he 'd jest let the widder play her play out, and see what it would come to. So he jest calls Tom Toothacre down to him and whispered to him. 'Tom,' says he, 'you jest crawl under the berth in that are state-room and watch that are box.' And Tom said he would.

"So Tom creeps under the berth and lies there still as a mouse, and the cap'n he slips out and turns the key in the door, so that when madam comes down she should n't s'pect nothin'.

"Putty soon, sure enough, Tom heard the lock rattle, and the young widder come in, and then he heard a bit o' conversation between her and the corpse.

"'What time is it?' come in a kind o' hoarse whisper out o' the box.

"'Well, 'bout nine o'clock,' says she.

"'How long afore you 'll let me out?' says he.

"'O, you must have patience,' says she, 'till they 're all gone off to sleep; when there ain't but one man up. I can knock him down,' says she, 'and then I 'll pull the string for you.'

"'The devil you will, ma'am!' says Tom to himself, under the berth.

"'Well, it 's darned close here,' says the fellow in the box. "He did n't say darned, boys, but he said a wickeder word that I can't repeat, noways," said Sam, in a parenthesis; "these 'ere British officers was dreffal swearin' critters."

"'You must have patience awhile longer,' says the lady, 'till I pull the string.' Tom Toothacre lay there on his back a laughin'.

"'Is everything goin' on right?' says the man in the box.

"'All straight,' says she; 'there don't none of 'em suspect.'

"'You bet,' says Tom Toothacre, under the berth; and he said he had the greatest mind to catch the critter by the feet as she was a standin' there; but somehow thought it would be better fun to see the thing through 'cording as they 'd planned it.

"Wal, then she went off switchin' and mincin' up to the deck ag'in and a flirtin' with the cap'n; for you see 't was 'greed to let 'em play their play out.

"Wal, Tom he lay there a waitin', and he waited and waited and waited, till he 'most got asleep; but finally he heard a stirrin' in the box, as if the fellah was a gettin' up. Tom he jest crawled out still and kerful and stood up tight ag'in the wall. Putty soon he hears a grunt, and he sees the top o' the box a risin' up and a man jest gettin' out on 't mighty still.

"Wal, Tom he waited till he got fairly out on to the floor, and had his hand on the lock o' the door, when he

jumps on him and puts both arms round him and gin him a regular bear's hug.

"'Why, what's this?' says the man.

"'Guess ye'll find out, darn ye,' says Tom Toothacre. 'So, ye wanted our ship, did ye? Wal, ye jest can't have our ship,' says Tom, says he; and I tell you he jest run that are fellow up stairs lickety-split, for Tom was strong as a giant.

"The fust thing they saw was Mr. More hed got the widder by both arms and was tying on 'em behind her. 'Ye see, madam, your game 's up,' says Mr. More, 'but we 'll give ye a free passage to Boston, tho',' says he, 'we wanted a couple o' prisoners about these days, and you 'll do nicely.'

"The fellers they was putty chop-fallen to be sure, and the one in women's clothes, 'specially; cause when he was found out, he felt foolish enough in his petticuts, but they was both took to Boston and given over as prisoners.

"Ye see, come to look into matters, they found these two young fellows, British officers, had formed a regular plot to take Cap'n Tucker's vessel and run it into Halifax; and ye see, Cap'n Tucker he was so sort o' spry, and knew all the Maine coast so well, and was so cute at dodgin' in and out all them little bays and creeks and places all 'long shore, that he made the British considerable trouble, 'cause whenever they did n't want him, that 's where he was sure to be.

"So they 'd hatched up this 'ere plan. There was one or two British sailors had been and shipped aboard the Brilliant a week or two aforehand, and 't was suspected they was to have helped in the plot if things had gone as they laid out; but I tell you, when the fellows see which way the cat jumped, they took pretty good care to say that they had n't nothin' to do with it. O no, by no manner o' means. Wal, o' course, ye know, it could n't be proved on 'em and so we let it go.

"But I tell you, Cap'n Tucker he felt pretty cheap about his widder. The worst on 't was, they do say Ma'am Tucker got hold of it, and you might know if a woman got hold of a thing like that she 'd use it as handy as a cat would her claws. The women they can't no more help hittin' a fellow a clip and a rap when they 've fairly got him, than a cat when she 's ketched a mouse, and so I should n't wonder if the Commodore heard something about his widder every time he went home from his v'yges the longest day he had to live. I don't know nothin' 'bout it, ye know, I only kind o' jedge by what looks, as human natur' goes.

"But Lordy massy, boys, 't wa'n't nothin' to be 'shamed of in the cap'n. Folks 'll have to answer for wus things at the last day than tryin' to do a kindness to a poor widder now I tell *you*. It 's better to be took in doin' a good thing, than never try to do good; and it 's my settled opinion," said Sam, taking up his mug of cider and caressing it tenderly, — "it 's my humble opinion that the best sort o' folks is the easiest took in, 'specially by the women. I reely don't think I should a done a bit better myself."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

CRIMINAL LAW AT HOME AND ABROAD.*

THE volumes before us, taking them in their full series, give a comprehensive and exact view of the criminal jurisprudence of Europe. By the first, — the *Neue Pitaval*, — we have presented to us, under the editorship of several eminent civilians, a body of criminal reports running over a long course of years; and though the style is more ambitious, and the treatment more graphic, than is usual with similar publications among ourselves, yet the technical as well as the material portions of each case are given with a precision which becomes men accustomed to deal as experts in the practice of law. The second work — *Die Opfer Mangelhafter Justiz*, or "Victims of Defective Justice" — is of a more popular character, but exhibits throughout the marks of a mind familiar with both the practice and the theory of the criminal jurisprudence of Germany. Taking the two works together, they give a survey of European criminal law on which it is impossible to gaze without being struck with the contrasts presented by a corresponding view of the law as it obtains among ourselves.

The first point that strikes us, at the opening of each particular case, is the care and skill which have been employed in the preliminary preparation of the evidence. Our American practice, in this respect, is mischievously loose. It is rarely that there is any attempt to guard the precincts within which a crime has been committed. Visitors, interested or disinterested, are permitted to flow in and out, effacing by accident, if not disarranging by design, the marks which would point to the guilty agent. It is as if Pompeii, when excavated, were opened to crowds of whomsoever might choose to pour in; "relics" of all kinds carried off, inscriptions of all kinds disfigured; disarrangements of all kinds perpetrated, and often articles dropped and signs left which, after a short lapse of time, would lead the casual observer to doubt what century had inaugurated or what range of civilization had produced the confused phenomena on which he gazed. The consequence is that what may be technically called "indicatory" evidence is by us left to the mercy of chance or the still worse influence of malevolent design; and the prosecuting officer, no matter how skilful he may be, often goes to trial bereft of one of the main sources of information from which a rightful conclusion can be drawn. In Germany, on the other hand, and, in most instances in France, whenever a crime is committed, a hermetical cover, as it were, is securely placed over the scene of guilt. Careful surveys of the house or ground are at once taken; all articles likely to elucidate the event are sequestered, after their original situation has been carefully noted, under judicial control; and the most effective means employed, to reproduce on the trial the facts as they existed when the discovery of guilt was made. In this respect, at least, "justice" is less "defective" in Germany than it has unfortunately been permitted to become among ourselves.

But this contrast is not that to which the perusal of these volumes mainly invites. It is impossible to open them without seeing, as if invoked before us, two great spirits, — one of the civil, the other of the common law, — lowering on each other as if in hostility, de-

* Der Neue Pitaval. Eine Sammlung der interessantesten Criminalgeschichten aller Länder aus älterer und neuerer Zeit. Begründet von Criminaldirector Dr. I. C. Hitzig und Dr. W. Häring. (W. Alexis). Fortgesetzt von Dr. A. Volkert. Neue Series. Leipzig, 1865 – 1870.

Die Opfer Mangelhafter Justiz. Gallerie der interessantesten Justizmorde aller Völker und Zeiten, von Dr. Karl Löffler, früherem Redacteur der Berliner Gerichts-Zeitung, Ritter, etc. III. Bände. Jena: Hermann Costenoble, 1868 – 1870.

fiantly marked as they are with their utterly antagonistic systems of treating persons under trial for crime. The Common Law says: "You shall not make that prisoner's prior character a charge against him on the trial; you shall not examine him personally as to his guilt." The Civil Law says: "I will do both." Now, because this struggle is one involving some of the most important interests of justice and humanity, — because it is one in which our American practice, after having been for generations loyal to the principles of the common law, is making a dangerous approximation to those of its opponent, — a study of the volumes before us, in connection with this issue, will be found of great public use. Our American courts, as will presently be more fully shown, are viewing each day with greater lenity the attempts of prosecutors to introduce the defendant's general bad character as evidence against him in chief. Several of our American legislatures have lately declared that a defendant is to be a competent witness on his own trial; and though the prosecution may not call him against his own consent, yet, as will hereafter be seen, this is a consent which few prisoners on trial will be morally able to withhold. At such a juncture, therefore, it is well for us to pause to consider what is the practical exposition of these positions that the civil law unfolds. And for this purpose, no works could be more effective than the volumes we now review. Of one thing we may be sure. If they exhibit the civil law as in this respect cruel, reckless, and tyrannical, it is not because their authors bear it ill-will. These rank not only as among its experts, but among its votaries. Whatever charges the books may unconsciously make, therefore, come from witnesses who at least view it with no unfriendly eye.

Let us then approach the question more closely; and for this purpose let us select two of the trials before us in which the proceedings are given in the greatest detail. The first is that of Alm (as reported by Dr. Löffler), who was charged in Berlin, in December, 1849, with the murder of his wife. It appeared that a little after midnight, on the 24th of December, he sent his eldest daughter, Johanna, a child of seven years, to a neighbor, named Blau, begging him to come at once to Alm's apartment. After some delay, Blau arrived, and found Alm's wife stretched lifeless on the floor of the workshop which adjoined the family chamber. She was dressed fully in a black garment; a cord was drawn tightly round her neck, and her hair was in wild disorder. In her belt was found two scraps of paper, which were signed by her name, which declared that her death was by her own hands, and was induced by her conviction that she was the victim of a mortal disease which would make her life burdensome to others and miserable to herself. There was no doubt that she was in very infirm health, and had for several days been suffering with nervous fever. There was no doubt, also, that her husband, though a skilful workman, was frequently drunk, and was very careless in providing for his family.

It was in evidence that in the afternoon and evening of his wife's death, he was wandering from tavern to tavern, drinking to intoxication, and that he had frequently treated his wife with great rudeness, if not violence. Under these circumstances he was arrested and put on trial for the homicide.

The evidence, irrespective of his own examination, was very conflicting. His two eldest children, Johanna, seven years of age, and Marie, four, when taken charge of and interrogated by the police, declared, first, that their mother had tried to kill her youngest child, and then had killed herself; but afterwards they stated that their father had come in late at night, and had dragged their mother from her bed, and taken her into the workshop, and there murdered her. This they recanted, but subsequently reasserted on the trial, though when examined separately their statements conflicted on several mate-

rial points. It was a very significant point in this connection that the deceased, when in bed that afternoon and evening, was dressed, according to the testimony of several witnesses, in a colored gown, which she wore as a night-dress. After her death, however, at the time of Blau's arrival, she was neatly attired in a black dress, which appears to have been her best. That she should herself have made this change at midnight was consistent with the hypothesis of suicide. That her husband in his drunken condition could have done it, without great resistance on her part, which would have exhibited itself at least in the dress, seemed impossible. And yet, if the inculpating statements of the children were to be believed, the change must have been made by the husband.

Medical evidence was taken on both sides as to the nature of the wounds; and the question was finally referred to a committee of eminent surgeons. There was much conflict in their testimony, but the preponderance of authority was that it was possible, if not probable, that the wounds were self-inflicted.

There was no evidence of cries of any kind being heard by the neighbors, several of whom were in the same building and were stirring late at night.

The handwriting of the notes found on the person of the deceased was the subject of close inspection. Could they have been traced to the prisoner, they would have left his guilt without question; and there were one or two experts produced who swore, on comparison of hands, that the writing was his. The great weight of testimony, however, in this section of the case, was to the contrary; and this opinion was strengthened by the test adopted on the trial, of compelling the defendant to write, on dictation, the words of the alleged declaration. On inspection of this paper, the official experts declared the two handwritings to be utterly distinct.

So stood the case apart from the prisoner's own examination. As an illustration of the way in which, on a case which in a common-law court would result only in an acquittal, a defendant's examination can be so conducted as to force him into the attitude of a criminal, we give copious extracts from the report before us.

"*Judge.* Prisoner, stand up. What is your name?

"*Prisoner.* Joachim Friedrich Wilhelm Alm.

"*Judge.* Your age and religion?

"*Pris.* I am forty years, and of the Evangelical (Lutheran) confession.

"*Judge.* Have you been previously arrested?

"*Pris.* Three times; the first when I was attacked with convulsions in the street; the second, on account of a disturbance in the streets; and third, for giving an unfair receipt to a journeyman.

. . . . .

"*Judge.* What was the condition of your wife when you went out (on the afternoon of the homicide)?

"*Pris.* She was in bed, and had on a colored dress.

"*Judge.* Why was she in bed?

"*Pris.* She was sick. I know not with what; the doctor told me that she had a hot fever, and that I must put wet bandages to her head.

"*Judge.* Did your wife say anything to you when you left the house?

"*Pris.* My wife talked a good deal before I left the house. She wanted me to go to her aunt, the Widow Witt, who had lately visited her, and had wept, which had given my wife much trouble. She gave me six groschen, and told me to go out and amuse myself, as I had been working hard during the day.

"*Judge.* That is not very likely, for your wife lay sick in bed, and if you were absent for a long time, she would be left alone in her helpless condition with the children. It is hard to believe that she should have asked this."

The judge then proceeded to examine the prisoner in great detail, the plan being to question him, as is usual in German trials, on every point on

which the prosecutor was subsequently to adduce testimony; and thus not only to bring his general veracity directly in issue, but to draw him out on a variety of topics connected with the *res gestæ*, as to which the most accurate memory and the greatest presence of mind would find it difficult to give uniformly prompt and accurate replies. In the case before us this is done at great length, and with the minutest circumstantiality. Our space allows us only to give one or two extracts.

"*Judge.* Had you no conversation with the waitress at Thomes's inn about your wife? [The waitress was on hand to be presently examined on this point.]

"*Pris.* It may have been so; I may have told her that my wife was sick.

"*Judge.* But you told her that your wife could not live, and had asked you to look out for another.

"*Pris.* That is not so. I may have said that my wife could not live.

"*Judge.* But you said also that your wife would die that night.

"*Pris.* How could this be so, as my wife the previous day was better?

"*Judge.* Is it your custom to take frequent drams? [On this point, also, several witnesses were to be called.]

"*Pris.* No. Formerly, perhaps, I could take more than lately, when I have had so much grief and trouble.

"*Judge.* It must strike every one as very odd that you should be ranging about beer-houses and inns for hours when your wife, with her infant children, was in her bed at home, sick and helpless. . . . . In your preliminary examination you expressed yourself differently as to your conduct on reaching the house. You then said that you were not at first convinced of your wife's death, and were first assured of it by Blau, who showed you the cord round her neck. Here is a direct contradiction on an essential point.

"*Pris.* The first statement could not have been correctly written down, for my daughter was the first who told me about the cord. . . . .

"*Judge.* Did you closely examine the cord?

"*Pris.* No. I tried immediately to untie it, but failed. The cord was then cut, and I did not see it again.

"*Judge.* It is hard to explain how, in a matter of such extreme importance to yourself, that you should be so careless as not to trouble yourself as to circumstances which had the closest relation to your wife's death.

"*Pris.* I was so overwhelmed that I could think of nothing —

"*Judge.* Was the cord cut on the same side with the knot?

"*Pris.* I do not know; I took no notice of this.

"*Judge.* I must again point out to you how remarkable it appears that on such important points you should intentionally avoid a distinct answer.

"*Pris.* Such an event is so stupefying that it is impossible to remember all the particular circumstances, — and besides, I had been drinking.

"*Judge.* Did not your wife love her children.

"*Pris.* Yes, she was very kind to them.

"*Judge.* Here is a contradiction; for if she loved them, would she by suicide have withdrawn from them her motherly care and protection?

"*Pris.* But our troubles were very great. In eight years she had six children, and business was bad. I had the whole household work, the scouring and washing, as she was sick; and hence I could earn so much the less. All these things may have led her to the step —

"*Judge.* Did you make no attempt at the time yourself to read the notes found in your wife's belt? [They had been partially read to him by Blau.]

"*Pris.* No, I did not see them again.

"*Judge.* This is wholly inexplicable. You come home, find your wife the victim of violence, discover writings which must explain the mystery, and instead of eagerly seeking to understand their contents, you are so careless and heartless that you will not give even a look to this last bequest of your wife. I do not believe that there is another who in

your place would have so acted. [The prisoner again pleaded for this his stupefaction and intoxication. The writings were then produced in court.]

"*Judge.* Do you know this paper and this handwriting?

"*Pris.* These may be the papers that Blau found. The handwriting appears that of my wife; and yet again not so, for it seems to me as if she would have written differently.

"*Judge.* I ask you to notice that the contents of these papers is very peculiar. They contain more than once the assurance, 'My husband is innocent.' Then, again, they are signed, 'Louise Alm, formerly Böttcher'; though it would scarcely be expected that your wife, if she had written these lines just before her death, would have thought of such formalities. Then again, in one place the name *Alm* is written with a Latin A, in another with a German A; and then the statement, 'This I have myself written,' is, at the least, very unusual. The prosecuting attorney has made these circumstances the ground of a powerful argument that the lines were written, not by your wife, but by yourself. What do you reply?

"*Pris.* I have nothing to say, except that I knew from my daughter's statement that they were written by my wife.

"*Judge.* How did you and your wife agree?

"*Pris.* We got along very well together.

"*Judge.* But witnesses tell us that you treated her badly.

"*Pris.* This is not true; it could only be said by bad men.

"*Judge.* Every witness who has been examined (at the preliminary hearing) knows the importance of the issue, and the severity of the punishment involved. It is not to be presumed that any one will perjure himself in such a case. The witnesses will soon be called; and you had better consider this before you contradict that which will presently be proved against you."

We give but a very few of the numerous points as to which the prisoner was examined; and those we have selected are those in which the judge and the prisoner were brought into the closest collision. The examination, taking it in its various phases, lasted several days; and it incidentally appeared that, at the time of his examination in chief, the defendant was much emaciated by his long and painful imprisonment. He was ultimately convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, and shortly after sentence died in prison. Not long after his death his innocence was demonstrated. His children, as they grew older, declared that their mother's death was by her own hands, and that their childish statements to the contrary had resulted from fear, and from their constant conversations with the police, under whose charge they had been placed.

Now of course the question now before us is not as to the guilt or innocence of this particular defendant, and certainly not as to his general moral character. He may have been, and probably was, a half-vagabond, given to drink; but this was no reason for his conviction for the murder of his wife. He may, also, have been very much confused on trial, and may have contradicted himself and contradicted unimpeachable witnesses on collateral points, but this, also, was no ground for such conviction. Or he may have been guilty, and have richly deserved the imprisonment awarded to him; and yet neither this nor his prior unworthy character at all touch the merits of the system under which he was tried. Even the brief extracts we have given, from the protracted examination to which the defendant was exposed, show that this system has in it inherent and fatal defects. We have no reason to impeach the honesty or the impartiality of the judge who presided. He appears to have exercised the highest criminal functions in Berlin for a number of years; and certainly on the trial immense pains were taken to collect the highest and most varied scientific testimony on the points as to which experts were required. No doubt the

judge went into that, as in all other trials, with the conviction that it was his duty to probe the defendant's conscience to the uttermost, to force from him an explanation of every inculpatory circumstance, and lead him to a due abasement and confession when such circumstances could not be explained. But how unequal a contest was this! On the one side is a high official, calm in the consequence of exalted station, trained by long experience to master in advance all the details of a case, and then to force a prisoner to express himself as to each of these details, and surrounded by the usual pomp and power of judicial authority to overawe or silence. On the other hand is a prisoner whose liberty or whose life is at stake, whose physical frame is exhausted by imprisonment, and whose nervous system is unstrung by long morbid introspection; a solitary man, friendless, generally uneducated, and rarely, under the best circumstances, capable of threading a labyrinth so intricate as that into which he is now led; a man with desperate stakes to play, and with, therefore, tremendous temptations, even when innocent, to escape some immediate dilemma by a falsification, which he has not the foresight to see will be presently turned against him to his destruction; a man whose position is that of a poor, silly, fluttering bird, who finds himself gradually enclosed in the meshes of a net he can neither break nor elude. Now all this exists without supposing either brutality or bitterness on the part of the court. So far as the German trials are concerned, — as they are exhibited not merely in Dr. Löffler's work, but in the long series of volumes which constitute the *Neue Pitaval*, — very little of these qualities is observed. The judges who conduct the examinations are not brutal, as was Lord Jeffreys. They attempt no sudden, dramatic surprises on the prisoner, as is the fashion of the French judges, whom we shall presently consider. They are not malevolent; there is none of that cold malice mingled with great and calm ability, such as Sir R. Bethell, for instance, may be supposed to have displayed when acting as crown's counsel, though in such cases, by English forms, witnesses alone would be exposed to this terrible criticism, and the defendant, to whom such an examination would be so maddening and often so destructive, would be secluded from its range. There is none of this, and yet there is something in the patient, slow, penetrating analysis which the German judges pursue, which, if not so likely to craze or infuriate its wretched victim, is peculiarly adapted to exhaust his patience and his comprehensive recollection of the *res gestæ*, and so draw from him statements and opinions as to a vast variety of topics, relevant and irrelevant, as to some of which it will be easy to prove that his statement is false. The practice in most of the trials we have had an opportunity of observing is as follows: the judge takes the various preliminary examinations in his hand, and then proceeds to question the defendant on each fact that these examinations disclose. After the defendant is thus drawn on to express himself on every point to which the testimony can be made to reach, then, and not till then, are the witnesses examined in chief. If it were an examination for an official promotion, the process could not be more cool or exhaustive; nor could greater care be taken to inspect the replies, and to upset them if incorrect. The difference is this, that here the party examined is on trial for liberty or life, and that he is examined, not as to the renditions of science, but as to multitudes of impressions as to the past, concerning which no human memory can be complete. The ordeal is one from which no defendant who is not consummately cool and capable can escape unscathed.

When we take up the French procedure, we find the same general vice displaying itself, though in a different form. We have the same spectacle exhibited of the strong attacking the weak, of the skilful attacking the ig-

norant, of the self-possessed attacking the feverish or the frantic; but that which in Germany is usually done by a sort of siege, — by carefully drawing the trenches closer and closer, and then undermining until the structure of the defence falls as if by itself, — in France is performed by a sort of brilliant judicial Zouavism, in which the judge, with bold and histrionic effect, pounces on the party on trial, and, tearing asunder his supposed subterfuges, seeks to expose, to degrade, and to immolate him on the spot. Of course there are multitudes of exceptions to this, but the temptations to such displays seem to rise with the *éclat* and the conspicuousness of the trial. Of this the following illustration will be sufficient.

In the city of Toulouse is a monastic foundation, whose fundamental principles are that its members should be exclusively *lay*, — that they should take the vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty, — and that they should devote themselves to the education of the lower classes. The name of the society is the "Brotherhood of Christian Doctrine"; and, during its existence of centuries, it has gradually erected, on the large tract of land acquired by it, a series of buildings, some traceable to the Middle Ages, others added from age to age down to the present era, — buildings of no architectural pretensions or regularity, separated by many shaded alleys and cloisters, and interspersed with many secluded nooks. Close to the monastery is a graveyard, in a dark corner of which at daybreak on the morning of April 16, 1847, was found the body of a young girl, Cecilia Combettes, who, as it appeared by unquestionable testimony, had been, a few hours before, ravished and then murdered. She had for some previous months been in the employment of a bookbinder named Conte; and on the morning of the 15th was sent by him to carry some books to the monastery, within which, according to undisputed evidence, she was seen to deliver the package. There was no direct proof that she was seen to come out of the institution, which was surrounded by a wall, to which was attached a gate with a porter's lodge; nor was any trace of her discovered from ten in the morning of the 15th until the discovery of her body early the next day. By whom, then, was the outrage perpetrated? Conte, her employer, had accompanied her to the monastery, and testified that he left before she had delivered the parcel, and that while he was there he saw near to her two of the brothers, — Jubrien and Leotade. Against the latter some slight circumstantial evidence, which hereafter will be incidentally noticed, was adduced. He was arrested, and on February 7, 1848, after eight months' imprisonment, was brought to trial. In reviewing the evidence then adduced, our object is to confine ourselves to such portions of the judicial examination of Leotade as serve to illustrate the general proposition which we have in this article undertaken to canvass. It is sufficient, therefore, at this point, to say that on the trial there was positive testimony to show that Conte had himself previously attempted improper familiarities with Cecilia, who was proved by unquestionable evidence to be a girl of excellent character; and that some years afterwards he confessed that he was himself the perpetrator of the crime. On the trial, however, no evidence was presented showing the whereabouts of Cecilia after her visit to the monastery on the morning of the 15th; and this, coupled with the circumstantial evidence to which we have already referred, arrayed against the accused a popular prejudice by which the terror of his position was vastly increased. Having made these preliminary explanations we proceed with our extracts from the judicial examination on the trial.

"*Chief Justice.* What is your name?

"*Prisoner.* Louis Bonafons; my ecclesiastical name is Brother Leotado.

"*Ch. J.* How old are you?

"*Pris.* Thirty-six years.

"*Ch. J.* Did you know Cecilia Combettes?

"*Pris.* I have never even seen her.

"*Ch. J.* Did you often visit Conte?

"*Pris.* Yes; yet, reviewing the past as closely as I can, I cannot recollect to have ever seen her with him.

"*Ch. J.* Why this circumlocution? You either knew her, or you did not.

"*Pris.* I did not know her.

"*Ch. J.* Did you not go to Conte, some days before the murder, to order a writing-table?

"*Pris.* I did.

"*Ch. J.* Did you not say to Conte, 'When the portfolio is ready, send it to me by the child'?

"*Pris.* I cannot recollect this.

"*Ch. J.* If you did, this involves your acquaintance with Cecilia.

"*Pris.* I never saw a workwoman at Conte's, and therefore I could not have said it.

"*Ch. J.* Where were you in the morning of the (15th of) last April?

"*Pris.* I was first at morning mass, which lasted longer than usual, as it was read for a brother who had recently died in Paris; then I breakfasted and went from the refectory to the clothes-room, and brought the pupils of the Pension the things they needed, and then I wrote to the General of the Order a letter on my spiritual state. This lasted until 9½ o'clock.

"*Ch. J.* What did you do next?

"*Pris.* I went to the kitchen and to the Director, to hand him my letter.

"*Ch. J.* You went about 9½ o'clock in the kitchen; where were you till 10 o'clock?

"*Pris.* I went back into the clothing-room, after I had spoken with the Director, until 9¾ o'clock.

"*Ch. J.* Where did you meet the Director?

"*Pris.* On the corridor of the Pension; he asked for my letter; I told him that I was just looking for him. It was then I went into the clothing-room, and afterwards into the school-room.

"*Ch. J.* How late was that?

"*Pris.* About 10½ o'clock.

"*Ch. J.* Go on.

"*Pris.* I then fed the canary-birds in the presence of the hospital nurse, and then went to the cellar, and afterwards to Pater Noster. Then dinner, then the usual studies, then to supper, and then to bed.

"*Ch. J.* The accusation charges you with having been seen at least twice during the day with Brother Jubrien.

"*Pris.* I talked with him after supper, when we were bringing some casks out of the cellar.

"*Ch. J.* Although I have earnestly urged you to consider your answers carefully, you have failed to do this; on the 23d of last April you were asked what you did on the prior 15th. *Then* you said nothing about having seen Jubrien, having spoken to him, and having helped him in the cellar. Were the other members of the community then asleep?

"*Pris.* Yes.

"*Ch. J.* Then *you* must have gone very late to bed on the 15th; and although before this we believed that all the brothers went to bed at the same time, it seems that some must have been excepted from this rule.

"*Pris.* When we retired later than usual, then we had next day to account for this to the Superior.

"*Ch. J.* Your memory on the 23d must have been fresher than to-day. You then said that the mass was ended at 8½ o'clock, that you then breakfasted, then went into the kitchen, where you spoke to Brother John, and to the clothing-room, where you spoke to Brother Leopold, and then to the cellar. This had kept you till the Pater Noster, at 11 o'clock. But Brother Leopold fixes the time of your conversation with him at an hour earlier. You have been asked as to your occupations from 6 o'clock in the morning; and you say that about this time you met Brother Leopold in the clothes-room.

"*Pris.* This is entirely correct. Does this hinder me from having seen him also at 11 o'clock? If I did not mention this at the preliminary exami-

nations, it was because I was only interrogated as to my surroundings after 8 o'clock in the morning.

"*Ch. J.* Very true. But in a subsequent examination you said that at 9½ o'clock you were in your office; then in the hospital, where you met the Director, who asked you for wood for a fire for a sick child; that you then went to fetch the wood, and then to prayers. And yet, notwithstanding these extended details, you did not till this moment utter a syllable as to the important circumstances of the letter on your spiritual condition.

"*Pris.* If I did not mention this to the examining magistrate, it was through confusion. *Daily, almost hourly* [for the eight months] *these examinations were continued; I was put under a moral torture;* I was treated, not as merely suspected, but as convicted. When I appeared in this court before yourself, I was first able to collect myself, as in the presence of a kindly judge.

"*Ch. J.* You can spare your praises of me, as well as your censures of the examining magistrates. I will have neither. In your examination of the 3d of May, you declared that on the 15th of April you wore the same gown (*soutane*) and the same stockings which you now have; while on the next day, on the 4th of May, when the question was put to you, 'How long you had worn the trousers and drawers you now have,' you answered, 'For ten days.' How is this explained? You further said, that you had laid the trousers and drawers, which you wore on the 15th of April, in the third chamber of the clothes-rooms on a table close to the entrance, — where, to your great astonishment, they were not discovered, — while on the previous day you said that on the 15th you wore nothing but the gown (*soutane*) and stockings. On the 6th of May you voluntarily stated to the examiners, 'The trousers, now shown to me, I recognize as those I wore on the 15th of April. I used these in the bed to cover my feet.' How is it that, in spite of your statement, the drawers were not found with the trousers?

"*Pris.* I remember now for the first time that I did not lay the two off together, and that I wore the drawers at the time of the preliminary examination.

"*Ch. J.* Were you in the habit of keeping rabbits?

"*Pris.* They belonged to the Brotherhood.

"*Ch. J.* Did you ever give rabbits to Conte or his wife?

"*Pris.* I sold some to them.

"*Ch. J.* Did you ever invite Cecilia to look at the rabbits?

"*Pris.* No.

"*Ch. J.* You, with the other brothers, were asked as to the condition of your garments on the 15th of April. While the others gave satisfactory answers to this, you are the only one as to whom this was not the case; and besides, you maintained that the shirt, which the examining physician found on you on the 18th of April, had been put on by you on the previous Sunday, and was worn because it had wide sleeves, which did not chafe the plasters that your health required you to wear. Where did you leave the clean shirt which you received on Sunday evening, for a change? You say that you did not often change your linen, and that you laid the clean shirts under your pillow, and in this way retained two at a time. But in spite of this usage, you maintain that you gave back the shirt of April 17th to the brother who had charge of the linen, who, on his part, declares that he never received clean linen back from the brothers. After this you modified your answer so as to make it that you gave this shirt to the hospital nurse, who says, however, that he does not recollect this. Where did you hand it to him?

"*Pris.* At the door of the hospital, in the week after April 18th.

"*Ch. J.* You all say that at the time Conte met you in the corridor, you had gone to the communion. Conte, however, persists in his statement, and specifies your dress. At first (in one of

the preliminary examinations) you distinctly denied this, but afterwards said that you could not call it to mind. Brother Jubrien, who was with you, follows the same theory, first a plump denial, then, 'I believe not,' and at last, 'I do not recollect.' In all earnestness I demand to know whether, on the morning of the 15th of April, you were in the corridor of the Common Hall?

"*Pris.* I am not in a condition to answer so complicated an analysis of the evidence.

"*Ch. J.* It is not a complicated analysis, but facts. Were you in the Common Hall on the 15th?

"*Pris.* No. On the 10th I was there between 7 and 7½ in the morning.

"*Ch. J.* Did not the way to it lead by the linen-rooms?

"*Pris.* Yes.

"*Ch. J.* Did you have a key to the latter?

"*Pris.* I do not know.

"*Ch. J.* And yet (at the preliminary examinations) it was shown that you had a key which locked the door of that room, and that you could therefore change your linen without attracting any one's notice. This key was afterwards shown to you, and you stated to what lock it belonged. Had you no conversation with Jubrien on the 15th?

"*Pris.* Yes. In the evening, when I helped him in bringing the large casks out of the cellar.

"*Ch. J.* I have now a correction to make. I asked you whether you possessed a key to the linen-room; and you answered that if you possessed it, you did not know it. I will now show you a key which is proved to lock that room. You will now tell me whether you recognize it.

"*Pris.* It is the key of the kitchen closet.

"*Ch. J.* Do you know if it locks the door of the linen-room?

"*Pris.* No."

This is a specimen of the examination in chief of the prisoner, which was followed by the calling of the witnesses for the prosecution. The method pursued is very much the same as that which we have already noticed as existing in Prussia. The judge has full notes of the various preliminary examinations, both of the accused and of the prosecuting witnesses. The prisoner is first called, and interrogated as to the points that these examinations developed, and as to any others that suggest themselves to the judge. Then the prosecuting witnesses are called, and all the statements of the prisoner, relevant or irrelevant, are put in issue, to be contradicted, if practicable, by the testimony so adduced. But in France, however, as has already been noticed, it is deemed not unsuitable for the judge at any period of the trial to surprise the defendant with the most sudden and confusing of appeals. This may be dramatic enough, but, apart from the objections we shall presently notice, utterly destructive of a calm, judicial rendering of testimony. Thus, in the case before us, several hours after the prisoner's formal examination was closed, and while Conte — the chief prosecuting witness, and the real assassin — was under examination, the court with sudden swoop pounced on the prisoner as follows: —

"*Ch. J.* (To prisoner.) You have just heard that on the 15th of April at 9½ o'clock you were seen in the corridor of the Brotherhood with Brother Jubrien?

"*Pris.* Conte is a falsifier. On the 15th I was not in the corridor. As to what relates to my former life [which Conte had endeavored to attack] I can, at least, say that it is not so stained as that of my assailant. You can inquire at my early home, of my former employers, of my teachers. I had the wish to escape from the worry of the world. This is why I entered the Order. I am in the jury's hands. Decide what my fate is to be; I will await even death in peace, as a missionary who will sacrifice his life to what is right; and (to the jury), so

far from blaming you, will I the more fervently pray for you, for your efforts to decide rightly."

Now we may pardon such distracted utterances in a prisoner subjected to such sensational shocks as those we here notice; but we cannot excuse the system which invites the judge to consider the application of such shocks as among the chief feats of judicial prowess. Again and again during the trial do similar incidents occur. Let something inculpatory turn up, and down comes the judge, "There, do you hear this, what do you say *now?*" The examination in chief is bad enough; but no presence of mind, no power of memory, can endure such torture as this, lasting, as in the present case, through a trial occupying an entire week. It is not to be wondered that Leotade's memory partially failed him, and that his replies became confused and delirious. He had been kept on the rack for the eight months prior to the trial by solitary confinement, broken only by the visits of his inquisitors coming to probe his conscience as to his entire past; and this agony reached its climax when, in the crowded court-room, his whole nervous and moral system was made the subject of the assaults we have detailed.

With the topic we have undertaken to discuss in this article Leotade's innocence has no immediate connection. Innocent he undoubtedly was; innocent he continued to declare himself to be until his death, nineteen months afterwards, in the galleys to which he was sentenced for life; innocent he was proved to be by the subsequent confessions of Conte, uttered under the solemn sanctions of a death-bed, and verified by collateral proof which removed the slightest possibility of doubt. But guilty or innocent, the merits of the system under which he was tried, as we stated in the prior case, are the same. That system, so far as concerns the compulsory examination of the defendant, and the introduction, by the prosecution, of his character into the issue, obtains through the continent of Europe; and wherever it exists it is associated with the abuses which exhibit themselves in the cases which we have just considered in detail. In the vast number of trials reported in the many volumes of the *Neue Pitaval* there is not one, where this system is applied, in which these abuses do not in a greater or less degree exhibit themselves. And it is but fair, in the present stage of our American jurisprudence, that the question in all its bearings, practical as well as speculative, should receive grave consideration.

For the changes which have been lately initiated in our American jurisprudence, as was stated in the beginning of this article, bring us very near to the practice which the cases before us display in so hideous a light. Take the first point, that of the introduction of the defendant's character into the issue. By the common law, it is so far from being allowable for the prosecution to prove that the defendant has a "tendency" to commit the particular crime, that the merest allusion, by the prosecuting attorney in his opening address, to the defendant's bad character, has been looked upon as a grave offence; and juries have been discharged because such allusion has been made. Every man is permitted to carry to his case the presumption of general good character; and this presumption no one is permitted to assail, unless, as has been said, he should in his defence, introduce the issue himself. No criminal, no matter how profligate, but, by the common law, is allowed his *locus penitentiæ;* if he has committed an outrage, he is tried for it, but he never is put on trial because he has previously been generally bad. The common law, in its humanity, says: "You shall have a chance to reform; at all events, what you are liable to be tried for is an overt act of guilt, and not a violent temper or a depraved heart." But in the last few years, some of our American courts have been departing from this rule. The departure began in cases of forgery, when it was per-

mitted, though at first reluctantly and cautiously, to the prosecution to show, as part of its evidence in chief, that the defendant was an expert in the counterfeiting art. The next step, which was taken by some of our Western courts, was to permit the prosecution, in homicide cases, to prove also as part of the evidence in chief, that the defendant was a man of bloodthirsty and violent temper. If the principle of the latter case, at least, holds good, it is difficult to see what further obstacles remain in the way of our adopting the civil-law practice, in this respect, as a whole.

Then, towards the defendant's compulsory examination we have recently made great strides. It is true that the statutes recently enacted in this respect only permit such an examination after the defendant has voluntarily placed himself on the witness-stand. But the experience of the few months that have elapsed since the passage of these statutes show that there will be few criminal cases in the States where these statutes are in force in which this exposure will not be made. The fact is, first, that the temptation to venture testifying in his own behalf, to a man whose life and liberty are at stake, is irresistible, even though the probability be that a cross-examination will ruin him; and, second, that to refuse to be sworn will come soon to be acknowledged as a tacit confession of guilt. Wherever such statutes exist, therefore, defendants will be uniformly submitted to examination; and the main difference between our own and the European practice will be that with us the inculpatory examination will be conducted by the prosecuting attorney and not by the judge. Whether this will be an improvement may well be questioned. A judge, no matter how keen may be the spirit with which he may enter upon what he may consider the exposure of error, is yet, in the main, an impartial arbiter between the two contending parties. An attorney is, and ought to be, simply the representative of one of them.

Let us, then, look the system which is thus approaching us gravely in the face; recapitulating to some extent, as we do so, the points which suggested themselves incidentally in the review given by us of the two cases especially selected by us for consideration. And first, with regard to the first practice touched by us, that which authorizes the prosecution to put in issue, as evidence in chief, the defendant's character, by way of showing his liability to commit the particular crime. Notice, first, the debasement which the public mind must suffer from the judicial exhibition of prurient psychological detail. Nothing can be worse in this respect than the displays listened to by greedy audiences in what are considered the more "interesting" cases, and which are subsequently through the press presented to the public at large. We have before us in the third volume of the new series of the *Neue Pitaval* the report of a homicide case, that of Count Gustavus Chovinzky and of Julie Ebergenyi, in which the general sexual tendencies of the defendants, and their victims, the wife of the first, were made the subjects of the minutest and most discursive exploration; and in which, according to the reporter, who prints these details at large, the court-room was crowded by some of the highest as well as by the most abject of the land. It is before such audiences, and then through the press, that this emptying of the most fetid contents of the human heart is artistically consummated. It is like the baling out the contents of a putrid well,—the process is one which cannot but spread contagious disease. For the exploration and exhibition is not, as with us, one of naked, hard fact, but one of prurient motives. The worst, vilest, most morbid of all human desires and impulses, things which we are impelled by every right feeling instinctively to hide even from ourselves, are keenly searched after, and ruthlessly displayed to the public gaze.

Then, second, this process destroys all power of rightful defence. The de-

fendant, in the old common-law courts, knows what he is to prepare to meet. The issue is a single one; to this he adjusts his plea and calls his witnesses. Whatever his past may have been, he knows that the law, in its humanity, has given him an opportunity for reform; and that now he is to be tried for a single well-defined act, as to which he has full notice, so as wisely to make ready for his defence. But with the civil law, a prosecution is limited by no such restraints. There is no point in the defendant's past history, no matter how distant or how recent, which may not be suddenly sprung on him; and when the judge's knowledge does not enable him to touch such points, the drag-net of a general interrogatory is swept over the offender's memory. No offence has been so atoned for as to protect it from being thus brought up in judgment. No oblivion, no death of witnesses, no long passage of time consuming all explanatory or vindicatory circumstances, are allowed to intervene between the judge and the coveted disgraceful fact. The defendant goes to trial prepared to meet a particular issue, and he finds himself confronted with others, any one of which involves disgrace, but to meet which he has had no notice to prepare. And if no other acts or tendencies of guilt are available, then his prevarications on trial, — prevarications often the convulsions of a man in torture, — are charged against him, and on these he finds the issue is made to rest. We do not say that under this system there is no security for innocence; for in a general sense, — in that sense which involves a free uncovering of the secret frailties and passions of the human heart, — no man is innocent. But we do say, that in this view there is no security for any one. No one can in safety walk the streets, for there is no one who, if under trial, cannot be exposed to an investigation more or less destructive. We have no time here to dwell on disarrangement of judicial mechanism, and the consequent frequent escape of the real offender, wrought by this clumsy confusing of relevant with irrelevant issues. We have simply to say that by it no protection is left either to liberty or life.

The remaining question before us — that of the judicial examination of the defendant on trial — invites but few remarks in addition to those which have already been incidentally made. No doubt there is a class of temperaments which can escape this ordeal comparatively uninjured. Men of imperturbable temper and of comprehensive intellect and of quick wit may be able, during the trial, as well as during the numerous preliminary hearings, to maintain a calm and consistent theory of defence. But men of this class are rare, and are at least not unknown among those inured to crime. The consummate villain is, in fact, likely to be the most successful in the execution of this most difficult task; while the guiltless, from their very inexperience in crime, and from the peculiar terror which disgrace possesses to them, are as likely to break down in the attempt. Thus in the case last noticed by us, Conte, the real assassin, played his part through a protracted cross-examination with every trait of candid innocence; while Leotade, his victim, was betrayed into the apparent contradiction and confusion of guilt. For it should be remembered, the strain is the severest to which the nervous system can be exposed. Let us suppose that the judge is deterred, either by his own humanity or by public opinion, from sustaining such attempts as those of the chief justice at Toulouse, — attempts to bully, to terrify, to crush, to annihilate the victim who lies exhausted in his clutch. Let us suppose that he simply permits the method which the German courts have in the main adopted, of taking to the trial a minute brief of all that the witnesses for the prosecution are expected to testify to, and then examining the defendant in advance on each point. Let us remember how protracted, how multifarious, and how exhausting such an

examination must be; and then let us inquire which of us could submit ourselves to such a test, even though the topic might be the most innocent event in our past lives, without being betrayed into embarrassments and inconsistencies which may readily be received as confessions of guilt. And then let us rise from this personal view to the general considerations of public policy to which the issue thus ascends. The civil law — and with this recollection let us conclude — in this as in all other respects is the product of despotism. Its object is to level the citizen to the grade of the slave. It recognizes in him no sanctity of character, just in the same way that it awards to him no sanctity of home. He is the creature of the government that overshadows him; and at its command he must in public unveil the most secret motives of his heart; and the system is one, therefore, which produces, not freemen, but tools; not high personal enterprise, but apathetic sloth; not political liberty, but political torpor and death. But the common law is the system of personal liberty, of manly independence and self-respect. It was produced by these great qualities, and these, in return, it fortifies and protects. If it makes every man's home his castle, and if these castles are sometimes a little too roughly garrisoned, let us remember that they are not merely the shelters which protect the rights of the individual, but the fortresses which assure the grandeur of the state. And if, in declaring that no man shall be forced to degrade himself by his own lips, the same common law may give in isolated cases impunity to crime, let it be also remembered that by this process it not merely implants in the individual breast a consciousness of self-respect and sanctity which ultimately makes crime less frequent, but it summons for the commonwealth the services of high-toned, strong, and rightfully loyal men. Let us beware lest, in infringing on this principle, we undermine some of the foundations, not merely of personal liberty, but of the public weal.

Francis Wharton.

THE SHIPPING OF THE UNITED STATES.

A COMMITTEE of Congress has been busy at the great seaports of New England and New York in ascertaining the condition of this branch of industry, and has invoked the action of Congress.

When our late war begun, the South made many predictions, few of which have been fulfilled. Among other things they predicted that grass would grow in our ship-yards. Is this prediction to be verified? Are we to withdraw from the ocean, so long the field of our enterprise and renown? When the war commenced, our tonnage, then 5,539,813 tons, exceeded that of the British Empire. In 1868 it had declined to 4,318,309 tons, while the British tonnage had risen to 7,000,000, nearly a sixth of which was propelled by steam. Our ship-building, which in 1855 gave us 583,450 tons, of which more than half a million tons were built on the Atlantic coast, in 1868 had declined one half. In the last year but 173,000 tons were built on the coasts for both coastwise and foreign commerce. In 1855 we built 373 ships, and in 1868 but 69.

Before the war, the carrying trade between nation and nation employed 8,000,000 tons of shipping. Of these, the British Empire furnished three eighths, the United States a third, while other nations supplied the residue. But in 1866 our proportion had fallen to a

sixth, the British risen to a half, while the deficit was filled by the Continent of Europe.

Before the war, two thirds of the arrivals from foreign ports bore the stars and stripes; but now two thirds of the vessels which reach our ports from abroad bear a foreign flag; and although the war has ended, our vessels in the foreign trade still diminish. In the first nine months of the past fiscal year our tonnage in the foreign trade declined fourteen per cent, while the foreign tonnage gained twenty-eight per cent. At this rate, it will require but seven years to triple the arrivals of foreign ships, and to banish us from the carrying trade of the world. Unless something is done, we, with our primeval forests, virgin ore-beds, and enterprising youth, shall no more unfurl our flag in foreign ports, but must be confined to our lakes, rivers, and coastwise trade, in which all foreign competition is precluded. It is painful to contemplate such a result. Our marine has been one of the great elements of our strength. Without it, how could we have blockaded a coast of three thousand miles? How opened the Mississippi? How recovered our Southern seaports and fortresses. Again, what an income would we have realized by the 7,000,000 tons of shipping, to which we might have risen! At thirty dollars only per ton, it would have exceeded two hundred millions. Its management, its repairs, and dependent trades would have sustained nearly a million of families and furnished a market for the surplus of as many engaged in agriculture, who must suffer from competition if consumers are converted into producers.

We cannot afford to part with our marine. We must devise a remedy for its decline. Let us trace its growth and consider what gave it vitality, what policy ministered to its growth, what measures have checked its progress and produced a premature decay, while other interests prosper.

Before the Revolution, Great Britain confined us as much as she could to the fisheries and coastwise commerce and to a few ships in the trade with England and her colonies. A few daring spirits sometimes ventured to join the fleet from Jamaica to England, or to trade with the Spanish Isles, but seizures and confiscations checked this spirit of adventure.

The Revolution swept away our ships, but put us on our mettle; the Colonies had no navy; their great seaports were occupied or ruined by the foe; but our county of Essex constituted itself our Navy Department, discarded the puppet sterns and full bows, and built ships that made the run in eleven days from Salem to Ireland; and in the last year of the war, Salem and Beverly, with twenty gun-ships that outsailed and often outfought the best ships of England, held the control of the British Channel and raised the rate of insurance to ten per cent. Their success contributed materially to the termination of the conflict.

At the close of the war our cruisers were converted into merchantmen, and soon took an active part in commerce, outsailing the ships of all other nations, and opening the Baltic, the Mediterranean, India, Africa, China, Brazil, Chili, Peru, and our Northwest Coast to the trade of the Union.

When our new Constitution took effect, the first register of our shipping showed but 201,000 tons, or less than the tonnage on Lake Erie in 1860.

Under duties averaging but eleven per cent for the first epoch of twenty-one years, our tonnage rose from 201,000 tons in 1789 to 1,424,748 tons in 1810, and then the effect of the embargo of 1808 checked its progress. Its increase was 700 per cent. During this period, although the country was weak, Adams founded the navy, laid the keels of four ships of the line, and Suffolk and Essex counties raised funds and built frigates for the nation.

But there was soon a change of dynasty. The Democracy came into power, abandoned the large ships, built a few gunboats, adopted the Chinese

policy, and embargoes, culminating in war, succeeded.

Adams

> "Had bid upon the Atlantic shore
> New navies ride, new thunders roar";

and if he could have put ten millions into ships of the line, or frigates, would have saved a third of the active capital of the country, sacrificed by embargoes, war, and duties; but Jefferson and Madison succeeded. Quincy, Lloyd, and Webster struggled in vain, and commerce was prostrated.

During the second epoch of twenty-one years, from 1810 to 1831, under duties averaging thirty per cent, tonnage, instead of gaining seven hundred per cent, actually fell twelve per cent, or from 1,424,748 tons in 1810 to 1,267,847 tons in 1831.

But in 1831 our debt had diminished; the country would no longer see its commerce crushed; there was "an uprising of the people," and under the auspices of Henry Clay a compromise was made, under which our duties fell, with a slight reaction in 1842, to an average of 16 per cent, which lasted thirty years, — from 1831 to 1861. Our navigation at once revived, and exceeded the tonnage of England, gaining 420 per cent, — from 1,267,847 tons in 1831 to 5,539,813 tons in 1861.

The following table illustrates the progress and decline of our shipping: —

		Tons.
Tonnage in	1789	201,562
" "	1810	1,424,748
" "	1831	1,267,847
" "	1841	2,130,744
" "	1852	4,407,010
" "	1861	5,539,813
" "	1868	4,318,309
Registered steam tonnage in	1861	102,608
" " " "	1868	221,939
Enrolled steam tonnage in	1861	774,596
" " " "	1868	977,476

Ship-building, which in 1830 had fallen to 52,686 tons a year, rose under the compromise to 153,455 tons in 1833. The susceptibility of America to a change of duties was shown in 1844, when it fell, under the influence of a tariff of 27 per cent adopted in 1842, to 71,732 tons; but rose again, with the 16 per cent tariff of 1846, to 262,581 tons in 1848; and, under the same tariff, to 583,450 tons in 1855, — an increase of eightfold in a period of thirteen years.

The following table shows the tonnage built in the United States at different periods: —

	Tons.		Tons.
In 1820	47,696	In 1853	425,571
" 1830	52,686	" 1855	505,152
" 1833	153,455	" 1862	175,076
" 1844	71,732	" 1868	285,304
" 1848	262,581		

We come now to the present epoch, commencing in 1861, and with a tariff carried up from 15 per cent in 1860 to an average of 42 per cent in 1869, we find again the decline we might well expect from the history of the past, — a loss of 22 per cent in place of a gain of 430 per cent, — a fall from 5,539,813 tons in 1861 to 4,318,309 tons in 1869. And of this residue more than three millions of tons are on our lakes and rivers, or in coastwise trade, where we have a monopoly; while in July last twenty-seven millions of our imports were brought in foreign vessels, and but ten millions in American.

It may be urged by some who have not studied this question, that the decline in our shipping is due to the war, yet neither Secession nor English cruisers deprived us of one eighth of our tonnage. It was not destroyed by the foe. Some may think the loss due to a change of measurement, but this was immaterial, as the loss in one class is compensated by a gain in others. Nor is it due to the fact that trade is unprofitable, for we have merchants whose ships, built before the war, have made fair returns for the past eight years.

Did we not know that many of our laws were made in the hurry of the war, when Congress had put out its arms to grasp every source of revenue, we might conceive that our legislators had been guided by a spirit hostile to navigation, for as the law stands to-day it provides: —

First. That we shall not build any ships for foreign trade.

Second. That we shall buy none.

Third. That we shall not recover those we have lost.

Fourth. That if we should get them, an interdict shall be laid on many of our chief imports and exports.

Fifth. That our great university for seamen shall be put down, while agricultural colleges are encouraged and endowed.

Sixth. That while we sustain stages and railways by mail money, and while foreign steamers are sustained by subsidies, which are refunded by postages, our postages are given to foreign steamers and subsidies are withheld from our own.

The first barrier we have raised against ship-building is a debased currency. Before the war the shipwright could build a good ship of oak and cedar for $55 per ton; to-day it will cost $70 per ton. Half the difference is due to the currency, half to the duties on the raw materials. The shipowner who builds has two portentous evils before him. His investment of $70 per ton to-day may become $62 next spring by a return to gold, and he hesitates to take the risk; and if he builds would rather build for English account and convert gold into currency. The other evil is the eight dollars per ton imposed in taxes on raw materials, admitted free by competing nations. These evils are not without remedy. Let us reduce our currency, or let our Secretary of the Treasury, instead of paying out his greenbacks for stocks at a premium, convert gold into greenbacks, and destroy the gold board and carry our paper to par, by merely rolling up a hundred millions in greenbacks.

The banks under national laws require 150,000,000 of legal tenders for a reserve, and the country can float the balance of them; for with them our paper afloat would not exceed twelve dollars per head, or, with gold, seventeen dollars per head, of our people.

If we are to have a shower-bath, let us not stand shivering at the door.

As respects the duties, there is a simple remedy; reduce the duties on the raw material to the point at which they stood from 1832 to 1861, except for the brief period when they rose to 27 per cent, under the tariff of 1842. These remedies will be efficacious.

Can we spare the Duties?

We cannot only spare them, but many taxes also.

The Hon. D. A. Wells, habitually cautious, assures us that our surplus revenue is now at least $120,000,000 a year. This is $8,000,000 a month for ten months, and at least $20,000,000 a month in the months when our license and income taxes accrue. But the coming year, commencing June 30th, when new legislation will take effect, will, by reduced interest and the usual gain of 5 per cent yearly on revenue, exhibit a further surplus next year of $27,000,000; and it is easy to demonstrate that a reduction on cigars, spirits, spices, silks, tobacco, and woollens would transfer $20,000,000 more from the pockets of the smuggler to the coffers of the state. These would give us for the coming year a surplus not far from $167,000,000. Is it safe to leave so large a sum in the hands of government? Will it not engender extravagance? Will it not be best to keep it in the pockets of the people? We can, without doubt, reduce our revenue $100,000,000, and still have sufficient for interest and sinking-fund.

Navigation Act.

Our second edict against navigation is that we shall not buy a ship abroad under any circumstances. While we would give every encouragement to the native builder, who has been for the last seven years a victim of our laws, and would allow him to supply the coastwise trade, it seems to us most impolitic to deny all foreign vessels a register. We have, with great benefit to our manufactures, admitted machinery either free or at fair duties. Foreign ships and steamers with improved mechanism may be had at moderate prices abroad, of classes which we require but cannot build, or at junc-

tures when prompt action may enable us to secure important advantage. A duty of $8 per ton on wooden and $12 per ton on iron vessels would sufficiently protect builders, who in ordinary times have built for Europe.

The amount levied on the foreign builder may be returned to the American shipwright in an equal remission on each ton of shipping he constructs.

Return of Ships to the Flag.

Our third edict against navigation is that which forbids any vessel placed under a neutral flag to return to the register. In the early part of the war, most of the vessels employed on the Southern rivers studiously kept within the Rebel lines, and served under the Confederate flag, and some were used for warlike purposes; but when the war was ended, they "run up" the American flag and were again nationalized; but many ships which could get neither insurance nor freights, except at ruinous rates, were placed for safety and were saved under a neutral flag. It was the duty of the sailor to "save his ship," and he saved it. It was for the interest of the country that he should save it. The step was sanctioned by commercial usage; and the question now is, Shall we diminish the registry of England and increase our own by the recovery of these ships? Nearly half of those transferred no longer exist, but there may still be half a million tons of shipping which might be sold at a loss in England, but which would answer for whalemen or coasters, and which may still be recovered.

Are not the men who oppose this action chiefly ship-owners, who cover their dread of competition by the mask of patriotism?

If those who left the fold when the wolf was entering, and the dogs were absent, deserve chastisement, have they not already suffered enough?

But if we are to be permitted to build, buy, or recover ships, we require something more; the ships must have something to do to warrant the investment of capital, and this brings us to

Legislation directly against Imports and indirectly against Exports.

Why do we impose a duty of 200 or 300 per cent on spices, and 80 per cent on tea, unless it be to give our trade to the smuggler? and why do we check our trade with the Mediterranean, which should furnish an outlet for the product of our fisheries and our alcohol, by duties of 100 per cent on figs, prunes, currants, and other innocent fruits? Does the nation do this to protect greenhouses? Does it dread "the pauper labor of the sun," or has it any antipathy to that little "Jack Horner who sat in the corner eating his Christmas pie"? May not such duties be wisely abolished, with benefit to the trade and health of the country?

Then there are the duties on spirits and brandy of 206 to 546 per cent, entirely delusive and self-defeating, which destroy the revenue, for these duties enrich the smuggler and counterfeiter. They warrant the answer of the chemist to the questions of the revenue commission, that more than 95 per cent of the spirits sold as Holland gin and Cognac and Rochelle brandy in New York are spurious, so that the duties imposed on them not only fail to reach the treasury, but enrich the smuggler and counterfeiter, and injure both sick and well who imbibe such deleterious beverages.

Then there are cigars, on which the duties range from 100 to 264 per cent, not a tenth of which can be collected. Is it surprising that under such absurd charges the importation of cigars through the custom-house has declined more than 90 per cent, while cigar-shops have multiplied? There can be no doubt that a reduction of 70 per cent on the duties on spices, spirits, brandy, tobacco, and cigars would add nearly $20,000,000 to the revenue, and give freights to our shipping. There are also the duties of $9 per ton, or 55 per cent, on pig iron, the very basis of our manufactures, and 90 per cent on coal, so essential to our steamers.

ARE SUCH DUTIES POLITIC OR NECESSARY?

The cost of pig-iron from the Clyde, laid down at New York or Boston before payment of the duty, is $27 per ton in currency. To transport this iron to Lake Superior, Missouri, Tennessee, and Western Pennsylvania, — the great centres of our iron production, — will carry the cost of the iron, when delivered near these centres, to $36 per ton; and American iron can be produced there for $27 per ton, which would give a profit of 30 per cent to the producer in the great markets of the interior.

Were the foreign pig admitted free, it would not compete with the home article, except within three hundred miles of the coast; and if the producer made 30 per cent in the interior, he could afford to sell low upon the coast, and here is the spot where we meet the competition of Europe.

France admits the pig metal of England at four dollars per ton; were we to do the same, it would benefit our workshops and factories and give freights to our shipping; for 5,000,000 of tons are produced yearly, on the coasts of Great Britain, where iron, stone, coal, and lime are contiguous.

Our ships which take out wheat to England require return freight of iron, salt, soda-ash; and unless return cargoes are admitted, the wheat must be charged with freights both outward and inward.

If we should admit the pig iron and iron-ore and coal at duties of 20 per cent or less, we could roll our bar iron on the coast and blend with advantage the pig iron of both countries, without any serious detriment to our own manufactures. As respects steel, the Cleveland pig metal of England may be easily converted into steel.

As respects salt, — an article of freight highly important to our shipping and most essential to our country, — we impose a duty of 18 to 22 cents per hundred pounds, equal to $4 per ton. Salt is made by solar heat from the waters of the sea, in Spain, Sicily, and the West Indies, and found in large deposits in England. It is often sold for $2 or $3 per ton at the place of shipment. It furnishes an admirable return cargo for vessels which take out fish, flour, lumber, and breadstuffs, and which without it return in ballast. But it is not merely as return freight upon the sea that salt is important. If drawn by our shipping from abroad, it will furnish valuable freight for the flour cars that now return empty to the interior, and thus reduce the cost of transporting wheat and flour by lake, canal, and railway.

How is it with wool, — another great staple which we once imported from Australia, Africa, and from Buenos Ayres, where 75,000,000 sheep browse on the perennial pastures of La Plata? By the census of 1860 we had 22,000,000 of sheep, but during the war we imposed high duties on cloth and required clothing for the army. Cotton rose to $2 a pound, woollens took the place of cottons. Woollen machinery was set in motion sufficient to absorb the fleeces of 50,000,000 of sheep. We could not raise cotton at the North, but we could raise wool, and as cattle and horses were drawn away by the army, sheep took their places, and our sheep increased by 1866 to 35,000,000, or to the level of the flocks of France and Great Britain. Their wool alone, however, would not meet our wants, and trade with Buenos Ayres, Australia, and Africa was expanded until our imports of wool rose to 87,000,000 of pounds and our manufacture approached that of England. While our woollen-mills were thus occupied, the war suddenly collapsed. The demand for the army ceased, and the government, with arsenals and warehouses overflowing, wound up its contracts and soon brought a part of its surplus stock into market. When cotton cost $2 per pound and wool 60 cents, the frugal housewife replaced cottons with woollens, and stuffed her coverlids with wool; but when cotton fell 90 per cent, — when it fell below wool, — the girls

were recalled from their homes and the cotton-spindles set in motion. Wool, of course, declined, and the farmer and the farmer's wife, whose favorite is the merino, — as sheep do not require either milk-pail, churn, or cheese-press, — looked to Washington for relief. The farmers ascribed the decline to foreign wool, and Congress, yielding to their importunities, raised the duty. Then the manufacturer took the field and urged a rise on cloth, arguing that he would be ruined by a rise in wool without a corresponding rise on cloth; and thus by a combination of the two interests, after war had ended, duties of 70 per cent or more were imposed on wool and woollens.

Let us trace the results. First, the trade in foreign wool has been reduced 75 per cent. The import of wool fell from 87,000,000 to 24,000,000 of pounds in 1868 and 1869, and navigation was checked and injured. But this was not the only loss to the country. On the great plains of Buenos Ayres, Australia, and Africa the sheep require no shelter, but live through the year in verdant pastures, and the shepherds can afford to sell their fine Mestiza wool at 12 cents a pound, while our Western farmers, who buy their lands for $1.25 an acre, or receive them as gifts from the government, insist that it costs them 60 cents per pound to produce their merino wool, which can be raised for 20 cents or less on the ranches of California. Before the new duty was imposed, we sent out flour, lard, furniture, fish, domestics, oil, and other products to buy our wool, and stocked our vessels with bread and beef for the sailors, but under the duty we lost the exports as well as imports. We lost, also, the shipping, while the wool which we had previously brought home, and which we required to mix with our own, went at still lower prices to England and France, where land is dear but foreign wool is free, and came out in cheap cloth to the British Provinces or New York.

Nor was this the end. The smuggler along our whole frontier contracts for 25 per cent to evade the duty. The foreign cloth comes in sometimes in the bale, sometimes in the shape of clothing, and visitors to the Provinces find it politic to renew there the wardrobe of their families. The mills pay no dividends. Many have been changed, first from cotton to wool, and then from wool to cotton. The Reports of the Department of Agriculture for March and April, 1869, announce that during the previous year "there has been a diminution in our flocks of 20 per cent" (7,000,000 of sheep), and this decline has been chiefly in the Northern States, having cold winters, and in fine wool sheep, which have been sold for the value of their pelts and tallow. "Wool," says the Report, "has been low, and the inevitable result has followed of rough treatment, neglect, poor food, short commons, weakness, and disease."

The experiment, like the two-dollar tax on alcohol, has been a failure, injurious to all parties but the illicit trader. The reduction of this two-dollar tax to half a dollar has added nearly 40,000,000 to our surplus revenue.

To relieve the woollen manufacture and the country, shall we not be obliged to resort to a similar remedy in the case of wool? Agriculture on this great continent, where land is freely given to the settler, requires no protection, whatever may be the case with manufactures. It wants no governmental forcing-house. In the Report on Agriculture which we have cited, we find conclusive proof of this, in an account of the results of a cheese factory in Lewis County, New York. Here the cheese averages seventeen cents a pound, and after payment of the expenses and of $300 to the committee, each cow returns to the farmer $65 a year. Ten merino sheep consume as much food and require as much care as a cow, and to be equally profitable should yield annually seven dollars per head, but for 1868 they have not yielded in wool or lambs one half that amount. Cheese is wanted, both at home and abroad, and our Northern farmers, if they desire fine wool, can buy it with their cheese abroad

for one third the sum it costs them at home. The sheep we have parted with are no loss to the country. We must look to New Mexico, Texas, California, Montana, and to the pastures of Africa, South America, and Australia for our fine wool, while we raise sheep for mutton north of the Ohio.

France, for the first quarter of this century, imposed duties on wool, but afterwards raised the price of her own wool and revived her manufactures by the abandonment of the duties.

France, England, and Belgium, with land worth from $ 300 to $ 500 per acre, impose no duties on wool. May we not be guided by their experience?

Carpets.

How is it with carpets?

Carpets, protected by a high tariff, while the coarse wool they require escapes the heavy duty, return large profits. The Brussels carpet, for which twelve years since the writer paid $ 1.37½ a yard, now sells for twice that sum. The manufacturer is contented, but the success of the carpet, which is too heavy for the smuggler, shows the importance of low duties on raw material, and at this moment Buenos Ayres gives a significant hint to our farmers. The sheep-owners there, feeling the pressure of the American tariff, have decided to reduce their flocks. They find it does not pay to give the pelt for boiling down the sheep for tallow, and, learning that the Americans are shipping cheese from New York and wheat from California, they are led by the weight of our tariff to rival us in these profitable branches of industry, and our government has been notified of a great fair, at which they wish us to exhibit our ploughs and reapers, and all our implements for the dairy. They wish to beat us with our own weapons.

Are we prepared to resign the granary and the dairy for a precarious hold on the sheep-walk?

In Great Britain ships and steamers bound on foreign voyages are wisely permitted to take their coal and stores out of bond. Let us give our vessels the same advantage in their competition on the open sea.

Again, if we desire to have ships and seamen, we must reduce the cost of vessels, shelter, and food, by reducing the duties on wood, potatoes, and herrings. Wood enters into the construction of both ships and houses, and the duties on lumber enhance the cost of both. The mariner must have a home for his family, as well as a vessel. The adjacent Provinces, with a moist climate, are better suited than our own country for forests and the culture of oats and potatoes; but under the duty on oats and the preposterous duty of twenty-five cents in gold, or 120 per cent, on potatoes, the oats are sent to England to compete with ours, and the silvery potato is used to fatten pork, as a substitute for our pork; and we pay a dollar a bushel for an inferior vegetable from the sterile soil of New England.

Around the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence the sea swarms with herring in such abundance that their spawn is often rolled up by the waves in winrows; but few of these fish are taken, on account of our duties.

On the western coast, both on Puget Sound and along the shores of Alaska, the sea is alive with herring, candle-fish, and large halibut; the rivers abound also in salmon. These fish are sold for less than a cent per pound at Victoria; but duties and the high cost of vessels deter the people of that region from becoming fishermen.

While it may not be wise to discourage the people of the Provinces, now on the verge of independence, from joining their destinies with ours, is it not our policy to sustain the lines connecting us by reducing those duties which are nearly prohibitory? Shall we erect a Chinese wall between ourselves and them, and resign our trade with them to the smuggler? Already we have steam packets running to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Isle. Next year we shall connect the Grand Trunk with Boston,

and open the European and North American line to St. John and Halifax, and possibly to Sydney, whence we can reach the Cove of Cork in six days from Boston. Shall we confine this line to mails and passengers?

Subsidies to Steamers.

If no other nation gave subsidies to steamers, it might be wise for us to withhold them; but have we not seen the Cunard line, under a subsidy of $ 800,000 a year, grow from five thousand to sixty thousand tons, and launch magnificent steamers like the Scotia and Persia, and furnish some of them as frigates during the Trent affair, and prepare to use them against us? Have we not seen England build up her Peninsular and Oriental line, until it has put afloat a hundred sail of vessels, and extended its lines to China, Japan, and Australia; and have we not seen her increase her subsidy to two and a half millions, when France entered the field and reduced profits? Have we not seen England establish other subsidized lines to Canada, New Granada, St. Thomas, Mexico, Brazil, Peru, and Chili, and thus put afloat half a million tons of steam frigates, ready to pounce upon the commerce of any nation with which she may be at war?

Have we not seen France follow this example, and pay to her ships $ 10,000 a trip between the ports of France and New York? And in view of all this, are we to content ourselves with a monthly line to China and Brazil, and none to Europe, while England and France have twenty lines to America?

Our government has found it wise to grant subsidies to coaches for the carriage of the mail and who can run against them? But how can we, with all the burdens on our navigation, run successfully against the subsidized steamers of France and England?

In the late race on the Thames our boat was over-weighted, our oarsmen were weakened and deterred by some absurd theory from taking the advantages that were taken by their adversaries. In the great race upon the ocean we shall lose a race more important, unless we put our men who can win it on an equal footing with their opponents.

If Collins undertook too much, and sacrificed frugality to display, does it follow that others may not begin where Scotland has left off, and excel the prototype? Screw steamers of iron have been built on the Clyde, admirably adapted for the Pacific, to run under steam or sail, and thus avail themselves of the trade-winds, — steamers able to convey in twenty days 2,000 tons of goods 5,000 miles, with 400 tons of coal; and rich veins of coal have been opened at Sangalien, at the northern end of Japan. With such steamers and such coal-beds, we might at once triple our trade with China and Japan, if we were willing to remit unnecessary duties, and give necessary subsidies, to be returned eventually by postages.

At present we have but 1,199,000 tons propelled by steam, as shown by the following official tables: —

American Steam Tonnage.

On Atlantic and Gulf Coast	653,730	Tons.
" Pacific Coast	49,895	"
" Lakes	144,117	"
" Western Rivers	351,671	"
	1,199,413	"

Less than half of this is adapted to sea navigation. We require tri-weekly lines from Boston and New York to England, the Continent, and the Mediterranean, and new lines from San Francisco to Japan, China, and Australia.

The Fisheries.

But if we have ships and steamers, we must have mariners. Down to a recent period the masters, mates, and mariners of the United States have excelled those of other nations. Where did they gain their superiority? It was in the schools of the North, and in the colleges and universities for mariners, which were founded by our fathers. Those colleges and those universities are the great fisheries, which

our ancestors classed among "the great and inalienable rights of the United States," for which they fought and suffered, and not in vain, — the fisheries for whales, cod, and mackerel. In these were reared the men who fought the sea-fights of the Revolution, who ferried Washington on that stormy night across the Delaware, who manned the Constitution and the Essex, who blockaded the Southern coast. We should cherish these fisheries and all school-ships and other nurseries for seamen. Have we done so?

We give bounties to agricultural colleges; we have, doubtless, converted some cabin-boys, who would have made mates and masters, into farmers; but what have we done for our seamen? We have taken away their bounties, which Congress accorded, nearly a century since, to develop seamanship, and place our people on a footing with those of France and England. While we repeal bounties and merely remit the duty on salt, England liberates everything to her fishermen. Canada grants $4 per ton bounty to hers, and France $2 per quintal for every pound of codfish she exports to the United States; while our hardy fishermen are overweighted with duties, and find no weight in the currency. But we can do something for them by the remission of worse than useless duties, and it is time this remedy was administered.

Our shipping in the fisheries has dwindled from 332,000 tons in 1860 to 135,000 tons in 1867. The decline is principally in the whale and cod fishery, and with this decline has come a diminution in the number and quality of our mates and mariners, while England is improving her ships and her navigators.

Is it not a fact, that little has been done for seamen with the hospital money we have for the last eighty years deducted from their wages, and that we have left it to the benevolence of private citizens, like Robert B. Forbes and George M. Barnard, to provide them with houses of refuge and school-ships?

The decay of our shipping cannot be ascribed to the exhaustion of our timber. It is still abundant in the Provinces, in Virginia, Puget Sound, Alaska, and our Northern States, and would be easily accessible under improved legislation. We have, too, iron of superior quality. It is well understood that such is the strength and tenacity of our iron, that we could reduce the weight of our iron ships 15 per cent below the English standard, and produce stronger and more buoyant vessels, which should be rated as high as are those of England; and Congress should appoint a commission to fix a standard for insurance.

Nor are we deficient in artistic skill. If our shipwrights command high wages, they bring to their work great intelligence and energy, and use implements so much superior to those of Europe, that they accomplish more for a given amount of money than foreign artisans.

We have inducements to build in the petroleum, which adds 300,000 tons to our exports, in our increasing crops of cotton, and in the 600,000 tons of grain which youthful California and Oregon now offer us for shipment. They tender us cargoes for voyages that must occupy a year before the ship can return to the Pacific, and in which she may often earn half the cost of construction.

We are opening a new trade with China and Japan. These populous regions call with a voice that echoes across the continent for the cheap flour, fruit, and quicksilver of California, for the silver bars of Nevada, and the timber, fish, and furs of Alaska, and they offer return cargoes of tea, sugar, and spice. We require their low-priced labor for our mines and cotton-fields, and their skilled gardeners for the gardens and vineyards of California. These sons of Asia may not become permanent residents, nor can they be naturalized under our laws, but they will add to our stores of the precious metals by their patient industry. They employ both sailing-vessels and propellers, and the country will secure a

valuable accession in a supply of full-grown and frugal laborers whom it has cost nothing to educate or produce.

We shall have taken a most important step towards the recovery of our shipping, if we induce our legislators to go back to the duties on metals, manufactures, cigars, and spirits which preceded the war. They may then strike from the statute-book half our taxes and revive our drooping navigation by removing the incubus under which it is wasting.

England encourages navigation, and protects her ships by exempting them from all taxes local or general; why may not we do the same, and thus revive navigation as well as lighten freights? If we did so, we should still have our tonnage duty, and not exempt one per cent of our whole property from other taxes.

E. H. Derby.

THE TOUR OF EUROPE FOR $181 IN CURRENCY.

IT is an odd sort of fortune to have lived an out-of-the-way or adventurous life. There is always a temptation to tell of it, and not always a reasonable surety that others share the interest in it of the *conteur* himself. It would, indeed, be a nice problem in the descriptive geometry of narrative to determine the exact point where the lines of the two interests meet, — that of the narrator and that of the people who have to endure the narration. I cannot say that I ever hope to solve this problem; and in the present instance, especially, I would respectfully submit its solution to the acuter intellects of others. Those persons, for example, who were good-natured enough to read in the last July number of this magazine the account of my juvenile experiences as a negro minstrel can decide for themselves whether it is worth their while to accompany the same adventurous youth across the ocean, with such scant provision for the voyage and for a two years' sojourn in the Old World as they will see stated in the title of this paper. There is certainly some merit in telling the truth, for it is hard work when one is his own hero, and not what is sometimes termed a moral hero at that. I can claim this merit from the start, with a meekness almost bordering on honesty; since it happens that I am forced into veracity by the fact that there are scores of people yet in the prime of life who are cognizant of the main events of this narrative.

I cannot tell when the idea of going abroad first came into my mind, but, in a little journal kept in my thirteenth year while travelling with the minstrels, I find the fact that I was going to Europe alluded to as a matter of which there was not the shadow of a doubt. There is a jolly sort of beggar in San Francisco who says hope is worth twenty-five dollars a month. It must be that I shared with him his principal income during the four years of college life which almost immediately succeeded my wanderings as a minstrel, and which launched me again on the world at twenty. What else besides the hope of Continental travel sustained me during those four years I cannot now say. My pecuniary resources for that whole period were so small that they have tapered entirely out of my remembrance. Leaving college, I had served, I recollect, but a few months in the post-office of Toledo, Ohio, when I took a deliberate account of my savings one morning, and was gratified. I found in my possession too large a sum to permit of deferring the realization of my long-cherished dream

another day. Counting my money over and over, I could make no less of it than one hundred and eighty-one dollars, in new United States treasury notes; and I resigned "mine office," not with the heart-broken feeling of Richelieu, in the play, but still, like him, with the lingering cares of Europe on my mind.

Not the smallest fraction of this vast sum, I had resolved, should be squandered on the ephemeral railroads of our younger civilization. My treasury notes were to be dedicated, green, votive offerings, on the older shrines of our race. But the city of Toledo is situated about seven hundred miles from the sea, and it now became an interesting question how this distance was to be compassed for — nothing. To a good-natured friend of mine in one of the railroad offices I explained, at considerable length, and with no lack, I flatter myself, of boyish eloquence, the great advantage that would accrue to me from a residence in Europe which the liberality of the companies, in the matter of furnishing passes, would tend to prolong. I think he became my convert, for he came to me, several hours afterward, with a long face, and gave me to understand that the railroad officials were in the habit of building no dreams of æsthetics that were not founded on a ground-plan of dollars and cents. At this I became — I do not know which to say — desperately vindictive or vindictively desperate. Any way, the unfeeling conduct of those corporations induced, then and there, a state of mind which led me into an adventure the least calculated, probably, of any in this history to establish my claims as a moral hero. The next morning I brought my trunk down to the depot and had it checked through to New York. The rules seem not to have been so strictly observed then as they are now. The baggage-master in this instance, at least, taking for granted that I had already secured my ticket, did not ask me to show it; and I was at liberty to stroll about the station all day, listlessly. Just before dusk a cattle-train arrived from the West and brought with it a lucky thought. I scanned the faces of the drovers till I found one that looked benevolent, and the owner of it I engaged in conversation. He was going on East with his cattle the next morning, and I made a plain statement of my case to him. When I had done, he patted me on the back in such a cordial and stalwart manner, that — as soon as I could get my breath — I took it all as a good augury. And so it was. I wish I could reproduce more of the dialogue which took place between this honest Westerner and myself, at that first interview. Some of it, at least, I never shall forget, it impressed me as so extraordinary at the time. I can, however, convey no idea of the contrast between his mild, kindly face and his harsh bovine voice. It may help you to a kind of silhouette view of the situation, if you will take the pains to imagine the frequent excursions of my puzzled attention from his face to his voice, during the scene which immediately followed. He had given me to understand that he had eight car-loads of live stock, and that he was entitled to a drover's pass for every four car-loads. Then he suddenly paused, thrust both hands into the pockets of his long-skirted coat, and, feeling about in those spacious alcoves for a silent moment as if in search of something, he asked, in an abrupt bass which seemed to issue from the depths of the coat-tails themselves: —

"How air you — on cattle?"

That was before the days of Mr. Bergh and his excellent society; but, having consulted the speaker's benevolent face and not his voice, as the last authority on the meaning of his question, I answered that I was very kind to cattle as a general thing. That, he assured me, was not exactly what he meant; he wanted to know whether I had ever done any "droving." On my intimating that, although I had not had much experience, I was perfectly willing to be of service, "Never mind, never mind," he said; "but can you play cards?"

"No," was my ingenuous reply.

"Now that 's bad," and he scratched his head vigorously. "Can you smoke, then?"

"A little," faltered I.

My new-made friend seemed much pleased by this response, and continued: —

"All right; you jist git a lot of clay pipes and some tobaccy, and I 'll git you a pass!"

As I was turning in utter bewilderment to have his strange prescription filled, "I say, look a here," he said; "take off all that nice harness, or you can't pass for no cattle-man! I 'll lend you some old clothes and a pair of big boots. These stock conductors is right peert, they air. You 'll have to smoke a heap, and lay around careless in the caboose or they 'll find you out."

The next morning I took my seat in what he called the "caboose," — a sort of passenger-car at the end of the train. When we had been under way about an hour, the burden of my own conscience, or of my friend's boots, or the contemplation of my unsightly disguise, or the amount of tobacco I had smoked, made me deathly sick, — which, on the whole, was rather a fortunate circumstance. It explained to the conductor why I did not get out at the way-stations to tend my cattle, and it also enabled me to hide my face from the conductor, to whom I happened to be known. I found, as most boys do, that I could smoke better the farther I got from home. What with stopping to let our cattle rest and other delays, it took us nearly a week to reach New York; but before three days had passed I could perform the astonishing feat of putting my friend's boots out of the car window, and of smoking serenely the while, without touching my pipe with my hands. All the hotels at which we stopped along the route seemed, like the Crêmeries of Paris, to exult in the importance of a *spécialité;* and that was that they were supported almost entirely by drovers, and assumed, without a single exception that I can call to mind, the device and title of "The Bull's Head." There was a smack of old times in the homely comforts as well as in the moderate charges of these quiet taverns. My expenses on the whole journey from Toledo to the sea were, if I recollect aright, a little over three dollars.

At New York I found that I should be obliged to pay 130 for exchange on my money. This I did, after buying a through third-class ticket to London for thirty-three dollars in currency. My memories of a steerage passage across the Atlantic are rather vivid than agreeable. Among all my fellow-passengers in that unsavory precinct I found only one philosopher. He was a British officer who took a third-class ticket that he might spend the difference between that and a cabin fare for English porter, which he imbibed from morning to night. He announced as his firm belief, after much observation upon the high cheekbones of our countrymen, that the Americans in a few years would degenerate to Indians, — the natural human types of this continent.

It was during the World's Fair that I arrived in London. My whole life there might be written down under the general title of "The Adventures of a Straw Hat," for the one which I wore was the signal for all the sharpers of that great city to practise their arts upon me. They took me for some country youth come up to see the Exhibition, and the number of skittle alleys and thief dens into which they enticed me was, to say the least, remarkable. Through the friendly advice of a police detective, I was finally prevailed upon to purchase a new English hat, and with this, as a sort of ægis, I passed out of the British dominions, without being robbed, — and, indeed, without much of which to be robbed.

At Paris I witnessed the magnificent *fêtes* of the Emperor, and took the third-class cars for Strasburg and Heidelberg. At this latter city, with a sum equal to nearly eighty dollars in gold, I proposed, for an indefinite series of years, to become a student of the far-famed

Karl-Rupert University. I was not happy in Heidelberg, therefore, till I had experienced the mystery of academic matriculation. All I can recall of that long ceremony now is, that I had the honor of shaking hands — *sancte dataque dextra pollicitus est* is the language in which my diploma speaks of me, commemorating, I believe, that impressive moment — over my passport with a large-mustached German official; and that I furthermore had the privilege of paying a fee of eleven guldens and twenty-six kreutzers, — a little over four and a half dollars.

After much search and many unintelligible appeals in bad German, through wellnigh every dingy street of Heidelberg, I finally secured a room for two guldens — eighty cents — a month: and such a room! It was on the story next to the clouds. It seemed to be cut into the high gable of the gray old German house by some freak or afterthought of the architect. It was reached by interminable staircases and through a long hall, or passage-way, whose unplastered walls were hung with the rubbish of many generations. It was just large enough to permit of my turning round, after furnishing nooks and corners for a bed, bookcase, washstand, and small, semicircular table; but all was neat and clean, for my room was subject, like the rest of the German world, to the regular Saturday's inundation of soap and water. Directly opposite, on the other side of the narrow street, but far, far below, was the shop of a sausage-maker. If I had been an enthusiast in mechanics, I should have found much consolation in this fact, as well as a great deal "to lead hope on"; because a sausage-maker's apprentice is really, if not perpetual motion itself, a strong inductive argument in favor of its future discovery. The one to whom I have alluded kept up a continual hacking, day and night, week-day and Sunday. The sound of his meat-axe met my ears the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night; it was, in fact, my matin and my angelus bell.

But, by a principle of compensation, which is one of the kindliest things in nature, this little nook had advantages of which prouder apartments could not boast. I never had, before or since, a room in which I could apply myself to study so assiduously or with so great a zest. It seemed to be haunted with the great spirits of those who have trimmed their lamps in garrets and left the world better for their toils. This may have been a boyish hallucination, but I shall always believe that the most glorious view of the famous Heidelberg castle, the Molkenkur, and the lofty peak of the Kaiserstuhl, is to be had from the one narrow window of my aerial niche in the dark German gable. The old castle frowned down upon me from the brow of the mountain just above my head; and often of an evening have I leaned upon my little window-sill, and gazed up at its ruined battlements and ivy-mantled towers. As they grew dimmer and grayer in the waning light, the rents and seams of centuries disappeared, and the palace of the old Electors used to stand before me in its ancient pride.

It may not be generally known that the day-laborer of America has better food and more of it than many a wealthy burgher of Central Europe. Only the very few, in Germany, can indulge in beefsteaks for breakfast. I soon learned to conform myself to the cup of coffee and piece of dry bread of the German's morning repast. But as I became better acquainted, and gradually more impecunious, I left the *café* where I had before partaken of these luxuries, and betook myself to a baker's shop, where a breakfast of the same kind was furnished me, in company with market-women and others, for four kreutzers, — about three cents. If I could sometimes have wished for a more liberal allowance of sugar in my coffee, in this humble refectory, I never could complain of a lack of sweetness in the morning gossip of the baker's red-cheeked daughter. But the search for the very cheapest place to get my dinner was not the work of one day, or

unattended with some difficulty and much skirmishing. I bethought myself of my sausage-making friend across the way. Indeed, it was a long while before I became so used to the *staccato* music of his meat-axe as to keep from thinking of him most of the time. Engaged as he was in the active production of food, he must certainly, I argued, know something of cheap dinners. I therefore made a descent on the meat-shop one day. No notice whatever was taken of my knock; so, pushing the door open, I stood before a dwarfed, long-aproned, pale-faced boy, who turned his hungry eyes upon me, but did not cease his hacking. I launched forth in the kind — I may say, the peculiar kind — of colloquial German I had learned in my three weeks' sojourn in his country. After I had talked some time, the boy, giving no rest to his meat-axe, but every once in a while looking furtively over his shoulder, asked, "Do you want any *Wurst?*"

"Sausage? No, no." And I began again, in my original German, and explained at greater length that I was in search of a place to get a cheap dinner. The boy laid down his meat-axe, eyed me a few seconds in awful silence, then glanced apprehensively over his shoulder, took up his meat-axe again, and went to work more lustily than ever. There was this much about it: either the boy was deaf, or we stood somewhat in the relation of the two English girls in Hood's story, — he could speak German and did not understand it, and I could understand German and not speak it. Still, rather pleased than otherwise at such a chance to air my newly acquired speech, and on the whole not a little gratified with my quick mastery of the language, I began in a higher key, and, approaching nearer and nearer, demanded in the sausage-maker's ear whether he knew of a place to get a cheap dinner. Down went the meat-axe again, and, with eyes and mouth wide open, the boy stood speechless before me. Thus we were both inanely staring at each other, when the back door flew open, and a burly lump of tumid humanity stumbled through it with a curse, wanting to know why the boy was not at work. The poor apprentice caught up his cleaver again, and I faced the man who had just entered.

"Do you want any Wurst?" he asked.

"No, no." And I went over the whole story once more, with such perspicuity as shipwrecked patience would naturally inspire in a person thoroughly at sea in a language. In the thick of my oration I detected a cloudy gleam of intelligence spreading itself over the red face of my hearer. My eloquence had touched him at last. I had not quite reached my peroration, when —

"*Doch!*" interrupted my fat friend, as he pulled me briskly to the door. "You see that shop, three houses farther down the street?"

"Yes," said I.

"You are sure you see the right one?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, you go right down there. There is a Frenchman down there. His wife is from Italy. I think, may be, he can understand the Russian language: *I* can't!"

It was at that moment, I think, I learned to make the distinction between the degrees of benefit one derives from a book-knowledge of a language: it may help you to understand others, but it can hardly be said to help others to understand you. While on this subject, I may be pardoned, I hope, for telling of the more expeditious way I adopted to acquire the other modern tongues, which my subsequent poverty rather than any extraordinary ambition induced me to learn, in order to preserve the disguise of which I shall tell you presently. On going into an unfamiliar country for the first time, I shut myself up in some cheap garret, with a grammar, for a couple of weeks. Then I sallied forth with a pocket-dictionary, and captured some worthless young fellow without friends or employment. To this luckless person I

cleaved without mercy. I followed him — if I could not make him follow me — everywhere, and talked at him and made him talk. I argued with him over his three sous' worth of chocolate, if we were in France, or over his boiled beans and olive-oil, if we were in Italy. I asked him questions about everything, if we walked together in the streets; and, by the way, is it not truly wonderful how much one has to say, when he has a difficulty in saying it? You may have noticed that a man who stutters, or has a hair-lip, is always talking. He who learns a new language is invariably troubled with the same fruitful suggestiveness, and often, too, with a more distressful execution. If, therefore, the patience of my friendless tutor would sometimes flag, I would attempt to make him understand my glowing accounts of the comparative wealth of such vagrants as he was in my own prosperous, poor man's country, advising him to immigrate. This occasionally would have the effect of restoring him to a feeble interest in life. But if he would still persist in his low spirits, and find himself on the verge of asking me why I did not myself go back to my Eldorado of good-for-nothings, where he, no doubt, heartily wished me, then, at that last critical stage of his gloom, I would soothe and cheer him with a penny cigar. Generally speaking, this will not fail thoroughly to overcome your Old World vagabond. He will talk, and even listen, after that. The only difficulty is to know just when to administer to him the cigar: he must not be pampered or spoiled by undue indulgence and luxury. At first, when I commenced my experiments on these unfortunate beings, and I could see them wince under my laceration of their helpless mother-tongue, I had slight qualms of conscience. Learning to quiet these at last, however, I fastened myself on the most intelligent vagrant at hand, with an almost faultless precalculation of my man, and subjected him to my tortures with a triumphant sense of virtue in the act, far transcending, I fancy, that experienced by your enthusiastic *savant*, when substantiating some pet theory on a living criminal. Nothing, I am sure, ever before impressed me so highly with the modest merit that may lie concealed in vagrancy. It would be positively surprising to any one who has not enjoyed the advantage of this desperate method of mastering the colloquial speech of a country, if I should tell how soon I was enabled by it to drop my humble tutor, and moving out of his neighborhood to some other city in the same State, to utilize and practise upon more pretending persons, in a higher grade of society.

But I must get back to Heidelberg, where the sympathetic reader will not, I trust, have imgained that I went all this time without dinners, because the search for one which should be the *ultima Thule* of cheapness was embarrassing and adventurous. I found a place, at last, where a homely abundant midday meal was furnished me in a private family, for one gulden and twenty-six kreutzers per week, — a fraction over eight cents a day. My supper I took at a *Gasthaus*, in company with some theological students, at the cost of about four cents. Many of my countrymen, who have spent large sums in endeavoring to live cheaply in the same city, will of course believe nothing of this. They have paid dearly for the privilege of being Americans. They date their experiences from hotels supplied with waiters who speak our language, and have dealt at shops on whose windows they have seen blazoned in golden letters, "ENGLISH SPOKEN." They have, in reality, paid the teacher who taught these waiters and those shop-keepers to murder our own vernacular.

By matriculating at the great University of Heidelderg, I became endowed with all the time-honored privileges of students. I could not be arrested or taken through the streets, if I had been guilty of an ordinary crime; I could not be confined in a common prison or go to a common hospital, the university having those institutions for its own

particular benefit. And poverty seemed there to have lost its curse. The very fact of my being a student put me on a social scale above that of the wealthy merchant. This, however, may have been only in the estimation of the collegians themselves. A fellow-student thought some of going to America, and propounded the following question: "But when I arrive, I shall not have any money, and I shall know nothing of the language of the country; what shall I do?" "Go to work!" said I. "What? manual labor! I am too aristocratic!" That young man, let me add, was then living on an income of one hundred and ten dollars a year. The German student must have his pipe, his beer, and a life of pleasure, at whatever sacrifice. If he is rich, he pays some attention to his personal appearance. You will see him adorned with boots of immense length; *corps* caps and ribbons; the number of his duels scored on his red face in ungainly sword-scars; and followed by a retinue of sinecurists, in the shape of great ugly worthless dogs. *His* life is a continued sacrifice to the merry gods. He is rarely seen at lectures. Indeed, there is one society or club at the university, the first article of whose constitution reads that, "No member shall, at any time, or on any pretence whatever, after matriculation, be seen in the university building." On the other hand, if the student is poor, he pays very slight attention to what he wears. He does not the less, however, devote a great portion of his time to beer, tobacco, and the pursuit of pleasure. You will see him at the most frequented beer-houses every night. If you go to the opera, you will observe him also stalking thither, shiveringly, through the wind, his tight pantaloons striking his crane-like legs about midships between his feet and knees, and his shoulders shrugged up in the vain attempt to get more warmth out of an extremely short coat. He looks more like the impersonation of Famine, striding about among men, than the good, honest-hearted fellow that he is. For with all his faults, as our more Puritanical education may lead us to call them, the German student *is* an honest, generous, noble-hearted fellow. He sees beyond the smoke of his own pipe, and has deeper thoughts than those inspired by beer. His heart swells beyond the bounds of his petty state. His sympathies are as broad as the old German Empire. It is too true, perhaps, that when, in maturer manhood, he becomes *angestellt* in some life-office in the gift of his little prince, his liberalism slumbers or dies out; but that does not affect the sincerity of his youthful sentiment. I am sure that I never spoke with one of them, on the subject, who had not some dream of a great united Germany. There was no more interested watcher of our late civil strife than the German student. He felt that the battle then waging for the right of self-government had a connection with his hopes for the future of his own severed land. Germany's wrongs and the sigh for universal liberty are the burden of his many songs. No higher and no more appropriate eulogy on the German student can be pronounced than to say that, in his university days at least, he is true to the spirit of one of his most beautiful and most popular melodies, "To the bold deed, the free word, the generous action, woman's love, and the fatherland."

By the laws of German universities, a matriculated student is not obliged to pay for more than the lectures of one professor during a semester, — that is, six months. I managed, therefore, to pay for the cheapest and attended as many more as I liked; so about ten dollars a year were my collegiate expenses. To confess the truth, my calendar and that of the university did not always agree. I often took vacations in session time, in the shape of long excursions on foot, and sometimes disappeared from Heidelberg for weeks together. My *Hausfrau* — she that received the princely income of eighty cents a month for my room — at first showed symptoms of anxiety about me; but she soon learned to be surprised at

no wild freak of her aerial lodger. By these tours on foot, — the only philosophical way of travelling, — and by the occasional aid of the cheap third-class cars of that country, I visited all parts of Germany, and learned more of the language, character, and habits of its odd, warm-souled people than I ever could have learned at the great hotels and in the first-class railway carriages. During the long vacations, and especially after leaving Heidelberg altogether, I extended my explorations into remoter parts, — into the Tyrol, Switzerland, Italy, and France. I travelled in a way in which probably no American has ever travelled before or since, namely, disguised as a Handwerksbursche, — a wandering tradesman. Any one who has been in Europe will not ask why a stranger in that land should need to pass himself off as a poor native, if he wants to save money. On the Continent, as a general rule, a man in broadcloth, not personally known to the shop or hotel keeper, pays two prices; whereas a person speaking English, even if clad in fustian, pays three prices; and I should like to see him help himself. The English language has come to be mistaken for a gold-mine all through Europe. These wandering tradesmen, these Handwerksburschen, let me say, — for they are unknown to nations under free, constitutional governments, — are a sort of fossil remains of feudalism. They are young fellows, half journeymen, half apprentices, who are obliged to wander for two or three years from city to city, working at their trades. They finally return to their homes, weary and poor; having learned little but the rough side of the world, — to make what is called their "masterpiece." If this pass muster, they are entitled to style themselves masters of their trades. They grow out of that old illiberal principle which compels the son to follow in the footsteps of his father and his grandfather. Yet, for all the narrow-minded enactments and regulations to crush their spirit and make them miserable, they always walk on the sunny side of nature. They are a jovial set of vagabonds, who have rarely the chance to be dishonest, if they had the inclination. Disguised in the blouse of their class, — something like our Western "warmus," except that it is of thin blue stuff, — I have spent many a happy hour, toiling along the same road with them, listening to their stories and merry songs. If I meet one of them on the highway, he stops, offers me his hand, and exchanges a kindly word. He takes out his pipe, asks me to fill mine from his tobacco-pouch, and tells me all he knows of the road passed over. He never lodges in a city, unless he has work there. The village inn is his castle; here he obtains his bed at night and his breakfast in the morning for seven kreutzers, — not quite five cents; and trudges on, smoking and singing, through all Europe. This is the Handwerksbursche, poor, but merry; the knight-errant of the bundle and staff; the troubadour and minnesinger of the nineteenth century.

In Switzerland, for instance, where almost every one travels as a pedestrian, and where hundreds of our countrymen every year blister their inexperienced feet at the rates of from ten to thirty francs a day, I have journeyed sumptuously — thanks to my disguise — for thirty sous. When addressed in French, if my broken speech was noticed, it was supposed that I was from one of the German cantons; and, in the same manner, if my bad German was detected, I was set down as from one of the French cantons. This gratuitous naturalization on one day and expatriation on the next had no bad effect whatever on my health, whereas it had the best possible result on my purse. My blouse was a protection, not only to the respectable suit of clothes which I wore under it, but against all the impositions practised upon travellers. When I arrived at a large city or watering-place, I generally hired a little room for a week, found a cheap place to get my meals, and, after settling prices for everything in ad-

vance, divested myself of my disguise, and "did" the galleries and promenades, to the accompaniment of kid gloves and immaculate linen.

But the glory of pedestrianism is not in cities; it is in the broad highway, on the banks of mighty rivers, or in the narrow footpath winding over mountains. There is such pleasure and pride in the consciousness that one can go where and when one will, without waiting on coaches or trains. Thirty, forty, or fifty good miles left behind in one day, by the means of locomotion nature has given to every one, are not only a consolation to sleep upon at a village inn, but make the sleep sounder and sweeter. I defy any man not to be proud of his strength, when he finds — as almost every one will, after a little practice — that he can make thirty miles on foot, day after day, with perfect ease. It is, however, just to state that village inns are not always paradises. The hostess sometimes has more lodgers in her beds than she receives money for; but a practised eye generally detects such places at a glance, and rarely exposes the body to their perils. Every village has at least one respectable inn. Before my personal history had taught me this wisdom by excruciating example, I had good reason to believe that the tortures of the Vehmgericht, the old secret tribunal of Germany, were not the things of the past which the world thought them. I had frequent occasion, too, for what might be called an equanimity of stomach. I arrived one evening, for instance, at a small desolate village in the remote eastern part of Bavaria, near the Austrian border. I was weary and hungry, but before mine host of the inn would have anything to do with me, he sent me on a wild chase through innumerable narrow, crooked alleys, in search of the burgomaster to deliver my passport into his hands and obtain his gracious permission to remain over night in the place. The entrance to the mansion of that dignitary was through a cattle-yard. He had probably never before in his life heard of the language of my passport, but that did not prevent his looking at it with an official air of infinite wisdom. I returned to the inn at last, fortified with the requisite credentials. The hostess now appeared, and asked me what I would eat, addressing me familiarly in the second person singular. Her long, lank frame was attired in the abominable costume of the Bavarian peasantry. I could compare her to nothing but a giant specimen of the Hungarian heron, which I need hardly say is not a pretty bird. The same room served as parlor and kitchen. I sat patiently and watched her kindling the fire in the great earthen stove, indulging my mind, as hungry people are wont to do, with rich visions of imaginary banquets. What was my horror to see her take the eggs, which I had ordered, break them one by one into her greasy, leathern apron, and commence beating them vigorously with a pewter spoon! As soon as I recovered my presence of mind, I considered the folly of remonstrating with her, and, with a great effort, I mildly remarked that she had misunderstood me; I wanted my eggs boiled. By this stratagem, I preserved my disguise and achieved a cleanly meal in defiance of the leathern apron.

In the mean time, the condition of my finances was becoming hourly more desperate. I had written to innumerable American newspapers, offering to produce a letter a day for five dollars a week, and making all sorts of struggling tenders of brain-work, from which, as a general rule, I heard nothing at all. At last Christmas came, and found me back at Heidelberg, utterly penniless; over five thousand miles from home, in a country where for a stranger to obtain work was simply hopeless; since the boys in that densely populated land have to pay for the privilege of learning to carry bundles, — a pursuit which is there for three years a necessary introduction to becoming a salesman of the smallest wares. To obtain a situation as beggar was still more hopeless, the competition of native dwarfs and cripples being altogether too powerful

for an able-bodied alien. So here was the end of my one hundred and eighty-one dollars in currency. I had made what is called the tour of Europe; and I now had the prospect of immediate starvation for my pains. And yet that Christmas day was, by all odds, the happiest day of my life. For, just at fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock, A. M., the postman knocked at the door and handed me very unexpectedly a letter, containing about twenty-five dollars in our money. It came from an American paper, to which I had written, at least, twenty letters for publication, and twenty-five letters asking for money; so it was undoubtedly the twenty-five dunning letters that were paid for. And I shall never be so rich or happy again.

So much has been written about the holidays in Germany, that I cannot be expected to say anything new on the subject. It may, however, have been forgotten by some that the *Weinachten* of the fatherland commence on what we call "Christmas eve." This is the great night for children. It is their feast. It is the time they have been looking forward to with such wild, glad, gorgeous anticipation. It is the night of the Christmas-tree; and, in all Germany there is no child so poor as not to get something from its green boughs. Besides this night, Christmas has two whole days, to which respectively there seems to be a logical apportionment of two very important kinds of enjoyment. The first day is assigned to boundless eating, and the second — mildly speaking — to getting drunk; and it is due to the zeal of the Southern Germans, at least, to say that they observe this order of ceremonies with scrupulous exactness. Now, it may be sentimental, or something worse, but I confess I like to dwell upon the time when twenty-five dollars made me perfectly happy. Memory, you may have observed, has a way of painting frescos with the clouds of distant skies that are even prettier than the lay-figures and life-forms which served for the real models. It was, for instance, a quiet little scene of domestic joy, that Christmas of my student life in Germany; yet, somehow, it has grouped itself in my remembrance like the masterpiece of Cornelius, the largest fresco of them all. Frau Hirtel was the domestic little body of whom I rented my airy apartment. Fraülein Anna was her rosy daughter, and this little sunbeam in the house was the only child of the family that I had ever seen; though many and many a time, the name of Karl, the only son and brother, was upon their lips. Karl was a Handwerksbursche, — one of those houseless tradesmen, before dwelt upon; and on this Christmas Karl was expected home from his long, long wanderings. The illuminated tree on the night before had been laden with many a gift of affectionate remembrance for the absent Karl. As we sat down to the Christmas dinner, there was a vacant place at the table, and in the hearts of the disappointed mother and sister. They could not touch a morsel.

"Are you sure he will come, mamma?" asked the little Anna, after a long silence.

"Yes, my child, unless something has happened; for the way is long from Frankfort, and the poor boy's feet must be sore with his long, long journey."

"What, mamma, if he should n't come?"

Frau Hirtel's face became very pale, whether at the little Anna's question, or at the sudden ringing of the shop-bell, as the door swung open and shut. The next instant Karl was in the middle of the room. His pack and staff fell at his feet, and Frau Hirtel and the Fraülein Anna sprang into his arms. It was not the merry dinner that succeeded, or the *Glühwein* that made the evening glad, but this one picture which dwells most in my memory. The joy that shone on the careworn and dust-stained face of the returned wanderer, reflected in those of his mother and sister as they stood in that long embrace, has no parallel that I know of in the history of the return of exiled kings.

With my twenty-five dollars, I lived cheaper than ever, and for some months longer continued my studies at the university. But one morning I received a letter from the same generous American newspaper, enclosing a draft for fifty dollars, together with a very earnest request that the editor should hear no more from me on any account whatever. This good fortune was too much for my mental equilibrium. Heidelberg was too small for me. I started the next day for a trip down the Rhine, deck passage. At Rotterdam I betook myself again to the third-class cars, and occasionally to the bundle and staff. Thus I went through Holland and Belgium, walking leisurely one day over the historic dead of Waterloo. Arriving finally at Paris, I resolved there to take up my residence. By means of a cheap lodging in the old Latin Quarter, and of a cheaper restaurant on the Boulevard Sevastopol, I managed to subsist for several months.

It was here in Paris that I first met my good friend, George Alfred Townsend, the well-known war-correspondent. To him I was afterward indebted for a short, romantic sketch of my life, in which he says, I believe, among other complimentary things, that the faculty of Heidelberg gave me my tuition for nothing, but that I would not stay with them and study, because I thought it too dear! But, seriously, I owe Mr. Townsend a real debt of gratitude, for it was he who suggested that I should write an account of certain of my experiences for one of the London magazines. After the questionable success of my multifarious attempts with American newspapers, I trembled at the temerity of the idea. Yet my money was becoming daily and by no means beautifully less. Neither Mr. Townsend nor anybody else but myself was aware that, at the time of his suggestion, my cash capital consisted of one gold napoleon, a silver five-franc piece, and some three or four sous; and even this sum had dwindled considerably before I could muster courage to make the attempt. At last, in a fit of desperation, I sat down one morning, with the equivalent of about two dollars in my pocket, and commenced my article. In three days more it was on its way to London with an enclosure of British stamps, enough to pay for the letter which should tell me whether it was accepted or rejected. I shall not dwell long on the painful suspense of the succeeding five or six days; though I do not remember now my grounds for expecting an answer in so short a period. Up to that time I will venture to say there was not a happier person in the gay capital of France than I had been; for it is one of the peculiar charms of Paris that it affords abundant amusement for him who spends forty francs a month, as I did, or forty thousand a month, as some do. I cannot explain now, any more than you can believe in, my happiness then. I know only that the beautiful city was delightful, and that I was delighted. The palaces, the galleries, the gardens, the parks, the music, and the wonderful diorama of the evening Boulevards were free, — as free to me, the vagabond stranger, as they were to the greatest prince; and I had the additional, though not necessarily comfortable, assurance that I always carried away from them a better appetite for the next meal than did even his inscrutable majesty, the Emperor himself. But now that I had the growing cares of authorship on my mind, it dwelt more and more upon the waning disks of my franc-pieces, as they swelled for a time illusively into sous, and then tapered into centimes and disappeared from my gaze forever. At this period I found myself occasionally strolling down to the Seine, and looking over from Pont Neuf at the flood below, swollen with the late rains, and listening to the strange sound it made in the wake of the old stone arches, as it rushed on toward the Morgue, — the famous dead-house, where hundreds of suicides are displayed every year. Have you ever heard the last "bubbling groan" of a drowning man? If

you have, you will understand the feeling with which, after listening long and steadily to the low rumble of the eddying water, I have received the impression more than once on that old bridge, that I heard the same fatal gurgling sound in the river beneath; and you will understand the feeling, also, I think, with which, at such times, I cast a hasty glance at the Morgue, not far distant, and hurried on to the more cheerful neighborhood of the garden of the Tuileries. I would not have you believe that the idea of suicide ever crossed my mind. I merely went and looked into the Seine, on that queer, unexplained principle which impels miserable people, the world over, to haunt wharves and bridges, and to gaze listlessly into water. I have sometimes thought, when I saw servant-girls and others out of employ looking, for instance, from the bridge of boats at Manheim into the Rhine, as into the window of an intelligence-office, — I have sometimes thought, I say, that if dogs do go mad from gazing into water, as I think was once believed, they are very miserable dogs, and very much disgusted with the world, before they do it. One day, — the fourth of my suspense, if I remember, — when I was more despondent and hungry than usual, I went and looked in through the grating of the Morgue itself. If I had ever had the least thought of throwing myself into the Seine, this horrible sight would have cured me as thoroughly of it as it did of my appetite for the rest of that day. I feel some diffidence about mentioning a plan — happily abandoned, as you shall see, before put into further execution — which suggested itself to my mind during that hungry week, namely, to visit the Morgue once a day for purposes of economy; but, luckily, I discovered about this time that the smoking of cigarettes made of cheap French tobacco would perform the same service of taking away the appetite, and I adopted the latter more agreeable means to that end. The fifth and sixth days after sending my article I did scarcely anything but wait about the office for my letter. Finally, a note arrived from Paternoster Row, with just one line of the worst penmanship in it that has ever yet met my eyes; and the painful suspense was only intensified. The writer evidently said something about my article, but what I despaired of making out. I took the note to my friends, and they were divided about it; some said that the article was rejected, and some that it was accepted. The majority, however, favored the latter opinion, to which, at last, myself was brought, and I was happy. Not long afterward I received a draft from the publishers for a sum which seemed to me at that time almost fabulous, for the amount of work done. After a hearty meal, and as soon as I had time to think, I considered my fortune made. I was now arrived at the appalling dignity of magazinist, — contributor to the widest circulated periodical in the language. I packed my trunk immediately, and started for Italy.

I stayed at Florence all winter, living on the cheapest of food, indeed, but with the very best of company. I haunted the galleries and studios so much that the artists took me for a devotee of art, and never asked me how I lived. At dusk it was my custom to steal away toward my dinner, passing Michael Angelo's David, forever about to throw the stone across the famous old Piazza, and gliding down a by-street till I came to the market. There, in a little cook-shop, amid the filth and noise of the very raggedest of Florence, I partook of my maccaroni, or, if I was fastidious, of my boiled beans and olive-oil, for seven centesimi, — one cent and two fifths of a cent; my bread made of chestnuts for two centesimi, — two fifths of a cent; and my half-glass of wine for seven centesimi, — my dinner, with a scrap of meat, averaging five cents, and rarely exceeding ten. My glass of wine may be considered an extravagance. It was not. I could stand the bustle, the uncleanliness, and even the staring at a passably well-dressed person in

such an unaccustomed place; but I could not stand the positive amazement expressed by young men and old women, old men and young women, beggars and organ artists, the day when I omitted wine. It was too much for endurance. Public opinion was against me. I pretended to have forgotten to order my wine, and turned off the whole affair with a laugh. Many and many a time I have seen a poor old creature, who was often my next neighbor at table, pay two centesimi for bread and seven centesimi for wine, and that was her whole meal. This experience has always helped me to believe the account of that strange incident in the history of the Florentines, given, I think, by Machiavelli, in which it is related that during the Republican days of Florence, when there was a hostile army making an inroad on their territories, the doughty republicans, having gone out to meet it, lay encamped some time not far from Lucca; and that, suddenly, when the enemy was almost upon them, they revolted, turned around, and marched home again, to let their territory and the fortunes of their city take care of themselves, because the Florentine army had unfortunately got out of wine! Sometimes I spent my evenings at the *café*, where I always took my breakfast, and where for three soldi, — three cents, — invested in coffee or chocolate, I could sit as long as I liked, reading the papers, or listening to the talk of my artist friends. It was always cheaper for me to go to the opera — taking a very high seat, by the way — than to have a light and a fire in my room. I have seen an opera with a hundred or more people on the stage at a time, in a theatre as large as, and some say larger than, there is in London or Paris, and all it cost me was eight cents. Thus I lived on in the city of art and olives. When my money began to give out again, I thought I would condescend to transmit another article to the London magazine which had made my fortune before. I transmitted another article; and at the time when I ought to have heard from it I was reduced to the sum of forty francs. Receiving, at last, an envelope with the Paternoster mark upon it, I restrained my joy, and opened it leisurely, making merely the mental resolution that I would dine in state that day; for this was a longer article than the first one, and the sum which it would bring must be simply enormous. Then I proceeded to read the following letter: —

"DEAR SIR: — Your article entitled —— is respectfully declined"!

This time starvation was sure; but I had set my heart on seeing Rome. I thought there would be a sort of melancholy satisfaction in having visited the capital of the ancient world before going to any other new one. I therefore took the next open-topped car for the sea-shore, having previously put my first rough draft of my unfortunate article into a new wrapper, and shipped it off to the editor of a less pretending periodical, published at Edinburgh. I do not remember how or why, but the night after I left Florence I had to lie over at Pisa, where I came near being robbed of what little money I had at a miserable, cheap *trattoria*, not far from the famous Leaning Tower. I found a fierce-mustached bandit of a fellow in my room in the middle of the night, stealthily approaching the head of my bed, and scared him away, I shall always believe, by the bad Anglo-Italian in which I expressed my sense of surprise and concern at his untimely and extraordinary conduct. Two days afterward I took a fourth-class, that is, deck passage on the French steamer, sailing down the Mediterranean from Leghorn. I stayed a week at Rome, and came very near staying much longer. It was, indeed, by a miraculous chance that I ever left the Eternal City. I had not money enough to pay the Pontifical tax on departing travellers. It is too long a story to tell here, but I slipped through the fingers of the police, and, arriving at Leghorn again, I had not the ten cents to pay the boat-

man to take me ashore from the steamer. My trunk, by the way, I had left at Leghorn before starting for Rome; so that was out of danger, and came properly to hand afterward. As my lucky star would have it, an American bark was lying at anchor in the bay. It was the first time I had seen the "star-spangled banner" for two years, and I flew to it for protection. I directed the boatman to take me to the American ship. Standing in the bow of the smaller craft, as soon as she reached the greater one I sprang up the side, and the boatman sprang after me. He detained half of my coat, but I reached the deck, where I kept him at bay with a belaying-pin till some one on the ship was roused; for it was early in the morning. The ten cents were paid over to the clamorous Italian by a hearty tar, who was moved to see an American in distress, "with his mainsail carried away," — I think that is the way the tar phrased it.

The captain of the ship was a warm-hearted old fellow from down in Maine. He offered to take me home before I asked him. I had a boyish love of independence, and proposed to work. He said he would n't be bothered with me; he would take me as his only passenger. We settled the matter at last by my contracting grandly to owe him fifty dollars in "greenbacks." Our vessel was about twenty years old, and laden with rags and great blocks of marble. We had a terrible storm in the Mediterranean, in which we came near going down. The old craft seemed, however, to have some secret understanding with fate; for, having shifted her cargo, she floated, wellnigh on her beam-ends, the rest of that desolate ten weeks through the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic. I arrived at Boston finally, without a cent. I had directed that all letters should be forwarded from my address at Florence to the care of the merchant to whom our ship was consigned. What was my surprise, then, to be handed by that gentleman an envelope enclosing a draft on London, in pay for the almost-forgotten article, which I had sent in sheer desperation, if not in comprehensive revenge, to that Edinburgh magazine! Greenbacks were then at their heaviest discount, and English exchange at its highest premium. And thus it happened that I sold my draft for American money enough to pay the good-hearted captain and the patriotic tar, and to take me back to Toledo, my starting-place, after an absence of over two years, at the total expense of a little more than three hundred dollars.

Here, at the proper end of my pilgrimage and of this narrative, while I am figuratively taking off my sandal shoon and hanging up my pilgrim staff, let me say that, although I did not set out with any higher purpose than to tell just such a story as I might tell under oath, still I think I discern in these adventures what I may term an *ex post facto* moral. Let not the reader, however, practise and amuse his ingenuity by attempting to detect this in the pilgrim himself; for, personally, he feels as free from a moral as any pilgrim *he* has ever seen has been free from superfluous linen. While, therefore, he would not advise any young man to follow directly in his footsteps, yet he hopes he has shown that there are means and modes of travel unknown to the guide-books; that there are cheap ways for the student and man of limited means to see and learn much for little money. The sight of a sunrise from the Righi is certainly more than compensation for putting up with a poor breakfast. And the candid traveller, however light his purse, needs never return dyspeptic or misanthropic. Pure air and hearty exercise in the Alps and on the Danube cannot fail to do him physical good; while he will find in the human nature with which he comes in contact in every land the sum of the good invariably preponderating over that of the evil.

Ralph Keeler.

THE SWALLOW.

THE swallow twitters about the eaves,—
  Blithely she sings, and sweet and clear;
Around her climb the woodbine leaves
  In a golden atmosphere.

The summer wind sways leaf and spray,
  That catch and cling to the cool gray wall;
The bright sea stretches miles away,
  And the noon sun shines o'er all.

In the chamber's shadow, quietly
  I stand and worship the sky and the leaves,
The golden air and the brilliant sea,
  The swallow at the eaves.

Like a living jewel she sits and sings:
  Fain would I read her riddle aright;
Fain would I know whence her rapture springs,—
  So strong in a thing so slight!

The fine clear fire of joy that steals
  Through all my spirit at what I see
In the glimpse my window's space reveals,—
  That seems no mystery!

But scarce for her joy can she utter her song;
  Yet she knows not the beauty of skies or seas;
Is it bliss of living, so sweet and strong?
  Is it love, which is more than these?

O happy creature! what stirs thee so?
  A spark of the gladness of God thou art.
Why should we strive to find and to know
  The secret of thy heart?

Before the gates of his mystery
  Trembling we knock with an eager hand;
Silent behind them waiteth he;
  Not yet may we understand.

But thrilling throughout the universe
  Throbs the pulse of his mighty will,
Till we gain the knowledge of joy or curse
  In the choice of good or ill.

He looks from the eyes of the little child,
And searches souls with their gaze so clear;
To the heart some agony makes wild
He whispers, "I am here."

He smiles in the face of every flower,—
In the swallow's twitter of sweet content
He speaks, and we follow through every hour
The way his deep thought went.

Here should be courage and hope and faith;
Naught has escaped the trace of his hand;
And a voice in the heart of his silence saith,
One day we may understand.

Celia Thaxter.

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

I. — The Morning.

THEY were not a large family, and their pursuits and habits were very simple; yet the summer was lapsing towards the first pathos of autumn before they found themselves all in such case as to be able to take the day's pleasure they had planned so long. They had agreed often and often that nothing could be more charming than an excursion down the Harbor, either to Gloucester, or to Nahant, or to Nantasket Beach, or to Hull and Hingham, or to any point within the fatal bound beyond which is seasickness. They had studied the steamboat advertisements, day after day, for a long time, without making up their minds which of these charming excursions would be the most delightful; and when they had at last fixed upon one and chosen some day for it, that day was sure to be heralded by a long train of obstacles, or it dawned upon weather that was simply impossible. Besides, in the suburbs you are apt to sleep late, unless the solitary ice-wagon of the neighborhood makes a very uncommon rumbling in going by; and I believe that the excursion was several times postponed by the tardy return of the pleasurers from dreamland, which, after all, is not the worst resort, or the least interesting — or profitable, for the matter of that. But at last the great day came, — a blameless Thursday alike removed from the cares of washing and ironing days, and from the fatigues with which every week closes. One of the family chose deliberately to stay at home; but the severest scrutiny could not detect a hindrance in the health or circumstances of any of the rest, and the weather was delicious. Everything, in fact, was so fair and so full of promise that they could almost fancy a calamity of some sort hanging over its perfection, and possibly bred of it; for I suppose that we never have anything made perfectly easy for us without a certain reluctance and foreboding. That morning they all got up so early that they had time to waste over breakfast before taking the 7.30 train for Boston; and they naturally wasted so much of it that they reached the station only in season for the 8.00. But there is a difference between reaching the station and quietly taking the cars, especially if one of your company has been left at home, hoping to cut across and take the cars at a station which they reach some minutes later, and you, the head of the party, are obliged, at a loss of breath and personal comfort and dignity,

to run down to that station and see that the belated member has arrived there, and then hurry back to your own, and embody the rest, with their accompanying hand-bags and wraps and sun-umbrellas, into some compact shape for removal into the cars, during the very scant minute that the train stops at Charlesbridge. Then when you are all aboard, and the tardy member has been duly taken up at the next station, and you would be glad to spend the time in looking about on the familiar variety of life which every car presents in every train on every road in this vast American world, you are oppressed and distracted by the cares which must attend the pleasure-seeker, and which more thickly beset him the more deeply he plunges into enjoyment.

I can learn very little from the note-book of the friend whose adventures I am relating in regard to the scenery of Winterville and the region generally through which the railroad passes between Charlesbridge and Boston; but so much knowledge of it may be safely assumed on the part of the reader as to relieve me of the grave responsibility of describing it. Still, I may say that it is not unpicturesque, and that I have a pleasure, which I hope the reader shares, in anything like salt meadows and all spaces subject to the tide, whether flooded by it or left bare with their saturated grasses by its going down. I think, also, there is something fine in the many-roofed, many-chimneyed highlands of Chelsea (if it is Chelsea), as you draw near the railroad bridge, and there is a pretty stone church on a hillside there which has the good fortune, so rare with modern architecture and so common with the old, of seeming a natural outgrowth of the spot where it stands, and which is as purely an object of æsthetic interest to me, who know nothing of its sect or doctrine, as any church in a picture could be; and there is, also, the Marine Hospital on the heights (if it is the Marine Hospital) from which I hope the inmates can behold the ocean, and exult in whatever misery keeps them ashore.

But let me not so hasten over this part of my friends' journey as to omit all mention of the amphibious Irish houses which stand about on the low lands along the railroad-sides, and which you half expect to see plunge into the tidal mud of the neighborhood, with a series of hoarse croaks, as the train approaches. Perhaps twenty-four trains pass those houses every twenty-four hours, and it is a wonder that the inhabitants keep their interest in them, or have leisure to bestow upon any of them. Yet, as you dash along so bravely, you can see that you arrest the occupations of all these villagers as by a kind of enchantment; the children pause and turn their heads towards you from their mud-pies (to the production of which there is literally no limit in that region); the matron rests one par-boiled hand on her hip, letting the other still linger listlessly upon the wash-board, while she lifts her eyes from the suds to look at you; the boys, who all summer long are forever just going into the water or just coming out of it, cease their buttoning or unbuttoning; the baby, which has been run after and caught and suitably posed, turns its anguished eyes upon you, where also falls the mother's gaze, while her descending palm is arrested in mid-air. I forbear to comment upon the surprising populousness of these villages, where, in obedience to all the laws of health, the inhabitants ought to be wasting miserably away, but where they flourish in spite of them. Even Accident here seems to be robbed of half her malevolence; and that baby (who will presently be chastised with terrific uproar) passes an infancy of intrepid enjoyment amidst the local perils, and is no more affected by the engines and the cars than by so many fretful hens with their attendant broods of chickens.

When sometimes I long for the excitement and variety of travel, which, for no merit of mine, I knew in other days, I reproach myself, and silence all my repinings with some such question as, Where could you find more variety or greater excitement than abound

in and near the Fitchburg Depot when a train arrives? And to tell the truth, there is something very inspiring in the fine eagerness with which all the passengers rise as soon as the locomotive begins to slow, and press forward to the door, and knuckle one another's backs in their impatience to get out; while the suppressed vehemence of the hackmen is also thrilling in its way, not to mention the instant clamor of the baggage-men as they read and repeat the numbers of the checks in strident tones. It would be ever so interesting to depict all these people, but it would require volumes for the work, and I reluctantly let them all pass out without a word, — all but that sweet young blonde who arrives by most trains, and who, putting up her eye-glass with a ravishing air, bewitchingly peers round among the bearded faces, with little tender looks of hope and trepidation, for the face which she wants, and which presently bursts through the circle of strange visages. The owner of the face then hurries forward to meet that sweet blonde, who gives him a little drooping hand as if it were a delicate flower she laid in his; there is a brief mutual hesitation long enough merely for an electrical thrill to run from heart to heart through the clasping hands, and then he stoops towards her, and distractingly kisses her. And I say that there is no law of conscience or propriety worthy the name of law — barbarity, absurdity, call it rather — to prevent any one from availing himself of that providential near-sightedness, and beatifying himself upon those lips, — nothing to prevent it but that young fellow, whom one might not, of course, care to provoke.

Among the people who now rush forward and heap themselves into the two horse-cars and one omnibus, placed before the depot by a wise forethought for the public comfort to accommodate the train-load of two hundred passengers, I always note a type that is both pleasing and interesting to me. It is a lady just passing middle life; from her kindly eyes the envious crow, whose footprints are just traceable at their corners, has not yet drunk the brightness, but she looks just a thought sadly, if very serenely, from them. I know nothing in the world of her; I may have seen her twice or a hundred times, but I must always be making bits of romances about her. That is she in faultless gray, with the neat leather bag in her lap, and a bouquet of the first autumnal blooms perched in her shapely hands, which are prettily yet substantially gloved in some sort of gauntlets. She can be easy and dignified, my dear middle-aged heroine, even in one of our horse-cars, where people are for the most part packed like cattle in a pen. She shows no trace of dust or fatigue from the thirty or forty miles which I choose to fancy she has ridden from the handsome elm-shaded New England town of five or ten thousand people, where I choose to think she lives. From a vague horticultural association with those gauntlets, as well as from the autumnal blooms, I take it she loves flowers, and gardens a good deal with her own hands, and keeps house-plants in the winter, and of course a canary. Her dress, neither rich nor vulgar, makes me believe her fortunes modest and not recent; her gentle face has just so much intellectual character as it is good to see in a woman's face; I suspect that she reads pretty regularly the new poems and histories, and I know that she is the life and soul of the local book-club. Is she married, or widowed, or one of the superfluous forty thousand? That is what I never can tell. But I think that most probably she is married, and that her husband is very much in business, and does not share so much as he respects her tastes. I have no particular reason for thinking that she has no children now, and that the sorrow for the one she lost so long ago has become only a pensive silence, which, however, a long summer twilight can yet deepen to tears . . . Upon my word! Am I then one to give way to this sort of thing? Madam, I ask pardon. I have no right to be sentimentalizing you.

Yet your face is one to make people dream kind things of you, and I cannot keep my reveries away from it.

But in the mean time I neglect the momentous history which I have proposed to write, and leave my day's pleasurers to fade into the background of a fantastic portrait. The truth is, I cannot look without pain upon the discomforts which they suffer at this stage of their joyous enterprise. At the best, the portables of such a party are apt to be grievous embarrassments; a package of shawls and parasols and umbrellas and india-rubbers, however neatly made up at first, quickly degenerates into a shapeless mass, which has finally to be carried with as great tenderness as an ailing child; and the lunch is pretty sure to overflow the hand-bags and to eddy about you in paper parcels, while the bottle of claret, that bulges the side of one of the bags, and

"That will show itself without,"

defying your attempts to look as it were cold tea, gives a crushing touch of disreputability to the whole affair. Add to this the fact that but half the party have seats, and that the others have to sway and totter about the car in that sudden contact with all varieties of fellow-men, to which we are accustomed in the cars, and you must allow that these poor merrymakers have reasons enough to rejoice when this part of their day's pleasure is over. They are so plainly bent upon a sail down the Harbor, that before they leave the car they become objects of public interest, and are at last made to give some account of themselves.

"Going for a sail, I presume?" says a person hitherto in conversation with the conductor. "Well, I would n't mind a sail myself to-day."

"Yes," answers the head of the party, "going to Gloucester."

"Guess not," says, very coldly and decidedly, one of the passengers, who is reading that morning's Advertiser; and when the subject of this surmise looks at him for explanations, he adds, "The City Council has chartered the boat for to-day."

Upon this the excursionists fall into great dismay and bitterness, and upbraid the City Council, and wonder why last night's Transcript said nothing about its oppressive action, and generally bewail their fate. But at last, being set down near Lewis's Wharf, they resolve to go somewhere, and they make up their warring minds upon Nahant, for the Nahant boat leaves the wharf nearest them; and so they hurry across to India Wharf, amidst barrels and bales and boxes and hacks and trucks, with interminable string-teams passing before them at every crossing.

"At any rate," says the leader of the expedition, "we shall see the Gardens of Maolis, — those enchanted gardens which have fairly been advertised into my dreams, and where I 've been told," he continues, with an effort to make the prospect an attractive one, yet not without a sense of the meagreness of the materials, "they have a grotto and a wooden bull."

Of course, there is no reason in nature why a wooden bull should be more pleasing than a flesh-and-blood bull, but it seems to encourage the company, and they set off again with renewed speed, and at last reach India Wharf in time to see the Nahant steamer packed full of excursionists, with a crowd of people still waiting to go aboard. It does not look inviting, and they hesitate. In a minute or two their spirits sink so low, that if they should see the wooden bull step out of a grotto on the deck of the steamer the spectacle could not revive them. At that instant they think, with a surprising singleness, of Nantasket Beach, and the bright colors in which the Gardens of Maolis but now appeared fade away, and they seem to see themselves sauntering along the beautiful shore, while the white-crested breakers crash upon the sand, and run up

"In tender-curving lines of creamy spray,"

quite to the feet of that lotus-eating party.

"Nahant is all rocks," says the leader to Aunt Melissa, who hears him with a sweet and tranquil patience, and who would enjoy or suffer anything with the same expression; "and as you've never yet seen the open sea, it's fortunate that we go to Nantasket, for, of course, a beach is more characteristic. But now the object is to get there. The boat will be starting in a few moments, and I doubt whether we can walk it. How far is it," he asks, turning towards a respectable-looking man, "to Liverpool Wharf?"

"Well, it's consid'able ways," says the man, smiling.

"Then we must take a hack," says the pleasurer to his party. "Come on."

"I've got a hack," observes the man, in a casual way, as if the fact might possibly interest.

"O, you have, have you? Well, then, put us into it, and drive to Liverpool Wharf; and hurry."

Either the distance was less than the hackman fancied, or else he drove thither with unheard-of speed, for two minutes later he set them down on Liverpool Wharf. But swiftly as they had come the steamer had been even more prompt, and she now turned toward them a beautiful wake, as she pushed farther and farther out into the harbor.

The hackman took his two dollars for his four passengers, and was rapidly mounting his box, — probably to avoid idle reproaches. "Wait!" said the chief pleasurer. Then, "When does the next boat leave?" he asked of the agent, who had emerged with a compassionate face from the waiting-rooms on the wharf.

"At half past two."

"And it's now five minutes past nine," moaned the merrymakers.

"Why, I'll tell you what you can do," said the agent; "you can go to Hingham by the Old Colony cars, and so come back by the Hull and Hingham boat."

"That's it!" chorused his listeners, "we'll go"; and "Now you," said their spokesman to the driver, "I dare say you did n't know that Liverpool Wharf was so near; but I don't think you've earned your money, and you ought to take us on to the Old Colony Depot for half-fares at the most."

The driver looked pained, as if some small tatters and shreds of conscience were flapping uncomfortably about his otherwise dismantled spirit. Then he seemed to think of his wife and family, for he put on the air of a man who had already made great sacrifices, and "I could n't, really, I could n't afford it," said he; and as the victims turned from him in disgust, he chirruped to his horses and drove off.

"Well," said the pleasurers, "we won't give it up. We will have our day's pleasure after all. But what *can* we do to kill five hours and a half? It's miles away from everything, and, besides, there's nothing even if we were there." At this image of their remoteness and the inherent desolation of Boston they could not suppress some sighs, and in the mean time Aunt Melissa stepped into the waiting-room, which opened on the farther side upon the water, and sat contentedly down on one of the benches; the rest, from sheer vacuity and irresolution, followed, and thus, without debate, it was settled that they should wait there till the boat left. The agent, who was a kind man, did what he could to alleviate the situation: he gave them each the advertisement of his line of boats, neatly printed upon a card, and then he went away.

All this prospect of waiting would do well enough for the ladies of the party, but there is an impatience in the masculine fibre which does not brook the notion of such prolonged repose; and the leader of the excursion presently pretended an important errand up town, — nothing less, in fact, than to buy a tumbler out of which to drink their claret on the beach. A holiday is never like any other day to the man who takes it, and a festive halo seemed to enwrap the excursionist as he pushed on through the busy streets in the cool shadow of the vast granite palaces

wherein the genius of business loves to house itself in this money-making land, and inhaled the odors of great heaps of leather and spices and dry goods as he passed the open doorways,— odors that mixed pleasantly with the smell of the freshly watered streets. When he stepped into a crockery store to make his purchase a sense of pleasure-taking did not fail him, and he fell naturally into talk with the clerk about the weather and such pastoral topics. Even when he reached the establishment where his own business days were passed some glamour seemed to be cast upon familiar objects. To the disenchanted eye all things were as they were on all other dullish days of summer, even to the accustomed bore leaning up against his favorite desk and transfixing his habitual victim with his usual theme. Yet to the gaze of this pleasure-taker all was subtly changed, and he shook hands right and left as he entered, to the marked surprise of the objects of his effusion. He had merely come to get some newspapers to help pass away the long moments on the wharf, and when he had found these, he hurried back thither to hear what had happened during his absence.

It seemed that there had hardly ever been such an eventful period in the lives of the family before, and he listened to a minute account of it from Cousin Lucy. "You know, Frank," says she, "that Sallie's one idea in life is to keep the baby from getting the whooping-cough, and I declare that these premises have done nothing but re-echo with the most dolorous whoops ever since you 've been gone, so that at times, in my fear that Sallie would think I 'd been careless about the boy, I 've been ready to throw myself into the water, and nothing 's prevented me but the doubt whether it would n't be better to throw in the whoopers instead."

At this moment a pale little girl, with a face wan and sad through all its dirt, came and stood in the doorway nearest the baby, and in another instant she had burst into a whoop so terrific that, if she had meant to have his scalp next it could not have been more dreadful. Then she subsided into a deep and pathetic quiet, with that air peculiar to the victims of her disorder of having done nothing noticeable. But her outburst had set at work the mysterious machinery of half a dozen other whooping-coughers lurking about the building, and all unseen they wound themselves up with appalling rapidity, and in the utter silence which followed left one to think they had died at the climax.

"Why, it 's a perfect whooping-cough factory, this place," cries Cousin Lucy in a desperation. "Go away, do, please, from the baby, you poor little dreadful object, you," she continues, turning upon the only visible operative in the establishment. "Here, take this"; and she bribes her with a bit of sponge-cake, on which the child runs lightly off along the edge of the wharf. "That 's been another of their projects for driving me wild," says Cousin Lucy,—"trying to take their own lives in a hundred ways before my face and eyes. Why *will* their mothers let them come here to play?"

Really, they were very melancholy little figures, and might have gone near to make one sad, even if they had not been constantly imperilling their lives. Thanks to its being summer-time, it did not much matter about the scantiness of their clothing, but their squalor was depressing, it seemed, even to themselves, for they were a mournful-looking set of children, and in their dangerous sports trifled silently and almost gloomily with death. There were none of them above eight or nine years of age, and most of them had the care of smaller brothers, or even babes in arms, whom they were thus early inuring to the perils of the situation. The boys were dressed in pantaloons and shirts which no excess of rolling up in the legs and arms could make small enough, and the incorrigible toobigness of which rendered the favorite amusements still more hazardous from

their liability to trip and entangle the wearers. The little girls had on each a solitary garment, which hung about their gaunt persons with antique severity of outline; while the babies were multitudinously swathed in whatever fragments of dress could be tied or pinned or plastered on. Their faces were strikingly and almost ingeniously dirty, and their distractions among the coal-heaps and cord-wood constantly added to the variety and advantage of these effects.

"Why do their mothers let them come here?" muses Frank aloud. "Why, because it 's so safe, Cousin Lucy. At home, you know, they 'd have to be playing upon the sills of fourth-floor windows, and here they 're out of the way and can't hurt themselves. Why, Cousin Lucy, this is their park, — their Public Garden, their Bois de Boulogne, their Cascine. And look at their gloomy little faces! Are n't they taking their pleasure in the spirit of the very highest fashion? I was at Newport last summer, and saw the famous driving on the Avenue in those pony phaetons, dog-carts, and tubs, and three-story carriages with a pair of footmen perching like storks upon each gable, and I assure you that all those ornate and costly phantasms (it seems to me now like a sad, sweet vision) had just the expression of these poor children. We 're taking a day's pleasure ourselves, cousin, but nobody would know it from our looks. And has nothing but whooping-cough happened since I 've been gone?"

"Yes, we seem to be so cut off from every-day associations that I 've imagined myself a sort of tourist, and I 've been to that Catholic church over yonder, in hopes of seeing the Murillos and Raphaels; but I found it locked up, and so I trudged back without a sight of the masterpieces. But what 's the reason that all the shops hereabouts have nothing but luxuries for sale? Their windows are perfect tropics of oranges, and lemons, and belated bananas, and tobacco, and peanuts."

"Well, the poor really seem to use more of those luxuries than anybody else. I don't blame them. I should n't care for the necessaries of life myself, if I found them so hard to get."

"When I came back here," says Cousin Lucy, without heeding these flippant and heartless words, "I found an old gentleman who has something to do with the boats, and he sat down, as if it were part of his business, and told me nearly the whole history of his life. Is n't it nice of them, keeping an Autobiographer? It makes the time pass so swiftly when you 're waiting. This old gentleman was born — who 'd ever think it? — up there in Pearl Street, where those pitiless big granite stores are now; and, I don't know why, but the idea of any human baby being born in Pearl Street seemed to me one of the saddest things I 'd ever heard of."

Here Cousin Lucy went to the rescue of the nurse and the baby, who had got into one of their periodical difficulties, and her interlocutor turned to Aunt Melissa.

"I think, Franklin," says Aunt Melissa, "that it was wrong to let that nurse come and bring the baby."

"Yes, I know, aunty, you have those old-established ideas, and they 're very right," answers her nephew; "but just consider how much she enjoys it, and how vastly the baby adds to the pleasure of this charming excursion!"

Aunt Melissa made no reply, but sat looking thoughtfully out upon the bay. "I presume you think the excursion is a failure," she said, after a while; "but I 've been enjoying every minute of the time here. Of course, I 've never seen the open sea, and I don't know about it, but I feel here just as if I were spending a day at the seaside."

"Well," said her nephew, "I should n't call this exactly a watering-place. It lacks the splendor and gayety of Newport, in a certain degree, and it has n't the illustrious seclusion of Nahant. The surf is n't very fine, nor the beach particularly adapted to bathing;

and yet, I must confess, the outlook from here is as lovely as anything one need have."

And to tell the truth, it was very pretty and interesting. The landward environment was as commonplace and mean as it could be: a yardful of dismal sheds for coal and lumber, and shanties for offices, with each office its safe and its desk, its whittled arm-chair and its spittoon, its fly that shooed not, but buzzed desperately against the grimy pane, which, if it had really had that boasted microscopic eye, it never would have mistaken for the unblemished daylight. Outside of this yard was the usual wharfish neighborhood, with its turmoil of trucks and carts and fleet express-wagons, its building up and pulling down, its discomfort and clamor of every sort, and its shops for the sale, not only of those luxuries which Lucy had mentioned, but of such domestic refreshments as lemon-pie and hulled-corn.

When, however, you turned your thoughts and eyes away from this aspect of it, and looked out upon the water, the neighborhood gloriously retrieved itself. There its poverty and vulgarity ceased, there its beauty and grace abounded. A light breeze ruffled the face of the bay, and the innumerable little sail-boats that dotted it took the sun and wind upon their wings, which they dipped almost into the sparkle of the water, and flew lightly hither and thither like gulls that loved the brine too well to rise wholly from it; larger ships, farther or nearer, puffed or shrank their sails as they came and went on the errands of commerce, but always moved as if bent upon some dreamy affair of pleasure; the steamboats that shot vehemently across their tranquil courses seemed only gayer and vivider visions, but not more substantial; yonder, a black sea-going steamer passed out between the far-off islands, and at last left in the sky above those reveries of fortification, a whiff of sombre smoke, dark and unreal as a memory of battle; to the right, on some line of railroad, long-plumed trains arrived and departed like pictures passed through the slide of a magic-lantern; even a pile-driver, at work in the same direction, seemed to have no malice in the blows which, after a loud clucking, it dealt the pile, and one understood that it was mere conventional violence like that of a Punch to his baby.

"Why, what a lotus-eating life this is!" said Frank, at last. "Aunt Melissa, I don't wonder you think it 's like the seaside. It 's a great deal better than the seaside. And now, just as we 've entered into the spirit of it, the time 's up for the Rose Standish to come and bear us from its delights. When will the boat be in?" he asked of the Autobiographer, whom Lucy had pointed out to him.

"Well, she 's *ben* in half an hour, now. There she lays just outside the John Romer."

There to be sure she lay, and those pleasure-takers had been so lost in the rapture of waiting and the beauty of the scene as never to have noticed her arrival.

W. D. Howells.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

It will always be a question, we think, whether Mr. Rossetti had not better have painted his poems and written his pictures; there is so much that is purely sensuous in the former, and so much that is intellectual in the latter. But we do not suppose that those who like his work will let the question mar their enjoyment of either, though they will probably enjoy both in the same kind and degree. It seems a pity, however, for the sake of readers who do not know any of his pictures, that these poems should not have been illustrated by the author's hand. We should then have had in his volume a proof of the curious fusion of the literary and artistic nature in him. But as it is, though one cannot here see the poetry in the painting, the painting in the poetry is plain enough.

On the whole, except the sonnets, the best poem is "The Blessed Damozel," and in this the author's characteristics are very marked. The picture with which it opens is exactly in the spirit of a Pre-Raphaelite painting, with its broad and effective contrasts of color, — yellow, blue, and white.

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven

"Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn."

This is the new Pre-Raphaelite, and here, following, in the lines we have italicized, is the old, as one sees it very often in the fading frescos of mediæval churches. Of course it is very beautifully and very vividly expressed; and the whole picture is a lovely one.

"She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, filled
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.
"(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)"

In this poem Mr. Rossetti strives for that heart of pure and tender rapture which, it seems to mediæval-minded poets, must have beat in the centre of the Romish mystery, and he is more successful in his effort than Mr. Tennyson in his later yearnings, but not so much so as the latter was when he wrote Sir Galahad. We are conscious, however, of attributing too explicit a feeling to Mr. Rossetti's poem, which is really a series of mystic and devotional pictures, and scarcely more exegetic than if they had actually been painted. Here are three of the pictures, which are very charming, and take you again and again with ravishing suggestions of the old religious art, but which have no great intellectual merit, and scarcely any independent merit at all, except a luxury of words, that most well-read people can nowadays command: —

"And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

. . . . .

"'Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

. . . . .

"'Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.'"

For reasons already sufficiently expressed, we think that, after "The Blessed Damozel," and two or three other strictly pictorial poems, the "Sonnets for Pictures" are the best of Mr. Rossetti's things, though these again are not to be perfectly enjoyed in themselves. Nevertheless, for a July day, we shall never ask a distincter pleasure than we get from this sonnet on Giorgione's *Festa Campestre*, that delicious fable, wherein a

Venetian lady and cavalier sit amidst a pastoral landscape, and pause from their own music, to hear the piping of the enigmatical person, — perhaps their embodied love and happiness, — who sits confronting them, clothed in nothing but her own white loveliness. The sonnet is this : —

"A VENETIAN PASTORAL.

By Giorgiona.

(*In the Louvre.*)

"Water, for anguish of the solstice: — nay,
But dip the vessel slowly, — nay, but lean
And hark how at its verge the wave sighs in
Reluctant. Hush! Beyond all depth away
The heat lies silent at the brink of day:
Now the hand trails upon the viol-string
That sobs, and the brown faces cease to sing,
Sad with the whole of pleasure. Whither stray
Her eyes now, from whose mouth the slim pipes creep
And leave it pouting, while the shadowed grass
Is cool against her naked side? Let it be; —
Say nothing now unto her lest she weep,
Nor name this ever. Be it as it was, —
Life touching lips with Immortality."

It is easy to choose an exquisite picture from these poems at random, like this from the "Dante at Verona" : —

"Through leaves and trellis-work the sun
Left the wine cool within the glass, —
They feasting where no sun could pass:
And when the women, all as one,
Rose up with brightened cheeks to go,
It was a comely thing, we know."

Or this, from "A Last Confession," more perfect, more delicate even, and liker an old painting : —

"I know last night
I dreamed I saw into the garden of God,
Where women walked whose painted images
I have seen with candles round them in the church.
They bent this way and that, one to another,
Playing: and over the long golden hair
Of each there floated like a ring of fire
Which when she stooped stooped with her, and when she rose
Rose with her. Then a breeze flew in among them,
As if a window had been opened in heaven
For God to give his blessing from, before
This world of ours should set: (for in my dream
I thought our world was setting, and the sun
Flared, a spent taper;) and beneath that gust
The rings of light quivered like forest-leaves.
Then all the blessed maidens who were there
Stood up together, as it were a voice
That called them; and they threw their tresses back,
And smote their palms, and all laughed up at once,
For the strong heavenly joy they had in them
To hear God bless the world."

Or this, from the sonnets : —

"BEAUTY AND THE BIRD.

"She fluted with her mouth as when one sips,
And gently waved her golden head, inclined
Outside his cage close to the window-blind;
Till her fond bird, with little turns and dips,
Piped low to her of sweet companionships.
And when he made an end, some seed took she
And fed him from her tongue, which rosily
Peeped as a piercing bud between her lips.

"And like the child in Chaucer, on whose tongue
The Blessed Mary laid, when he was dead,
A grain, — who straightway praised her name in song:
Even so, when she, a little lightly red,
Now turned on me and laughed, I heard the throng
Of inner voices praise her golden head."

Dramatic power is so closely allied to that of the painter, that one naturally expects it in this charming colorist, — though as to color, the reader will notice that he gets his delight only from the positive richness and splendor of each hue, not at all from the subjection of one color to another, or their harmony.

In the poems where the color does not predominate, we see Mr. Rossetti's weaknesses more plainly. He has numbers of affectations, and they are not all his own. Some of Mr. Browning's, for example, are pretty clear in "A Last Confession," and those of the imitation-old-ballads are the property of the trade. Of course these ballads are the poorest of Mr. Rossetti's poems, and they are not fairly characteristic of him. Some of them are very poor indeed, and others are quite idle.

It is a curious thing in a poet whose purity of mind and heart makes such a very strong impression, that his imagination should be so often dominated by character and fact which are quite other than pure. We think there has been more than enough of the Fallen Woman in literature; we wish that if she cannot be reformed, she might be at least policed out of sight; and we have a fancy (perhaps an erroneous, perhaps a guilty fancy) that some things, even in "The House of Life," however right they are, had best be kept out of speech. Otherwise, unless on account of the climate, it appears that clothes and houses are a waste of substance. We do not intend to give an unjustly broad impression of what is only a trait of Mr. Rossetti's poetry, after all, and we note it quite as much because it is phenomenal and not quite accountable as because it is objectionable. He has a painter's joy in beauty, and an indifference to what beauty, or whose, it is; and his celebration of love is chiefly sensuous, but beauty and love are both most highly honored at their highest by him. Yet here and there, as in the sonnet "Nuptial Sleep," we feel that

we are too few removes from Mr. Whitman's alarming frankness, and that it is but a step or two from "turning aside and living with the cattle."

In most of Mr. Rossetti's sonnets one is reminded of the best Italian sonneteers, and of our English poets when the Italians were their masters. They are more mystical, however, and more abundant in conceits, than almost any other English sonnets, and recall, most vividly of all, the sonnets of Dante's Vita Nuova. The fact is particularly felt in such a one as this.

"LOVE'S BAWBLES.

"I stood where Love in brimming armfuls bore
Slight wanton flowers and foolish toys of fruit:
And round him ladies thronged in warm pursuit,
Fingered and lipped and proffered the strange store:
And from one hand the petal and the core
Savored of sleep; and cluster and curled shoot
Seemed from another hand like shame's salute,—
Gifts that I felt my cheek was blushing for.

"At last Love bade my Lady give the same:
And as I looked, the dew was light thereon;
And as I took them, at her touch they shone
With inmost heaven-hue of the heart of flame.
And then Love said: 'Lo! when the hand is hers,
Follies of love are love's true ministers.'"

But the meaning is not often so plain as it is here, and there is a vexing obscurity in the greater part of Mr. Rossetti's poems, which some other peculiarities of his make us doubt whether it is quite worth while to explore. We find in him a love for rank, lush, palpitating, bleeding, and dripping words, which we think does not mark the finest sense of expression; and yet, when he has himself well under control, no one can say a thing more subtly, as this little poem may witness.

"THE WOODSPURGE.

"The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:
I had walked on at the wind's will,—
I sat now, for the wind was still.

"Between my knees my forehead was,—
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

"My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

"From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me,—
The woodspurge has a cup of three."

Here, also, is an idea, now rather common in literature, finely suggested:—

"SUDDEN LIGHT.

"I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

"You have been mine before,—
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore."

And here is this poetry of the nerves still more skilfully caught:—

"This is her picture as she was:
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
. . . . .
"In painting her I shrined her face
Mid mystic trees, where light falls in
Hardly at all; a covert place
Where you might think to find a din
Of doubtful talk, and a live flame
Wandering, and many a shape whose name
Not itself knoweth, and old dew,
And your own footsteps meeting you,
And all things going as they came."

But then you see he is always better as a painter:—

"Watch we his steps. He comes upon
The women at their palm-playing.
The conduits round the gardens sing
And meet in scoops of milk-white stone,
Where wearied damsels rest and hold
Their hands in the wet spurt of gold."

Of the longer poems in the volume, after "The Blessed Damozel," comes, we suppose in point of merit, the by-no-means-blessed damozel "Jenny," though we praise it reluctantly. "Dante at Verona" makes no very impressive figure, and "The Burden of Nineveh" rests heavily upon the reader.

Have we been saying, on the whole, that we think Mr. Rossetti no great poet? Let us say, then, that we think him, on the whole, a very pleasing one to read once at least:—whether twice, or thrice, or indefinitely, we do not know, for we write from the first impression, and not without our modest misgivings both of the praise and blame we have bestowed. The book is a very characteristic one,—we are not sure that it is very genuine. Yet it has many charms, and at eighteen, if you are of one sex, or at twenty-two if of the other, you might wish to be parted from it only in death. The trouble is, you cannot always be eighteen or twenty-two.

In some respects, the comparison is a strained and unfair one, but we feel that

Mr. Rossetti the poet is to such a poet as Keats what Mr. Rossetti the painter is to such a painter as Giorgione.

Lecture-Room Talks: a Series of Familiar Discourses on Themes of General Christian Experience. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

THE purpose of Mr. Beecher's Friday-evening talks is to illustrate religious truth out of the depths of men's personal experience, mainly his own; and the result is a very curious book, showing how great is the debt which religion — in *one* of its most conspicuous modern forms at least — is apt to owe to good animal spirits. No one's religious repute, we are persuaded, would attract the favorable verdict of a larger number of people than Mr. Beecher's own. He is an ardent, unaffected believer in the credentials of all the distinctively Protestant churches, while he maintains a tolerant and friendly attitude towards the Romish communion as well. His devotional animus is perfectly reverential, although a highly emotional nature may now and then slightly demoralize its utterances. He is never scornful towards unbelief, but patient, gentle, and persuasive in expostulation and argument. He betrays no Pharisaic symptoms, and evidently takes much more pleasure in the things that make for peace among men than in those that make for division. In short, Mr. Beecher is an altogether favorable exponent of our modern religious life. And yet, being what he is, we are persuaded that his fine qualities are mainly due to his exceptional temperament, and imply nothing whatever of that subterranean or supernatural leaven which the earlier faith of Christendom used to call regeneration. Rather let us say that the regeneration which Mr. Beecher's religious character and activity attest is a regeneration of human nature itself, and not of any special subject of the nature.

This fact makes it difficult to do exact and ample justice to Mr. Beecher as a representative of the actual religious movement of the time. For men feel an instinctive distrust of any religion which claims merely natural sanctions. The reverence of the Divine name is so deep-seated in the heart of mankind, that men will believe anything sooner, in the long run, than that we can love God naturally, or as we love ourselves. The best culture of the world, from the days of Paul down to those of Goethe, affirms an infinite distance between the Divine and human natures; and if the distance be in reality infinite, it of course excludes the pretension of any moral or personal relations between Creator and creature. If the difference between God and man be one of kind altogether, and not at all one of degree, a difference of quality and not of quantity, then manifestly my natural love and appreciation of myself will, in proportion to its strength, only disqualify me to appreciate and love God, and I shall require, consequently, to be gifted with some supernatural force in order to overcome this limitation. This explains the distrust which Mr. Beecher's corpulent, not to say carnal, religiosity provokes in the mind of the ultra-devout. Nothing can be more unaffected or helpless than the disgust which his performances excite in the rival school of ecclesiastical thought, which sinks religion into a mere ritual parade, or makes it consist in propitiating the Divine obduracy by all those appliances of dramatic or ostentatious humility which men use to placate earthly sovereigns. The pallid traditional observances of this school contrast with his robust unscrupulous piety, much as last year's withered leaves contrast with the fresh green of the spring; and there is no end, accordingly, to the misunderstanding between them, until the gorgeous spring itself, with all its vivid garniture of green, descends into the sere and crisp October, or consents in its turn to be a thing no longer of life but of memory. Such is the fate that overtakes all bright things, — to bud and blossom for a while with a promise of immortal fruit, and then expire in wintry nakedness. Such has been the history of ritualism, such will be the history of our modern evangelicism, — out of hay to become stubble, out of living wood to become dead bark; and to fancy itself still ministering to the heaven of men's faith, when in fact it is only coloring and enriching the earth of their imagination.

And yet Mr. Beecher *is*, in his way, both perfectly explicable and legitimately admirable, inasmuch as he representatively constitutes a veritable link between the old faith and the new life of Christendom. He is neither the base grub of men's servile ritual devotion, nor yet the soaring butterfly of their emancipated scientific hopes; he is simply the golden chrysalis under whose frail transparent envelope you see the actual

struggle going on, by which the moral conscience of mankind is becoming converted into æsthetic science, or living perception. He is thus and at once the grave of prophecy and the cradle of realization. He is, indeed, a real changeling, now inviting, now repelling, sympathy; here simulating a pious humility, there a truculent conceit or self-confidence, just as the alternate needs of his representative character compel him to do. The very great public worth of Mr. Beecher, as it seems to us, lies in this representative office of his, — consists in his so faithfully combining these divergent tendencies as to make him a true symbol for the time, or real providential man, full of instruction and encouragement to those who, like the men of old time, still look for "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." If he were a more satisfactory or less contradictory person than he is alleged to be, — that is, if he were capable of taking sides with either the death or the resurrection that is going on in his own unconscious entrails, — his providential significance would at once vanish or subside into the measure of his intelligence, which is by no means a large measure.

But our space is limited. We can assure our readers, then, that it will be difficult to find a juicier repast in the way of religious reading than is here furnished them by Mr. Beecher. Mr. Beecher talks religion down to the level of the most carnal capacity; and why, forsooth, should he not, if the carnal mind demands a religious consecration? That it does so, that it feels the need, even in a vehement manner, of reconciliation with God, has long been evident to thoughtful observers, and Mr. Beecher is the inspired apostle exactly fitted to its exigency. He exacts nothing from his hearer but a good digestion and a clean skin, with a sane average morality, in order to educate him upon a strict common-sense regimen into full communion with the skies. His disciple need intermit no business avocation, nor take to his bed for an hour, nor waste any time in puerile ascetic practices; but, on the contrary, keep every sail bent that now carries him onward to fortune or to fame, and yet find himself in the end just as complete as needs be in all the armor of righteousness, and infinitely more jolly than any of our toilsome and tiresome ritualist nurslings has ever pretended to be. Mr. Beecher shuns all the heights and depths of religion, as religion is regarded by those who make it the insatiable thirst of the soul after true divine knowledge, and treats it as a strictly private or personal interest of man, anxious to make the best possible bargain for this present world and the world to come, with One who is every way his superior, and who yet has somehow a controlling voice in his destiny. His formulas of the Divine being and character are, to be sure, very much shorn of their original orthodox lustre and force, from the necessity of his representative position, and present accordingly a very odd mixture of reason and superstition, or scepticism and dogmatism. But, on the whole, Mr. Beecher theoretically holds that the world has already got all the knowledge of God that it needs, so that no actual revelation of his name to sense will ever come to fulfil — and by fulfilling supplant — the one previously made to faith. And this he holds even while he is himself all the while practically doing nothing else than interpreting faith by sense, or bringing spirit down to flesh. Let all of our readers, then, go without misgiving to Mr. Beecher's book. It will amply atone for all the intellectual shortcomings of its author. Its sense, its wit, its pathos, its human friendliness, its frank abounding egotism, its boisterous animal spirits, or sensuous pride of existence, — all these things belong to the author himself, and will endear him to multitudes. But the book reveals something much beyond the author himself, in clearly foreshadowing that scientific consciousness of the race whose rising tides will soon submerge the highest landmarks of men's ancient faith, and turn the whole earth into a broad highway of the Lord. Mr. Beecher is at most the friendly duck that incubates the egg of destiny; he is not for a moment to be mistaken for the royal bird that lays it.

Society and Solitude. Twelve Chapters. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

Lord Clarendon said of Lord Falkland, Secretary of State to Charles I., that as his house was within ten miles of Oxford, "the most polite and accurate men of that university frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in purer air; so that his house was a university in less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study."

It is a comfort to think that fate still makes ample provision for the suburbs of university towns, and that Concord is but about ten miles from Cambridge. For many years the two were "half-shire-towns" of the same county, and Emerson, as Knight of the half-shire, fitly shared the intellectual jurisdiction of his compeer, the President of the College. Indeed, he made his house, like that of Falkland, "a college in purer air"; and so inseparable has been the influence of his life from that of his books, that the whole has supplied for us "a university in less volume." It is the enviable lot of those who were pupils in this benignant seminary, that they can never know how much of their instruction came from the text-books and how much from the teacher. Thus the literary work of Emerson eludes the criticism of contemporaries, and awaits a colder audience which shall award its meed.

It is now ten years since the "Conduct of Life" was published. Most of the present essays, though printed later, were written earlier than that volume, and some of them were read as lectures a quarter of a century ago. Is it, then, from early association that some of us find in them, or seem to find, a fresher inspiration than in the "Conduct of Life"? We fancy that they show more variety, and a more distinct organic life in each essay, while they are no less finished and scarcely less concentrated. There is a provoking trait about some of his later lectures, and they seem like stray sheets caught up at random; or to have what botanists call premorse roots, that seem as if bitten off arbitrarily at the end, and can stop anywhere. But these have each a beginning, a middle, and an end, so that they seem alive and graceful, as well as nutritious and good. Literary ease and flexibility do not always advance with an author's years; as his thoughts deepen they sometimes press harder and harder on the vehicle of expression, and though his sympathies may mellow, his style does not. He is then in danger of becoming like the giant in the Norse Edda, who was choked by his own wisdom and needed a siphon for his relief. Far from our beloved Emerson be such a peril! but meanwhile there is a charm in the easier flow of his earlier essays, even though they be burdened with less weighty thought.

We sigh at not finding in this volume that admirable lecture on "The Natural Method of Intellectual Philosophy," which many of us heard with such delight a dozen years ago, and which came nearer to a positive system than anything which Emerson has ever printed. Possibly it forms the basis for his present course on "The Natural History of Intellect," and if so it may well be withheld. There was in it material enough for twenty lectures, without doubt. But there is no such compensation for the loss of the essay on "War," first read as a lecture in 1838, and printed eleven years later in Miss Peabody's "Æsthetic Papers." There are other omissions; but if, on the other hand, we looked through Emerson's whole works, we could find nothing to take precedure of the essays here printed on "Books," on "Eloquence," on "Works and Days," and on "Society and Solitude." They are not surpassed by the "Method of Nature," nor by "Man Thinking." It is not enough to say that such papers as these constitute the high-water mark of American literature; it is not too much to say that they are unequalled in the literature of the age. Name, if you can, the Englishman or the Frenchman who, on themes like these, must not own himself second to Emerson. Bearing these in his hand, the resolute American traveller can fearlessly unfurl the stars and stripes in presence of the *Académie* itself, were it necessary, and yet not feel himself to be swerving from the traditional modesty of his race.

The Heart of the Continent. A Record of Travel across the Plains and in Oregon, with an Examination of the Mormon Principle. By FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW. With Illustrations. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

SINCE Mr. Ludlow made his explorations, some ten years ago, the Heart of the Continent has been visited by such numbers of travellers that it is wellnigh as stale and battered as the heart of a coquette entering upon her fifth or sixth season of flirtations. Only imagine how many romantic adorers have one after another wooed and won that prodigious organ! And shall a man whose passion is ten years old make us listen to his superannuated raptures about buffaloes, and sage-bush, and alkali, and antelopes, and parks, and the giant pines and domes of the Yosemite, and Brigham Young's capacity for self-government, and all the rest?

It *is* rather late for Mr. Ludlow, we must confess, and we think that five hundred and six pages are a good many. Yet Mr. Ludlow is an easy writer, and practised in magazinery so well that he knows how to detect and detain the picturesque and the impressive wherever he finds it, and we readily fancy his book being read through. He is not so fine a hand that there are puzzling subtleties of feeling anywhere in his book; in fact, the savor is somewhat rank at times, and he throws you in whole collops of sentiment whenever he likes.

In some ways he reminds you of travellers of an even remoter antiquity than 1861–62, and chiefly in the matter of being himself the hero of most of the adventures narrated, and the *deus ex machina* generally. He gets people out of terrible difficulties, unmasks hidden Mormons, protects an imprudent Frenchman from the consequences of his distrust of the Saints, cures an Englishman of a painful colic by the application of hot cloths, rescues himself from manifold embarrassments of all kinds, and comes out fresh and bold in a page of comment or description, and is ready with lance in rest for the next affair, — it matters very little to him what it is. Such wonderfully good answers and retorts, too, as Mr. Ludlow makes! — not being once obliged, as most of us are, to wait for the occurrence of the happy thought "till next morning in bed." He understands everybody at a glance, and he such an old, shrewd traveller! But we must not praise him for these things alone, for his book has many other merits, more pertinent to the actual business of it. Whilst it is too literary at times, it is yet the most artistically written account of the heart of the continent which we have seen; and the style, where it has not been made too good, is very good indeed, — frank and facile. We always skip scientific knowledge when reading for our own entertainment, and we cannot speak with certainty of the quality of that shown by Mr. Ludlow; but we respect its appearance, and we feel sure that his sketches of the different wild characters, white and red, whose acquaintance he made in his travels, are very pleasant. That account of the frontier family, Comstock, who, with all their pioneer life and their savage surroundings, were read in Longfellow and Dickens, and who dreamed of the East and of cities as people here dream of the plains and solitude, has something very charming in it; and the enthusiasm of the head of the family for Henry Ward Beecher is none the less admirable because he expresses it by saying, that "he would give more to see that man than the biggest buffalo bull that ever ran." Mr. Ludlow is apt in the preservation of the local flavors of speech, and contributes to our knowledge of the manifold Western use of the word *outfit* the phrase of a hunter: "He came back from among the Indians with the prettiest outfit of small-pox you ever see." Of the Indians he does not tell us much that is new, — perhaps there is nothing new to tell, — and he can do little to relieve the national embarrassment concerning those unpleasant brethren, whom we all feel that it would be hard to clean and cure of their savagery, and whom we yet do not all seem to see it our duty to kill, — though this is the self-devoted creed of the Plains.

Perhaps the most interesting — certainly the solidest and most thoughtful — part of the book is the Appendix, which is devoted to the consideration of Mormonism. This Mr. Ludlow believes merely the result of the Judaizing tendency which has always existed in the body of Christianity; and while he deprecates any Congressional meddling with polygamy as unwise, he predicts that as soon as Utah becomes a State with a republican form of government, the church, being divorced from the political power, must perish. As to polygamy, he thinks most Mormons marry more than one wife to enhance their pleasures in the next world rather than in this, — that they are not sensualists, but fanatics. He believes they are sincerely religious men in their way. They look forward to Brigham Young's death as a moment of great calamity, if not ruin, to the Church; for none among them is recognized as able to succeed him. If Young dies soon, the Mormon question, according to Mr. Ludlow, solves itself; if not, the admission of Utah as a State solves it.

Some of our author's sketches of the leading Mormons — as Kimball, Porter Rockwell, and Young — are valuable, as being done by a better hand than most of their portraits; yet we find a disheartening sameness and ineffectualness in all accounts of Mormon life, to which Mr. Ludlow's is no exception. We imagine that the Prophet has had revelations upon the subject of interviewing which have enabled him to cope miraculously with that subtle spirit.

The Bazar Book of Decorum. The Care of the Person, Manners, Etiquette, and Ceremonials. New York: Harper and Brothers.

UNDER many things that otherwise could hardly be borne, the mind is upheld by the hope that in a better state, even on earth, such troubles will be unknown; and we cling to the belief that in a happier and humaner civilization that odious device of society, the polished gentleman, and that invention of the enemy, the accomplished lady, will not exist, and that naturally there will be no books to teach the imitation of their abominable perfection. Men and women born into rich and fashionable society will always be *au fait* in its customs; and people whose wish to rise into that kind of society is cruelly granted will not be kept from betraying their unfashionable origin by all the behavior-books that ever were written. In fact, most behavior-books seem to hint at a pathetic self-consciousness in their authors; they read like the painful warnings of experience, and they are commonly of such a vulgar tone, that it seems better not to seek the difficult circles for which they fit their reader. All the wisdom needed for the career of the ordinary republican aspirant can be condensed into three rules, which he may write down on his reversible paper cuff: 1. Keep out of fine society; 2. Be cleanly, simple, and honest; 3. Never be ashamed of a blunder. Everything beyond these is vanity.

But we suppose that the ordinary republican aspirant will not put up with this succinctness yet a while; and meantime here is happily "The Bazar Book of Decorum," composed in the most elegant language that could be got in the dictionary, and overflowing with fashionable knowledge. The style is really a marvel of genius and learning, and places the ordinary objects in thought and nature in a light so novel and surprising that you feel the freshest interest in them. Would you ever suppose, for example, that you had such a thing as *this* on your face? "The nose, *as is well known*," — observe the kind intimacy with which this great author stoops to the common mind, — "*is the organ of smell;* for this purpose it is endowed" — now he rises again — "with a pair of nerves, called the olfactory, whose abounding filaments pierce the many holes and cover the multiple surfaces of the light and porous structure termed the spongy bone, which lies at the root of each nostril." We call this a fine diction, and a beautiful use of a familiar object for the illustration of literary power; but what do you say to a warning against trying to darken the eyes by dropping ink into them, when couched in terms like these? "Not only does a decorous taste emphatically condemn these practices, which give unmistakable evidences of the painted Jezebel, but prudence forbids them." Yet this is not more magnificent than our author's definition of laughter. "Laughter," he says, without looking on the book, and as it were with one hand tied behind him, — "laughter, which is the ordinary physical manifestation of the sentiment of mirth, is peculiarly favorable to health. Its action, starting with the lungs, diaphragm, and contiguous muscles, is conveyed to the whole body, 'shaking the sides,' and producing that general jelly-like vibration, of which we are so agreeably conscious when under its influence." And concerning the saddest thing in the world he is as nobly ready and voluble as concerning the gayest: "The human body even in the unconsciousness of death continues to be the object of a punctilious observance of ceremony. The mourning relatives are usually spared many of the painful details of funereal civility by the convenient officiousness of the undertaker, upon whom devolve the chief arrangements of the burial and its attendant formalities." This fitly introduces the subject of funerals, and is so pertinent and just that (if our author will allow us humbly to form ourselves upon his delightful manners) we are sensible of our inability to withhold from it the meed of a grateful encomium. We must likewise praise him when he calls the female effort to make a small waist, "reducing the centre of the body to an almost impalpable tenuity," as he does in preparing us for a fact that makes us know him at once for a person of the highest breeding: "As we stood admiring that most perfect conception of female grace, the Venus of Milo in the Louvre, we took from the fair woman hanging upon our arm her pocket-handkerchief, and made a comparative measurement of the ancient and modern beauties,"— and did not get his ears boxed, the lucky dog!

Of course, a man who can write like this does not embarrass himself much with the prescription of forms and particular rules for behavior. He would guard his reader against the habit of passing his pocket-comb through his hair at table, but we believe he

nowhere especially tells him not to pick his teeth with his fork. The author is not only a very learned man, as you may judge from his language, but a person of general polite reading, and he chooses to treat mostly of the loftier aspects of his theme, as when, instead of telling us some such thing as that a gentleman always uses his handkerchief in blowing his nose, he touches upon a topic like the control of the emotions and mellifluously polysyllables forth: "A well-bred person is ordinarily disinclined to make a public demonstration of his most affectionate feelings and tenderest sentiments." He is also replete — of course he would say replete — with appropriate anecdotes of the fashionable and literary world, and he commonly ends his delicious discourses with one of these, teaching, for instance, that you must not be bashful, though Hawthorne, "with a head like that of Jove, and a natural majesty that might have become the throne of Olympus, would shrink, blush, hang his head, and hesitate in speech before a stranger like an awkward school-boy." He is familiar with Tennyson, as we know by his quoting him in this wise: —

"Gorgonizing him all over with a stony British stare."

We find our author in every way admirable in fact, lofty in thought, proper in sentiment, of a very subtle and characteristic humor, and a severe morality. He is a companion for the toilet and the centre-table, for the study and the drawing-room, in whom we think the reader will find an unfailing pleasure (and profit, of course); and we have quite made up our mind when, in sitting for our mental photograph, we come to that bewildering question, "What book, not the Bible, would you part with last?" to say, "The Bazar Book of Decorum."

Haydn and Other Poems. By the Author of "Life Below." New York: Hurd and Houghton.

WITH "other poems" one need hardly ever concern one's self, and we shall not particularize any of these here. But "Haydn" is a performance which we should treat respectfully, if it had no other merit than the earnest spirit in which it is written. The author has just ideas of the poet's office, and if not quite a poet yet, — he is evidently a young man, and our business is not prophecy, — he has poetry in him, and he gets flavors and colors of it into his verse. It is poetry of a grave and thoughtful sort, and the expression is simple and dignified, with fewer lapses into dulness and flatness than we expect in a new author. We do not mean to say that, on the whole, he has made the story of Haydn's love for the young girl, who becomes a nun that her sister may marry the composer, very interesting; but he has thought it thoroughly, he has conceived several characters; he has told the tale unaffectedly, with self-control and with self-respect; and he says things which if they do not greatly startle or surprise, certainly arrest notice. For example, the sisters have been talking together of Haydn, and the one whom he loves says of the one whom he had been intended to marry: —

"It was strange
With what abhorrence shrank my soul from her
While speaking thus: less from her selfishness
Than her insensibility. Our tastes —
Those dainty despots of desire, our tastes
Are our worst tyrants; they brook no offence.
I wellnigh hated her. Yet feeling thus
While picturing her character as coarse —
Have you not noticed at the arsenal,
At times while gazing on grim helmets there,
All suddenly upon the polished iron
A wondrous brightness? there in its pure depth
Your own face hideous rendered? So with me;
Amid harsh outlines of her character
Shone soon its brighter metal; and from thence
Leered back upon my gaze my hideous self!
For was not I, the mean, the selfish one?"

When she tells Haydn that the priest has urged her to conquer her love for him, Haydn answers: —

"I would not dare to mould another thus.
Nay, though I knew that I could model thence
The best shaped manhood of my mind's ideal.
Who knows? — My own ideal, my wisest aim,
May tempt astray; they may lead him astray.
If I, made but to answer for one soul,
Take on myself the governance of two,
I may be doubly damned. 'T is sacrilege,
This self-will which would manage other wills,
As though men were the puppets of a show,
And not souls, restless and irresolute,
In that mysterious poise 'twixt right and wrong
From which a sigh may launch toward heaven or hell."

We find in the poem such thoughtful passages as this: —

"Our characters
Expand through lifetime as the trees expand.
Each passing season that encircles them
Leaves from its clasp a ring; the ring remains.
So our past deeds remain about ourselves."

And this: —

"Do you know,
You women, always will match thoughts to things?
You love when comes a look that smiles on you.

We men are more creative. We love love,
Our own ideal long before aught real."

And here is a pretty and tender fancy, in the regret of the young girl who is not helpful in her lover's illness : —

"Sometimes I leaned above his couch, and grieved
To think that I could do no more than this ;
Sometimes I sighed, in thankfulness that God
Would let me do so much. Once, praying thus,
Mayhap, He granted answer ; for I thought
That, even though I might not have her art,
Doretta's art, at least that I might have
As much, perhaps, as guardian angels have :
For without hands or voices, they keep watch
In spirit only. Still, when sister came,
I thought once more, that, if those souls unseen
Can envy, sometimes they may envy men."

We have called this pretty and tender, but generally we feel concerning our author that he is wanting in fineness, or subtlety, or whatever is a better name for access to the reader's sympathy, and that what poetry he has comes from his head rather than his heart ; and it is said not to be well to begin so. With excellent theories of artistic execution, moreover, he has some faults of versification, and occasionally he sins against taste, as in this case where he mixes the familiar and the poetic-conventional in his diction : —

"Your room was *dreadfully Disordered*, dear. Our *sire* just came from it.
He was *so cross*."

But it is right to say that this is not a characteristic sin.

Life of John Gibson, Sculptor. Edited by Lady Eastlake. London : Longmans, Green, & Co.

The life of John Gibson furnishes a striking instance of a born artist, whose early passion for sculpture, and lifelong enthusiasm and industry in his profession, if they did not raise him to the first rank of original creators, show at least how much can be done, where an absorbing devotion to art is steadily met and encouraged by wealth and aristocracy. It is true, in his boyhood and youth he had to struggle with poverty and other thwarting circumstances ; but once fairly started on his career, all seems to have gone smoothly with him ; and from an early age to his last day, when he held in his paralyzed hand the telegram from the Queen inquiring about his health, he enjoyed the brightest sunshine of British fame and patronage.

Gibson was born in Wales in 1790, and was the son of a Welsh market-gardener. When about seven years old he began to draw from nature and from memory on his father's casting-slate. When about nine, his father determined to emigrate to America ; but arriving in Liverpool, his mother, who was a woman of strong will, concluded, when she saw the great ships in the docks, never to set her foot upon one of them. So the family settled in Liverpool, and "Jack" was sent to school there, but continued to draw, sometimes in school-hours, once getting severely punished therefor. At the age of fourteen he was bound apprentice to the trade of cabinet-maker ; but after remaining a year became disgusted, and persuaded his master to change his indenture and bind him to wood-carving or ornamenting furniture. Here he served another year, till he fell in with a flower-carver in marble, which greatly excited him. This man introduced him to the Messrs. Francis, who had marble works on Brownlow Hill. Mr. Gibson says : —

"They employed a Prussian workman to model and execute small figures, — his name was Lüge, — afterwards he became the head workman to Sir Francis Chantrey. No words can give an idea of the impression made on me by the models and works I saw there. In my leisure hours during the second year of my apprenticeship I modelled in clay, copying what casts I could procure. I soon began to feel the greatest contempt for my line of wood-carving, and I became very melancholy. One day I ventured to ask leave of Mr. Francis to copy in clay a small head of Bacchus by Mr. Lüge, which enchanted me with its beauty. When finished I brought my copy with the original to show Mr. Francis. He confessed that the copy was so exact that he could hardly distinguish one from the other. But at the same time he gave me to understand that, having paid a large price to the Prussian for all the models in his place, he could not allow them to be copied, and that he should lend me no more. Such an unexpected reverse of fortune fell upon my ardent soul like the chill of death. I left him in unutterable depression of spirits."

The young artist tried to induce Mr. Francis to purchase his indenture from the cabinet-makers, so that he might serve the remainder of his seven years in the practice of sculpture. But they refused to part with him on any terms, saying he was the most industrious lad they ever had. Gibson, however, persevered in his determination to

emancipate himself, and after great difficulty and some rough treatment from his master, the man concluded to accept seventy pounds, and Gibson began sculpture with the Messrs. Francis. Here he worked, perfectly happy.

"After some months there came a tall magnificent-looking old gentleman to the workshop: his hair was white as snow; aquiline nose, thick brows; and his manner was most benevolent. It was William Roscoe. The object of his visit was to order a chimney-piece for his library at Allerton. My models and numerous drawings were soon placed before him, and he said many encouraging things to me. In a few days Mr. Roscoe returned, and settled with my master about the chimney-piece; then turning to me, he said he wished me to make a basso-relievo for the centre, not in marble, but in *terra cotta*, from a print which he brought with him. He added: 'This print is of great value: it is by Marc Antonio, from Raphael.' It represented Alexander ordering Homer's Iliad to be placed in the casket taken from Darius. . . . . I executed the work, which gave satisfaction, and it is preserved at this time in the Liverpool Institution."

Mr. Roscoe continued to be his patron, and gave him wholesome advice about his studies. Now commences his course of patronage. He meets with Mr. and Mrs. d'Aguilar; with John Kemble, who sits to him for his bust; with Mrs. Siddons; and with Sir John Gladstone, father of the eminent statesman. He begins to have longings to go to Rome, and has a wonderful dream of flying there on the back of an eagle. In 1817 he leaves Liverpool for London, which had once been the goal of his ambition. Now, nothing but Rome will content him. He has letters to Lord Brougham and Mr. Christie, a man of classical learning and pure taste in art, who introduces him to Mr. Watson Taylor, then one of the most liberal patrons of art, who gives him commissions for busts of himself and Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Roscoe. He has also letters to Fuseli, Flaxman, Benjamin West, and others. This same year he goes to Rome, with letters to Canova, who takes him at once into his school, treats him encouragingly, and offers to help him pecuniarily. Gibson in his later days dwells with enthusiasm upon the qualities of his celebrated master: —

"I need not say that this interview delighted me, while his gentle manners, his deep sonorous voice, and his very finely formed features made an impression on me which time has never lessened. Dear, generous master! I see you before me now, I hear your soft Venetian dialect, and your kindly words inspiring my efforts and gently correcting my defects. Yes, my heart still swells with grateful recollection of you."

Thorwaldsen he also knew, and he gives some interesting reminiscences of this celebrated man.

In Canova's studio he studies the pure Greek style, encouraged in it by his master, and entirely bent that way by taste and principle. Here he models a sleeping shepherd, and a Mars and Cupid, for which latter group he receives a commission from the Duke of Devonshire, — his first commission in Rome. In 1822 Canova dies, beloved and regretted by his pupils and friends. In 1821 Gibson models a group of "Psyche and the Zephyrs." Sir George Beaumont (reputed to be one of the best judges of art in England) comes to Rome and is sent by Canova to Gibson's studio, and gives the young sculptor a commission for it. In 1819 he has a commission from Watson Taylor for a statue of Paris; and in 1824, from Sir George Cavendish, for the "Sleeping Shepherd Boy"; and in 1826 he has the patronage of Mr. Vernon and Sir Watkins Williams Wynn; and he is elected honorary member of the Pontifical Academy at Bologna, and subsequently member of the Academy of St. Luke, and of the Royal Academy in London; and in 1827 his "Psyche and the Zephyrs" is exhibited at the Royal Academy.

But it is needless to trace step by step Gibson's prosperous career. It seems to have been uninterrupted. In art he believed in the Greeks and no others. He was enthusiastic, industrious, and happy. And he acquired fame and competence, without swerving at all from his principles in art.

Perhaps his most striking and original work was his "Hunter and Dog." This was executed in 1838. We have an impression that when in Rome, many years ago, we saw the cast in Gibson's studio, where we went to see his famous tinted Venus. And perhaps we may be pardoned for here recording a characteristic sentence we heard from the sculptor's lips on that occasion. Something led to conversation on modern and ancient costume, when Gibson said: "If I had a wife, I would n't allow her to dress in crinoline; no, I should arrange her

dresses myself. The Greeks understood that thing." He loved the graceful contours and undulating lines of the antique. Michael Angelo never met his full sympathy: "He was a wonderful mortal; but celestial beauty and grace he never arrived at." Nor could he endure the realistic school of sculpture: "The human figure concealed under a frock-coat and trousers is not a fit subject for sculpture." And he persisted in representing Mr. Huskisson with a bare arm and shoulder. Determining to be as Greek as he could (for he used to say, "Whatever the Greeks did was right"), he ventured on giving a slight color to some of his statues. The first instance in which he tried it (and it seems rather bold, considering the subject) was in his statue of Queen Victoria. His tinted Venus we remember seeing and being very agreeably impressed with it. If any subject can bear color, we said, it is pre-eminently this. It is needless to say that the tinting was so faint, and the gold ornaments so tastefully touched, and so unobtrusive, that there was a harmony about the whole work which we were surprised at our enjoying so fully.

In character, Gibson was simple, guileless, warm in his friendships, upright and high-minded. Money was a secondary consideration with him. He lived a life of absorption in his art. The Roman revolution thunders past him. He sees a little of it, and gives us some pleasant pages thereupon; but he reverts to his dear studio and his friends. In his journeys, even in England, he makes odd mistakes in taking the wrong railway, and when he supposes he has arrived at Chichester and asks for the Cathedral, he finds he is in Portsmouth, "where there is no cathedral, no, none at all." On another occasion he says: —

"The train stopped at a small station, and seeing some people get out, I also descended, when in a moment the train moved on, faster and faster, and left me standing on the platform. . . . . 'I wish to heaven,' thought I to myself, 'that I was on my way back to Rome, with a *vetturino!*' Then I observed a policeman darting his eyes upon me, as if he would look me through. Said I to the fellow, 'Where is that cursed train gone to? It's off with my luggage, and here am I!' The man asked me the name of the place where I took my ticket. 'I don't remember,' said I; 'how should I know the name of any these places, —it is as long as my arm? I have written it down somewhere.'" The man asks if he is a foreigner. Gibson tells him no, he is a sculptor; had been living at Rome all his life, and was only here on a visit. The man seemed struck, and said that his father had been a sculptor too, and had worked for Flaxman. "So then I found him changed in manner, no longer so sharp and laconic."

Miss Harriet Hosmer, his pupil, says: "Gibson is a god in his studio, but God help him out of it. . . . . On a tour in Switzerland, where Miss Hosmer formed one of the party, she extended her usual care of the master to his luggage as well. That consisted of three pieces, one of which was a hat-box. But Miss Hosmer soon observed that this box was never opened. . . . . Returned to Rome, she ventured to ask what object had been served by giving the hat-box the tour, and herself the trouble of looking after it. Gibson calmly replied: 'The Greeks had a great respect for the number three, — yes, the Greeks, for the number three,' — and that was all the explanation she ever obtained."

Mr. Gibson died in Rome at the age of seventy-six. "On the 9th of January, 1866, when apparently in perfect health, he was seized with paralysis. He had shortly before received the tidings of the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, which, it is believed, expedited the fatal blow."

On the 27th of January he died, and was buried in the English cemetery at Rome.

In her life of this eminent sculptor, Lady Eastlake has given a valuable contribution to the biography of artists. She has allowed Mr. Gibson to tell his own story, wherever she could do so. Her own part is done with great ability, and with a modesty in which her ladyship leaves her personality entirely out, — her only appearance being the allusion to the death of her husband, and Mr. Gibson's letter to her on the occasion, January, 1866. These were the last words he ever penned.

We cannot pretend here to pass judgment on Mr. Gibson's works; but they may serve to suggest a few thoughts on sculpture in general. There is no doubt a truth in Gibson's saying, that whatever the Greeks did (in sculpture) was right. That is, there is a certain form or style of sculpturesque art, embodying the ideal as well as the realistic, which the Greeks carried to perfection. We have never got beyond Phidias and the Elgin marbles. And those wonderful sculptors of the olden times must be

always our teachers. But let us not therefore make them our absolute masters. Sculptors have filled the galleries of art with more tame imitations of the Greek than nature and art can tolerate. They have made Sculpture a mere handmaiden to the Antique. But we do not believe that the Greeks absorbed all the beauty there is in form. Still less can we believe that the ideas and aspirations of the nineteenth century must necessarily be expressed in the forms of two or three thousand years ago. Whatever of grace and beauty and poetry the Greeks teach us let us joyfully accept. But if we stand upon a loftier eminence of ideas, and a large religion of humanity, let our artists endeavor to better their instruction.

The forms of art must be adapted to the time, the race, the climate, the customs, the religion of a people. The pure nude, or the slightly nude, our fashions and climate debar the sculptor from, — unless it be in making studies of the Indian and negro. And here our admirable sculptor Mr. Ward has done nobly. But what can be said of Horatio Greenough's Washington? It is a fine piece of classicism merely, — suggesting one of the gods of Olympus, — and not by any means the well-clad and respectable father of his country.

But because the nude is out of place here, must our sculptors rush into the opposite extreme of representing man or woman in the strict fashion of the day, be that fashion what it may? This extreme would be just as contrary to the requirements of art as the other. There must be a middle ground, though sometimes difficult to attain, between excessive classicism and excessive realism. In portrait-statues the sculptor, to be sure, has little choice. He is at the mercy of the fashion of the day; and a cloak or a silk gown is often a godsend to him. Mr. Launt Thompson has made statues of Napoleon I. and of General Sedgwick. Both are in military costumes. Bonaparte is so familiar to the mind's eye, in the ungraceful coat and breeches of seventy years ago, that we almost forget the ugliness of the fashion. In the statue of Sedgwick (at West Point) the hero stands in his plain military frock-coat, which is at least infinitely better than many military costumes we have seen. Both statues are full of character and strength; but our time is fortunate in having a more natural fashion than that of the eighteenth century, and we have no doubt the sculptor fully appreciates the fact.

We have one very popular sculptor, Mr. John Rogers, who works at a class of subjects in the treatment of which he stands unrivalled, at least in this country. Mr. Rogers not merely gives us the extreme realistic treatment, in his little groups, as to costume, but ventures almost beyond the legitimate sculpturesque grouping; verging on the domain of *picture*. His object is to tell a story, and, so far as truth and expression and character go, he does it admirably. The only question is, Does he not sometimes pass beyond the bounds required in a sculptor? He has exhibited a bust in the New York Academy Exhibition, for this year, of a gentleman, with cravat and high standing collar, and he has aimed to express the iris of the eye. Nothing can be more literal and prosaic. Surely there is a medium between this and the bust with bare throat, breast, and shoulders, — between Greenough's Washington and Powers's Webster or Story's Everett."

On the whole, we conclude that though the sculptor of the nineteenth century has but little to do with the nude, and should avoid all hard literalism of costume and grouping, there is enough to occupy him in the great variety of beautiful forms that exist in nature. Let him cease to *imitate* the antique, only filling his soul with an idea for which he seeks a corresponding embodiment in nature, and the *spirit* of the antique will come to him, as it came to William Story when he made his Cleopatra and his Lybian Sybil.

The Andes and the Amazon; or Across the Continent of South America. By JAMES ORTON, M. A., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College, etc. *With a Map of Equatorial America and numerous Illustrations.* New York: Harper and Brothers.

PROFESSOR ORTON'S route across the South American Continent was from Guayaquil to Quito, thence across the Cordillera to the Napo River, down that river to the Amazon, down the Amazon to the Pará, and from the Pará to the sea. This vast journey has resulted in a book, which is finely emblematic of the fatigues of the expedition, and which we suspect is no bad representative of the natural superfluity and redundancy of that tropical region. The equator seems to affect travellers very oddly: they are never able to leave any-

thing out of their books, and present their readers with masses of detail which one ought to find very satisfying, but which nevertheless have little nourishment in them, and which leave one both oppressed and empty. One longs for something less of this intolerable abundance; for a little clearness of arrangement; for some preparation of the material for the ordinary digestion, which refuses those heaps of raw geographical and ethnographical facts. With half the information that Professor Orton gives, — and he is but one of many victims of equatorial prodigality, — presented in a more ordered and tangible shape, we feel that we should be much richer than with the elemental whole, for we have not looked through his book without being arrested by many curious things. One gets from it (without much direct help from the author, to be sure) an idea of the character of the people and the country, which, if not quite novel, is founded upon fresh observation and is interesting, and there are some pictures of humanity, mainly developed by the verbal magnificence and actual squalor of life in Latin-American countries which are amusing and also humorously meant. Such, for example, is this sketch of the domestic affairs of the honored chief magistrate of Papallacta, in Ecuador:

"We put up at the governor's. This edifice, the best in town, had sides of upright poles stuccoed with mud, a thatched roof, and ground floor, on which, between three stones, a fire was built for cookery and comfort. Three or four earthen kettles, and as many calabashes and wooden spoons, were the sum total of kitchen utensils. A large flat stone, with another smaller one to rub over it, was the mill for grinding corn; and we were astonished to see how quickly our hostess reduced the grains to an impalpable meal. The only thing that looked like a bed was a stiff rawhide thrown over a series of round poles running lengthwise. This primitive couch, and likewise the whole house, the obsequious governor gave up to us, insisting upon sleeping with his wife and little ones outside, though the nights were cold and uncomfortable. Parents and children were of the earth earthy, — unwashed, uncombed, and disgustingly filthy."

Generally about Ecuador Professor Orton does not tell much that is new, and he is content to quote from Mr. Hassaurek and other recent authors. He did not find the Quitonians a neat people; the only broom which they enjoy being a besom of split stick. Since his return, he has sent a Quitonian friend a package of broom-corn seed, and he hopes clean things from this; but we fear he is too sanguine.

When he gets into the Amazon country he is more instructive in his studies, and of course the chief value of his book throughout is in the scientific observations, to which a general and literary criticism of this sort ought not to apply. He has several chapters on the animal and vegetable life of the great river and its borders, and one of these, concerning the different populations of Brazil, is interesting even to the unscientific reader. Professor Orton believes that the Indian is destined to extinction in that region as in our own, for there Nature anticipates our Piegan massacres, or rather obviates their sad necessity, and the consequent letter of any Brazilian General Sherman, by making the race very unfruitful. He advances the opinion that the tropics are not the original habitat of the race; that the Indian lives there "as a stranger, far less fitted for its climate than the negro or Caucasian." He notices all the different aboriginal breeds, and generally the chapter is one of the best in the book. The information is thrown down here, as elsewhere, haphazard, and is often surprisingly abrupt and disjointed. It is not quite fair to give the passage as an example of Professor Orton's method, but it is not unfair either to let him say here as he does in his book: "The Purú-purús bury in the sandy beaches, go naked, and have one wife."

So Runs the World Away. By Mrs. C. A. Steele. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A novel of the "Red as a Rose is She" sort; but entirely stupid, and without any of the redeeming originality of that book, — if original sin may be considered a redeeming quality. The destroying military man rides his usual course through these pages, and breaks the heroine's heart; the baddish, beautiful woman flirts up to the brink of ruin, and tearfully retires upon the desolation of her husband. Of course there is the wonted allowance of hunting, dining and smoking, duelling and dying; and a more thoroughly disagreeable lot of people we never saw got together, — no, not in a modern English novel by a female hand.

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JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XX.

JOSEPH had made half the distance between Oakland Station and his farm, walking leisurely, when a buggy, drawn by an aged and irreproachable gray horse, came towards him. The driver was the Reverend Mr. Chaffinch. He stopped as they met.

"Will you turn back, as far as that tree?" said the clergyman, after greetings had been exchanged. "I have a message to deliver."

"Now," he continued, reining up his horse in the shade, "we can talk without interruption. I will ask you to listen to me with the spiritual, not the carnal ear. I must not be false to my high calling, and the voice of my own conscience calls me to awaken yours."

Joseph said nothing, but the flush upon his face was that of anger, not of confusion, as Mr. Chaffinch innocently supposed.

"It is hard for a young man, especially one wise in his own conceit, to see how the snares of the Adversary are closing around him. We cannot plead ignorance, however, when the Light is there, and we wilfully turn our eyes from it. You are walking on a road, Joseph Asten, it may seem smooth and fair to you, but do you know where it leads? I will tell you: to Death and Hell!"

Still Joseph was silent.

"It is not too late! Your fault, I fear, is that you attach merit to works, as if works could save you! You look to a cold, barren morality for support, and imagine that to do what is called 'right' is enough for God! You shut your eyes to the blackness of your own sinful heart, and are too proud to acknowledge the vileness and depravity of man's nature; but without this acknowledgment your morality (as you call it) is corrupt, your good works (as you suppose them to be) will avail you naught. You are outside the pale of Grace, and while you continue there, knowing the door to be open, there is no Mercy for you!"

The flush on Joseph's face faded, and he became very pale, but he still waited. "I hope," Mr. Chaffinch continued, after a pause, "that your silence is the

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beginning of conviction. It only needs an awakening, an opening of the eyes in them that sleep. Do you not recognize your guilt, your miserable condition of sin?"

"No!"

Mr. Chaffinch started, and an ugly, menacing expression came into his face.

"Before you speak again," said Joseph, "tell me one thing! Am I indebted for this Catechism to the order — perhaps I should say, the request — of my wife?"

"I do not deny that she has expressed a Christian concern for your state; but I do not wait for a request when I see a soul in peril. If I care for the sheep that willingly obey the shepherd, how much more am I commanded to look after them which stray, and which the wolves and bears are greedy to devour!"

"Have you ever considered, Mr. Chaffinch," Joseph rejoined, lifting his head and speaking with measured clearness, "that an intelligent man may possibly be aware that he has an immortal soul, — that the health and purity and growth of that soul may possibly be his first concern in life, — that no other man can know, as he does, its imperfections, its needs, its aspirations which rise directly towards God; and that the attempt of a stranger to examine and criticise, and perhaps blacken, this most sacred part of his nature, may possibly be a pious impertinence?"

"Ah, the natural depravity of the heart!" Mr. Chaffinch groaned.

"It is not the depravity, it is the only pure quality which the hucksters of doctrine, the money-changers in God's temple of Man, cannot touch! Shall I render a reckoning to *you* on the day when souls are judged? Are *you* the infallible agent of the Divine Mercy? What blasphemy!"

Mr. Chaffinch shuddered. "I wash my hands of you!" he cried. "I have had to deal with many sinners in my day, but I have found no sin which came so directly from the Devil as the pride of the mind. If you were rotten in all your members from the sins of the flesh, I might have a little hope. Verily, it shall go easier with the murderer and the adulterer on that day, than with such as ye!"

He gave the horse a more than saintly stroke, and the vehicle rattled away. Joseph could not see the predominance of routine in all that Mr. Chaffinch had said. He was too excited to remember that certain phrases are transmitted, and used without a thought of their tremendous character; he applied every word personally, and felt it as an outrage in all the sensitive fibres of his soul. And who had invoked the outrage? His wife: Mr. Chaffinch had confessed it. What representations had she made? — he could only measure them by the character of the clergyman's charges. He sat down on the bank, sick at heart; it was impossible to go home and meet her in his present frame of mind.

Presently he started up, crying aloud: "I will go to Philip! He cannot help me, I know, but I must have a word of love from a friend, or I shall go mad!"

He retraced his steps, took the road up the valley, and walked rapidly towards the Forge. The tumult in his blood gradually expended its force, but it had carried him along more swiftly than he was aware. When he reached the point where, looking across the valley, now narrowed to a glen, he could see the smoke of the Forge near at hand, and even catch a glimpse of the cottage on the knoll, he stopped. Up to this moment he had felt, not reflected; and a secret instinct told him that he should not submit his trouble to Philip's riper manhood, until it was made clear and coherent in his own mind. He must keep Philip's love, at all hazards; and to keep it he must not seem simply a creature of moods and sentiments, whom his friend might pity, but could not respect.

He left the road, crossed a sloping field on the left, and presently found himself on a bank overhanging the stream. Under the wood of oaks and

hemlocks the laurel grew in rich, shining clumps; the current, at this point deep, full, and silent, glimmered through the leaves, twenty feet below; the opposite shore was level, and green with an herbage which no summer could wither. He leaned against a hemlock bole, and tried to think, but it was not easy to review the past while his future life overhung him like a descending burden which he had not the strength to lift. Love betrayed, trust violated, aspiration misinterpreted, were the spiritual aspects; a divided household, entangling obligations, a probability of serious loss, were the material evils which accompanied them. He was so unprepared for the change that he could only rebel, not measure, analyze, and cast about for ways of relief.

It was a miserable strait in which he found himself; and the more he thought — or, rather, seemed to think — the less was he able to foresee any other than an unfortunate solution. What were his better impulses, if men persisted in finding them evil? What was life, yoked to such treachery and selfishness? Life had been to him a hope, an inspiration, a sound, enduring joy; now it might never be so again! Then what a release were death!

He walked forward to the edge of the rock. A few pebbles, dislodged by his feet, slid from the brink, and plunged with a bubble and a musical tinkle into the dark, sliding waters. One more step, and the release which seemed so fair might be attained. He felt a morbid sense of delight in playing with the thought. Gathering a handful of broken stones he let them fall, one by one, thinking, "So I hold my fate in my hand." He leaned over and saw a shifting, quivering image of himself projected against the reflected sky, and a fancy, almost as clear as a voice, said: "This is your present self: what will you do with it beyond the gulf where only the soul, superior to circumstances here, receives a nobler destiny?"

He was still gazing down at the flickering figure, when a step came upon the dead leaves. He turned and saw Philip, moving stealthily towards him, pale, with outstretched hand. They looked at each other for a moment, without speaking.

"I guess your thought, Philip," Joseph then said. "But the things easiest to do are sometimes the most impossible."

"The bravest man may allow a fancy to pass through his mind, Joseph, which only the coward will carry into effect."

"I am not a coward!" Joseph exclaimed.

Philip took his hand, drew him nearer, and flinging his arms around him, held him to his heart.

Then they sat down, side by side.

"I was up the stream, on the other side, trolling for trout," said Philip, "when I saw you in the road. I was welcoming your coming, in my heart: then you stopped, stood still, and at last turned away. Something in your movements gave me a sudden, terrible feeling of anxiety: I threw down my rod, came around by the bridge at the Forge, and followed you here. Do not blame me for my foolish dread."

"Dear, dear friend," Joseph cried, "I did not mean to come to you until I seemed stronger and more rational in my own eyes. If that were a vanity, it is gone now: I confess my weakness and ignorance. Tell me, if you can, why this has come upon me! Tell me why nothing that I have been taught, why no atom of the faith which I still must cling to, explains, consoles, or remedies any wrong of my life!"

"Faiths, I suspect," Philip answered, "are, like laws, adapted to the average character of the human race. You, in the confiding purity of your nature, are not an average man: you are very much above the class, and if virtue were its own reward, you would be most exceptionally happy. Then the puzzle is, what's the particular use of virtue?"

"I don't know, Philip, but I don't

like to hear you ask the question. I find myself so often on the point of doubting all that was my Truth a little while ago; and yet, why should my misfortunes, as an individual, make the truth a lie? I am only one man among millions who *must* have faith in the efficacy of virtue. Philip, if I believed the faith to be false, I think I should still say, 'Let it be preached!'"

Joseph related to Philip the whole of his miserable story, not sparing himself, nor concealing the weakness which allowed him to be entangled to such an extent. Philip's brow grew dark as he listened, but at the close of the recital his face was calm, though stern.

"Now," said he, — "now put this aside for a little while, and give your ear (and your heart too, Joseph) to *my* story. Do not compare my fortune with yours, but let us apply to both the laws which seem to govern life, and see whether justice is possible."

Joseph had dismissed his wife's suspicion, after the dinner at Hopeton's, so immediately from his memory, that he had really forgotten it; and he was not only startled, but also a little shocked, by Philip's confession. Still, he saw that it was only the reverse form of his own experience, not more strange, perhaps not more to be condemned, yet equally inevitable.

"Is there no way out of this labyrinth of wrong?" Philip exclaimed. "Two natures, as far apart as Truth and Falsehood, monstrously held together in the most intimate, the holiest of bonds, — two natures destined for each other monstrously kept apart by the same bonds! Is life to be so sacrificed to habit and prejudice? I said that Faith, like Law, was fashioned for the average man: then there must be a loftier faith, a juster law, for the men — and the women — who cannot shape themselves according to the commonplace pattern of society, who were born with instincts, needs, knowledge, and rights — ay, *rights!* — of their own!"

"But, Philip," said Joseph, "we were both to blame: you through too little trust, I through too much. We have both been rash and impatient: I cannot forget that; and how are we to know that the punishment, terrible as it seems, is disproportioned to the offence?"

"We know this, Joseph, — and who can know it and be patient? — that the power which controls our lives is pitiless, unrelenting! There is the same punishment for an innocent mistake as for a conscious crime. A certain Nemesis follows ignorance, regardless how good and pure may be the individual nature. Had you even guessed your wife's true character just before marriage, your very integrity, your conscience, and the conscience of the world, would have compelled the union, and Nature would not have mitigated her selfishness to reward you with a tolerable life. O no! You would still have suffered as now. Shall a man with a heart feel this horrible injustice, and not rebel? Grant that I am rightly punished for my impatience, my pride, my jealousy, how have *you* been rewarded for your stainless youth, your innocent trust, your almost miraculous goodness? Had you known the world better, even though a part of your knowledge might have been evil, you would have escaped this fatal marriage. Nothing can be more certain; and will you simply groan and bear? What compensating fortune have you, or can you ever expect to find?"

Joseph was silent, at first; but Philip could see, from the trembling of his hands, and his quick breathing, that he was profoundly agitated. "There is something within me," he said, at last, "which accepts everything you say; and yet, it alarms me. I feel a mighty temptation in your words: they could lead me to snap my chains, break violently away from my past and present life, and surrender myself to will and appetite. O Philip, if we could make our lives wholly our own! If we could find a spot — "

"I know such a spot!" Philip cried, interrupting him, — "a great valley, bounded by a hundred miles of snowy peaks; lakes in its bed; enormous

hillsides, dotted with groves of ilex and pine; orchards of orange and olive; a perfect climate, where it is bliss enough just to breathe, and freedom from the distorted laws of men, for none are near enough to enforce them! If there is no legal way of escape for you, here, at least, there is no force which can drag you back, once you are there: I will go with you, and perhaps — perhaps —"

Philip's face glowed, and the vague alarm in Joseph's heart took a definite form. He guessed what words had been left unspoken.

"If we could be sure!" he said.

"Sure of what? Have I exaggerated the wrong, in your case? Say we should be outlaws there, in our freedom! — here we are fettered outlaws."

"I have been trying, Philip, to discover a law superior to that under which we suffer, and I think I have found it. If it be true that ignorance is equally punished with guilt; if causes and consequences, in which there is neither pity nor justice, govern our lives, — then what keeps our souls from despair but the infinite pity and perfect justice of God? Yes! here is the difference between human and divine law! This makes obedience safer than rebellion. If you and I, Philip, stand above the level of common natures, feeling higher needs and claiming other rights, let us shape them according to the law which is above, not that which is below us!"

Philip grew pale. "Then you mean to endure in patience, and expect me to do the same?" he asked.

"If I can. The old foundations upon which my life rested are broken up, and I am too bewildered to venture on a random path. Give me time; nay, let us both strive to wait a little. I see nothing clearly but this: there is a Divine government, on which I lean now as never before. Yes, I say again, the very wrong that has come upon us makes God necessary!"

It was Philip's turn to be agitated. There was a simple, solemn conviction in Joseph's voice which struck to his heart. He had spoken from the heat of his passion, it is true, but he had the courage to disregard the judgment of men, and make his protest a reality. Both natures shared the desire, and were enticed by the daring of his dream; but out of Joseph's deeper conscience came a whisper, against which the cry of passion was powerless.

"Yes, we will wait," said Philip, after a long pause. "You came to me, Joseph, as you said, in weakness and confusion: I have been talking of your innocence and ignorance. Let us not measure ourselves in this way. It is not experience alone which creates manhood. What will become of us I cannot say, but I will not, I dare not, say you are wrong!"

They took each other's hands. The day was fading, the landscape was silent, and only the twitter of nesting birds was heard in the boughs above them. Each gave way to the impulse of his manly love, rarer, alas! but as tender and true as the love of woman, and they drew nearer and kissed each other. As they walked back, and parted on the highway, each felt that life was not wholly unkind, and that happiness was not yet impossible.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOSEPH said nothing that evening concerning the result of his trip to the city, and Julia, who instantly detected the signs which a powerful excitement had left upon his face, thought it prudent to ask no immediate questions. She was purposely demonstrative in little arrangements for his comfort, but spared him her caresses; she did not intend to be again mistaken in choosing the time and occasion of bestowing them.

The next morning, when he felt that he could speak calmly, Joseph told her what he had done, carefully avoiding any word that might seem to express disappointment, or even doubt.

"I hope you are satisfied that pa will make it easy for you?" she ventured to say.

"He thinks so." Then Joseph could not help adding: "He depends, I imagine, upon your sister Clementina marrying a Mr. Spelter, — 'a man of immense wealth, but, I regret to say, no refinement.'"

Julia bit her lip, and her eyes assumed that hard, flinty look which her husband knew so well. "If Clementina marries immense wealth," she exclaimed, with a half-concealed sneer, "she will become simply insufferable! But what difference can that make in pa's business affairs?"

The answer tingled on Joseph's tongue: "Probably he expects Mr. Spelter to indorse a promissory note"; but he held it back. "What *I* have resolved to do is this," he said. "In a day or two — as soon as I can arrange to leave — I shall make a journey to the oil region, and satisfy myself where and what the Amaranth is. Your own practical instincts will tell you, Julia, that this intention of mine must be kept secret, even from your father."

She leaned her head upon her hand, and appeared to reflect. When she looked up her face had a cheerful, confiding expression.

"I think you are right," she then said. "If — if things should not happen to be *quite* as they are represented, you can secure yourself against any risk — and pa, too — before the others know of it. You will have the inside track; that is, if there is one. On the other hand, if all is right, pa can easily manage, if some of the others are shaky in their faith, to get their stock at a bargain. I am sure he would have gone out there himself, if his official services were not so important to the government."

It was a hard task for Joseph to keep his feelings to himself.

"And now," she continued, — "now I know you will agree to a plan of mine, which I was going to propose. Lucy Henderson's school closes this week, and Mrs. Hopeton tells me she is a little overworked and ailing. It would hardly help her much to go home, where she could not properly rest, as her father is a hard, avaricious man, who can't endure idleness, except, I suppose, in a corpse (so these people seem to me). I want to ask Lucy to come here. I think you always liked her" (here Julia shot a swift, stealthy glance at Joseph), "and so she will be an agreeable guest for both of us. She shall just rest and grow strong. While you are absent, I shall not seem quite so lonely. You may be gone a week or more, and I shall find the separation very hard to bear even with her company."

"Why has Mrs. Hopeton not invited her?" Joseph asked.

"The Hopetons are going to the sea-shore in a few days. She would take Lucy as a guest, but there is one difficulty in the way. She thinks Lucy would accept the trip and the stay there as an act of hospitality, but that she cannot (or thinks she cannot) afford the dresses that would enable her to appear in Mrs. Hopeton's circle. But it is just as well: I am sure Lucy would feel more at home *here*."

"Then by all means ask her!" said Joseph. "Lucy Henderson is a noble girl, for she has forced a true-hearted man to love her, without return."

"Ind-e-e-d!"

Julia's drawl denoted surprise and curiosity, but Joseph felt that once more he had spoken too quickly. He endeavored to cover his mistake by a hearty acquiescence in the plan, which was speedily arranged between them, in all its details, Lucy's consent being taken for granted.

It required, however, the extreme of Julia's powers of disguise, aided by Joseph's frank and hearty words and Mrs. Hopeton's influence, to induce Lucy to accept the invitation. Unable to explain wholly to herself, much less mention to any other, the instinct which held her back, she found herself, finally, placed in a false position, and then resolved to blindly trust that she was doing right, inasmuch as she could not

make it clear that she was doing wrong. Her decision once taken, she forcibly banished all misgivings, and determined to find nothing but a cheerful and restful holiday before her.

And, indeed, the first day or two of her residence at the farm, before Joseph's departure, brought her a more agreeable experience than she had imagined. Both host and hostess were busy, the latter in the household and the former in the fields, and when they met at meals or in the evening, her presence was an element which compelled an appearance of harmony. She was surprised to find so quiet and ordered a life in two persons whom she had imagined to be miserably unfitted for each other, and began to suspect that she had been seriously mistaken.

After Joseph left, the two women were much together. Julia insisted that she should do nothing, and amiably protested at first against Lucy giving her so much of her society; but, little by little, the companionship was extended and became more frank and intimate. Lucy was in a charitable mood, and found it very easy to fancy that Julia's character had been favorably affected by the graver duties which had come with her marriage. Indeed, Julia found many indirect ways of hinting as much: she feared she had seemed flighty (perhaps a little shallow); looking back upon her past life she could see that such a charge would not be unjust. Her education had been so superficial; all city education of young women was false; they were taught to consider external appearances, and if they felt a void in their nature which these would not fill, whither could they turn for counsel or knowledge?

Her face was sad and thoughtful while she so spoke; but when, shaking her dark curls with a pretty impatience, she would lift her head and ask, with a smile: "But it is not too late, in my case, is it? I 'm really an older child, you know,"—Lucy could only answer: "Since you know what you need, it can never be too late. The very fact that you *do* know, proves that it will be easy for you."

Then Julia would shake her head again, and say: "O, you are too kind, Lucy; you judge my nature by your own."

When the friendly relation between them had developed a little further, Julia became — though still with a modest reticence — more confiding in relation to Joseph.

"He is so good, so very, very true and good," she said, one day, "that it grieves me, more than I can tell, to be the cause of a little present anxiety of his. As it is only a business matter, some exaggerated report of which you have probably heard (for I know there have been foolish stories afloat in the neighborhood), I have no hesitation about confiding it to you. Perhaps you can advise me how to atone for my error; for, if it was an error, I fear it cannot be remedied now; if not, it will be a relief to me to confess it."

Thereupon she gave a minute history of the Amaranth speculation, omitting the energy of her persuasion with Joseph, and presenting very strongly her father's view of a sure and splendid success soon to follow. "It was for Joseph's sake," she concluded, "rather than my own, that I advised the investment; though, knowing his perfect unselfishness, I fear he complied, only for mine. He had guessed already, it seems to me now, that we women like beauty as well as comfort about our lives; otherwise, he would hardly have undertaken these expensive improvements of our home. But, Lucy, it terrifies me to think that pa and Joseph and I may have been deceived! The more I shut my mind against the idea, the more it returns to torment me. I, who brought so little to him, to be the instrument of such a loss! O, if you were not here, how could I endure the anxiety and the absence?"

She buried her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed.

"I know Joseph to be good and true," said Lucy, "and I believe that he will bear the loss cheerfully, if it should

come. But it is never good to 'borrow trouble,' as we say in the country. Neither the worst nor the best things which we imagine ever come upon us."

"You are wrong!" cried Julia, starting up and laughing gleefully; "I *have* the best thing, in my husband! And yet, you are right, too: no worst thing can come to me, while I keep him!"

Lucy wished to visit the Hopetons before their departure for the sea-shore, and Julia was quite ready to accompany her. Only, with the wilfulness common to all selfish natures, she determined to arrange the matter in her own way. She drove away alone the next morning to the post-office, with a letter for Joseph, but never drew rein until she had reached Coventry Forge. Philip being absent, she confided to Madeline Held her wish (and Lucy's) that they should all spend an afternoon together, on the banks of the stream, — a free society in the open air instead of a formal one within doors. Madeline entered into the plan with joyous readiness, accepting both for herself and for Philip. They all met together too rarely, she said: a lunch or a tea under the trees would be delightful: there was a little skiff which might be borrowed, and they might even catch and cook their own fish, as the most respectable people did in the Adirondacks.

Julia then drove to the Hopetons in high spirits. Mr. Hopeton found the proposed party very pleasant, and said at once to his wife: "We have still three days, my dear: we can easily spare to-morrow?"

"Mrs. Asten is very kind," she replied; "and her proposition is tempting: but I should not like to go without you, and I thought your business might —"

"O, there is nothing pressing," he interrupted. "I shall enjoy it exceedingly, especially the boat, and the chance of landing a few trout."

So it was settled. Lucy, it is true, felt a dissatisfaction which she could scarcely conceal, and possibly did not, to Julia's eyes; but it was not for her own sake. She must seem grateful for a courtesy meant to favor both herself and her friend, and a little reflection reconciled her to the plan. Mrs. Hopeton dared not avoid Philip Held, and it might be well if she carried away with her to the sea-shore a later and less alarming memory of him. Lucy's own desire for a quiet talk with the woman in whom she felt such a loving interest was of no consequence, if this were the result.

They met in the afternoon, on the eastern side of the stream, just below the Forge, where a little bay of level shore, shaded by superb trees, was left between the rocky bluffs. Stumps and a long-fallen trunk furnished them with rough tables and seats; there was a natural fireplace among some huge, tumbled stones; a spring of icy crystal gushed out from the foot of the bluff; and the shimmering, murmuring water in front, with the meadows beyond burning like emerald flame in the sunshine, offered a constant delight to the senses.

All were enchanted with the spot, which Philip and Madeline claimed as their discovery. The gypsy spirit awoke in them, and, while they scattered here and there possessed with the influences of the place, and constantly stumbling upon some new charm or convenience, Lucy felt her heart grow light for her friend, and the trouble of her own life subside. For a time no one seemed to think of anything but the material arrangements. Mr. Hopeton's wine-flasks were laid in the spring to cool; Philip improvised a rustic table upon two neighboring stumps; rough seats were made comfortable, dry sticks collected for fire-wood, stores unpacked and placed in readiness, and every little preliminary of labor, insufferable in a kitchen, took on its usual fascination in that sylvan nook.

Then they rested from their work. Mr. Hopeton and Philip lighted cigars and sat to windward, while the four ladies kept their fingers busy with bunches of maiden-hair and faint wild-wood blossoms, as they talked. It

really seemed as if a peace and joy from beyond their lives had fallen upon them. Madeline believed so, and Lucy hoped so; let us hope so, too, and not lift at once the veil which was folded so closely over two restless hearts!

Mr. Hopeton threw away the stump of his cigar, adjusted his fishing-tackle, and said: "If we are to have a trout supper, I must begin to troll at once."

"May I go with you?" his wife asked.

"Yes," he answered, smiling, "if you will not be nervous. But I hardly need to make that stipulation with you, Emily."

Philip assisted her into the unsteady little craft, which was fastened to a tree. Mr. Hopeton seated himself carefully, took the two light, short oars, and held himself from the shore, while Philip loosened the rope.

"I shall row up stream," he said, "and then float back to you, trolling as I come. When I see you again, I hope I can ask you to have the coals ready."

Slowly, and not very skilfully, he worked his way against the current, and passed out of sight around a bend in the stream. Philip watched Mrs. Hopeton's slender figure as she sat in the stern, listlessly trailing one hand in the water. "Does she feel that my eyes, my thoughts, are following her?" he asked; but she did not once turn her head.

"Philip!" cried Madeline, "here are three forlorn maidens, and you the only Sir Isumbras, or whoever is the proper knight! Are you looking into the stream, expecting the 'damp woman' to arise? She only rises for fishermen: she will come up and drag Mr. Hopeton down. Let me invoke the real nymph of this stream!" She sang: —

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!"

Madeline did not know what she was doing. She could not remark Philip's paleness in the dim green light where they sat, but she was struck by the startled expression of his eyes.

"One would think you really expected Sabrina to come," she laughed. "Miss Henderson, too, looks as if I had frightened her. You and I, Mrs. Asten, are the only cool, unimaginative brains in the party. But perhaps it was all owing to my poor voice? Come now, confess it! I don't expect you to say, —

'Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?'"

"I was trying to place the song," said Lucy; "I read it once."

"If any one could evoke a spirit, Madeline," Philip replied, "it would be you. But the spirit would be no nymph; it would have little horns and hoofs, and you would be glad to get rid of it again."

They all laughed at this, and presently, at Julia's suggestion, arranged the wood they had collected, and kindled a fire. It required a little time and patience to secure a strong blaze, and in the great interest which the task called forth the Hopetons were forgotten.

At last Philip stepped back, heated and half stifled, for a breath of fresher air, and, turning, saw the boat between the trees gliding down the stream. "There they are!" he cried; "now, to know our luck!"

The boat was in midstream, not far from a stony strip which rose above the water. Mrs. Hopeton sat musing with her hands in her lap, while her husband, resting on his knees and one hand, leaned over the bow, watching the fly which trailed at the end of his line. He seemed to be quite unconscious that an oar, which had slowly loosened itself from the lock, was floating away behind the boat.

"You are losing your oars!" Philip cried.

Mr. Hopeton started, as from a dream of trout, dropped his line and stretched forward suddenly to grasp the oar. The skiff was too light and unbalanced to support the motion. It rocked threat-

eningly; Mrs. Hopeton, quite forgetting herself, started to her feet, and, instantly losing her equilibrium, was thrown headlong into the deeper water. The skiff whirled back, turned over, and before Mr. Hopeton was aware of what had happened, he plunged full length face downwards into the shallower current.

It was all over before Madeline and Lucy reached the bank, and Philip was already in the stream. A few strokes brought him to Mrs. Hopeton, who struggled with the current as she rose to the surface, but made no outcry. No sooner had she touched Philip than she seized and locked him in her arms, and he was dragged down again with her. It was only the physical clinging to life: if some feeble recognition at that moment told her whose was the form she held and made powerless, it could not have abated an atom of her frantic, instinctive force.

Philip felt that they had drifted into water beyond his depth. With great exertion he freed his right arm and sustained himself and her a moment at the surface. Mrs. Hopeton's head was on his shoulder; her hair drifted against his face, and even the desperation of the struggle could not make him insensible to the warmth of her breast upon his own. A wild thought flashed upon and stung his brain: she was his at last, — his in death, if not in life!

His arm slackened, and they sank slowly together. Heart and brain were illuminated with blinding light, and the swift succession of his thoughts compressed an age into the fragment of a second. Yes, she was his now: clasping him as he clasped, their hearts beating against each other, with ever slower pulsations, until they should freeze into one. The world, with its wrongs and prejudices, lay behind them; the past was past, and only a short and painless atonement intervened between the immortal possession of souls! Better that it should end thus: he had not sought this solution, but he would not thrust it from him.

But, even as his mind accepted it, and with a sense of perfect peace, he heard Joseph's voice, saying, "We must shape our lives according to the law which is above, not that which is below us." Through the air and the water, on the very rock which now overhung his head, he again saw Joseph bending, and himself creeping towards him with outstretched hand. Ha! who was the coward, now? And again Joseph spake, and his words were: "The very wrong that has come upon us makes God necessary." God? Then how would God in his wisdom fashion their future life? Must they sweep eternally, locked in an unsevering embrace, like Paolo and Francesca, around some dreary circle of Hell? Or must the manner of entering that life together be the act to separate them eternally? Only the inevitable act dare ask for pardon; but here, if not will or purpose, was at least submission without resistance! Then it seemed to him that Madeline's voice came again to him, ringing like a trumpet through the waters, as she sang: —

> "Listen for dear honor's sake,
> Goddess of the silver lak
> Listen and save!"

He pressed his lips to Mrs. Hopeton's unconscious brow, his heart saying, "Never, never again!" released himself by a sudden, powerful effort, seized her safely, as a practised swimmer, shot into light and air, and made for the shallower side of the stream. The upturned skiff was now within reach, and all danger was over.

Who could guess that the crisis of a soul had been reached and passed in that breath of time under the surface? Julia's long, shrill scream had scarcely come to an end; Mr. Hopeton, bewildered by his fall, was trying to run towards them through water up to his waist, and Lucy and Madeline looked on, holding their breath in an agony of suspense. In another moment Philip touched bottom, and raising Mrs. Hopeton in his arms, carried her to the opposite bank.

She was faint and stunned, but not

unconscious. She passively allowed Philip to support her until Mr. Hopeton, struggling through the shallows, drew near with an expression of intense terror and concern on his broad face. Then, breaking from Philip, she half fell, half flung herself into his arms, laid her head upon his shoulder, and burst into a fit of hysterical weeping.

Tears began to run down the honest man's cheeks, and Philip, turning away, busied himself with righting the boat and recovering the oars.

"O my darling!" said Mr. Hopeton, "what should I do if I had lost you?"

"Hold me, keep me, love me!" she cried. "I must not leave you!"

He held her in his arms, he kissed her, he soothed her with endearing words. She grew calm, lifted her head, and looked in his eyes with a light which he had never yet seen in them. The man's nature was moved and stirred: his lips trembled and the tears still slowly trickled from his eyes.

"Let me set you over!" Philip called from the stream. "The boat is wet, but then, neither of us are dry. We have, fortunately, a good fire until the carriage can be brought for Mrs. Hopeton, and your wine will be needed at once."

They had no trout, nor indeed any refreshment, except the wine. Philip tried to rally the spirits of the party, but Julia was the only one who at all seconded his efforts: the others had been too profoundly agitated. Mr. and Mrs. Hopeton were grave; it seemed scarcely possible for them to speak, and yet, as Lucy remarked with amazement, the faces of both were bright and serene.

"I shall never invoke another water-nymph," said Madeline, as they were leaving the spot.

"Yes!" Philip cried, "always invoke Sabrina, and the daughter of Locrine will arise for you, as she arose to-day."

"That is, not at all?"

"No," said Philip, "she arose."

CHAPTER XXI.

When he set forth upon his journey, Joseph had enough of natural shrewdness to perceive that his own personal interest in the speculation were better kept secret. The position of the Amaranth property, inserted like a wedge between the Fluke and Chowder Companies, was all the geography he needed; and he determined to assume the character of a curious traveller, — at least for a day or two, — to keep his eyes and ears open, and learn as much as might be possible to one outside the concentric "rings" of oil operations.

He reached Corry without adventure, and took passage in the train to Oil City, intending to make the latter place the starting-point of his investigations. The car was crowded, and his companion on the seat was a keen, witty, red-faced man, with an astonishing diamond pin and a gold watch-chain heavy enough to lift an anchor. He was too restless, too full of "operative" energy, to travel in silence, as is the universal and most dismal American habit; and before they passed three stations he had extracted from Joseph the facts that he was a stranger, that he intended visiting the principal wells, and that he might possibly (Joseph allowing the latter point to be inferred) be tempted to invest something, if the aspects were propitious.

"You must be sure to take a look at *my* wells," said the stranger; "not that any of our stock is in the market, — it is never offered to the public, unless accidentally, — but they will give you an illustration of the magnitude of the business. All wells, you know, sink after a while to what some people call the normal flowing capacity (we oilers call it 'the everidge run'), and so it was reported of ourn. But since we've begun to torpedo them, it's almost equal to the first tapping, though I don't suppose it'll hold out so long."

"Are the torpedoes generally used?" Joseph asked, in some surprise.

"They're generally *tried*, anyhow.

The cute fellow who first hit upon the idea meant to keep it dark, but the oilers, you'll find, have got their teeth skinned, and what they can't find out is n't worth finding out! Lord! I torpedoed my wells at midnight, and it was n't a week before the Fluke was at it, bustin' and bustin' all their dry auger-holes!"

"The *what!*" Joseph exclaimed.

"Fluke. Queer name, is n't it? But that's nothing: we have the Crinoli , the Pipsissaway, the Mud-Lark, and the Sunburst, between us and Tide-oute."

"What is the name of your company, if I may ask?"

"About as queer as any of 'em, — the Chowder."

Joseph started, in spite of himself. "It seems to me I have heard of that company," he managed to say.

"O no doubt," replied the stranger. "'T is n't often quoted in the papers, but it's *known*. I'm rather proud of it, for I got it up. I was boring — boss, though — at three dollars a day, two years ago, and now I have my forty thousand a year, 'free of income tax,' as the Insurance Companies say. But then, where one is lucky like the Chowder, a hundred busts."

Joseph rapidly collected himself, while the man was speaking. "I should very much like to see your wells," he said. "Will you be there in a day or two from now? My name is Asten, — not that you have ever heard of it before."

"Shall be glad to hear it again, though, and to see you," said the man. "My name is Blenkinsop."

Again it was all that Joseph could do to restrain his astonishment.

"I suppose you are the President of the Chowder?" he ventured to say.

"Yes," Mr. Blenkinsop answered, "since it's a company. It was all mine at the start, but I wanted capital, and I had to work 'em."

"What other important companies are there near you?"

"None of any account, except the Fluke and the Depravity. *They* flow tolerable now, after torpedoing. To be sure, there are kites and catches with all sorts o' names, — the Pennyroyal, the Ruby, the Wallholler (whatever *that* is), and the Amaranth, — ha, ha!"

"I think I have heard of the Amaranth," Joseph mildly remarked.

"Lord! are you *bit*, already?" Mr. Blenkinsop exclaimed, fixing his small, sharp eyes on Joseph's face.

"I — I really don't know what you mean."

"No offence: I thought it likely, that's all. The Amaranth is Kanuck's last dodge. He keeps mighty close, but if he don't feather his nest in a hurry, at somebody's expense, *I* ain't no judge o' men!"

Joseph did not dare to mention the Amaranth again. He parted with Mr. Blenkinsop at Tarr Farm, and went on to Oil City, where he spent a day in unprofitable wanderings, and then set out up the river, first to seek the Chowder wells, and afterwards to ascertain whether there was any perennial beauty in the Amaranth.

The first thing which he remarked was the peculiar topography of the region. The Chowder property was a sloping bottom, gradually rising from the river to a range of high hills a quarter of a mile in the rear. Just above this point the river made a sharp horseshoe bend, washing the foot of the hills for a considerable distance, and then curving back again, with a second tract of bottom-land beyond. On the latter, he was informed, the Fluke wells were located. The inference was therefore irresistible that the Amaranth Company must be the happy possessor of the lofty section of hills dividing the two.

"Do they get oil up there?" he asked of Blenkinsop's foreman, pointing to the ragged, barren heights.

"They may get skunk oil, or rattlesnake oil," the man answered. "Them 'll do to peddle, but you can't fill tanks with 'em. I hear they've got a company for that place, — th' Amaranth, they call it, — but any place 'll do for derned fools. Why, look 'ee here!

We 've got seven hundred feet to bore: now, jest put twelve hundred more atop o' that, and guess whether they can even pump oil, with the Chowder and Fluke both sides of 'em! But it does for green 'uns, as well as any other place."

Joseph laughed, — a most feeble, unnatural, ridiculous laugh.

"I 'll walk over, that way, to the Fluke," he said. "I should like to see how such things are managed."

"Then be a little on your guard with Kanuck, if you meet him," the man good-naturedly advised. "Don't ask him too many questions."

It was a hot, wearisome climb to the timber-skeletons on the summit (more like gibbets than anything else), which denoted shafts to the initiated as well as the ignorant eye. There were a dozen or more, but all were deserted.

Joseph wandered from one to the other, asking himself, as he inspected each, "Is this the splendid speculation?" What was there in that miserable, shabby, stony region, a hundred acres of which would hardly pasture a cow, whence wealth should come? Verily, as stony and as barren were the natures of the men, who on this wretched basis built their cheating schemes!

A little farther on he came to a deep ravine, cleaving the hills in twain. There was another skeleton in its bed, but several shabby individuals were gathered about it, — the first sign of life or business he had yet discovered.

He hastened down the steep declivity, the warning of the Chowder foreman recurring to his mind, yet it seemed so difficult to fix his policy in advance that he decided to leave everything to chance. As he approached he saw that the men were laborers, with the exception of a tall, lean individual, who looked like an unfortunate clergyman. He had a sallow face, lighted by small, restless, fiery eyes, which reminded Joseph, when they turned upon him, of those of a black snake. His greeting was cold and constrained, and his manner said plainly, "The sooner you leave, the better I shall be satisfied."

"This is a rough country for walking," said Joseph; "how much farther is it to the Fluke wells?"

"Just a bit," said one of the workmen.

Joseph took a seat on a stone, with the air of one who needed rest. "This well, I suppose," he remarked, "belongs to the Amaranth?"

"Who told you so?" asked the lean, dark man.

"They said, below at the Chowder, that the Amaranth was up here."

"Did Blenkinsop send you this way?" the man asked again.

"Nobody sent me," Joseph replied. "I am a stranger, taking a look at the oil country. I have never before been in this part of the State."

"May I ask your name?"

"Asten," said Joseph, unthinkingly.

"Asten! I think I know where that name belongs. Let me see."

The man pulled out a large dirty envelope from his breast-pocket, ran over several papers, unfolded one, and presently asked, —

"Joseph Asten?"

"Yes." (Joseph set his teeth, and silently cursed his want of forethought.)

"Proprietor of ten thousand dollars' worth of stock in the Amaranth! Who sent you here?"

His tone, though meant to be calm, was fierce and menacing. Joseph rose, scanned the faces of the workmen, who listened with a malicious curiosity, and finally answered with a candor which seemed to impress, while it evidently disappointed the questioner: —

"No one sent me, and no one, beyond my own family, knows that I am here. I am a farmer, not a speculator. I was induced to take the stock from representations which have not been fulfilled, and which, I am now convinced, never will be fulfilled. My habit is, when I cannot get the truth from others, to ascertain it for myself. I presume you are Mr. Kanuck?"

The man did not answer immediately, but the quick, intelligent glance

of one of the workmen showed Joseph that his surmise was correct. Mr. Kanuck conversed apart with the men, apparently giving private orders, and then said, with a constrained civility: —

"If you are bound for the Fluke, Mr. Asten, I will join you. I am also going in that direction, and we can talk on the way."

They toiled up the opposite side of the ravine in silence. When they had reached the top and taken breath, Mr. Kanuck commenced: —

"I must infer that you have little faith in anything being realized from the Amaranth. Any man, ignorant of the technicalities of boring, might be discouraged by the external appearance of things; and I shall therefore not endeavor to explain to you my grounds of hope, unless you will agree to join me for a month or two and become practically acquainted with the locality and the modes of labor."

"That is unnecessary," Joseph replied.

"You being a farmer, of course I could not expect it. On the other hand, I think I can appreciate your, — disappointment, if we must call it so, — and I should be willing, under certain conditions, to save you, not from positive loss, because I do not admit the possibility of that, but from what, at present, may seem loss to you. Do I make my meaning clear?"

"Entirely," Joseph replied, "except as to the conditions."

"We are dealing on the square, I take it?"

"Of course."

"Then," said Mr. Kanuck, "I need only intimate to you how important it is that I should develop our prospects. To do this, the faith of the principal stockholders must not be disturbed, otherwise the funds without which the prospects cannot be developed may fail me at the critical moment. Your hasty and unintelligent impressions, if expressed in a reckless manner, might do much to bring about such a catastrophe. I must therefore stipulate that you keep such impressions to yourself. Let me speak to you, as man to man, and ask you if your expressions, not being founded on knowledge, would be honest? So far from it, you will be bound, in all fairness, in consideration of my releasing you and restoring you what you have ventured, to adopt and disseminate the views of an expert, — namely, mine."

"Let me put it into fewer words," said Joseph. "You will buy my stock, repaying me what I have disbursed, if, on my return, I say nothing of what I have seen, and express my perfect faith (adopting your views) in the success of the Amaranth?"

"You have stated the conditions a little barely, perhaps, but not incorrectly. I only ask for perfect fairness, as between man and man."

"One question, first, Mr. Kanuck. Does Mr. Blessing know the *real* prospects of the Amaranth?"

"No man more thoroughly, I assure you, Mr. Asten. Indeed, without Mr. Blessing's enthusiastic concurrence in the enterprise, I doubt whether we could have carried the work so far towards success. His own stock, I may say to you, — since we understand each other, — was earned by his efforts. If you know him intimately, you know also that he has no visible means of support. But he has what is much more important to us, — a thorough knowledge of men and their means."

He rubbed his hands, and laughed softly. They had been walking rapidly during the conversation, and now came suddenly upon the farthest crest of the hills, where the ridge fell away to the bottom occupied by the Fluke wells. Both paused at this point.

"On the square, then!" said Mr. Kanuck, offering his hand. "Tell me where you will be to-morrow morning, and our business can be settled in five minutes. You will carry out your part of the bargain, as man to man, when you find that I carry out mine."

"Do you take me for an infernal scoundrel?" cried Joseph, boiling over with disgust and rage.

Mr. Kanuck stepped back a pace or two. His sallow face became livid, and there was murder in his eyes. He put his hand into his breast, and Joseph, facing him, involuntarily did the same. Not until long afterwards, when other experiences had taught him the significance of the movement, did he remember what it then meant.

"So! that 's your game, is it?" his antagonist said, hissing the words through his teeth. "A spy, after all! Or a detective, perhaps? I was a fool to trust a milk-and-water face: but one thing I tell you, — you may get away, but come back again if you dare!"

Joseph said nothing, but gazed steadily in the man's eyes, and did not move from his position so long as he was within sight. Then, breathing deeply, as if relieved from the dread of an unknown danger, he swiftly descended the hill.

That evening, as he sat in the bar-room of a horrible shanty (called a hotel), farther up the river, he noticed a pair of eyes fixed intently upon him: they belonged to one of the workmen in the Amaranth ravine. The man made an almost imperceptible signal, and left the room. Joseph followed him.

"Hush!" whispered the former. "Don't come back to the hill; and get away from here to-morrow morning, if you can!" with these words he darted off and disappeared in the darkness.

The counsel was unnecessary. Joseph, with all his inexperience of the world, saw plainly that his only alternatives were loss — or connivance. Nothing was to be gained by following the vile business any further. He took the earliest possible train, and by the afternoon of the following day found himself again in the city.

He was conscious of no desire to meet Mr. Blessing, yet the pressure of his recent experience seemed to drive him irresistibly in that direction. When he rang the bell, it was with the hope that he should find nobody at home. Mr. Blessing, however, answered the summons, and after the first expression of surprise ushered him into the parlor.

"I am quite alone," he said; "Mrs. Blessing is passing the evening with her sister, Mrs. Woollish, and Clementina is still at Long Branch. I believe it is as good as settled that we are to lose her; at least, she has written to inquire the extent of my available funds, which, in her case is tantamount to — very much more."

Joseph determined to avoid all digressions, and insist on the Amaranth speculation, once for all, being clearly discussed. He saw that his father-in-law became more uneasy and excited as he advanced in the story of his journey, and, when it was concluded, did not seem immediately prepared to reply. His suspicions, already aroused by Mr. Kanuck's expressions, were confirmed, and a hard, relentless feeling of hostility took possession of his heart.

"I — I really must look into this," Mr. Blessing stammered, at last. "It seems incredible: pardon me, but I would doubt the statements, did they come from other lips than yours. It is as if I had nursed a dove in my bosom, and unexpectedly found it to be a — a basilisk!"

"It can be no serious loss to you," said Joseph, "since you received your stock in return for services."

"That is true: I was not thinking of myself. The real sting of the cockatrice is, that I have innocently misled you."

"Yet I understood you to say that you had ventured your all?"

"My All of hope — my All of expectation!" Mr. Blessing cried. "I dreamed I had overtaken the rainbow at last; but this — this is senna — quassia — aloes! My nature is so confiding that I accept the possibilities of the future as present realities, and build upon them as if they were Quincy granite. And yet, with all my experience, my acknowledged sagacity, my acquaintance with the hidden labyrinths of finance, it seems impossible that I can be so deceived! There

must be some hideous misunderstanding: I have calculated all the elements, prognosticated all the planetary aspects, so to speak, and have not found a whisper of failure!"

"You omitted one very important element," Joseph said.

"What is that? I might have employed a detective, it is true —"

"No!" Joseph replied. "Honesty!"

Mr. Blessing fell back in his chair, weeping bitterly.

"I deserve this!" he exclaimed. "I will not resent it. I forgive you in advance of the time when you shall recognize my sincere, my heartfelt wish to serve you! Go, go: let me not recriminate! I meant to be, and still mean to be, your friend: but spare my too confiding child!"

Without a word of good by, Joseph took his hat and hastened from the house. At every step the abyss of dishonesty seemed to open deeper before his feet. Spare the too confiding child! Father and daughter were alike: both mean, both treacherous, both unpardonably false to him.

With such feelings he left the city, next morning, and made his way homewards.

Bayard Taylor.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMESE COURT.

IV.

THE city of Bangkok is commonly supposed to have inherited the name of the ancient capital, Ayudia; but in the royal archives, to which I have had free access, it is given as Krung Thepha Maha-Nakhon Si-ayut-thia Maha-dilok-Racha-thani, — "The City of the Royal, Invincible, and Beautiful Archangel." It is ramparted with walls within and without, which divide it into an inner and an outer city, the inner wall being thirty feet high, and flanked with circular forts mounted with cannon, making a respectable show of defence. Centre of all, the heart of the citadel, is the grand palace, encompassed by a third wall, which encloses only the royal edifice, the harems, the temple of Watt Phra Këou, and the Maha Phrasat.

The Maha Phrasat is an immense structure of quadrangular façades, surmounted by a tall spire of very chaste and harmonious design. It is consecrated; and here dead sovereigns of Siam lie in state, waiting twelve months for their cremation; here also their ashes are deposited in urns of gold, after that fiery consummation. In the Maha Phrasat the supreme king is crowned and all court ceremonies performed. On certain high holidays and occasions of state, the high-priest administers here a sort of mass, at which the whole court attend, even the chief ladies of the harem, who, behind heavy curtains of silk and gold that hang from the ceiling to the floor, whisper and giggle and peep and chew betel, and have the wonted little raptures of their sex over furtive, piquant glimpses of the world; for despite the strict confinement and jealous surveillance to which they are subject, the outer life, with all its bustle, passion, and romance, will now and then steal, like a vagrant, curious ray of light, into the heart's darkness of these tabooed women, thrilling their childish minds with eager wonderment and formless longings.

Within these walls lurked lately fugitives of every class, profligates from all quarters of the city, to whom discovery was death; but here their "sanctuary" was impenetrable. Here were women

disguised as men, and men in the attire of women, hiding vice of every vileness and crime of every enormity, — at once the most disgusting, the most appalling, and the most unnatural, that the heart of man has conceived. It was death in life, a charnel-house of quick corruption ; a place of gloom and solitude indeed, wherefrom happiness, hope, courage, liberty, truth, were forever excluded and only mother's love was left.

The king * was the disk of light and life round which these strange flies swarmed. Most of the women who composed his harem were of gentle blood, — the fairest of the daughters of Siamese nobles, and of princes of the adjacent tributary states ; the late queen consort was his own half-sister. Beside many choice Chinese and Indian girls, purchased annually for the royal harem by agents stationed at Peking, Foo-chou, and different points in Bengal, enormous sums were offered, year after year, through "solicitors" at Bangkok and Singapore, for an Englishwoman of beauty and good parentage, to crown the collection ; but when I took my leave of Bangkok, in 1868, the coveted specimen had not yet appeared in the market. The cunning *commissionnaires* contrived to keep their places and make a living by sending his Majesty, now and then, a piquant photograph of some British Nourmahal of the period, freshly caught, and duly shipped, in good order for the harem ; but the goods never arrived.

Had the king's tastes been Gallic, his requisition might have been filled. I remember a score of genuine offers from French demoiselles, who enclosed their *cartes* in billets more surprising and enterprising than any other "proposals" it was my office to translate. But his whimsical Majesty entertained a lively horror of French intrigue, whether of priests, consuls, or *lionnes ;* and stood in vigilant fear of being beguiled, through one of these adventurous sirens, into fathering the innovation of a Franco-Siamese heir to the throne of the celestial Phra-batts.

The king, as well as most of the principal members of his household, rose at five in the morning, and immediately partook of a slight repast, served by the ladies who had been in waiting through the night ; after which, attended by them and his sisters and elder children, he descended and took his station on a long strip of matting, laid from one of the gates through all the avenues to another. On his Majesty's left were ranged, first, his children in the order of rank ; then the princesses, his sisters ; and lastly, his concubines, his maids of honor, and their slaves. Before each was placed a large silver tray containing offerings of boiled rice, fruit, cakes, and the seri leaf ; some even had cigars.

A little after five, the Patoon Dharmina ("Gate of Merit," called by the populace "Patoo Boon") was thrown open and the Amazons of the guard drawn up on either side. Then the priests entered, always by that gate, — one hundred and ninety-nine of them, escorted on the right and left by men armed with swords and clubs, — and as they entered they chanted : "Take thy meat, but think it dust! Eat but to live, and but to know thyself, and what thou art below! And say withal unto thy heart, 't is earth I eat, that to the earth I may new life impart."

Then the chief priest, who led the procession, advanced with downcast eyes and lowly mien, and very simply presented his bowl (slung from his neck by a cord, and until that moment quite hidden under the folds of his yellow robe) to the members of the royal household, who *offered* their fruit or cakes, or their spoons full of rice or sweetmeats. In like manner did all his brethren. If, by any chance, one before whom a tray was placed was not ready and waiting with an offering, no priest stopped, but all continued to advance slowly, taking only what was freely offered, without thanks or even

* All that is here written applies to Maha Mongkut, the supreme king, who died October, 1868 ; not to his successor (and my pupil), the present king.

a look of acknowledgment, until the end of the royal train was reached, when the procession retired, chanting as before, by the gate called Duin, or in the Court language Prithri, "Gate of Earth."

After this, the king and all his company repaired to his private temple, Watt Sasmiras Manda-thung,* so called because it was dedicated by his Majesty to the memory of his mother. This is an edifice of unique and charming beauty, decorated throughout by artists from Japan, who have represented on the walls, in designs as diverse and ingenious as they are costly, the numerous metempsychoses of Buddha.

Here his Majesty ascended alone the steps of the altar, rang a bell to announce the hour of devotion, lighted the consecrated tapers, and offered the white lotus and the roses. Then he spent an hour in prayer, and in reading texts from the Phrajana Paramita and the Phra-ti-Mok-sha.

This service over, he retired for another nap, attended by a fresh detail of women, — those who had waited the night before being dismissed, not to be recalled for a month, or at least a fortnight, save as a peculiar mark of preference or favor to some one who had had the good fortune to please or amuse him; but most of that party voluntarily waited upon him every afternoon.

At two o'clock he rose again, and with the aid of his women bathed and anointed his person. Then he descended to a breakfast-chamber, where he was served with the most substantial meal of the day. Here he chatted with his favorites among the wives and concubines, and caressed his children, taking them in his arms, embracing them, plying them with puzzling or funny questions, and making droll faces at the babies: the more agreeable the mother, the dearer the child. The love of children was the constant and hearty virtue of this forlorn despot. They appealed to him by their beauty and their trustfulness, they refreshed him with the bold innocence of their ways, so frolicsome, graceful, and quaint.

From this delusive scene of domestic condescension and kindliness he passed to his hall of audience to consider official matters. Twice a week at sunset he appeared at one of the gates of the palace, to hear the complaints and petitions of the poorest of his subjects, who at no other time or place could reach his ear. It was most pitiful to see the helpless, awe-stricken wretches, prostrate and abject as toads, many too terrified to present the precious petition after all.

At nine he retired to his private apartments, whence issued immediately peculiar domestic bulletins, in which were named the women whose presence he particularly desired, in addition to those whose turn it was to "wait" that night.

And twice a week he held a secret council or court, at midnight. Of the proceedings of those dark and terrifying sittings I can, of course, give no exact account. I permit myself to speak only of those things which were but too plain to one who lived for six years in or near the palace.

In Siam the king — Maha Mongkut especially — is not merely enthroned, he is enshrined. To the nobility he is omnipotence, and to the rabble mystery. Since the occupation of the country by the Jesuits, many foreigners have fancied that the government is becoming more and more silent, insidious, secretive; and that this midnight council is but the expression of a "policy of stifling." It is an inquisition, — not overt, audacious, like that of Rome, but nocturnal, invisible, subtle, ubiquitous, like that of Spain; proceeding without witnesses or warning; kidnapping a subject, not arresting him, and then incarcerating, chaining, torturing him, to extort confession or denunciation. If any Siamese citizen utter one word against the "San Luang," the royal judges, and escape, forthwith his house is sacked and his wife and children kidnapped. Should

* "Temple in Memory of Mother."

he be captured, he is brought to secret trial, to which no one is admitted who is not in the patronage and confidence of the royal judges. In themselves the laws are tolerable, but in their operation they are frustrated or circumvented by arbitrary and capricious power in the king, or craft or cruelty in the council. No one not initiated in the mystic *séances* of the San Luang can depend upon Siamese law for justice. No man will consent to appear there even as a true witness, save for large reward. The citizen who would enjoy, safe from legal plunder, his private income, must be careful to find a patron and protector in the king, the prime minister, or some other formidable friend at court. Spies in the employ of the San Luang penetrate into every family of wealth and influence. Every citizen suspects and fears always his neighbor, sometimes his wife. On more than one occasion when, vexed by some act of the king's, more than usually wanton and unjust, I instinctively gave expression to my feelings by word or look in the presence of certain officers and courtiers, I observed that they rapped, or tapped, in a peculiar and stealthy manner. This I afterward discovered was one of the secret signs of the San Luang; and the warning signal was addressed to me, because they imagined that I also was a member of the council.

En passant: a word as to the ordinary and familiar costumes of the palace. Men and women alike wear a sort of kilt, like the pu'sho of the Birmans, with a short upper tunic, over which the women draw a broad silk scarf, which is closely bound round the chest and descends in long, waving folds almost to the feet. Neither sex wear any covering on the head. The uniform of the Amazons of the harem is green and gold, and that of the soldiers scarlet and purple.

There are usually four meals: breakfast about sunrise; a sort of tiffin at noon; a more substantial repast in the afternoon; and supper after the business of the day is over. Wine and tea are drunk freely, and perfumed liquors are used by the wealthy. An indispensable preparation for polite repast is by bathing and anointing the body. When guests are invited, the sexes are never brought together; for Siamese women of rank very rarely appear in strange company; they are confined to remote and unapproachable halls and chambers, where nothing human, being male, may ever enter. The convivial entertainments of the Court are usually given on occasions of public devotion, and form a part of these.

The fact is remarkable, that though education in its higher degrees is popularly neglected in Siam, there is scarcely a man or woman in the empire who cannot read and write. Though a vain people, they are neither bigoted nor shallow; and I think the day is not far off when the enlightening influences applied to them, and accepted through their willingness, not only to receive instruction from Europeans, but even to adopt in a measure their customs and their habits of thought, will raise them to the rank of a superior nation.

The language of this people advances but slowly in the direction of grammatical perfection. Like many other Oriental tongues, it was at first purely monosyllabic; but as the Pali or Sanskrit has been liberally engrafted on it, polysyllabic words have been formed. Its pronouns and particles are peculiar, its idioms few and simple, its metaphors very obvious. It is copious to redundancy in terms expressive of royalty, rank, dignity; in fact, a distinct phraseology is required in addressing personages of exalted station. Repetitions of word and phrase are affected rather than shunned; sententious brevity and simplicity of expression belong to the pure spirit of the language, and when employed impart to it much dignity and beauty. But there is no standard of orthography, nor any grammar, and but few rules of universal application. Every Siamese writer spells to please himself, and the purism of

one is the slang or gibberish of another.

The Siamese write from left to right, the words running together in a line unbroken by spaces, points, or capitals; so that, as in ancient Sanskrit, an entire paragraph appears as one protracted word,

"That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

When not written with a reed on dark native paper, the characters are engraved with a stile (of brass or iron, one end sharp for writing, the other flat for erasing) on palm-leaves prepared for the purpose.

In all parts of the empire the boys are taught by priests to read, write, and cipher. Every monastery is provided with a library, more or less standard. The more elegant books are composed of tablets of ivory, or of palmyra leaves delicately prepared; the characters engraved on these are gilt, the margins and edges adorned with heavy gilding, or with flowers in bright colors.

The literature of the Siamese deals principally with religious topics. The "Kammarakya," or Buddhist Ritual, — a work for the priesthood only, and therefore, like others of the Vinnâyâ, little known, — contains the vital elements of the Buddhist Moral Code, and, *per se*, is perfect; on this point all writers, whether partial or captious, are of one mind. Spence Hardy, a Wesleyan missionary, speaking of that part of the work entitled "Dhammâ-Padam," * which is freely taught in the schools attached to the monasteries, admits that a compilation might be made from its precepts, "which in the purity of its ethics could hardly be equalled from any other heathen author."

M. Laboulaye, one of the most distinguished members of the French Academy, remarks, in the *Débats* of April 4, 1853, on a work known by the title of "Dharmna Maitree," or "Law of Charity": —

"It is difficult to comprehend how men, not aided by revelation, could have soared so high and approached so near the truth. Besides the five great commandments, — not to kill, not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to lie, not to get drunk, — every shade of vice, hypocrisy, anger, pride, suspicion, greed, gossip, cruelty to animals, is guarded against by special precepts. Among the virtues commended we find, not only reverence for parents, care for children, submission to authority, gratitude, moderation in time of prosperity, resignation and fortitude in time of trial, equanimity at all times, but virtues unknown to any heathen system of morality, such as the duty of forgiving insults and of rewarding evil with good."

All virtues, we are told, spring from *maitrî*, and this *maitrî* can only be rendered by charity and love.

"I do not hesitate," says Burnouf, in his *Lotus de la Bonne Loi*, "to translate by 'charity' the word *maitrî*, which does not express friendship, or the feeling of particular affection which a man has for one or more of his fellow-creatures, but that universal feeling which inspires us with good-will toward all men and a constant willingness to help them."

I may here add the testimony of Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. "I do not hesitate to add," he writes, "that, save Christ alone, there is not among the founders of religion a figure more pure, more touching, than that of Buddha. His life is without blemish; his constant heroism equals his conviction; and if the theory he extols is false, the personal examples he affords are irreproachable. He is the accomplished model of all the virtues he preaches; his abnegation, his charity, his unalterable sweetness, never belie themselves. At the age of twenty-nine he retires from the court of the king, his father, to become a devotee and a beggar. He silently prepares his doctrine by six years of seclusion and meditation. He propagates it, by the unaided power of speech and persuasion, for more than half a century; and when he dies in the arms of his disciples, it is with the

* Properly *Dharmna*, — "Footsteps of the Law."

serenity of a sage who has practised goodness all his life, and knows that he has found Truth."

Another work, as sacred and more mystic, is the "Parajikâ," read in the temples with closed doors by the chief priests exclusively, and only to such devotees as have entered the monastic schools for life.

Then there are the "P'ra-jana-Pârâmita," the "Accomplishment of Reason," or "Transcendental Wisdom," and other works in abstruse philosophy. The "Lalita Vistara" contains the life of Buddha, and is esteemed the highest authority as to the more remarkable events in the career of the great reformer. The "Saddharma-pundikara" (or *pundariki* in Ceylon), "The White Lotus of the True Religion," presents the incidents of Buddha's life in the form of legend and fable.

The "Ganda-Veyuha," but little known, consists of remarkable and very beautiful forms of prayer and thanksgiving, with psalms of praise addressed to the Perfection of the Infinite and to the Invisible, by Sakya Muni, the Buddha. The "Nirwana" treats of the end of material existence, and is universally read and highly esteemed by Buddhists, as a treatise of rare merit.

But the most important parts of the theological study of the Siamese priesthood are found in a work revered under the titles of "Tautras" and "Kala-Chakara," that is, "Circles of Time, Matter, Space"; probably a translation of the Sanskrit symbolic word, *Om*, "Circle." There are twenty-two volumes, treating exclusively of mystics and mystical worship.

The libraries of the monasteries are rich in works on the theory and practice of medicine; but very poor in historical books, the few preserved dealing mainly with the lives and actions of Siamese rulers, oddly associated with the genii and heroes of the Hindoo mythology. Like the early historians of Greece and Rome, the writers are careful to furnish a particular account of all signs, omens, and predictions relating to the several events recorded. They possess also a few translated works in Chinese history.

The late king was an authority on all questions of religion, law, and custom, and was familiar with the writings of Pythagoras and Aristotle.

The Siamese have an extravagant fondness for the drama, and for poetry of every kind. In all, the lyric form predominates, and their compositions are commonly adapted for instrumental accompaniment. Their dramatic entertainments are mainly musical, combining rudely the opera with the ballet, — monotonous singing and listless, mechanical dancing. Dialogues are occasionally introduced, the favorite subjects being passages from the Hindoo Avatars, the epic "Ramayana," and the "Mahabharata," or from legends, peculiar to Siam, of gods, heroes, and demons. Throughout their literature, mythology is the all-pervading element; history, science, arts, customs, conversation, opinion, doctrine, are alike colored and flavored with it.

With so brief and meagre a sketch of the literature of Siam, I would fain prepare the reader to appreciate the peculiarities of an English classical school in the Royal Palace at Bangkok. In Siam, all schools, literary societies, monasteries, even factories, all intellectual and progressive enterprises of whatever nature and intention, are opened and begun on Thursday, "One P'ra Hatt"; because that day is sacred to the goddess of Mind or Wisdom, probably the Hindoo Saraswati. On the Thursday appointed for the opening of my classes in the palace, one of the king's barges conveyed us across the Mèinam. At the landing I was met by slave-girls, who conducted me to the palace through the gate called Patoo Sap, "Gate of Knowledge." Here I was received by some Amazons, who in turn gave notice to other slave-girls waiting to escort us to a pavilion, or more correctly temple, dedicated to the wives and daughters of Siam.* The profound solitude of this refuge, em-

* Watt Khoon Choom Manda Thai, — "Temple of the Mothers of the Free."

bowered in its twilight grove of orange and palm trees, was strangely tranquillizing. The religion of the place seemed to overcome us, as we waited among the tall, gilded pillars of the temple. On one side was an altar, enriched with some of the most curious and precious offerings of art to be found in the East. There was a gilded rostrum also, from which the priests daily officiated; and near by, on the summit of a curiously carved trunk of an old Bho-tree,* the goddess of Mind presided.

The floor of this beautiful temple was a somewhat gaudy mosaic, of variegated marble and precious stones; but the gilded pillars, the friezes that surmounted them, and the vaulted roof of gilded arabesque, seemed to tone down the whole to their own chaste harmony of design.

In the centre of the temple stood a long table, finely carved, and some gilt chairs. The king and most of the nobler ladies of the court were present, with a few of the chief priests, among whom I recognized for the first time his Lordship Chow Khoon Sâh.

His Majesty received me and my little boy most kindly. After an interval of silence he clapped his hands lightly, and instantly the lower hall was filled with female slaves. A word or two, dropped from his lips, bowed every head, and dispersed the attendants. But they presently returned laden, some with boxes containing books, slates, pens, pencils, and ink; others with lighted tapers, and vases filled with the white lotus, which they set down before the gilded chairs.

At a signal from the king, the priests chanted a hymn from the "P'ra-jana Paramita"; † and then a burst of music announced the entrance of the princes and princesses, my future pupils. They advanced in the order of their ages. The Princess Ying You Wahlacks ("First-born among Women") having precedence, approached and prostrated herself before her royal father, the others following her example. I admired the beauty of her skin, the delicacy of her form, and the subdued lustre of her dreamy eyes. The king took her gently by the hand, and presented me to her, saying simply, "The English teacher." Her greeting was quiet and self-possessed. Taking both my hands, she bowed, and touched them with her forehead; then, at a word from the king, retired to her place on the right. One by one, in like manner, all the royal children were presented and saluted me; and the music ceased.

His Majesty then spoke briefly, to this effect: "Dear children, as this is to be an English school, you will have to learn and observe the English modes of salutation, address, conversation, and etiquette; and each and every one of you shall be at liberty to sit in my presence, unless it be your own pleasure not to do so." The children all bowed, and touched their foreheads with their folded hands, in acquiescence.

Then his Majesty departed with the priests; and the moment he was fairly out of sight the ladies of the court began, with much noise and confusion, to ask questions, turn over the leaves of books, and chatter and giggle together. Of course no teaching was possible in such a din; my young princes and princesses disappeared in the arms of their nurses and slaves; and I retired to my apartments in the Prime Minister's palace. But the serious business of my school began on the following Thursday.

On that day a crowd of half-naked children followed me and my Louis to the palace gates, where our guide gave us in charge to a consequential female slave, at whose request the ponderous portal was opened barely wide enough to admit one person at a time. On entering we were jealously scrutinized by the Amazonian guard, and a "high private" questioned the propriety of admitting my boy; whereat a general tittering, and we passed on. We advanced through the noiseless oval door,

* The sacred tree under which Guadama discoursed with his disciples.

† "Accomplishment of Reason," or "Transcendental Wisdom."

and entered the dim, cool pavilion, in the centre of which the tables were arranged for school. Away flew several venerable dames who had awaited our arrival, and in about an hour returned, bringing with them twenty-one scions of Siamese royalty, to be initiated in the mysteries of reading, writing, and arithmetic, after the European, and especially the English manner.

It was not long before my scholars were ranged in chairs around the long table, with Webster's far-famed spelling-books before them, repeating audibly after me the letters of the alphabet. While I stood at one end of the table, my little Louis at the other, mounted on a chair, the better to command his division, mimicked me with a fidelity of tone and manner very quaint and charming. Patiently his small finger pointed out to his class the characters so strange to them, and not yet perfectly familiar to himself.

About noon, a number of young women were brought to me, to be taught like the rest. I received them sympathetically, at the same time making a memorandum of their names in a book of my own. This created a general and lively alarm, which it was not in my power immediately to allay, my knowledge of their language being confined to a few simple sentences; but when at last their courage and confidence were restored, they began to take observations and an inventory of me that were by no means agreeable. They fingered my hair and dress, my collar, belt, and rings. One donned my hat and cloak, and made a promenade of the pavilion; another pounced upon my gloves and veil, and disguised herself in them, to the great delight of the little ones, who laughed boisterously. A grim duenna, who had heard the noise, bustled wrathfully into the pavilion. Instantly hat, cloak, veil, gloves, were flung right and left, and the young women dropped on the floor, repeating shrilly, like truant urchins caught in the act, their "ba, be, bi, bo."

One who seemed the infant phenomenon of the Royal harem, so juvenile and artless were her looks and ways, despising a performance so rudimentary as the a, b, c, demanded to be steered at once into the mid-ocean of the book; but when I left her without pilot in an archipelago of hard words, she soon showed signals of distress.

At the farther end of the table, bending over a little prince, her eyes riveted on the letters my boy was naming to her, stood a pale young woman, whose aspect was dejected and forlorn. She had entered unannounced and unnoticed, as one who had no interest in common with the others; and now she stood apart and alone, intent only on mastering the alphabet, with the help of her small teacher. When we were about to dismiss the school, she repeated her lesson to my wise lad, who listened with imposing gravity, pronounced her a "very good child," and said she might go now. But when she perceived that I observed her curiously, she crouched almost under the table, as though owning she had no right to be there, and was worthy to pick only the crumbs of knowledge that might fall from it. She was neither very young nor pretty, save that her dark eyes were profound and expressive, and now the more interesting by their touching sadness. Esteeming it the part of prudence as well as of kindness to appear unconscious of her presence, and so encourage her to come again, I left the palace without accosting her, before his Majesty had awakened from his forenoon nap. This crushed creature had fallen under the displeasure of the king, and the after chapters of her story, which shall be related in their proper connection, were romantic and mournful.

Among my pupils was a little girl about eight or nine years old, of delicate frame, and with the low voice and subdued manner of one who had already had experience of sorrow. She was not among those presented to me at the opening of the school. Waine Ratâm Kania was her name ("Sweet promise of my hopes"), and very engaging and persuasive was she in her patient,

timid loveliness. Her mother, the Lady Khoon Chom Kioa, who had once found favor with the king, had, at the time of my coming to the palace, fallen into disgrace by reason of her gambling, in which she had squandered all the patrimony of the little princess. This fact, instead of inspiring the royal father with pity for his child, seemed to attract to her all that was most cruel in his insane temper. The offence of the mother had made the daughter offensive in his sight; and it was not until long after the term of imprisonment of the degraded favorite had expired that Waine ventured to appear at a royal *levée*. The moment the king caught sight of the little form, so piteously prostrated there, he drove her rudely from his presence, taunting her with the delinquencies of her mother, with a coarseness that would have been cruel enough if she had been responsible for them and a gainer by them; but against one of her tender years, innocent toward both, and injured by both, it was inconceivably atrocious.

In her first appearance at school she was so timid and wistful that I felt constrained to notice and encourage her more than those whom I had already with me. But I found this no easy part to play; for very soon one of the court ladies, in the confidence of the king, took me quietly aside and warned me to be less demonstrative in favor of the little princess, saying, "Surely you would not bring trouble upon that wounded lamb."

It was a sore trial to me to witness the oppression of one so unoffending and so helpless. Yet our Waine was neither thin nor pale. There was a freshness in her childish beauty, and a bloom in the transparent olive of her cheek, that were at times bewitching. She loved her father, and in her visions of baby faith beheld him almost as a god. It was true joy to her to fold her hands and bow before the chamber where he slept. With that steadfast hopefulness of childhood, which can be deceived without being discouraged, she would say, "How glad *he* will be when I can read!" and yet she had known nothing but despair.

Her memory was extraordinary; she delighted in all that was remarkable, and with careful wisdom gathered up facts and precepts and saved them for future use. She seemed to have built around her an invisible temple of her own design, and to have illuminated it with the rushlight of her childish love. Among the books she read to me, rendering it from English into Siamese, was one called "Spring-time." On translating the line, "Whom He loveth He chasteneth," she looked up in my face, and asked anxiously: "Does thy God do that? Ah! lady, are *all* the gods angry and cruel? Has he no pity, even for those who love him? He must be like my father; *he* loves us, so he has to be *rye* (cruel) that we may fear evil and avoid it."

Meanwhile little Waine learned to spell, read, translate, almost intuitively; for there were novelty and hope to help the Buddhist child, and love to help the English woman. The sad look left her face, her life had found an interest; and very often, on *fête* days, she was my only pupil; when suddenly an ominous cloud obscured the sky of her transient gladness.

Waine was poor; and her gifts to me were of the riches of poverty, — fruits and flowers. But she owned some female slaves; and one among them, a woman of twenty-five perhaps (who had already made a place for herself in my regard), seemed devotedly attached to her youthful mistress, and not only attended her to the school day after day, but shared her scholarly enthusiasm, — even studied with her, sitting at her feet by the table. Steadily the slave kept pace with the princess. All that Waine learned at school in the day was lovingly taught to Mai Noie in the nursery at night: and it was not long before I found to my astonishment that the slave read and translated as correctly as her mistress.

Very delightful were the demonstra-

tions of attachment interchanged between these two. Mai Noie bore the child in her arms to and from the school, fed her, humored her every whim, fanned her naps, bathed and perfumed her every night, and then rocked her to sleep on her careful bosom, as tenderly as she would have done for her own baby. And then it was charming to watch the child's face kindle with love and comfort as the sound of her friend's step approached.

Suddenly a change: the little princess came to school as usual, but a strange woman attended her; and I saw no more of Mai Noie there. The child grew so listless and wretched that I was forced to ask the cause of her darling's absence; she burst into a passion of tears, but replied not a word. Then I inquired of the stranger, and she answered in two syllables: "*My ru*" (I know not).

Shortly afterward, as I entered the school-room one day, I perceived that something unusual was happening. I turned toward the princes' door, and stood still, fairly holding my breath. There was the king, furious, striding up and down. All the female judges of the palace were present, and a crowd of mothers and royal children. On all the steps around innumerable slave-women, old and young, crouched and hid their faces.

But the object most conspicuous was little Waine's mother, manacled, and prostrate on the polished marble pavement. There, too, was my poor little princess, her hands clasped helplessly, her eyes tearless but downcast, palpitating, trembling, shivering. Sorrow and horror had transformed the child.

As well as I could understand, where no one dared explain, the wretched woman had been gambling again, and had even staked and lost her daughter's slaves. At last I understood Waine's silence when I asked her where Mai Noie was. By some means — spies probably — the whole matter had come to the king's ears, and his rage was wild, not because he loved the child, but that he hated the mother.

Promptly the order was given to lash the woman; and two Amazons advanced to execute it. The first stripe was delivered with savage skill; but before the thong could descend again the child sprang forward and flung herself across the bare and quivering back of her mother.

"Tu cham Tha Moom!* Poothô tu cham Tha Moom!" "Strike *me*, my father! Pray strike me, O my father!"

The pause of fear that followed was only broken by my boy, who, with a convulsive cry, buried his face desperately in the folds of my skirt.

There indeed was a case for prayer, *any* prayer! the prostrate woman, the hesitating lash, the tearless anguish of the Siamese child, the heart-rending cry of the English child, all those mothers with grovelling brows, but hearts uplifted among the stars, on the wings of the angel of prayer. Who could behold so many women crouching, shuddering, stupefied, dismayed, in silence and darkness, animated, enlightened, only by the deep whispering heart of maternity, and not be moved with mournful yearning?

The child's prayer was vain. As demons tremble in the presence of a god, so the king comprehended that he had now to deal with a power of weakness, pity, beauty, courage, and eloquence. "Strike *me*, O my father!" His quick, clear sagacity measured instantly all the danger in that challenge; and though his voice was thick and agitated (for, monster as he was at that moment, he could not but shrink from striking at every mother's heart at his feet), he nervously gave the word to remove the child, and bind her. The united strength of several women was not more than enough to loose the clasp of those loving arms from the neck of an unworthy mother. The tender hands and feet were bound, and the tender heart was broken. The lash descended then, unforbidden by any cry.

* Tha Mom or Moom, used by children in addressing a royal father.

To be free to make a stunning din is a Siamese woman's idea of perfect enjoyment. In the Prime Minister's palace the hubbub of the harem, in the absence of the prince, sometimes lost its quality of interest, and degenerated into nuisance. Hardly were we installed in our apartments there, when with a pell-mell rush and screams of laughter his Excellency's ladies reconnoitred us in force, crowding in through the half-open door. They scrambled for me, with eager curiosity, all trying at once to embrace me boisterously, and promiscuously chattering in shrill Siamese, — a bedlam of parrots; while I endeavored to make myself impartially agreeable in the language of signs and glances. Nearly all were young; and in symmetry of form, delicacy of feature, and fairness of complexion, decidedly superior to the Malay women I had been accustomed to. Most of them would have been positively attractive, but for their ingeniously ugly mode of cutting the hair and blackening the teeth.

The youngest were mere children, hardly more than fourteen years old. All were arrayed in rich materials, though the costume did not differ from that of their slaves, numbers of whom were prostrate in the rooms and passages. My apartment was ablaze with their crimson, blue, orange, and purple, their ornaments of gold, their rings and brilliants, and their jewelled boxes. Two or three of the younger girls satisfied my Western ideas of beauty, with their clear, mellow olive complexions, and their almond-shaped eyes, so dark yet glowing. Those among them who were really old were simply hideous and repulsive. One wretched crone shuffled through the noisy throng with an air of authority, and pointing to Louis lying in my lap, cried, "Moolay, Moolay!" * The familiar Malay word fell pleasantly on my ear, and I was delighted to find some one through whom I might possibly control the disorderly bevy around me. I addressed her in Malay. Instantly my visitors were silent and waited in attitudes of eager attention.

She told me she was one of the many custodians of the harem. She was a native of Quedah; and "some sixty years ago" she and her sister, together with other young Malay girls, were captured while working in the fields by a party of Siamese adventurers. They were brought to Siam and sold as slaves. At first she mourned miserably for her home and parents. But while she was yet young and attractive, she became a favorite of the late Somdetch Ong Yai, father of her present lord, and bore him two sons, just as moolay, moolay as my own darling. But they were dead. (Here, with the end of her soiled silk scarf she furtively wiped a tear from her face, no longer ugly.) And her gracious lord was dead also; it was he who gave her this beautiful gold betel-box.

"But how is it that you are still a slave?" I asked.

"I am old and ugly and childless: and therefore to be trusted by my dead lord's son, the beneficent prince, upon whose head be blessings," — clasping her withered hands, and turning toward that part of the palace where no doubt he was enjoying a "beneficent" nap.

"And now it is my privilege to watch and guard these favored ones, that they see no man but their lord."

The repulsive deformity of this woman had been wrought by oppression out of that which must have been beautiful once; for the spirit of beauty came back to her for a moment, with the passing memories that brought her long-lost treasures with them. In the brutal tragedy of a slave's experience, — a female slave in the harem of an Asian despot, — the native angel in her had been bruised, mutilated, defaced, deformed, but not quite obliterated.

Her story ended, the younger women, to whom her language had been strange, could no longer suppress their merriment, nor preserve the decorum due to her age and authority. Again

* "Beautiful, beautiful!"

they swarmed about me like bees, plying me pertinaciously with questions as to my age, husband, children, country, customs, possessions; and presently crowned the inquisitorial performance by asking, in all seriousness, if I should not like to be the wife of the prince, their lord, rather than of the terrible Chow-che-witt.*

Here was a monstrous suggestion that struck me dumb. Without replying, I rose and shook them off, retiring with my boy into the inner chamber. But they pursued me without compunction, repeating the extraordinary question, and dragging the Malay duenna along with them to interpret my answer. The intrusion provoked me; but, considering their beggarly poverty of true life and liberty, of hopes and joys, and loves and memories, and holy fears and sorrows, with which a full and true response might have twitted them, I was ashamed to be vexed.

Seeing it impossible to rid myself of them, I promised to answer their question, on condition that they would leave me for that day. Immediately all eyes were fixed upon me.

"The prince, your lord, and the king, your Chow-che-witt, are pagans," I said. "An English, that is, a Christian, woman would rather be put to the torture, chained and dungeoned for life, or suffer a death the slowest and most painful you Siamese know, than be the wife of either."

They remained silent in astonishment, seemingly withheld from speaking by an instinctive sentiment of respect; until one, more volatile than the rest, cried, "What! not if he gave you all these jewelled rings and boxes, and these golden things?"

When the old woman, fearing to offend, whispered this test question in Malay to me, I laughed at the earnest eyes around, and said: "No, not even then. I am only here to teach the royal family. I am not like you. You have nothing to do but to play and sing and dance for your master; but I have to work for my children; and one little one is now on the great ocean, and I am very sad."

Shades of sympathy, more or less deep, flitted across the faces of my audience, and for a moment they regarded me as something they could neither convince nor comfort nor understand. Then softly repeating Poot-thoo! Poot-thoo!* they quietly left me. A minute more, and I heard them laughing and shouting in the halls.

* Chow-che-witt, — "Prince of life," — the supreme king.

* "Dear God! dear God!"

THE BURDEN OF THE DAY.

I.

WHO shall rise and cast away,
First, the Burden of the Day?
Who assert his place, and teach
Lighter labor, nobler speech,
Standing firm, erect, and strong,
Proud as Freedom, free as Song?

II.

Lo! we groan beneath the weight
Our own weaknesses create;
Crook the knee and shut the lip,
All for tamer fellowship;

Load our slack, compliant clay
With the Burden of the Day!

III.

Higher paths there are to tread;
Fresher fields around us spread;
Other flames of sun and star
Flash at hand and lure afar;
Larger manhood might we share,
Surer fortune, — did we dare!

IV.

In our mills of common thought
By the pattern all is wrought:
In our school of life, the man
Drills to suit the public plan,
And through labor, love, and play,
Shifts the Burden of the Day.

V.

Power of all is right of none!
Right hath each beneath the sun
To the breadth and liberal space
Of the independent race, —
To the chariot and the steed,
To the will, desire, and deed!

VI.

Ah, the gods of wood and stone
Can a single saint dethrone,
But the people who shall aid
'Gainst the puppets they have made?
First they teach and then obey:
'T is the Burden of the Day.

VII.

Thunder shall we never hear
In this ordered atmosphere?
Never this monotony feel
Shattered by a trumpet's peal?
Never airs that burst and blow
From eternal summits, know?

VIII.

Though no man resent his wrong,
Still is free the poet's song:
Still, a stag, his thought may leap
O'er the herded swine and sheep,
And in pastures far away
Lose the Burden of the Day!

Bayard Taylor.

OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES.

"MIS' ELDERKIN'S PITCHER."

"YE see, boys," said Sam Lawson, as we were gathering young wintergreen on a sunny hillside in June, — "ye see, folks don't allers know what their marcies is when they sees 'em. Folks is kind o' blinded, and when a providence comes along, they don't seem to know how to take it, and they growl and grumble about what turns out the best things that ever happened to 'em in their lives. It 's like Mis' Elderkin's pitcher."

"What about Mis' Elderkin's pitcher?" said both of us in one breath.

"Did n't I never tell ye now?" said Sam; "why, I wanter know?"

No, we were sure he never had told us, and Sam, as usual, began clearing the ground by a thorough introduction, with statistical expositions.

"Wal, ye see Mis' Elderkin, she lives now over to Sherburne in about the handsomest house in Sherburne, — a high white house with green blinds and white pillars in front, — and she rides out in her own kerridge, and Mr. Elderkin, he 's a deacon in the church and a colonel in the malitia, and a s'lectman, and pretty much atop everything there is goin' in Sherburne, and it all come of that are pitcher."

"What pitcher?" we shouted in chorus.

"Lordy massy! that are 's jest what I 'm a goin' to tell ye about; but ye see a feller 's jest got to make a beginnin' to all things.

"Mis' Elderkin she thinks she 's a gret lady nowadays, I s'pose, but I 'member when she was Miry Brown over here 'n Oldtown, and I used to be waitin' on her to singing-school.

"Miry and I was putty good friends along in them days, — we was putty consid'able kind o' intimate. Fact is, boys, there was times in them days when I thought whether or no I would n't *take* Miry myself," said Sam, his face growing luminous with the pleasing idea of his former masculine attractions and privileges. "Yis," he continued, "there was a time when folks said I could a had Miry ef I 'd asked her, and I putty much think so myself, but I did n't say nothin'; marriage is allers kind o' venturesome; an' Miry had such up-and-down kind o' ways, I was sort o' fraid on 't.

"But Lordy massy, boys, you must n't never tell Hepsy I said so, 'cause she 'd be mad enough to bite a shingle-nail in two. Not that she sets so very gret by me neither, but then women's backs is allers up ef they think anybody else could a had you, whether they want you themselves or not.

"Ye see, Miry she was old Black Hoss John Brown's da'ter, and lived up there in that are big brown house by the meetin'-house that hes the red hollyhock in the front yard. Miry was about the handsomest gal that went into the singers' seat a Sunday.

"I tell you she wa' n't none o' your milk-and-sugar gals neither, — she was 'mazin' strong built. She was the strongest gal in her arms that I ever see. Why, I 've seen Miry take up a barrel o' flour and lift it right into the kitchen, and it would jest make the pink come into her cheeks like two roses, but she never seemed to mind it a grain. She had a good strong back of her own, and she was straight as a poplar, with snapping black eyes, and I tell you there was a snap to her tongue, too. Nobody never got ahead o' Miry; she 'd give every fellow as good as he sent, but for all that she was a gret favorite.

"Miry was one o' your briery, scratchy gals, that seems to catch fellers in thorns. She allers fit and flouted her beaux, and the more she fit and flouted

'em the more they 'd be arter her. There wa'n't a gal in all Oldtown that led such a string o' fellers arter her, 'cause you see she 'd now and then throw 'em a good word over her shoulder, and then they 'd all fight who should get it, and she 'd jest laugh to see 'em do it.

"Why, there was Tom Sawin, he was one o' her beaux, and Jim Moss, and Ike Bacon; and there was a Boston boy, Tom Beacon, he come up from Cambridge to rusticate with Parson Lothrop, he thought he must have his say with Miry, but he got pretty well come up with. You see he thought 'cause he was Boston born that he was kind o' aristocracy, and had a right jest to pick and choose 'mong country gals, but the way he got come up with by Miry was too funny for anything."

"Do tell us about it," we said, as Sam made an artful pause, designed to draw forth solicitation.

"Wal, ye see, Tom Beacon he told Ike Bacon about it, and Ike he told me. 'T was this way. Ye see, there was a quiltin' up to Mis' Cap'n Broad's, and Tom Beacon he was there, and come to goin' home with the gals, Tom he cut Ike out, and got Miry all to himself, and 't was a putty long piece of a walk from Mis' Cap'n Broad's up past the swamp and the stone pastur' clear up to old Black Hoss John's.

"Wal, Tom he was in high feather 'cause Miry took him, so that he did n't reelly know how to behave; and so as they was walkin' along past Parson Lothrop's apple orchard, Tom thought he 'd try bein' familiar, and he undertook to put his arm round Miry. Well, if she did n't jest take that little fellow by his two shoulders and whirl him over the fence into the orchard quicker 'n no time. 'Why,' says Tom, 'the fust I knew I was lyin' on my back under the apple-trees lookin' up at the stars.' Miry, she jest walked off home and said nothin' to nobody, — it wa'n't her way to talk much about things, — and if it had n't ben for Tom Beacon himself nobody need 'a' known nothin' about it. Tom was a little fellow, you see, and 'mazin' good-natured, and one of the sort that could n't keep nothin' to himself, and so he let the cat out o' the bag himself. Wal, there did n't nobody think the worse o' Miry. When fellers find a gal won't take saace from no man, they kind o' respect her, and then fellers allers thinks ef it had ben *them*, now, things 'd 'a' been different. That 's jest what Jim Moss and Ike Bacon said; they said, why Tom Beacon was a fool not to know better how to get along with Miry, — *they* never had no trouble. The fun of it was that Tom Beacon himself was more crazy after her than he was afore, and they say he made Miry a right up-and-down offer, and Miry she jest would n't have him.

"Wal, you see that went agin old Black Hoss John's idees, — old Black Hoss was about as close as a nut and as contrairy as a pipperage-tree. You ought to 'a' seen him. Why his face was all a perfect crisscross o' wrinkles. There wa' n't a spot where you could put a pin down that there wa' n't a wrinkle, and they used to say that he held on to every cent that went through his fingers till he 'd pinched it into two. You could n't say that his god was his belly, for he had n't none, no more 'n an old file; folks said that he 'd starved himself till the moon 'd shine through him.

"Old Black Hoss was awfully grouty about Miry's refusin' Tom Beacon, 'cause there was his houses and lots o' land in Boston. A dreffful worldly old crittur Black Hoss John was; he was like the rich fool in the Gospel. Wal, he 's dead and gone now, poor crittur, and what good has it all done him? It 's as the Scriptur' says, 'He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.'

"Miry had a pretty hard row to hoe with old Black Hoss John. She was up early and down late, and kep' everything a goin'. She made the cheese and made the butter, and between spells she braided herself handsome straw hats and fixed up her clothes; and somehow she worked it so when she

sold her butter and cheese that there was somethin' for ribbins and flowers; you know the Scriptur' says, 'Can a maid forget her ornaments?' Wal, Miry did n't. I 'member I used to lead the singin' in them days, and Miry she used to sing counter, so we sot putty near together in the singers' seats; and I used to think Sunday mornin's when she come to meetin' in her white dress and her red cheeks and her bonnet all tipped off with laylock, that 't was for all the world jest like a June sunrise to have her come into the singers' seats. Them was the days that I did n't improve my privileges, boys," said Sam, sighing deeply. "There was times that ef I 'd a spoke, there 's no knowin' what might n't 'a' happened, 'cause you see, boys, I was better lookin' in them days than I be now. Now you mind, boys, when you grow up, ef you get to waitin' on a nice gal, and you 're 'most a mind to speak up to her, don't you go and put it off, 'cause ef you do, you may live to repent it.

"Wal, you see from the time that Bill Elderkin come and took the academy, I could see plain enough that it was time for me to hang up my fiddle. Bill he used to set in the singers' seats, too, and he would have it that he sung tenor. He no more sung tenor than a skunk blackbird, but he made b'lieve he did, jest to git next to Miry in the singers' seats, and then they used to be a writin' backward and forward to each other till they tore out all the leaves of the hymn-books, and the singin'-books besides. Wal, I never thought that the house o' the Lord was jest the place to be courtin' in, and I used to get consid'able shocked at the way things went on atween 'em. Why, they 'd be a writin' all sermon-time; and I 've seen him a lookin' at her all through the long prayer in a way that wa' n't right, considerin' they was both professors of religion. But then the fact was, old Black Hoss John was to blame for it, 'cause he never let 'em have no chance to home. Ye see old Black Hoss he was sot ag'in Elderkin 'cause he was poor. You see his mother, the old Widdah Elderkin, she was jest about the poorest, peakedest old body over to Sherburne, and went out to days' works, and Bill Elderkin he was all for books and larnin', and old Black Hoss John he thought it was just shiftlessness; but Miry she thought he was a genius, and she got it sot in her mind that he was goin' to be President o' the United States, or some sich.

"Wal, old Black Hoss he wa' n't none too polite to Miry's beaux in gineral, but when Elderkin used to come to see her he was snarlier than a saw; he had n't a good word for him noways; and he 'd rake up the fire right before his face and eyes, and rattle about fastening up the windows, and tramp up to bed and call down the chamber-stairs to Miry to go to bed, and was sort o' aggravatin' every way.

"Wal, ef folks wants to get a gal set on havin' a man, that are 's the way to go to work. Miry had a consid'able stiff will of her own, and ef she did n't care about Tom Beacon before, she hated him now; and if she liked Bill Elderkin before, she was clean gone over to him now; and so she took to goin' to the Wednesday-evening lecture, and the Friday-evening prayer-meetin', and the singing-school, jest as regular as a clock, and so did he; and afterwards they allers walked home the longest way. Fathers may jest as well let their gals be courted in the house, peaceable, 'cause if they can't be courted there, they 'll find places where they can be: it 's jest human natur'.

"Wal, come fall Elderkin he went to college up to Brunswick; and then I used to see the letters as regular up to the store every week, comin' in from Brunswick, and old Black Hoss John he see 'em too, and got a way of droppin' on 'em in his coat-pocket when he come up to the store, and folks used to say that the letters that went into his coat-pocket did n't get to Miry. Anyhow, Miry she says to me one day, says she, 'Sam, you 're up round the post-office a good deal,' says she. 'I wish if you see any letters for me, you 'd jest bring 'em along.' I see right into it,

and I told her to be sure I would; and so I used to have the carryin' of great thick letters every week. Wal, I was waitin' on Hepsy along about them times, and so Miry and I kind o' sympathized. Hepsy was a pretty gal, and I thought it was all best as 't was; any way, I knew I could n't get Miry, and I could get Hepsy, and that made all the difference in the world.

"Wal, that next winter old Black Hoss was took down with rheumatism, and I tell you if Miry did n't have a time on 't! He wa' n't noways sweet tempered when he was well; but come to be crooked up with the rheumatis and kep' awake nights, it seemed as if he was determined there should n't nobody have no peace so long as he could n't.

"He 'd get Miry up and down with him night after night a makin' her heat flannels and vinegar, and then he 'd jaw and scold so that she was eenymost beat out. He would n't have nobody set up with him, though there was offers made. No, he said Miry was his daughter, and 't was her bisness to take care on him.

"Miry was clear worked down; folks kind o' pitied her. She was a strong gal, but there 's things that wears out the strongest. The worst on 't was it hung on so. Old Black Hoss had a most amazin' sight o' constitution. He 'd go all down to death's door, and seem hardly to have the breath o' life in him, and then up he 'd come ag'in! These 'ere old folks that nobody wants to have live allers hev such a sight o' wear in 'em, they jest last and last; and it really did seem as if he 'd wear Miry out and get her into the grave fust, for she got a cough with bein' up so much in the cold, and grew thin as a shadder. 'Member one time I went up there to offer to watch jest in the spring o' the year, when the laylocks was jest a buddin' out, and Miry she come and talked with me over the fence, and the poor gal she fairly broke down and sobbed as if her heart would break a tellin' me her trouble.

"Wal, it reelly affected me more to have Miry give up so than most gals, 'cause she 'd allers held her head up, and had sich a sight o' grit and resolution, but she told me all about it.

"It seems old Black Hoss he wa' n't content with worryin' on her, and gettin' on her up nights, but he kep' a hectorin' her about Bill Elderkin, and wantin' on her to promise that she would n't hev Bill when he was dead and gone, and Miry she would n't promise, and then the old man said she should n't have a cent from him if she did n't, and so they had it back and forth. Everybody in town was sayin' what a shame 't was that he should sarve her so; for though he hed other children, they was married and gone, and there wa' n't none of them to do for him but jist Miry.

"Wal, he hung on till jest as the pinys in the front yard was beginnin' to blow out, and then he began to feel he was a goin', and he sent for Parson Lothrop to know what was to be done about his soul.

"'Wal,' says Parson Lothrop, 'you must settle up all your worldly affairs; you must be in peace and love with all mankind, and if you 've wronged anybody you must make it good to 'em.'

"Old Black Hoss he bounced right over in his bed with his back to the minister.

"'The Devil!' says he, 't will take all I 've got.' And he never spoke another word, though Parson Lothrop he prayed with him, and did what he could for him.

"Wal, that night I sot up with him, and he went off 'tween two and three in the mornin', and I laid him out regular. Of all the racks o' bone I ever see, I never see a human crittur so poor as he was. 'T wa' n't nothin' but his awful will kep' his soul in his body so long as it was.

"We had the funeral in the meetin'-house a Sunday, and Parson Lothrop he preached a sarmon on contentment on the text, We brought nothin' into the world, and it 's sartin we can carry

nothin' out, and having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. Parson Lothrop he got round the subject about as handsome as he could; he did n't say what a skinflint old Black Hoss was, but he talked in a gineral way about the vanity o' worryin' an' scrapin' to heap up riches. Ye see Parson Lothrop he could say it all putty easy, too, 'cause since he married a rich wife he never had no occasion to worry about temporal matters, and folks allers preaches better on the vanity o' riches when they 's in tol'able easy circumstances. Ye see when folks is pestered and worried to pay their bills and don't know where the next dollar 's to come from, it 's a great temptation to be kind o' valooin' riches, and mebbe envyin' those that 's got 'em; whereas when one 's accounts all pays themselves, and the money comes jest when its wanted regular, a body feels sort o' composed like, and able to take the right view o' things, like Parson Lothrop.

"Wal, after sermon the relations all went over to the old house to hear the will read, and as I was kind o' friend with the family I jest slipped in along with the rest.

"Squire Jones he had the will, and so when they all got sot round all solemn, he broke the seals and unfolded it, cracklin' it a good while afore he begun, and it was so still you might a heard a pin drop when he begun to read. Fust, there was the farm and stock, he left to his son John Brown over in Sherburne. Then there was the household stuff and all them things, spoons and dishes, and beds and kiverlids and so on, to his da'ter Polly Blanchard. And then, last of all, he says, he left to his da'ter Miry *the pitcher that was on the top o' the shelf in his bedroom closet.*

"That are was an old cracked pitcher that Miry allers had hated the sight of, and spring and fall she used to beg her father to let her throw it away; but no, he would n't let her touch it, and so it stood gatherin' dust.

"Some on 'em run and handed it down, and it seemed jest full o' scourin'-sand and nothin' else, and they handed it to Miry.

"Wal, Miry she was wrathy then. She did n't so much mind bein' left out in the will, 'cause she expected that, but to have that are old pitcher poked at her so sort o' scornful was more 'n she could bear.

"She took it and gin it a throw across the room with all her might, and it hit ag'in the wall and broke into a thousand bits, when out rolled hundreds o' gold pieces; great gold eagles and guineas flew round the kitchen jest as thick as dandelions. I tell you, she scrabbled 'em up pretty quick and we all helped her.

"Come to count 'em over, Miry had the best fortin of the whole, as 't was right and proper she should. Miry she was a sensible gal, and she invested her money well; and so, when Bill Elderkin got through his law studies he found a wife that could make a nice beginning with him. And that 's the way, you see, they came to be doin' as well as they be.

"So, boys, you jest mind and remember an' allers see what there is in a providence afore you quarrel with it, 'cause there 's a good many things in this world turns out like Mis' Elderkin's pitcher."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

A VIRGINIAN IN NEW ENGLAND THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Introductory.

THE author of the journal, the printing of which will begin in the next number of the Atlantic, was Mr. Lucian Minor, a gentleman of Virginia. I use the word *gentleman* rather than *native*, because his private papers, which have been confided to me, have left on my mind so strong an impression of sweetness, constancy, good sense, and that liberality of sentiment which comes of unselfish aims and generous culture. These papers came to me in a condition which touched my heart strangely in more ways than one. The records of a singularly peaceful life, and of a character gentle and affectionate beyond the common mark, they show here and there rude traces of the war in which Virginia bore so tragic a part. Leaves have been roughly torn out, and on a blank one there is scrawled in a coarse hand: "To-day heard the Yankees were in three or four miles of the city." Some of the papers show marks of exposure to the weather, and all are fragmentary, except the journal, which will mainly concern us. The loss most to be regretted is perhaps an autobiography, of which only the first eight pages remain. The documents intrusted to me consist mainly of diaries containing minute notes of journeys, extracts and abstracts of books read, anecdotes of remarkable people from original sources, statistics, and historical memoranda bearing mainly upon the science of government. Mr. Minor's reading was of wholesome variety. I find him alternately beguiling the weariness of a voyage down the Ohio with a volume of Gil Blas and a History of Banking. He had a pleasant, old-fashioned liking for Virgil and Horace, some critical knowledge of Greek, could speak French, and probably read Italian. But what strikes one most is a certain humanity in him, — an unflagging interest in men and their doings, — which made acquaintanceship easy and intercourse instructive. He seems to me also to have been endowed in rare measure with that Boswellian genius for observation, which knows what to observe and record, — a gift second only in value to the creative faculty itself. He had, if not humor, at least a keen sense of the comic. He was kindly, simple, and natural, the latter quality all the more remarkable in one who seems to have been somewhat morbidly given to self-examination. He had a high and constant sense of duty, whether private or public. I find it hard to express, without seeming to exaggerate, the pervading sentiment of *engagingness*, of affectionate sympathy, awakened in me by this tattered record of a useful, honorable, and yet, in the ordinary sense, obscure life. Mr. Minor's brother* writes of him: "Of the character of my brother perhaps it is scarce fitting that I should speak. Indeed, I fear to trust myself, although I should only reiterate the expressions of esteem and veneration which accompany his name whenever it is mentioned in the wide circle by whom in his lifetime he was known and loved. During the larger part of his life he was not a believer in the religion of Christ, his faith having been early sapped by the insidious sophistries of Gibbon and Hume; but to human observation his conduct towards his fellow-men was so pure and yet so unostentatious that even calumny itself was shamed into silence, if not approval. An active and prominent member of an active profession, and taking an earnest and leading part in most of the movements for the amelioration of society amongst us, I know not that his conduct or motives were in any single instance assailed or sus-

* John B. Minor, Esq., Professor of Law in the University of Virginia.

pected. This stainless purity of outward morality was in his latter days crowned with a rejoicing faith in the Saviour whom once he neglected, and he died in the 'comfort of a reasonable, holy, and religious hope' of a glorious immortality."

Mr. Minor was born on the 24th of April, 1802, in the county of Louisa, the fifth of nine children, four daughters, and five sons. His family was of Dutch origin. Of his boyhood he is himself the best historian in the fragment of autobiography before mentioned. It is, I think, like his journals, of real value as affording authentic glimpses of modes of life almost as deeply lost in the dark background of time as those of the Odyssey.

"Outline of my Life.

"Our parents were severe disciplinarians, using the rod much too often, with all except their youngest child. Most of us, if not all, had learned to read at four years old, our father's heart being set upon seeing us forward in books, and himself teaching us that far. Nay, he taught most of us also writing, geography, and arithmetic, though he was liberal in sending us to school. His own knowledge had been mainly self-acquired, and was not extensive or thorough. But he was diligent, regular, and most exact in his teachings. His usage was to assemble those who were of the learning age in his dining-room (which was also parlor), every morning immediately after rising from bed. They were to appear properly washed and combed, and to say two lessons before breakfast, under pain of eating no butter at that meal, but only bread and milk. This penalty was greatly dreaded, and doubtless contributed much to make us most inordinate lovers of butter. Besides this, any great shortcoming in a lesson, whether through indolence or stupidity, was visited with hard blows; and then, if the delinquent cried, whimpered, or pouted, a whipping was inevitable. Great errors, I humbly think; though, in spite of them, regularity and steadiness in the teachings made the system very successful. Our father was an excellent reader, and an excellent teacher both of reading and spelling. His little domestic school went on as unfailingly as the sun, no matter what company he had; and his hospitality was on the freest Virginia scale, — only there was no dissipation.

"From four to nearly six I was an irregular pupil of one Carr M'G., a brutal tyrant employed as a teacher in the neighborhood for three years. Nothing that I ever heard or read of in schools kept by Englishmen exceeded the barbarities of this wretch towards the boys and girls placed under his care. The terror he inspired often neutralized the effect of his instructions, and made children pass for dunces who afterwards proved themselves to have good minds. I was little subject to him, and suffered nothing from his cruelty; indeed, used great license of tongue towards him. How his scholars once exulted at a feat of mine! He condescended to a game of snow-balling with them; and I, enclosing a thick piece of ice in a little snow, threw it with all my childish strength at his face. It struck him in a tender part of the neck, and gave him great pain.

"In the years of M'G.'s school our father still kept up his own system at home, — those lessons before breakfast; and some boarders there, as well as his own children, shared them. He continued this in after years, so long as any of his children were of a fit age to learn from him. The boys who were large enough to feed hogs, sheep, etc., had that to do in winter before beginning their two lessons.

"Our grandmother (Mrs. Elizabeth Minor) lived with her maiden daughter Elizabeth, at her deceased husband's old seat, Topping Castle, on the North Anna, in Caroline, — having a plantation of some hundreds of acres, cultivated by ten or fifteen slaves, thirty miles from us. She had no overseer but a faithful old mulatto named Jack Overton, who (by her husband's will)

was to be free at her death if he should behave well. Our father used to ride down regularly once a month to see her, and to see that things went right on her farm, commonly staying at least a day; and this duty he steadily kept up till her death, in November, 1811, — a small sample of his energy and activity, though rheumatism had made him a cripple from boyhood in the left leg and hand, which were shrunk and bent so as to be nearly useless.

"My first great grief was parting with my elder brother, William, whom, late in 1807, our father sent to Kentucky with the Rev. John Todd, an emigrating Presbyterian clergyman of much piety but little good sense, to remain five years for education. The boy was aged but ten or eleven. The step proved to be a grievous mistake. Immediately after, my father placed me behind him on horseback and carried me to Topping Castle, where I stayed near two months under care of his mother and sister, — Aunt Betsy, as we all called her. The latter was, I am nearly tempted to say, the wisest woman I ever knew. She came little short, in practical good sense, of Miss Edgeworth's theoretical. Indeed, when Miss E. afterwards became known to me through her works, her chief merit was that she perpetually reminded me of my aunt. During that visit the latter told me stories of Miss E.'s, and from 'Sandford and Merton,' impressing their morals upon me as could not else have been done. Many most valuable lessons are owing to those two months. She was at once kind, gentle, rational, and firm, in happier combination than any other person ever known to me. The visit and the lessons were shared by my cousin, Betty Goodwin (now wife of Dr. Joseph W. Pendleton), one or two years older than I. Our families long remembered many diverting quarrels between us.

"'Uncle Jack' (so the old head man was called by us young fry) used to come to the door of his old mistress's apartment about daybreak every morning, — while her fire was making by another negro man, — to report what had been done the day before on the farm, and to get her directions and give his counsel about what should be done on that day. I usually slept in her room; and I retain a distinct remembrance of the respectful tone and manner with which, standing in the doorway, he uncovered his gray locks and half-bald crown, and said, 'Mistis, here I am, madam.' Sometimes it was 'Mistis, I 'm come to insult you' (consult you).

"On returning home in March, 1808, I had begun to write joining-hand. A practice then commenced made me ever after note and remember the current years, so that I know the year of any event at all momentous in my own life. At the foot of every page in my copy-book I was taught by my father and elder sisters *to write the day of the month and the year.* Methinks it has also much aided my study of historical chronology.

"Two years were now spent at home, in learning further to read and write, with geography and light farm-work. My brothers and I were brought up to labor a good deal, though not very regularly, with our father's negroes, who were fifteen or twenty in number, men, women, and children. My work was such as planting corn, thinning it, haymaking, picking up and *shocking* wheat in harvest, treading out wheat,* picking out cotton from the bolls, shucking corn, burning brush when new ground was cleared, etc., etc. I was also frequently sent on errands (riding or walking) about the neighborhood, and at seven or eight years old, often 'went to mill,' i. e. rode on a bag holding two and a half or three bushels of corn thrown across a horse, to a mill five miles off, and returned with the meal in like manner. The 'mill boys' assembled at the mill used to have rare and rich sports, while waiting for their

* "Threshing-machines were then almost unknown. Wheat was trodden out by horses. It was laid in a circular bed around the hard barn-yard, and boys were made to ride one horse and lead one or two others over it, round and round, for six or eight hours."

'turns' of corn to be ground. About the same time I was made feeder of my father's sheep, numbering twenty-one or twenty-two. My business was, every morning and evening to find and count them in the pasture, to pen them under shelter in bad weather, and to feed them with fodder or corn.

"It is said that shepherds of large flocks know every sheep by its features, though there be hundreds. This is credible to me, for I knew every one of my little flock. The ram gave me special cause to know *him;* he twice butted me over, when he was pleased to think me too slow in feeding.

"Farmer Minor's sons were thrown much into association with negroes in their various employments. It was so in a somewhat similar, though not often equal degree, with the sons of other farmers in that neighborhood who were equally wealthy. He was rather noted for the hardihood in which he brought up his sons. Running races, wrestling, and fighting with negro boys of our own size, were frequent practices. One Sunday I had a severe fight with Adam, a boy of my father's rather older than I. My face received scratches, which striped it for several days. My father was absent. My dread of his knowing what had happened was extreme; but he passed it over in silence. Adam and I had other encounters which left the mastery doubtful.

"Such a life may well be supposed to have given bodily hardihood, and some forms of mental strength, especially when intermingled with reading books like Sandford and Merton. It gave adroitness in shifting for ourselves amid difficulties, — a low sort of *savoir faire.* And, by sending us much into the fields and woods, it made us observant of nature in some respects. Before eight years of age I knew all the trees common in our woods. A little instruction might have informed me of the names and connections of most plants. Many of the names I did know.

"In January, 1810, an Englishman (Phillips) was employed to teach a school in our neighborhood; but soon becoming dissatisfied, he absconded in a few weeks. The school-house was of pine logs, covered with riven slabs of pine, having a chimney made with billets of wood piled upon each other and daubed with clay, a dirt floor, and *no glass window!*

"About March a worthy Scotchman, Martin Robertson, who had married and long lived in the neighborhood, was employed to teach in the same house. He was one of the best teachers I ever had, — improving me in geography, writing, some arithmetical tables, the use of the dictionary, and habits of thought, more than any schoolmaster ever did. His only instrument of correction was a leather strap an inch wide and two feet long, slit into several fingers at one end. With this he struck the extended palm of an offender once, twice, or more; seldom above twice. Yet, efficient and liked as he was as a teacher, we once formed a conspiracy and *turned him out;* that is, taking advantage of his going to dinner half a mile off, we nailed boards across the door so as to bar it effectually. But his first decided summons made the hearts of our leaders quail, and they tore down the bars as manfully as they had put them up. What we designed to extort was holiday for a few days. He taught only six months.

"The next year (1811) my teacher was Mr. John B. Duke of Hanover. Father's mistaken ambition set me to learn Latin, though not nine years old. He promised to give me a copy of Plutarch's Lives, if I would get through Cæsar that year. The course was Ruddiman's Grammar, Cordery's Colloquies, Erasmus's ditto, Cornelius Nepos, and Cæsar. I got through, and obtained Plutarch, of whom I had read a volume the previous year, in lessons at home, with vast pleasure. Mr. Duke made us parse every word in Cordery and Erasmus, and held us bound to parse any in the other books which he might call on us to parse. Though we

called it going *through* the books, we did not read half of any. For example, we read but four books of Cæsar's Gallic War. My classmate was Andrew Winston, several years older than I, and of a far better memory, in other faculties not superior. Never can I forget the utter mystification that overcame me when we began to parse. I had learned the grammar pretty well, and Cordery was put into my hands."

Here, unhappily, the narrative abruptly ends, its remaining pages having been, perhaps, fired into space as cartridge-paper by some Virginia volunteer. There is enough, however, to give us the notion of a wholesome kind of training, in which study is oxygenated with a fair mixture of fresh air from wood and field. From the journal of a Western tour in 1836 I glean an allusion to another of Mr. Minor's teachers, the more gladly as it illustrates the sweetness of the author's character. The date is

"LOUISVILLE, 8th December, 1836.

"As we sat, a carriage was heard at the door, and then a knock. A gentleman entered who told Dr. C. that, in looking over the register of guests at the Galt House, he had seen the name of Mr. Minor of Virginia, and, learning that he was here, had taken a hack and come to see him. The gentleman said he was an early acquaintance of mine, and had often seen me at his grandfather's, old Mr. Morton's, when we were children, and he had come to see me for 'auld lang syne,' though his place was taken in the stage by which he was to proceed that night to his home near Frankfort. Name, William Robinson. I soon recollected him as the son of wellnigh my earliest instructor, Martin R., a good Scotchman whose teachings of twenty-six years ago I still remember with pleasure and gratitude. The twenty-five minutes which my old acquaintance could stay were spent in a crowd of inquiries after our common friends, and he then took his leave with a cordial invitation to me to visit him. Such an instance of kind remembrance in one whom I knew very slightly, and had not seen since my eleventh year, was of course very gratifying, and Dr. C. said it 'was extra-or-di-na-ry, such,' added he, 'as only a Kentuckian would practise.'"

Mr. Minor never received any collegiate education, but "completed his law studies in 1823 at the Law School of the College of William and Mary, then under the charge of the late Judge Semple." He soon afterwards removed to Mooresville in Northern Alabama. From a journal kept on the road thither for his mother I select a few passages illustrative of manners. The journey was of course made on horseback.

"BUCKINGHAM, 20th November, 1823.

"The house where I am resting to-night is twenty-nine miles from Cartersville, and forty-two from Dr. Kean's, whence you know I came this morning. *Buck* N—— (as he is styled by his familiars), the owner of this shabby and ill-furnished mansion, is gone to a wedding not far off. I am entertained by his wife and three ragged, boisterous, ill-taught boys. Much has been said of the wealth of Buckingham; but my road (except a few miles along Willis's River) has lain through a region of poverty that would scandalize Louisa, if not Fluvanna. Willis's River (or creek, a stream much smaller than the South Anna) presents some traces of commercial enterprise; a dismantled lock intended to aid navigation is to be seen. . . . . I am very gracious with two drunken clowns here; one of whom says he has a brother (a Major ——) in Nashville, a lawyer of high standing and quite a great man. He offers me a letter of introduction, but is too tipsy now to write it, even if the house afforded the means, which, I suspect, it does not. The other tippler is a genuine specimen of the tavern soaker and bully, looking so mean that I really have some scruples about sleeping in the same room with him, which, however, is to be the arrangement for the

night. At Cartersville I bought an umbrella and a very cheap (though coarse) plaid cloak, giving for the former three dollars and for the latter eight dollars."

"23d November.

"The house where I have now stopped (to breakfast) is kept by a worthy Dutchman, whose wife has just been waiting on me at table. She is a tidy, sociable, communicative dame. A Dutch almanac is by me; on asking her if any of the family can read it, she tells me her husband can, as fluently as English. He is, however, the sole member of the household that does understand that tongue. He teaches it to none of his children, nor to his wife. One instance this of the general fact that these industrious and thriving people are letting fall the peculiarities which distinguish them from the mass of our population, and merging fast in the characteristics of those among whose settlements they are embosomed. We may hope that, while they acquire the alert spirits and brisk intelligence of their British-sprung neighbors, they will impart to these latter a portion of the sturdy and thriftful virtues which make their own characters."

"Dr. Johnson's, near Salem, Botetourt Co., Same day, night.

"Unlooked for, my dear mother! I have a philosopher, a man of some sense and very considerable information, for my landlord. I have all the way been wishing for somebody in whom I might find a congenial spark of scholarship, and was attracted hither chiefly by the title prefixed to the name of my present host. But I expected little more than a dry, technical pedant, with whom I could discuss the Greek derivations of some of the terms in his own science, talk of the treatises and opinions of Dr. Rush upon education, politics, crimes, and punishments, or deliberate on the comparative merits of the Baltimore and Philadelphia universities. Now, instead of all this, — instead of a mind cramped within the nutshell limits of his single profession, — Dr. J. has shown a fund of general and practical knowledge, which he dispenses so as to convey both pleasure and advantage. He has travelled much; seems to know a great deal of the world from experience; and is perfect master of all the little rules and means, relating both to moral conduct and bodily shifting or management, by which a traveller should act in the various emergencies of his tour. The accommodations of his house are more completely comfortable than any I have ever seen; and his supper is so good,* that I am determined to adopt his advice (interested, perhaps), and stay to breakfast in the morning. Hitherto the sun has never risen without finding me on horseback: I must infringe the custom for once.

"It is now half past ten at night; yet 'sleep, gentle sleep, has not weighed my eyelids down,' so pleasant has the colloquy with mine host been. . . . . He has shown me a book (and I have read almost half through it) called 'Inside out,' written by *a lawyer* who was confined in the Penitentiary at Auburn, New York! It is a strong and sensible production, pointing out with infinite justness and force the inefficacy of penitentiary discipline (as it is usually settled) for all the ends of punishment; nay, its positive mischievousness, by answering no other end than to give raw and inexperienced culprits opportunities of improving themselves under the lessons of hardened veterans in crime. His remedy is *solitary confinement;* and a total prohibition of all intercourse between the convicts when labor or meals necessarily bring them together."

"24th November.

"Most of my ride, yesterday and to-day, was through the great valley. The Dutch inhabiting it are said to have crept down gradually from their settlement, in Pennsylvania; and the land, though generally rich, being too far from market to offer seducing attractions to any but the children of sober

"* I cannot be always Cornaro, you see."

industry, these plain and steady people had few competitors for the spots that best suited their interests and their peculiar taste. It is curious to see how uniformly they choose for the site of their dwellings the very lowest part of the valley; usually but a few feet above the creeping brook or the rushing torrent, to which their meadows serve as margin. Their habitations are surpassingly neat in outward appearance; the greater part, even of the two-storied buildings, are of logs, chinked with stones, then crammed smoothly, and the mortar whitewashed. Such is the house where I now am. It is larger and more roomy than our house.

"My landlord is a Mr. Havens (recommended to me by Dr. Johnson), a most ingenious, and even scientific mechanic. He has shown me an improved loom, for which he has a patent; and a corn-shelling machine, which has circulated extensively in Virginia, able to shell one hundred ears in a minute. I am much taken with a very simple machine for paring apples, by which fifty may be pared in a minute. I could make one, methinks, with a little more skill in handling the needful tools.

"There are two uncommonly interesting lodgers with me here: a poor man who has lost both eyes, by an explosion of gunpowder in blasting rock; and his niece, a girl about twelve or thirteen years old, who guides him wherever he goes. The eyeballs are either lost entirely from the sockets, or hidden by the closing of the lids, which are spread as smoothly over the seats of vision as if no balls had ever been there. The sufferer seems cheerful, and has manifested in several instances to me that increased acuteness of other senses (his feeling and hearing) generally consequent upon the loss of the principal one. There is a caravan of wild beasts exhibiting through this part of the country. The blind man heard me speak of them, and with great apparent solicitude inquired if I had seen the bear? My host informed me that the bear had been once in the poor fellow's custody, and that a very strong mutual attachment had subsisted between them. No absent brother could have been asked after with more earnest tokens of affection than Bruin by his quondam keeper. The poor fellow seems to have taken a sort of liking to me; from something, perhaps, in the tone of my voice, which may have betrayed to his nice ear what I certainly felt, — no small compassion for his misfortunes. He gave a singular and somewhat embarrassing token of this partiality at supper (which we partook of along with our host's family, six or eight in number) by begging that *I* would put his food into his plate for him. As you may suppose, I sat by him, and was assiduous enough in my attentions; flattered by such a confidence, which preferred me, a total stranger, even to the niece, whose fidelity and affection to him seemed great as any daughter could have shown."

"25th November.

"On reaching this (Mr. Trigg's) tavern, two gentlemen were talking politics in the bar-room; their immediate topic, the Presidential election. One of them is a rather short, thickly set person, in a gray cloth coatee and corduroy *inexpressibles*, with a hat (which, traveller-like, he wears in the house) cased in a green silk oilcloth, — a Baltimore merchant going on some speculative tour to the Southwest. I cannot tell plainly who is his favorite candidate, but it *seems* to be General Jackson. The other was zealous for Crawford, whose pretensions he advocated with great fluency, if not force.

"General Jackson went from here to-day; and I met him, but without knowing him. He has gone on to Washington to take his seat as Senator from Tennessee, — a post assigned him by his devoted countrymen, with a view, as is supposed, of forwarding his chance for the Presidency, by putting him in a prominent and central point before the nation's eyes. He is accompanied by several gentlemen; among them, Major Eaton, who, from what I hear, is a sort of toad-eater — humble companion — to *Old Hickory*.

"Hitherto I have travelled alone, and at first I preferred doing so. The 'feast of feeling' which one enjoys sometimes in rich exuberance among the wild scenes of nature is liable to be marred by having to share it, to talk of it, to analyze it, to a companion. He may not sympathize, he may not taste the banquet so relishingly as you do; and then he is sure to think you an enthusiastic raver, while you are just as sure to despise *him* as a senseless dolt. And these are unkind feelings which at once take largely from the purity of your enjoyment. But I am now sated with a solitary admiration of sylvan and montane beauties, and for a day or two have longed for converse with some one on subjects not directly before my eyes. I have a prospect of being gratified. The Baltimorean is bound for Nashville; our routes lie for three hundred miles together; and Mr. Crawford (who has ascertained these particulars) has negotiated between us a treaty of amity and companionship. By the by, he knows not, any more than I do, the name of my new comrade; but he has got it settled between us that we shall set out together early in the morning, and go fourteen miles to breakfast."

"Seven Mile Ford, Washington Co., (Scott's Tavern,) November 26th.

"I like my new acquaintance right smartly. The main objection to him is that his horse has been slightly foundered, so that he cannot quite keep pace with my 'bay mare, Meg, — a better never lifted leg.' However, we have come thirty-four miles to-day. He stayed at Dr. Johnson's a night or two before I did. We have been comparing notes on the doctor's character, conversation, and fare. The last we agree is unrivalled; but as to his conversation, it turns out that he travelled over exactly the same ground with both of us, — led us along the same paths, — and studiously visited every border, from which with premeditated cleverness he plucked only the flowers that he had by habit familiarized to his hand. To drop metaphor, the honest doctor, it appears, has a fixed set of themes of discourse, which he introduces to two (and therefore, by a natural inference, to many) different guests, entertaining them with the same routine of confabulation, as with the same succession of dishes. If our surmise be right, he much resembles Ephraim Jenkinson, who had but one scrap of learning for all comers; and when he had done with Manetho and Berosus and cosmogony, his stock was exhausted. I wish yet it may be otherwise with my friend the doctor.

"This morning was a very cold, frosty one, suitable to the season. A mile or two from our starting-place we came to a large creek, its banks edged with ice. Just at the same time there came to the opposite side an old woman (of sixty, at least, to appearance), leading a mean *tackey*, on which was strapped a large bundle of wearing-apparel and other luggage, too large to leave any room for her to ride. She halted at the water's edge and was going, though with some hesitation, to wade through the ford where it was more than knee-deep. I called to her to wait; and whipping over to her, proffered to lead her horse over, and pointed up the stream to a hammock, where I thought she could cross dry-shod. She gave me her horse, which I led over and secured upon the other side: then, looking for her, I beheld her, with clothes raised up to her knees, wading the creek just above the ford. The water reached more than half-way to her knees, was rapid and cold; yet she strode through it as unflinchingly as I would have done in midsummer. Her brawny legs looked red as a Bermuda potato: they were seemingly of the hardest muscle and sinews, and fully as large in the calf as mine; which (if you know it not) are no spindles, madam, I assure you. My travelling companion waited till my service to the old lady was rendered; and then complimented me upon my gallantry, with a very diverting mixture of banter and gravity in his countenance."

"GAINES'S, SULLIVAN CO., TENN.,
November 28th, Night.

"We are now within five miles of the Boatyard (called also Kingsport and Rossville, from David Ross, its founder), at the head of navigation on Holston River. Even that high, the passage of boats is very precarious, limited almost entirely to the downward course, and for this they are obliged to wait for a flood in the river. It has been now six months or more since there was a sufficient tide to carry them over the numerous shoals, rocks, and obstacles of various kinds, that present themselves between the Boat-Yard and the Muscle Shoals, — a distance of five hundred miles. These boats are an important, almost the staple, production of this fertile but rugged and sequestered region. They are flat-bottomed, of huge dimensions, capable of carrying 300 or 400 bales of cotton (which weigh 300 pounds each), and covered over for at least half their length with plank. This top is shaped, not like the roof of a house, but rather like that of a carriage. This ark is of very rude structure; and when finished, is loaded with flour, apples, onions, bacon, corn, plank, and scantling, and started down the river under the conduct of but three boatmen (a steersman and two rowers). At Ditto's Landing (opposite Huntsville), Triana (where S. Ragland lives), Mooresville, Cottonport, and other settlements along the river, the cargo is sold off on the best terms practicable, and then the boat itself is disposed of to a planter for $60 or $70, to be freighted with cotton for New Orleans; or else the same hands hire it and themselves to run down to that city by the February or March flood, — the load varying from 300 to 400 bales. At New Orleans, when emptied of its last cargo, the boat is sold as firewood and lumber, being never intended or able to go up the stream again; for its clumsiness makes it little better than a log in the water.

"Here, to-night, is a man whose trade it is to build these boats; from him I have gathered my chief knowledge of them. He has been down the river sundry times; even to Mooresville, where he has seen my brother William. He interests me, too, by another circumstance. A few weeks ago my two cousins, R. Tompkins and George Temple, stopped at the Boat-Yard where he was working, their money out, and they a good deal jaded, you may suppose, with their long walk. R. could find no employment in his line, — teaching school, — but G. at once obtained work from my informant; and well did he work, till he made money enough to enable them both to prosecute their journey. R. rendered himself so acceptable by his good sense and modesty, that his board cost him nothing hereabouts. The man hits off G.'s character to a *t*, by saying that "as for George, he was neither ashamed nor afeard to say anything to anybody," — a character the most fascinating of all to the rowdy population of this country. And he was accordingly, as I could plainly see, a prodigious favorite.

"We have encountered immense droves of hogs, going into your part of Virginia. At Squire or Captain Goodson's, where we breakfasted this morning (by the by, it was our last stopping-place in my native State), were two droves of 700 or 800 each; and yesterday we met two others as numerous. For a week past I have met two or perhaps three of these hordes daily. We have a band of hog-drivers from Kentucky for our messmates to-night, bound eastwardly with I don't know how many hundreds. Yet these apparently overflowing supplies are, as the people on the road say, much smaller than usual! You certainly cannot suffer by a scarcity of bacon. One of the drivers here is a hulking, bully-like fellow, but merrily disposed, with whom I am all of a sudden very intimate. He swears I am a d— d——, but it will look like vanity if I repeat his compliments.

"Our entertainer to-night is Captain Gaines, a cousin of General Edmund P. Gaines. He is a favorable specimen of the Tennessee men, tall and com-

manding in his mien, frank, manly, and dignified in his sentiments. I hardly know how to treat him as an innkeeper. That calling, however, has no manner of discredit in the estimation of these Western people, whether Virginians or Tennesseeans. The Congressman from the Campbell (Virginia) district is, at home, a simple Boniface; and (God willing) we shall to-morrow break our fast at the house of Joseph McMinn, late Governor of Tennessee, now keeper of a plain but reputable 'hostelry' ten miles hence. Our regular breakfasting distance is fifteen miles; but as a man who, after filling with credit and popularity the supreme magistracy of a sovereign State, has retired into one of the humblest walks of private life, is really worth contemplating, we have determined to anticipate our usual halting-time, in order to gratify our curiosity."

"ROGERSVILLE, TENN., November 29th.

"We stopped at the worthy Ex-Governor's, and found him altogether pleasing. He is a little old man, with large, yet sunken eyes that seem to have undergone a good deal of service, — though his Excellency's brain is not very much stored with bookish treasures. He is affable, kind, and communicative. He entered very freely into political discussion; indeed, with more freedom and promptitude than intelligence. . . . . Besides filling the chief magistracy of this State, Governor McM. has served it also in other capacities. He was a member of the convention which passed the State Constitution, and has been a representative in Congress. He is now agent or resident envoy with the Cherokee Indians south of Holston and French Broad Rivers. It is a singular spectacle to see a man, who has occupied such high and varied stations, bustling about a tavern at once as landlord, barkeeper, and head waiter, administering entertainment to guests of every degree. My companion desired the 'Governor' to give him a basin of water and a towel, asking me slyly, while the honest gentleman was obeying the order, *if that was not sublime?* . . . . This is indeed a country where the democratic spirit of liberty and equality prevails to the utmost extent. I already see, or think I see, a bolder, loftier carriage in ordinary men. Every one seems to feel himself an efficient member of the body politic. No free male citizen being excluded from a vote in the choice of lawgivers and governors, every one takes an interest in the acts of those public servants; and you hear proceedings of the Legislature and other political matters canvassed by men whose appearance would, amongst us, bespeak them both unknowing and careless of the most important public concerns. It would surprise you to see the warm and active feelings of these people in regard to the Presidential election. Of the Louisa people, I believe not a tenth part, even of the freeholders, have yet bestowed a thought or experienced a wish upon the subject. In Tennessee, every heart is roused, every tongue is busy; old and young, male and female, — all look anxiously forward to the result; all wish, and would fight for (if need be) the success of Jackson. Never, surely, were a people so nearly unanimous. The citizens of Sevier County met the other day to express sentiments and adopt resolutions in favor of their hero. The votes were taken, when there were for Clay 3, for Crawford 2, for Adams 1, for Calhoun *none*, for Jackson between 600 and 700! So hot are they on this point that to deny J.'s superior claims to the post in dispute seems to be considered a sort of treason; and even to say he will not succeed is looked on as a high misdemeanor; either offence, however, luckily being deemed more worthy of pity than of punishment, by reason of the absurdity it is supposed to involve.

"The further westward I go, the more indubitable appears J.'s election. The people are daily receiving accounts of his increasing popularity to the North and East, — accounts furnished by newspapers favorable to him in those quarters. They possibly speak

as much from what they wish as from what they know to be the case."

"November 30th.

"To-day we passed Bean's Station, or Oresville, a noted point where the great leading road to Kentucky, over Cumberland and Clinch Mountains, turns off to the right. The name *Oresville* is derived from one Ore, a countryman of ours, who used to live there (keeping a petty tavern) thirty or forty years ago, when houses of any kind were scarce as hen's teeth on the road, and when the almost unbroken forest swarmed with Indians. Ore had a bad name in Louisa; he was prosecuted, or threatened with prosecution, for some theft or robbery, and fled. Here he did not greatly amend his life. His house was in very ill repute. There is a story (it was told me by Mr. John Garth, when we came out to Kentucky in 1815) of two travellers putting up at his house to stay all night. They placed their baggage, including loaded pistols, in the bar, as is now usual. Next morning, on mounting, they found their horses lame, and stopped at a blacksmith's shop a little way along the road to have the shoes and hoofs examined and put to rights. The smith (who was an honest man) found a horse-hair so fixed in a hoof of each horse as to produce the lameness, and evidently with design. He warned the travellers that danger awaited them, and advised them to examine their pistols. Putting in the ramrods, they found, as they thought, the charges in; so was the priming. 'Draw the loads,' said the blacksmith, 'and make sure.' They screwed out the supposed loads, and found them to be wads of cotton which had been rammed down to fill the place of powder and ball. They now saw that some mischief was intended; they carefully reloaded the pistols, and, their horses being relieved, wended on their way. In a deep, shady bottom one or two miles from Ore's house, two black men, armed with rifles, suddenly sprung out before their horses and commanded them to deliver their money. The travellers drew out their pistols, and admonished the robbers to desist. They swore they valued not the pistols a curse; the travellers might shoot and be d—d. The latter took them at their word, fired, killed one dead, and wounded the other, who retreated into the thicket, and then rode back to Ore's house to make known what had happened. The old lady (Mrs. Ore) instantly lifted up her hands, and exclaimed that *her son was killed!* And sure enough, on examining the corpse closely, it was found to be their late landlord's son, who had blackened his face, intending to pass for a negro. What became of Ore or the travellers afterwards tradition does not say. Now, there are one or two handsome houses (one of them a respectable inn) at the place; and the whole vicinage wears the aspect of peace, abundance, and civilization.

"Knoxville, December 1st.

"We have adopted a new plan of travelling; taking breakfast before we set out in the morning, and riding all day without another halt. The mode answers well enough for the short winter days. From Myers's hither is but thirty-three miles. All the way from the Boat-Yard our route has been along the north side of the Holston, or Tennessee River, sometimes within eight, sometimes a mile or several miles from it. Here we shall leave it, striking more directly west, while its course is rather southwest. This is an awkward, ill-built town, the largest in East Tennessee, though containing, I believe, not over two thousand inhabitants. Mr. Jackson, our landlord, is just removing himself and his effects into a new house, entertaining us in the old, which is, consequently, in bad order for the comfortable reception of guests.

"There is a good deal of very fertile land between the Boat-Yard and Knoxville, but the want of a ready vent for its produce (it can be no other radical cause) has generated a system of miserable husbandry, more wasteful and injudicious even than that prevalent in

old Virginia, and 'that 's a bold word.' For example, the tops are not cut from the corn. The blade fodder only is pulled, and that not always. A great deal of corn is yet ungathered in the fields, and as to cutting down the stalks it is never thought of. Nor is manuring for any field-crop ever, or more than by one farmer in a hundred, practised. . . . . The road abounds with houses of entertainment, that look neat and even genteel; most of them are said to be as comfortable as need be. The cheapness of their bills is wonderful. For supper, lodging, breakfast, and just as much corn or oats and hay and fodder as our horses can destroy (usually half a bushel of grain and a rackful of long food), we are charged 5/3 apiece! To me, indeed, who am travelling on Tennessee money bought at twenty per cent discount, it is about sixty-nine cents! And this is my whole daily expense, except gratuities to hostlers. In the latter part of October twelvemonth, when I was going on foot (as you remember) from Old Point Comfort to Williamsburg, I paid 7/8 (specie) at the Half-way House, between Hampton and York, for supper, lodging, and breakfast.

"December 2d.

"Stopped for the night at Eskridge's, — Squire Eskridge our host is called; and far and wide is that name known; and loudly do all extol, who have ever tasted the goodness of his cheer. He has a jovial fulness of visage (with most rubicund cheeks variegated by very white teeth and sparkling black eyes) and a portly rotundity of person, that plainly betoken all the excellence of entertainment for which he is so celebrated. His stables, grain, forage, hostlers, and all, so far, are of the first order. Yet the house is a plain wooden house, not painted, nor furnished with anything like splendor. But its charm is the neatness that reigns everywhere; the goodness of the bread, butter, tea, milk, and meats; and the alertness of the host, wholly free all the while from the smallest tinge of servility. In all my journeys here along, though I have to ride five miles over, or stop ten miles short of my regular distance, it shall go hard but I 'll spend a night at Squire Eskridge's.

"The Squire is a justice of the peace. (They and lawyers are called *Squires* in this free and equal land.) He is an especial admirer of General Jackson, whom he knew almost immediately after his migration hither from South Carolina, and his commencement of the law practice. He tells us two stories of J.'s concern in civil broils. One was of a notorious bully's offering him some gross insult, presuming upon his raw, youthful look, and slender make. But Jackson soon got hold of a pistol, and, stepping up to the bully, threatened him with instant death unless he recalled the insult and apologized for it. His manner was so fiery and determined, that there was no mistaking his purpose to be death or atonement; and the fellow (whose courage was altogether of the fisticuff and gouging sort) humbly begged the young lawyer's pardon. . . . . The other anecdote related to a quarrel between Jackson, after he became a militia general, and Governor Sevier. They once met, armed with pistols, on horseback, and attended each by several friends, with the avowed design of adjusting the dispute amicably; but high words arose; both parties seem to have been shy (especially the Governor, as Squire Eskridge thinks, though reputed a man of courage); and they parted without either fighting or making friends.

"Most of our road to-day has lain through a savage and barren-looking country; and more hilly than for the three preceding days.

"Kimmer's Tavern, December 4th.

"After paying our bill * at Mr. Clarke's, — a bill so low (*considering* what its *consideration* was) that, added

* "I arrived about eleven in the morning, took dinner, supper, breakfast, lodging, and had several pieces of linen washed; my horse all the while having just as much as he could eat. The charge was one dollar and twenty-five cents!"

to other inducements, it will almost infallibly draw me to Mr. C.'s on my return, — we ferried over Clinch River; and, twelve miles afterwards, began the ascent of Cumberland Mountain.

"About midway over the mountain is our present resting-place. The accommodations are none of the best, and, by contrast with those of Clarke, Eskridge, and Myers, seem execrable. The hostler is a white man, — a gawky, tall, long-legged gilly, whom we cannot get to rub our horses in half the style they are accustomed to. My comrade scolded at him so freely when we were in the stable on that business, that I really felt afraid the fellow would resent it with his huge fists that swing upon such long arms; but he took it all in a sort of sullen patience, not getting angry, yet not doing a whit the better for it. He can't be a thorough Tennesseean, or Virginian either, or he would have given my friend hard words if nothing more.

"We have fallen in here with a member of the Tennessee Legislature (which has recently adjourned), on his way home to Sullivan County, — the one next to Virginia. He gives us several incidents of the late session. One most curious one is that the Governor of the State (General Carroll) was imprisoned for debt in Nashville, whence the Legislature had him brought, by writ of *habeas corpus*, to Murfreesborough, the seat of government, in order that he might take his constitutional share in legislation. A novel and singular instance this of the way we Americans have of making the highest bend with the lowest to the laws. The same thing might happen in Virginia. Governor McMinn told us of this same circumstance; but I waited for confirmation of it before I would enter it here.

"Sparta, December 5th.

"Descended from the mountain some twelve or fifteen miles back. We have stopped for the night in this village, a small one, but of tolerably flourishing appearance. It has a newspaper, as, indeed, almost every town in the West has that contains five hundred people, — a good sign, certainly, of intelligence, and a harbinger of far more rapid advancement in mind and morals than our old Virginia population can hope for, of whom not one in thirty (of the freeholders even) ever reads a newspaper.

"December 6th.

"I have come on four miles farther, to General Smart's. My host is a dry, uninteresting personage. He served with Jackson in some of his campaigns, and they say was a brave soldier. Indeed, it cannot easily happen that any one who is not brave can get high military position here, when there has been an opportunity of trying what stuff he is made of.

"Purdom's, December 7th.

"Setting out late, i. e. not till sunrise or a little after, from General Smart's (owing to the laziness of his servants, who could not be got to feed and dress my horse in time), I nevertheless came to Purdom's (thirteen miles) to breakfast. The condition of my beast requiring rest, I have concluded to stay all night here, the more willingly as the day is rainy. Purdom is a round, merry fellow, greatly like Dr. Morris in face and shape, though intellectually as unlike him as possible. The day has passed off heavily, notwithstanding mine host's perfect freedom from the foible of *silence*. He has given me his whole history as minutely as if he were furnishing me with materials to write his life. However, amidst the multitude of nothings he has uttered, I have gleaned some things that I would rather not have missed, as one may always do, from even the most ignorant.

"8th December.

"The landlord has made me acquainted, too, with one Mr. Rutledge, a young gentleman not yet fully licensed to practise law. His conversation is forcible and almost sparkling; his knowledge not scanty; his mind alto-

gether much above mediocrity. He has, withal, a very respectful opinion of his own powers; not such as amounts to egregious vanity, but enough to stimulate exertion and embolden him always to make the most of his mental resources. I consider just this much of self-esteem as a fortunate possession. Indeed, without it, genius wants half its due energy, and fails of more than half its proper achievements. I augur success and distinction also to this Mr. Rutledge, if no unlooked-for gust drive his bark from her course, and no unseen rock shatter or insidious whirlpool engulf him.

"Miller's, Madison Co., Alabama, December 9th.

"A ride of but twenty miles to-day has brought me within twenty-five miles of Huntsville. The land has been growing richer and richer as I have proceeded for the last two days, and here it is exceedingly fertile; yet still, as they tell me, less so than in the central and more southerly parts of this county and in Limestone County. Since I left Purdom's the cotton crops have been assuming quite a different character. Theretofore they existed only in *patches*, such as we cultivate in old Virginia, where each family does well to make enough for its own clothing. But as I journeyed since yesterday morning, those patches have been gradually increasing into *fields;* and I have now seen some cotton-fields of fifty, sixty, or seventy acres, perhaps even of one hundred or more. What seems odd to me; these fields are still white with cotton, which frequently remains unpicked till March or even April, when the ground is wanted to plant the next crop. I have passed some timber to-day of gigantic growth, mostly chestnut and poplar. A tree of the latter kind was so large that I am persuaded I could have rode into its hollow, if my mare had not pointedly refused to enter.

"This place is called the 'Hickory Flat,' a name somewhat descriptive of its posture and prevailing wood-growth. It is a shabby travellers' rest. The landlord has been a representative in the State Legislature, but his absence now deprives me of the opportunity of seeing how worthy he is of that distinction. His 'woman-kind' (as Jonathan Oldbuck would call them) are my only entertainers; and they savor but little of intelligent male society.

"December 10th.

"I am now at the house of H. M., or, to give him the title here his due, *Judge* Minor.

"Setting off about sunrise from Miller's, I came to the Greenbottom Inn, kept by one Connelly or Codley, — twenty miles, — to breakfast, with such an appetite as a ride of twenty miles and the hour of noon were calculated to give. There, too, some ladies were my entertainers, who seemed to have a highly respectable degree of refinement in their appearance, manners, and *small-talk*. Their dresses I should call elegant.

"Some two hours before sunset I entered Huntsville. It is a pretty village of sixteen hundred inhabitants, with some handsome houses in and around it, though very many are merely of hewn logs, chinked with stone, and *pointed* with lime mortar, after the fashion of the *Cohees*.* In the centre of the town is the public square, measuring in each direction about one hundred and fifty yards, and having the Court House in its centre. On three of its sides this square is faced by tolerably compact rows or blocks of brick houses, occupied by merchants, mechanics, lawyers, doctors, and tavern-keepers. Without alighting, I rode nearly around it before I could find any one to tell me precisely the road to 'Judge M.'s' house; at last a gentleman gave me a very minute direction, telling me at the same time that Mrs. M. and her sister (Mrs. T.) were then in town on a visit to a Mr. Cruise. I nevertheless proceeded to my place of destination, about two miles west of the town,

* So called from their use of the archaic *Quo' ha.* — Ed.

where I found only some of the children at home. Henry (who was my pupil a year or two since) knew me; and he was the first person I had seen since leaving Wythe Court House, that I had ever seen before. In half an hour the ladies came home and gave me a greeting so cordially polite as to refresh in no small degree my spirits, wearied by sympathy with a wearied body, and perturbed by the embarrassment anticipated from entering upon a scene so new to me. The Judge's house is built of logs in the manner above described. But the furniture is much more elegant than is commonly seen in two-story framed houses with us. Nothing is more usual here than to see a log-cabin dwelling with a splendid carriage standing under the shed of an out-house near it; and on going in, you behold a mahogany sideboard, tables, and beaufets, with superb services of china and plate, imported carpeting, etc., etc."

"FINIS.

"My travelling expenses from Cartersville to Huntsville . $26.92
Deduct fees to hostlers . . . 2.25

$24.67

"Distance from our house to Huntsville, according to the reputed distances between the different stands, about six hundred and thirty miles."

A passage in a letter from Mooresville, written a year later, shows him still waiting for his books. "I will get you, if you can spare them, to have Tom Paine's works put up in the box. His Rights of Man, Civis, and Common Sense stand high in this democratic country, as indeed they must do all over the Union, and I may have a use for them if ever I scribble for the newspapers, or am elected to the Legislature, or have to make a Fourth of July speech." To his grandmother he regrets that "no opportunity has occurred of sending her some reed pipe-stems," — from which it would appear that she was a smoker. He also mentions (what seems oddly incongruous with the region as he describes it) that "to-night the students of Green Academy perform *Julius Cæsar*."

Mr. Minor remained only a year in Alabama and then returned to Virginia. He established himself as a lawyer in his native county. His evenings were given to literature, and I find him a constant contributor to the "Southern Literary Messenger," sending now a careful review of some new book, now a translation from Anacreon, and now a tale or an essay. The latter turn chiefly on some point of the minor or conventional ethics, and in their grandfatherly style, their fondness for the allegorical form, and the stately movement of their rhetoric, revive not unpleasantly confused memories of the British classics, ere literature had condescended from the grave decorums of the minuet to the whirl of the polka. They are excellent examples of what may be called domestic authorship; useful, edifying, agreeable even, only not brilliant; fit to beguile long winter evenings in the country, and to win the safe and sweet applauses of a fireside audience. Many of them seem to have been written for such household ends, and all are pleasing by their lowness of tone and the entire absence of all exaggeration or undue emphasis. Indeed, a constant reasonableness and good taste, the fine breeding of letters, characterize whatever Mr. Minor wrote, whether for his own or the general eye.

Mr. Minor, though his tastes were those of seclusion and scholarship, was led by a genial humanity of temperament to take an active share in all movements for public benefit. He took an earnest interest in education, the reform of prison discipline, of the law, of politics. He led the forlorn hope of temperance in his native county, riding often thirty miles in summer heat or winter storm to make addresses in behalf of an unpopular good. In May, 1835, I find him teaching Elisha, a

slave of his father, to read and write, though thereby incurring public blame. "Told of animadversion which is excited by my undertaking to teach E. One wiseacre roundly says, Mr. Q. and I are guilty of a penitentiary offence. And the still more sapient wiseacre for whom E. has been working says he does not wish to have anything to do with a negro who is so taught." He mentions a fact or two that may be of interest to the student of language. "*Sh* still puzzles him somewhat. *Sheaf* he called *leaf*. The hard sound of *c* in *cloak* did not occur to him, he called it *sloak*. *Frisk* he could spell and pronounce very well, but the addition of an *s* made it tangle his tongue, and it was only after eight or ten efforts, following as many repetitions of the word by me, that he could say *frisks*. It was *frixt*, *fricks*, *frisk*."

In the same manuscript book which contains his "journal of Elisha's learning," and the record of his temperance labors, are some anecdotes of Jackson which seem worth preserving. One leaf has unhappily been torn out.

"During Burr's trial, General Jackson was in Richmond, staying at the Globe Tavern, which stood where the —— —— now does. He then attracted universal notice by his loud blustering, cursing, and swearing. The great object of his maledictions was General Wilkinson, who was shortly expected there as a witness from Louisiana. Him General J. denounced as a traitor, a coward, and a perjured villain; prefixing to every epithet the most energetic d . . . d's, and G . d d . . . d's. Nothing could equal the vigor and variety of his oaths and imprecations. 'May I be eternally and hellfiredly G . d d . . . . d,' was one frequent formula with him, which tradition has preserved. I know several most respectable men who saw and heard him upon that occasion, and who declare that he was regarded by everybody as the very prince of bullies and blackguards. It is said that when Wilkinson came, J. was entirely quiet, and very soon took occasion to quit Richmond: but I *suspect* the truth of the insinuation implied in this statement, for his courage never could be justly called in question.

"Since he became President, General J. has not hesitated on various occasions, and in the presence of persons whose presence might have been expected somewhat to restrain his ebullitions, to vent his feelings in the freest and most undignified manner. His war upon the Senate, which has resulted in the almost entire prostration of that body (seconded, as his assaults were, by its own most unscrupling factiousness), is well known. 'Damn them!' said he, lately, to a gentleman from Virginia, speaking of some offensive act of the Senate, — 'damn them! They need not think to fool with me!' at the same time clenching his teeth, and striking with his cane upon the ground.

"He has, on numberless occasions, indeed almost whenever it was mentioned in conversation for the last two or three years, *damned* the Senate as a pack of scoundrels.

"I forget what distinguished foreigner it was — a French nobleman, I think — who said to the President that an army of his (the nobleman's) country would soon take Washington, if war should occur between the two nations. '*Take Hell!*' replied Old Hickory, with a tone of the deepest scorn. And that was all the reply he deigned.

"It belongs to history, that when some of his Secretaries (Messrs. Ingham, Branch, and Berrien) communicated to him their determination not to let Mrs. Eaton associate with their families (her reputation being rather the worse for wear), the hero 'roared like a lion.' These were the words of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, who had undertaken to mediate between him and the contumacious heads of departments.

"Most people yet remember the mingled surprise and contempt with which General J.'s first nomination for the Presidency was received, except in Tennessee and Pennsylvania. He himself regarded it as absurd, and his

election as a chimera. He said to Judge Breckenridge (who was then his intimate friend, aide-de-camp, and member of his household), "Do you think I am such a d . . . . d fool as to expect to be elected?'

"These anecdotes are all or most of them undoubtedly true; and a thousand similar ones might be added, all tending to confirm and illustrate the character which these fix upon this 'greatest and best of men.' But still, there is no comparison between him and Poindexter. The latter has all of J.'s vulgar turbulence, without a spark of his generous feeling or his integrity or his courage. The true equals — the real *par nobile fratrum* — are Poindexter and Benton.

"But let us see — us, or the generations who shall come after us — whether the blasphemous comparison of *Jackson* to WASHINGTON will have acceptance among future ages. For my part, I never will believe it, until my already somewhat staggered faith in human virtue and in the self-sustaining purity and vigor of popular institutions shall have crumbled into hopelessness; and until Washington's countrymen, demonstrated to be unworthy of that name, shall have crouched beneath the merited chain and sceptre of some iron despot, who will scourge them, if not into wisdom, at least into shame, remorse, and anguish for their folly and wickedness."

In the journal of a tour to the West in 1836 he describes picturesquely enough one of the border ruffians of what may be called the first period: "Among the new-comers was General Felix Houston, now of Texas, — a dull, heavy, pugnacious-looking man, with broad shoulders and arms that seem able to wield a bowie-knife with tremendous effect. *One visible under his waistcoat.*" And here is a capital story which will justify what I have said of Mr. Minor's eye for character and sense of the comic: —

"A fine, stout old gentleman of eighty-two walked so steadily across the heaving deck, that I congratulated him on his good sea-legs. He said he had once served in a privateer, in 1781, witnessed a severe battle between the English and French fleets in the Chesapeake, and been chased by a British frigate. Presently he manifested a pious turn, and inquired if I thought there were many on board who 'loved our Lord.' I did not know. 'Have you got a hope, — are you a servant of his?' I was not a member of any church, not a professor of religion. 'Ah, well,' he said, 'there are many that have it who are not in any church.' He then pulled out some tracts, which he asked me to take. I took only 'The Swearer's Prayer.' . . . .

"This morning (it was Tuesday, October 1st) the old man of yestreen and I had much more conversation. He told me further that he was at the storming of Stony Point, and told some particulars of Wayne's orders and conduct on that occasion that were new to me. Wayne not only made his men take the flints out of their guns, that they might rely exclusively on the bayonet, but ordered the officers to run any man through the body who should fire; and, moreover, ordered them to treat in like manner any who should retreat, or show a wish to do so, and strictly enjoined *upon the soldiers to run their bayonets through any officer* who should behave in a cowardly manner. For the expedition he had picked his men, and some or all of them were volunteers for it. But about four miles from the fort, when they did not yet know what service of peril they were upon, he halted them, and in a brief address warned all who felt at all fearful to go back. A few went back. My old new friend was but sixteen, and felt afraid, very much afraid, but could not get his own consent to back out. Then it was that Wayne gave the orders above mentioned. Upon getting nearer the fort, he made each put a sheet of white paper in his cap, as a mark for recognition, and gave the watchword, or rather battle-cry, to be uttered when they should be fairly within the fort, 'The fort 's our own!' They advanced

in two columns, leaped or ran through an abatis in front of the fort, captured or bayoneted the picket guards, who stood also in front, and then rushed on up the steep hill on which stood the fort. The pickets had fired and alarmed the garrison, who immediately came out on the ramparts, and fired volley after volley towards the assailants, but over their heads, not knowing how near they were. Our men were mostly right under the garrison, whose fire was directed several hundred yards off, only striking a few of the rearmost in the advancing columns. My old friend's captain showed manifest cowardice. He advanced, stooping very low, before his men, scared at the whistling balls of the British. My old friend's right-hand man, a dare-devil sort of a fellow, kicked the acting captain behind, oversetting him on his head forwards, with many curses as a damned coward, a good-for-nothing scoundrel, etc. The captain durst not resent it. Their orders were, when they reached the wall, that the man on the extreme right of the front rank should be thrown or pushed upon it by his left-hand man, he by *his* left, and so on. But by the time the main body arrived there, the gate had been opened for them by the forlorn hope, almost every man of whom was cut to pieces. In they rushed, and shouted the war-cry prescribed, 'The fort 's our own!' '*Not by a damned sight!*' replied the British. And at it they went with the bayonet! The strife was soon over. My old friend says he scarcely aimed at all, at thrusting his bayonet into any one. It was a little bloody; but he chiefly employed himself in parrying the enemy's thrusts at him. His name is *Hill*. He had not told me all these particulars, when an elderly, gray-haired man came to the table where we sat, and, hearing the name of Stony Point, said: 'That was considerable of a battle, was it not?' I pointed to the old man and said he was at it. 'Was he, indeed?' said the gray-haired gentleman. 'My father was also there; he was a captain there.' 'Was he?' said Hill; 'what captain was he?' 'Captain C.,' said the gray-haired gentleman. 'Captain C., why he was my captain! And you are a son of Captain C., my captain at Stony Point!' A warm hand-shake, and they were sworn friends in a moment. Mr. C. said he felt as if he had found a brother; and the old man's delight through the day and for the rest of our voyage was extreme."

There is much else in these books which tempts me, but I have already given enough to enable my readers to divine for themselves something of the character of the author. It is seldom that I have grown so intimate with a man I have never seen, seldom that I have had experience of so sweet, so equitable, or so well-balanced a nature as this. In reading these fading memorials; I have found myself sadly thinking: "And this was one of the class whom we have heard called barbarians by men who are proud to owe their culture to slaveholding Athens and Rome! This is one of the very persons whom our short-sighted statesmanship would exclude from all share in politics!"

Of Mr. Minor's life nothing remains to be told, but that it was useful, honorable, and, if any ever was, a happy illustration of the Ovidian theory, *bene qui latuit bene vixit*. He died in 1858, having been for several years Professor of Law in the College of William and Mary.

James Russell Lowell.

THE FRENCH CLAIMS.

MORE than two thirds of a century — a long lifetime — have elapsed since 1800, when the claims for French spoliations were assumed by our government under a convention with France. During this long period resolutions in favor of them by thirteen States have been filed at Washington, and more than three thousand memorials from claimants residing in twenty-five different States have been presented to Congress. No less than forty-two committees of the House or Senate have reported on these memorials, and all but three in favor of them. Envoys, jurists, and statesmen have indorsed them. Federalists, Democrats, and Republicans have conceded their validity. They have been kept back by the pressure of the Revolution, by Revolutionary debts, embargoes, and wars; yet five times has a bill providing for their payment passed the Senate, and twice have both branches of Congress sanctioned the payment; but the measure failed under the vetoes of Polk and Pierce, when the South was in power.

Under a change of administration it would have become a law, but with Lincoln came our great struggle and its expenses. These have thus far engrossed the time of Congress, and now, with a full treasury and ample means, the measure is once more before the Senate. Again has the Committee on Foreign Relations reported a grant of five million dollars to liquidate this debt of the Revolution so long deferred.

The claimants are not confined to a few States. Less than half of their memorials are addressed to the Senate; and of these three hundred and fifteen are from Maryland, three hundred and nine from Massachusetts, two hundred and fifteen from Pennsylvania, one hundred and ninety-three from New York, one hundred and fifty-five from South Carolina, one hundred and twenty-one from Virginia, one hundred and thirteen from Maine, one hundred and nine from Connecticut, sixty-nine from New Hampshire, fifty-two from North Carolina, and one hundred and forty-three from New Jersey, Rhode Island, Alabama, Louisiana, Delaware, Ohio, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Mississippi, Vermont, Arkansas, Missouri, Texas, and the District of Columbia. The memorials bear the signatures of the merchants of the first decade of our Republic and of their lineal descendants; they have rarely parted with their claims, for these depend on protests and invoices, and are not easily negotiable like bonds or certificates of debt. The passage of the bill will gladden the hearts of many impoverished families whose means have been appropriated by the state, which cannot under its constitution thus appropriate without giving full compensation.

It is not creditable to the government that for two thirds of a century it has withheld payment of claims recognized by its legislators and chief judicial officers, — claims founded on the immutable principles of justice, — claims based on ample equivalents, — claims used to cancel obligations whose neglect would have involved war or the loss of national honor.

These claims, in the language of Senator Sumner, have become historic, and their history is well set forth in the masterly reports of Everett, Crittenden, and Sumner, now standard books of reference, arsenals well stored with weapons for this discussion. Let us glance at the origin of these claims in our Revolutionary treaties.

Our treaties of alliance and commerce with France were concluded in the darkest hours of the Revolution, under the sage counsel of Franklin. Without income or military stores, with a declining credit, we had struggled manfully against superior force, we had fought

with varying success, we had recovered Boston, but we had lost New York. By the gallantry of Stark, Gates, and Morgan, and our Eastern militia, we had arrested the march of Burgoyne, who would have severed the States and left New England out in the cold; but in the dreary winter that followed our army faded to a shadow, marched barefoot through the snow, and nearly perished with hunger. Nevertheless, the capture of a British army on its march from Canada had aroused France, and the welcome news reached us in the spring that our envoys had concluded treaties of alliance and commerce with the most powerful nation of Europe.

What were those treaties? They were reciprocal, although between an unfledged republic and an established nation. On the one side France, by the treaty of alliance, guaranteed the freedom and independence of the United States; and on the other the thirteen States, as an equivalent, guaranteed to France forever all possessions in America she then held or should acquire in case of any rupture between France and any European nation. By the treaty of commerce, we also agreed to give shelter in our ports to her ships of war and prizes, and authorized her consuls to hold courts in those ships in our ports, and further agreed to deny shelter to the ships of her foes, unless driven in by stress of weather. It was also stipulated that free ships should make free goods.

On the one side, the contract of France promised us effectual aid in ships, troops, and treasure; and faithfully was that aid given, down to the surrender of Cornwallis to the combined armies of France and America. The war of the Revolution was, indeed, more costly to France than to us, for the debt she contracted in this war, $280,000,000, exceeded our own, and bore heavily on her resources, contributing to the revolution that followed. The French government had gallantly performed its part of the contract under the treaty of alliance. Our great object was effected. The independence of the United States was recognized. The debt incurred by France exceeded the whole value of our property. The first valuation of Massachusetts, including Maine, was but $20,000,000, and these last held one eighth of the property of the Union.

In guaranteeing the American possessions of France forever, we had on our side assumed a heavy liability for the future; for France then held San Domingo, Guadaloupe, Martinique, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Tobago, Granada, St. Pierre, Marie Galante, Miquelon, and Cayenne. By stipulating to admit the war-ships of France and their prizes and to allow their condemnation in our ports, and by agreeing to exclude her foes, we had exposed ourselves to the hostility of all her enemies. We had virtually concluded with her a treaty against the world, subject to the volition or misfortunes of our ally. We had made, and for good considerations, one of those "entangling alliances" to which Washington refers in his farewell message.

The war was over; the United States resumed its commerce, adopted the Constitution of 1788, and launched its barks on the deep, funded its debts, and commenced its career; while France soon plunged into the vortex of a revolution, dethroned her king, sent her nobles to the scaffold, enfranchised her peasantry, endowed them with lands, and, converting a monarchy into a republic, incurred the hostility of all the kings of Europe. England formed a general alliance, and led a crusade against France, and, within ten years after the close of our Revolution, the fleets of England subdued most of the possessions in America.

France could now call upon us for the fulfilment of our treaties. The change of government had not absolved us. America ever recognizes the government *de facto*. It was not for a republic to object to a republic. The war was defensive on the part of France, but our guaranty did not apply to defensive wars alone. It applied to wars arising from "any rupture." We

were bound by our treaty to a nation that had given us full and adequate considerations for the duties we assumed. France, however, did not for months require the absolute fulfilment of the treaty. She was aware that we had no navy, although relying wholly upon exports and commerce. She required supplies, and was disposed to respect for a time the neutrality of America. We desired also to preserve a neutral policy, as we were fast becoming the carrier of nations, while our coast was defenceless; and in April, 1793, General Washington issued his proclamation of neutrality.

In the course of 1793 England fulminated her decrees against all neutral vessels bound to French ports with provisions, and greatly increased the list of contraband. Many seizures of American vessels were made under these decrees, and France soon responded with similar decrees, notifying, however, all neutrals that she would give them indemnity.

In the fall of 1793 some of the colonies of France called upon the United States for aid. None was accorded, but in the ensuing spring, April 3, 1794, Jefferson, in a letter to Madison, remarks "that our guaranty is binding, and that we ought at a proper time, to interfere and declare, both to England and France, that the islands are to rest with France, and that we will make common cause with the latter for this object." James Monroe, who was our Minister to France in 1794, states, in his correspondence with our Secretary of State, that he was asked by the French government if he insisted on the fulfilment of our treaty of commerce, but that he declined to insist, because he thought France would, in such case, demand of us the immediate fulfilment of our treaty of guaranty. December 2, 1794, he writes that France does not ask its immediate fulfilment, and yields, to our remonstrance against seizure, the point that "free ships shall make free goods."

February 2, 1795, President Washington, in a message to Congress, says, "It affords me the highest pleasure to inform Congress that perfect harmony reigns between the two Republics," and that the claims are in train of being discussed with caution, and amicably adjusted, although Genet, the Minister of France, had informally suggested the fulfilment of the guaranty.

Each nation thus endeavored to preserve the peace; each was willing to defer or delay the full performance of the treaties. But during the year 1795 events occurred to disturb the harmony of the new Republics. Chief Justice Jay had been sent to England to obtain the restoration of our ports on the frontier, and indemnity for British captures. A treaty was concluded by which we effected both objects. We did so by giving British ships of war and prizes access to our ports, and forbidding other nations to fit out privateers and sell their prizes in our harbors. We also enlarged the list of contraband goods; and, although the rights of France were reserved in one of the articles, her government complained that she had been sacrificed to England, by stipulations in favor of her enemy inconsistent with those we had made with her; that we had enlarged the list of contraband articles, and had even admitted that provisions might be contraband, at a time when her foes were endeavoring to subdue her by famine. These complaints were urged with the more energy, as we excluded not only the prizes of French privateers equipped in our ports, but all other French prizes.

Soon after this treaty the French agents at San Domingo reported to their government "that, having found no resources, or finance, and knowing that the Americans were unfriendly to our country in its distress, they had armed for cruising, and already eighty-seven cruisers were at sea, and that for three months the administration had subsisted, and individuals been enriched by prizes." The exclusion of French prizes from our ports, and the reception of those of British ships of war, was a serious deprivation to

France, as the French colonies had generally fallen into the possession of England. Adet was now sent as Minister from France to the United States. He failed to obtain satisfaction, and, after a negotiation in which he complained of the British treaty, our government made counter-claims for one hundred and thirty vessels captured or detained, and for supplies to the West Indies, and for recent seizures on the Caribbean Sea.

Adet, on the 15th of November, 1796, announced the order of his government to suspend his functions in the United States, and made a final claim for the guaranty as follows: —

"The undersigned, Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic, now fulfils to the Secretary of State of the United States a painful, but sacred duty.

"He claims, in the name of American honor, in the name of the faith of treaties, the execution of that contract which assured to the United States their existence, and which France regarded as the pledge of the most sacred union between two people, the most free on the earth."

In the same year the Directory of France decreed "that the flag of the French Republic will treat all neutrals, either as to confiscation, seizures, or capture, in the same manner as they shall suffer the English to treat the French"; and soon after notified us that they regarded their stipulations under the treaty of 1778 as altered or suspended by Jay's treaty with Great Britain.

After the recall of Adet, March 2, 1797, the French Directory issued further decrees enlarging the list of contraband articles, authorizing the capture of all vessels unprovided with a document called "the roll of equipage," which was not carried by American vessels; and, a few months later, all vessels transporting the products of England and her colonies were declared good prizes. These decrees, with others of like character, were promptly executed, and before July, 1798, nearly two thousand sail of American vessels had been captured. A large proportion of our shipping had been swept from the ocean.

France declined to receive Pinckney as the successor of Monroe, and subsequently she refused to receive our envoys extraordinary, Pinckney, Marshall, and Gerry; and early in 1798 we passed successive acts authorizing the capture of all armed ships committing depredations on our commerce, another suspending intercourse with France, another to resist searches, and finally, after nearly all our claims for spoliation had accrued, we passed the act of July 7, 1798, purporting to repeal the treaties of alliance and commerce. Congress also authorized an army and levied taxes, and commenced under John Adams the construction of a navy.

These last acts induced more moderate counsels on the part of France, advances were made through our Minister at the Hague, and a second mission, composed of Chief Justice Ellsworth and Messrs. Davy and Murray, in March, 1800, resumed negotiations which terminated in the convention of September 30th in the same year.

The previous mission, which had proved a failure, and of which Chief Justice Marshall was a member, before it left France had an interview with Talleyrand, who met our claims for seizures and confiscations with the counter-claims of France.

The new envoys also were met with the same counter-claims under the treaties. They had been charged in the instructions from Timothy Pickering, our Secretary of State, to base any new treaty upon the express condition that reparation should be made for all losses sustained by illegal captures and confiscations, and in the same instructions these are ascribed "to the feelings engendered by Jay's treaty." "That treaty," say the instructions, "has been made the chief pretence for those unjust and cruel depredations on American commerce, which have brought distress on multitudes, and incurred a total loss of property to the

United States of probably more than twenty millions of dollars." "The conduct of the French Republic *would well have justified an immediate declaration of war* on the part of the United States, but, desirous of maintaining peace, and still willing to leave open the door of reconciliation with France, the United States contented themselves with preparing for defence, and measures calculated to defend their commerce"; they "did not even authorize reprisals on merchantmen, but were restricted solely to the giving safety to their own."

France also took the ground in the negotiations that *there was no war* between the two Republics, as appears by the letter of Talleyrand to M. Pichon, the French Minister at the Hague, dated August 28, 1798, which led to the mission. "France," says Talleyrand, "has a double interest, as a nation and as a republic, not to expose to any hazard the present existence of the United States; therefore it never thought of making war against them, and *any contrary supposition is an insult to common sense.*"

There had been no war between the two Republics. Thus wrote the French Ministers to our envoys, August 20, 1800. Thus wrote Chief Justice Marshall to our Minister at London, September 20, 1800. Thus dictated Napoleon at St. Helena to Gourgaud for his Memoir, Vol. II. p. 129. And such is the official record of the French government in the *Code Diplomatique* for 1800. There had been misunderstandings, captures, and reprisals, but no war. Neither party had declared war. Our Congress alone could have declared it for us. War could be terminated by a treaty only, but our differences were ended by a convention. This is conclusive evidence. By war France might have lost its claims under its treaties. By war America might have lost the claims of its citizens, but had not thus lost them. The two Republics kept each other in countenance, and by both was war studiously avoided.

Joseph Bonaparte, the brother of the First Consul, was placed at the head of the French commission to receive our envoys and conduct the negotiation. Thus in time of peace, but on the verge of war, the two nations by their representatives met to adjust their differences.

America presented two classes of claims for her citizens; nearly a fifth for demands liquidated in the shape of contracts, awards, and judgments, the residue for more than two thousand vessels seized, captured, and condemned, in violation of the law of nations, amounting in the aggregate to twenty millions of dollars.

France had no claims for her citizens. America had studiously forborne to touch the merchantmen of France. The claims of the latter were national under her two treaties of alliance and commerce. They were for the loss of her colonies guaranteed to her forever by America, for the exclusion of her prizes from the Western hemisphere, for the admission of the ships of her enemy, for vast attendant losses. If the claims of the first party were large, those of the second party were larger and more immeasurable. When our envoys pressed the one, the French commission insisted on the other. France had recognized the justice of our claims, and on this occasion conceded it. She distinctly offered to have their amount ascertained by a commission and assumed by our government as an advance to France, and then to liquidate them by a fair offset of her national claims against the United States; but this our envoys declined. They proposed to extinguish the treaties and the claims of France under them by a definite sum, and successively offered a million and then two millions of dollars for a relinquishment of the guaranty, and six hundred thousand dollars for the abandonment of the right to shelter; but although France was in need of money, these offers were refused. She declined also a war subsidy of two hundred thousand dollars a year which was tendered by our envoys. And finally, by the

convention of September 30, 1800, it was agreed that friendship should be restored, and that debts due from citizens of one country to those of another should be paid or prosecuted, but that this provision should not embrace indemnities for captures or confiscations. By the second article also it was stipulated that, as the two nations could not agree as to the treaties of alliance and commerce, nor on the American claims as to the indemnities due or claimed, they would negotiate further on these subjects, and that their operation should be suspended for eight years. In this form the convention was signed; but before its final ratification the second article was omitted, and a clause annexed to the effect that, by the retrenchment of the second article, all claims or pretences under it were by the two states renounced. In this shape it received the assent of the First Consul, the assent of our Senate and President, and was promulgated December 21, 1801; and thus, to escape the obligations of the treaties, the just claims of our citizens against France, for seizures, captures, and confiscation, rated in the negotiations at little less than twenty millions, were forever renounced and the obligation to meet them was assumed by the nation.

The trustee who appropriates the money of his wards for his own benefit is responsible to his wards. The government of the nation, in its capacity of guardian and trustee, appropriated the claims and property of its subjects for the benefit of the nation, to relieve it from the sacred debt of the Revolution, and from claims which were the price of its freedom. It entitled them to a full equivalent, or at least to all the benefits it derived from a relief from one and possibly two costly wars, and from reparation for the loss of the French colonies, many of them of great value. If the claims of our citizens had been reserved, they would doubtless long since have been recognized and paid as similar claims under like seizures against France, Naples, Spain, Great Britain, and Mexico have been recognized and liquidated. They were founded on the laws of nations, on the immutable principles of justice, and this has been admitted by John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Madison, Clay, Webster, and Livingston, and other contemporary statesmen, in their printed letters and speeches, as well as by Napoleon at St. Helena.

Timothy Pickering, the Secretary of State, under whose instructions the envoys acted, in his letter of November 19, 1824, to James H. Causten, Esq., of Washington, says: "Thus the government bartered the just claims of our merchants on France to obtain a relinquishment of the French claims for a restoration of the old treaties, especially the burdensome treaty of alliance by which we were bound to guarantee the French territories in America. And on this view of the case it would seem that the merchants have an equitable claim for indemnities from the United States."

But the treaties were never abrogated until the convention; one party alone could not repeal them. And Chief Justice Marshall himself, our envoy, and so long the light of our judiciary, with the best opportunities for forming a judgment, has given an opinion still more decisive than that of Pickering, recorded by the Hon. William C. Preston, in his letter to Mr. Causten of January 29, 1844. He states in this letter, that, after investigating these claims, he was convinced of their justice; "and while they were under discussion in the Senate, they happened to be the subject of conversation between Mr. Leigh, Mr. Calhoun, and myself one evening in our mess-room, when Judge Marshall stepped in, and, having overheard or been informed of the subject of conversation, asked to share in it, saying, 'that having been connected with the events of that period and conversant with the circumstances under which the claims arose, he was from his own knowledge satisfied that there was the strongest obligation on the government to compensate the sufferers by

the French spoliations.' He gave a succinct statement of the leading facts, and the principles of law applicable to them, in so precise and lucid a way, that it seemed to me a termination of the argument by a judicial decision. It was apparent from his manner that he felt an interest in the circulation of his opinion, arising from deep conviction of its truth."

Such a decision on the French claims, from such a source, is conclusive as to their validity.

What is their amount? The bill now pending appropriates $ 5,000,000, or one fourth of the amount of the original claims; but they have been gradually reduced from claims for 2,279 vessels to claims for 898, valued at $ 12,676,380, by failures of proof, and awards under our treaties with other nations for French seizures in their ports. At simple interest, the sum $ 2,600,000, offered to France by our envoys for a relinquishment of her claims under the treaties of the Revolution, would exceed $ 13,500,000. The sum appropriated will probably cover half the face of the remaining claims, without interest. It cannot be urged that the claimants have lost their claims by delay. They began to file their memorials six weeks after the convention was promulgated, and have a venerable advocate at Washington, J. H. Causten, Esq., who has for forty-six years pressed their payment with indomitable courage and perseverance, and still feels confident of success, still predicts their early payment.

What are the objections to this? The chief difficulty in the way of the claimants has been the reluctance of the country, often in seasons of difficulty and especially when the claims exceeded our revenue, to part with large sums of money. The objections urged are poor and untenable, and founded on misconception. It has been urged that the United States had terminated the treaties of the Revolution by the act of July 7, 1798, and that France had no claims to cede in September, 1800, as an equivalent for the assumption. But it requires either war or the action of both parties to treaties to end their obligations. The debtor cannot, either by evasion or a resolve not to pay, exonerate himself from his debt, and more especially can he not do it upon the pretence that he has been annoyed by the efforts made to collect it. There has been neither war nor release of the claimants to invalidate their demands, there has been no omission to assert them, and the statute of limitation does not refer to such claims against the nation. Its Committee on Revolutionary Claims is still in being and regularly appointed.

But there have been Presidential vetoes. Yes, and they do no honor to the intelligence of those who thereby delayed the steps of justice. Let us glance at the veto of James K. Polk of August 8, 1846. The reasons he assigns for his veto are in substance these: That the bill passed late in the session; that he has had little time to examine it; that the sum is large and the nation in debt; that the claims have been long before Congress, and if just would have been paid before. (Upon this theory the slave would never have obtained his freedom.) But he adds, that he *doubts* the justice of the claims. Should not his doubts have yielded to the deliberate action of the House and Senate? His chief objection seems to be that but half of the debt is to be paid, and that in scrip. This he considers injustice to the debtor, and decides to deprive him of the half because he cannot get the whole. Is not half the loaf better than nothing? The citizen of the United States who finds in our history such a protest of the chief magistrate against the payment of just debts, recognized by our first jurists and statesmen and by both branches of Congress, must blush for his President.

Then comes the veto of Franklin Pierce, dated February 17, 1855, nine years later. And what says this Northern Democrat? First, he devotes three pages to a lame defence of his right to veto for inexpediency. He then suggests that the passage of the bill

will inculpate those who have failed for fifty years to pass it. He thus backs up his exemplar, Mr. Polk; but did he forget that five times it had passed the Senate? and which are right, five senates and two houses, or Messrs. Polk and Pierce? Then he urges that France, under the pressure of England, disregarded the rights of neutrals; that we, after making every effort to obtain redress, became involved in the war and extinguished our claims. Had Pierce forgotten or never read the letter of Talleyrand, in which he urges that France was interested to preserve her treaties and the young Republic, "that she never designed war, and the contrary supposition" (the supposition of Pierce) "was an insult to common sense"? Let us defer to Talleyrand, the great diplomatist. Pierce further urges that, as the treaties were abrogated by one party, neither party had claims to release under them; but were they abrogated by both? and if they were, still our claims did not rest on the treaties only, but were founded on the law of nations, and the claims of both accrued before the abrogation. Then he takes the position that the claims reserved under the convention which were confined to liquidated claims, which excluded captures and confiscations, did include all our claims. This assumption is untenable against the clear terms of the convention. No claims for "torts," which were the claims presented and discussed, were reserved under the convention, and this is clearly shown by acutal adjustments, for all such claims were rejected under the treaty of Louisiana, three years later. But Pierce says that, after the convention, Jefferson still called on France for payment; and well he might, for she did not pay the liquidated debts she did recognize under the convention, until she realized the amount from the subsequent treaty of Louisiana. The whole protest of Pierce is an illogical argument, founded on a striking misapprehension of the facts of the case.

But we have done with these puerile essays, these weak state papers, so much in contrast with the plain common sense which characterizes the messages of our Republican Presidents.

It must be obvious to our readers, from this brief review of facts, that the nation has assumed these claims, that they are continuous, and that most of them spring from reprisals made by France or Frenchmen for our delays in fulfilling the stipulations of our treaties.

The last of the sufferers by the French spoliations have gone to their narrow homes unrequited. Let us listen to the voice which comes to us from their graves.

Appeal to the Nation.

Hearken to us, the founders of your navy and of your commerce. In the dark hours of the Revolution, when you had neither ships nor treasure, we launched our barks on the deep, fashioned our cannon from the guns we took at Saratoga,* and assailed the English on every sea. At the close of the war we held the British Channel against the best ships of England, raised the rate of insurance for crossing it to twenty per cent, and contributed largely to your freedom.

When the war was over, we converted our letters-of-marque into merchantmen; opened your trade with the Baltic and the Mediterranean, with India and China; and we discovered the Columbia River, which gave you the Pacific. During the war you entered into treaties of alliance and commerce with your generous ally, France. She guaranteed your freedom; you guaranteed her possessions, you promised to give her free access to your ports, and to deny it to her foes.

When war came and England seized those possessions and captured your ships, you run up the neutral flag, and to regain your ships gave English prizes free access to your ports, and excluded the French prizes. France,

* When the captain of a Salem letter-of-marque taken by the English was asked where he got his cannon, he replied, "We cast them from patterns we found at Saratoga."

incensed by these acts, made reprisals on us.

You forbid us to arm and take letters-of-marque and defend our rights as we did in the Revolution, and offered to do again; you gave us no convoy and no protection against the ally you had offended. Our ships were swept from the deep; and when we appealed to you for redress, and France called on you to fulfil your treaties, the price of your freedom, instead of launching a fleet and recovering her islands, you "bartered our claims for hers," and thus appropriated our property for the state.

For seventy years have we called on you for justice. Five times has your Senate approved our bill, twice has Congress allowed our claim. Twice have the poor steersmen you placed at the helm refused to take us into port, and now that our stormy voyage is over, we call upon you from the ground to do something for the widows and orphans and grandchildren whose heritage you detain.

You have clothed them with the rights of your ancient ally; they still hold the bills you have dishonored.

If you will grant them neither principal nor interest, grant them at least a moiety of their claims.

If you have other debts, this is your oldest, the sacred debt of the Revolution, and should first be paid.

E. H. Derby.

DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

IN the low-raftered garret, stooping
Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping
Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards;
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid
Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid
The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
There the ancestral cards and hatchel;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,
Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
Of the chimney, where, with swifts and reel,
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,
Stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
A part of her girlhood's little world;
Her mother is there by the window, stitching;
Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled
With many a click: on her little stool
She sits, a child, by the open door,
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool
Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor.

Her sisters are spinning all day long;
To her wakening sense, the first sweet warning

Of daylight come, is the cheerful song
To the hum of the wheel, in the early morning.
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
On his way to school, peeps in at the gate;
In neat, white pinafore, pleased and coy,
She reaches a hand to her bashful mate;

And under the elms, a prattling pair,
Together they go, through glimmer and gloom: —
It all comes back to her, dreaming there
In the low-raftered garret-room;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,
The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,
Are all in her memory linked together;
And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread from the spindle-tip,
Stretching it out and winding it in,
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
Singing she goes, and her heart is full,
And many a long-drawn golden thread
Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
Puffing his pipe by the chimney-side;
Through curling clouds his kindly face
Glows upon her with love and pride.
Lulled by the wheel, in the old arm-chair
Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful drooping head, and hair
Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,
They have followed her sisters from the door;
Now they are old, and she is their idol: —
It all comes back on her heart once more.
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,
The wheel is set by the shadowy wall, —
A hand at the latch, — 't is lifted lightly,
And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed; the old man tips
The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit;
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,
And tells his story, and joints his flute:
O, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter!
They fill the hour with a glowing tide;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part:
O, then the weary, weary days!

Ever with restless, wretched heart,
Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road; and early and late
She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault? O Benjie! and could you steel
Your thoughts toward one who loved you so?—
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
In duty and love that lighten woe;
Striving with labor, not in vain,
To drive away the dull day's dreariness,—
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud, and petted, and spoiled was she:
A word, and all her life is changed!
His wavering love too easily
In the great, gay city grows estranged:
One year: she sits in the old church pew;
A rustle, a murmur,—O Dorothy! hide
Your face and shut from your soul the view!
'T is Benjie leading a white-veiled bride!

Now father and mother have long been dead,
And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,
And a bent old man with grizzled head
Walks up the long dim aisle alone.
Years blur to a mist; and Dorothy
Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,
That meets her there in that haunt of dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,
Sought by many a youthful adorer,
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,
Shining an endless vista before her!
Old Maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,
Groping under the farm-house eaves,—
And life is a brief November day
That sets on a world of withered leaves!

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
Is better at last than proud success,
And patience and love in a chastened heart
Are pearls more precious than happiness;
And in that morning when she shall wake
To the spring-time freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE GRAND TRAVERSE REGION OF MICHIGAN.

THE peopling of a great extent of wild country by immigration from over-crowded nations is like the flow of waters from pent-up reservoirs into a vast interior basin. Through every inlet which is opened for its admission it rushes with such volume and force as would seem sufficient speedily to fill the vacant space and leave no room for more. Yet the torrent continues to flow, and spread itself farther and wider, forming pools, with smaller streams radiating therefrom, losing its impetuous rush as it finds its levels, and creeping so gradually over the great area, that it is only by observing the gauges by which we mark its progress that its rise can be detected. Its impetuous course at first carries it onward to distant points, before it begins to spread itself laterally, and flow back to fill up sections near its place of entrance; while at intervals it receives new impetus by reaching the margin of a deeper hollow, or is checked till it gathers strength to overcome opposing obstacles.

The flood of immigration is pouring ceaselessly through every inlet to the great West in such torrents, that one who took note only of its volume would think it must speedily fill the whole region to repletion. Yet it spreads itself silently, or collects in bodies of greater or less extent, and is lost in the immensity around it; and although we are continually surprised at the rapidity with which certain places here and there have become the centres of a dense population, it is only by a comparison of growth at periods of years that we can realize the vast aggregate increase of the swelling flood. And, like the inrush of water, too, it often passes far beyond the portions nearest the points of admission, which remain unoccupied till the filling up of more distant spaces causes a reaction and turns the current into lateral channels, whose attractive power was insufficient to stay the mad progress of its earlier stage. Those of us who remember the long trains of emigrant-wagons which thirty years ago cumbered every great road from the East, will recall the feelings of wonder with which we used to ask the questions, "Whence do they all come?" and "Where do they all go?" The stream never ceased flowing, and yet the increase was hardly perceptible in the vast region which received them. Railroads have since increased the volume of immigrants tenfold, but new regions have opened before them in more than corresponding ratio, and although portions which were then comparatively wild are now dotted with cities and towns, and the wolf and panther and deer have given place to the flocks and herds of the husbandman, yet the realms which have been reduced to civilization are insignificant in comparison with those which remain to be subdued. The whole of that portion of the United States which is east of the Mississippi would lie between that river and the Rocky Mountains, leaving the entire Pacific slope and a wide margin north and south still untouched; and if all the population of the States west of the Mississippi were turned back to its eastern shore, there would be room enough for them in the still unoccupied portions of the great States they would first enter, in which vast tracts still remain unsettled and comparatively unknown.

It is of one of these tracts that we propose to speak, — a tract which has been passed by in the eager rush to the farther West, — a tract whose merits have never been chanted by land speculators; one, indeed, whose attractions have heretofore been but little known, yet, in reality, one offering advantages to a large class of emigrants, which might be vainly sought in more distant

regions, where the chief attraction often lies in the mystery enveloping the unknown.

By reference to the map of Michigan, it will be seen that the northern half of the Southern Peninsula is for the most part unsettled, that it is well stocked with inland lakes and streams, and that it is penetrated on its northwestern shore by a deep bay whose general trend is north and south. This is known as the "Grand Traverse Bay," and it is to the country lying around it, known as the "Grand Traverse Region," that we now invite attention.

The fact of its being a little off the route of the great channels of emigration and comparatively isolated, while its position would naturally lead to the supposition that its winters must be rigorous, has resulted in its being comparatively unknown and thinly settled; yet, in reality, it possesses soil, climate, and situation with reference to market, giving it very great advantages for certain kinds of culture over many of the sections which have been more eagerly sought and more rapidly settled, and in which, as a consequence, the lands have already attained a much higher pecuniary value. And in addition to these elements of intrinsic agricultural value, the variety and beauty of its natural scenery are such as will always render it far more attractive to the lover of the picturesque than the dreary monotony of the prairies. The prevailing idea in regard to the whole of Northern Michigan, throughout the Eastern and Middle States, from which alone could emigration be expected, is simply that it is only valuable for its lumber, and offers but little inducement to the agriculturist. The statement that the region in question, lying on the shores of Grand Traverse Bay, and the peninsula which separates it from Lake Michigan, is much the same in its capacity for growing the finest and most delicate kinds of fruits and vegetables as that portion of New Jersey which lies in the latitude of Philadelphia, while the enervating summer heat of that section is never known, and the winter climate is but little more severe, will be received by the majority of people with surprise and perhaps with incredulity; yet such is the simple fact, the proofs of which are at hand, and can readily be shown to result from natural causes.

It is well known to all who have given special attention to meteorological phenomena, that the most severe and blighting winds which prevail during the earlier winter are those from the southwest. It is proverbial with sailors, that "the first of a southerly wind is always cold." It is equally true, but perhaps not so generally known, that the blighting effect of these winds is always greatly mitigated when they sweep over large bodies of water before striking the land. This is exhibited on a large scale by a comparison of the productions of regions of the same parallels of latitude on the eastern and western coasts of our own and other countries. If we follow the latitude of New York to Europe, we find ourselves in the land of the orange, the vine, and the olive; if westward to California, we find the most delicate varieties of our greenhouse grapes growing in the open air as readily as apples do with us. We are so accustomed to think of these fruits as the products of Southern climates that we constantly forget that the latitude of Northern Spain and Central Italy is the same as that of Boston, and that the difference of climate results solely from their relative position with regard to the water. On a smaller scale the same thing may be observed on our Atlantic coast, wherever projections occur which the southwest winds can only reach after traversing a broad extent of ocean. At Newport, R. I., many garden plants are perfectly hardy which cannot sustain the severity of an inland winter at any point north of Philadelphia. At Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, the English ivy grows luxuriantly; while at Boston, two degrees farther south, its culture in the open air is a hopeless task. It is common to ascribe this result to the vicinity of the Gulf Stream; but the same effect elsewhere, in places

similarly situated, proves that we need not seek its cause in any unusual warmth of the water.

Referring again to the map, it will be seen that the southwest winds must sweep the whole length of Lake Michigan before striking the shores of the Grand Traverse Region; and we find the same rule in force here as elsewhere in regard to its effect upon climate and vegetation. The well-known fruit regions in the neighborhood of St. Joseph, from which the Chicago markets are supplied, derive their capacity from the same source, but in a less degree, for the simple reason that the extent of water to be passed over is much less than at Grand Traverse. The safe wintering of fruit-trees is not indicated by the mean temperature as shown by the thermometer. Nevertheless, it has been proved, by a comparison for a series of years of observations at Traverse City with those at Manitowoc, on the opposite shore of Lake Michigan, — at Montreal, St. Johnsbury, Vt., Gardiner, Me., Ann Arbor, Janesville, and Dubuque, — all in about the same parallel of latitude, that the mean is very much in favor of Traverse City, being $5\frac{1}{4}°$ milder than that of Gardiner, and $8\frac{1}{3}°$ milder than that of St. Johnsbury, while the extremes exhibit a much greater difference. But the practical result, which is the point of interest to farmers and especially to horticulturists, is found in the simple but already well-established fact that the peach, which cannot be grown on the western shore of the lake, even at its southern extremity, is perfectly hardy and luxuriant throughout this region; and every other variety of fruit and vegetable which is grown in the latitude of Philadelphia is equally capable of cultivation, and as safe from blight and frosts in the Grand Traverse Region. Tomatoes and other tender vegetables remain untouched by frost till the last days of October. Potatoes and other roots may be left in the ground through the winter without injury, and it is literally true that potatoes may be seen annually growing where none have been planted for years, — the result of self-propagation from seed left by accident when digging the crop. Apples, pears, plums, grapes, and all the best varieties of vegetables, attain their highest degree of perfection in this favored land. Of farm crops it is enough to say that this region produces the finest of white winter wheat. The dahlia blooms till the last of October, and the bulbs may be left in the ground without injury till spring. Delicate greenhouse roses stand out through the winter, with the same impunity as in Alabama or Louisiana.

Snow remains upon the ground till the middle of April, and preserves vegetation from the stimulating influence of occasional warm days, so that the fruit-buds remain dormant till the danger of injury from frost is past. When the snow disappears the soil is in condition to receive at once the genial influence of sunshine and atmospheric action. The disagreeable period of mud, caused by the slow escape of frost from the soil, is unknown, and the region is preserved alike from the injurious effects of early and late frosts by the modifying influence of the great lake.

In the general character of the soil, also, the resemblance may be traced between this region and the portion of New Jersey which has been mentioned, and which furnishes the markets of Philadelphia with their best supplies of fruit and vegetables, and comprises probably the finest and most extensive market-garden region yet under culture in the United States, holding the same relation to Philadelphia and New York which the Grand Traverse Region is destined to hold to the great cities of the Western lakes. The soil is a rich sandy loam, — the kind best adapted to such culture, the easiest to work, and the one which brings its productions to the earliest maturity. The soil in New Jersey produces tomatoes, pears, and all such vegetables, ten days earlier than the heavier soils of Pennsylvania on the opposite shore of the Delaware; and the same difference exists between the Grand Traverse Re-

gion and the heavy soils of the prairies across the lake.

Generally speaking, the region is covered with a magnificent growth of hard wood, of which the sugar-maple is the most abundant, the other varieties being the beech, elm, ash, oak, poplar, and yellow birch. Of evergreens, the hemlock, white cedar, balsam, fir, and larch or tamarack are more or less abundant; and the white-pine is occasionally found, and attains a majestic size. The full grandeur and beauty of the primeval forest may here be seen, — the hemlocks, mingled with maple, beech, and elm, towering often to a great height, their trunks attaining a diameter of four or five feet; while the lack of undergrowth gives to the forest the appearance of an endless colonnade of majestic pillars, through which, but for occasional fallen trunks, a carriage might be driven.

The surface of the country is undulating and sometimes broken and hilly. Of the natural features which contribute most to the beauty and attractive interest of the region, the magnificent bay which gives it its name, the numerous inland lakes of greater or less extent, and the clear streams abounding with trout, lend to it a picturesque character which no effort of art can rival. The bay is thirty-three miles in length from north to south, with an average breadth of eighteen miles. Its southern portion is divided into two arms by a tongue of land known as the Peninsula, seventeen miles in length and from one to two miles wide. The bay is navigable for vessels of the largest size, its depth being from twenty to seventy fathoms; and numerous small harbors of from one to three miles in depth along its shores afford perfect shelter from storms, and sufficient depth of water for the largest vessels that navigate the lakes. A remarkable series of inland lakes is connected with the bay by navigable waters. These lakes vary in size from two to eighteen miles in width, and form a chain of eighty miles of inland water navigable for tugs and small vessels throughout its whole extent; while numerous smaller bodies of limpid water, with picturesque shores, serve to invest the whole region with a character of enchanting beauty and inexhaustible interest. This has been so well described by Professor Alexander Winchell, of the University of Michigan, in his report upon the geological resources of the region, that we quote his words, as conveying to the mind of the reader a more vivid conception of the reality than we could hope to present in language of our own: —

"The scenery of the Grand Traverse Region is subdued and soft, sometimes picturesque, always beautiful, and in some instances exquisitely so. Viewed from some suitable eminence, the landscape presents an undulating sea of verdure, one softly rounded hilltop succeeding another in the retreating view, the dimness of distance lending an ever-increasing enchantment to the prospect.

"From the bluff on which the seminary of New Mission is situated, an exquisite view is obtained of Grand Traverse Bay, with its eastern and western arms dissolving in the haze of the dim distance, and the broad lake seen through the mouth of the bay sinking beneath the northern horizon. A fringe of emerald forest skirts the opposite shore. The softened outlines of the Peninsula emerge from the misty embrace of the two arms of the bay, and all around the framework of the scene loom from the background the purple hilltops looking perpetually down upon the picture."

That this region is destined to be the future abode of a rich community of farmers, and its picturesque sites to be dotted with the villas and country-seats of men of wealth, is obvious to any one who considers its capacity, its attractive charms, and the prospective growth of the West. At present its whole population is probably not over five thousand. Its principal town is Traverse City, at the southern extremity of the bay, with a population of about one thousand. The other towns

are Northport and Elk Rapids, with about five hundred inhabitants each. Farming lands can be had at extremely low prices, and wood may be sold on the shore of the bay for three dollars per cord for shipment to the lake ports; so that the clearing of the land furnishes a paying crop, and wheat commands the same price as at Chicago. The means of access are by steamer from Buffalo, Detroit, or Chicago, — the time of passage being about forty-eight hours.

Some of the principal fruit-growers of St. Joseph have recently purchased large tracts in the Grand Traverse Region for horticultural purposes, and the advantages it offers for such objects must lead at no distant day to its occupation by the great army whose march is ever towards the setting sun.

H. W. S. Cleveland.

MR. HARDHACK ON THE SENSATIONAL IN LITERATURE AND LIFE.

HAVE I read Miss Braddon's last? Ay, and her first too. Why, during the last three or four months I have been through a whole course of sensational novels, and, in imagination, have married more wives than Brigham Young, and committed more homicides than Captain Kidd; and I flatter myself I have got at the whole secret of the thing. It 's whiskey for the mind, sir, — the regular raw, rot-brain fluid of the Devil's own distilling. What do you suppose is to become of the intellects and hearts of a generation which takes to such a terrible tipple? They are all at it, — men and women, boys and girls, imbibing the stinging, burning, corroding beverage as though it were as innocent as milk. "Drink, pretty creature, drink," — that is the song of the Circes and the Comuses of the new school of depravity, as they hold their yellow cups to the lips of sweet fifteen: "This, my dear, has a delicious flavor of theft; this of arson; this of bigamy; this of murder. Drink, and Newgate and the Old Bailey will be more familiar to you than the schoolhouse and the church! Drink, and you will draw the charming convicts out of their cells, and have them all nicely housed in your own imagination! Drink, drink, drink!"

But, you retort, do not the greatest writers deal with the greatest crimes? Is Shakespeare himself an economist of the dagger and the bowl? Why object to contemporary romancers for taking criminals for heroes, when criminality enters so largely into the heroes of all dramas and romances? You think you have me, do you? Well, others before you have been infatuated with the idea that they could get Solomon Hardhack into a corner, but he always found a road out of it as wide as the Appian Way. I admit at once that I have no objection to murders when they are perpetrated by Shakespeare or Scott. The more the better, say I. When the old woman told her doctor that she feared her health was failing, because during the past week she had not, in reading the newspaper, "enjoyed her murders," she caught a glimpse of the great principle of all art, sir. When I read Macbeth, when I see it performed by actors of imagination, I enjoy the murders. When I read or see a coarse melodrama, I don't enjoy the murders. What 's the reason? Why my artistic sense is satisfied by the first, and shocked by the second. The tragedy lifts your whole nature, — sentiment, conscience, reflection, imagination, whatever there is in you, — altogether above actual life into the ideal world of art. You

become conscious of a new, strange, and vivid play of all your faculties; and there is delight in that, even though you may now and then shudder or blubber. It is an escape out of all the conditions of your daily life, and you feel ten times the man you were before the fine sting of the dramatist's genius sent its delicious torment into your soul. Now how is it with the melodrama? Why, you are in the mud and dust of the earth all the time you listen; everything is intensely commonplace, not excepting the rant and the crimes; when a character is stabbed, or has his brains blown out, or, what is better, blows out his brains with his own hand, it is simple murder or suicide you witness, and there's no enjoyment in witnessing either, except perhaps the enjoyment you feel in thinking that the wretched spectacle has come to an end.

And here we have the whole philosophy of the sensational in fiction. You are, let me suppose, a commonplace and common-sense man, sir. If I were a person without an atom of genius, and yet were compelled by circumstances, like many of my unfortunate fellow-creatures, to gain my living by writing novels, I should have you in my eye while I wrote. I should so manage my story as to galvanize a small part of your mediocrity out of all its relations to the other parts. You would still be the commonplace fellow you were before, *plus* "a sensation." My book would be as artistically worthless as a police report, but to you it would be a specimen of literature; and I should have the inexpressible satisfaction of transferring money from your pocket into mine, without going through the extremely tedious process of attempting to get a fine sentiment into your heart or a new idea into your head.

Indeed, sir, you will find that it is your ordinary, matter-of-fact, bread-and-butter, practical people, rather than your romantic and poetic ones, who are swindled by sensations. The sensational is a revolt against humdrum, through the means of a vulgar wonder. Let me tell you an illustrative story. Once upon a time a vagabond pedler appeared in a secluded village, and called the people round him by ringing a big bell. When his audience had become sufficiently large, he stopped ringing in order to make this announcement: "All you young women here with small mouths will have a husband!" The spinsters present pursed and puckered up their lips, and murmured, "Dear me! what a pretty little man!" Then he rung his bell again, with still more startling emphasis, and said in his deepest and loudest tones: "And all you young women here with large mouths will have two!" Instantly the lips were stretched to their utmost width, and from them all came the wondering exclamation, "Law!" Now don't tell me that Miss Braddon hadn't heard of this story when she wrote "Aurora Floyd," for it was exactly this open-mouthed wonder that she desired to produce when she made the interest of her plot centre in bigamy. You know, sir, how quickly you, and the rest of people like you, exclaimed, "Law!"

The great defect, then, to my notion, of the romancers of rascality is, that there's no romance in them. They treat you to hard, ugly, "slangy," prosaic fact, and throw in some wild nonsense, or brutal ruffianism, or cynical villany, just to give it a coarse zest. Neither sentiment nor imagination is addressed. The heroes commit just such crimes, and encounter just such penalties, as you find printed in the newspaper records of the criminal courts. Take Miss Braddon's "Birds of Prey," which is one of her latest attempts at a sensation, and notice how bare and bleak is the atmosphere of the story, and how commonplace as well as bad is the company she drags you into. But this photographing of poisoners and swindlers is not characterization,—this power to interest you in society where you fear your pocket will be picked is not art.

So much for the novels that please a

practical man like you, sir. Now what kind of author do you support when it enters your brain that your moral nature needs to be braced? Tupper, of course, for you and your set have sent that "Proverbial Philosophy" of his through a hundred editions. He has just the combination of truism and vagueness, do-me-good reflection and windy vastness, to fill your idea of the moral sublime. And then what a poet he is in his ethics! Your idea of the beautiful is of course identical with your notion of the big; and he goes over the whole universe to gather images of bigness for your delectation, doing a larger business in mountains, earthquakes, and firmaments than any other metaphor-monger of the day. Did it ever occur to you that, even in moral significance, one of Burns's daisies outvalues all of Tupper's empyreans?

You must be a patron of art, too; that is, you are one of those men of dollars who are engaged in corrupting all the promising painters of the land by urging them to the production of panoramic pictures, in which there shall be an almost photographic representation of some strange or big thing in nature, but in which all the life and spirit of nature shall be left out. You value things in art just in proportion as they recede from the artistic. Here is a little picture, representing a bit of grass, a cow, and a cottage. How you turn up your nose! There 's nothing in it to create a sensation, I admit; but there is something in it to touch a sentiment, if sentiment you had to touch. The landscape is thoroughly humanized, sir, and if you had ever seen a simple landscape in nature, — you 've stared, no doubt, at thousands, — you would feel the fact. But that stupendous picture of mountains you can, of course, appreciate. You never even stared at such a phenomenon as that, and it stirs your languid consciousness with a new sensation. But still the painted bit of grass is greater, as a work of art, than the painted chain of mountains, and would be worth more in money if purses in our day had not unfortunately lost their artistic perception. Did you ever read Hawthorne's essay on the town-pump of Salem? Well, the town-pump of Salem is n't so important a matter as the battle of Waterloo, but then Hawthorne's description of the pump has infinitely more significance to the intellect than Alison's description of the battle. Now in estimating pictures you make the mistake of judging by the subject painted, and not by the genius that paints. And so far you are a fool, sir. Don't redden! The fools in art are the most sensible men in business, and at any rate are in the majority.

A man like you must have a religion, too, and as you pride yourself on being a very sensible and practical man, you probably have a false and bad one, sir. I don't care where you go to church; I know that, if you must have sensations in literature and art, you must have them also in religion. Ten to one you are a reader of Dr. Cumming, and are charmed with the grandiloquent way he transfixes Napoleon II. on one horn of the dilemma of the Beast, and the certainty he expresses every year that the world is to be destroyed in the next. No? Why you certainly cannot be a Mormon, though the novels you read might tempt you, if you lived in Utah, to look with favor on that over-connubial faith. I see how it is, — you 're a Spiritualist. You believe in no miracles that don't pass under your own eyes and into your own ears. You need to have your religion rapped into you. You cannot perceive the spiritual, unless you have a sensation of it. Now, mind, I don't doubt there are many fine natures interested in the phenomena of what is called Spiritualism, and expect to draw something out of it to satisfy their spiritual curiosity or aspiration. But they are not the sensation-mongers of the creed; they are not the persons who exhibit the spirits of the departed to an intelligent public at so much a head. You, however, as I repeatedly have

had the honor of reminding you, are an eminently practical man, and of course easily humbugged on all matters where real spiritual discernment comes into play. Your notion of spiritual communion with the dead is a gossip with ghosts. And such ghosts! Why, your next world, sir, is filled with nothing but bores and dunces, and existence there would be passed by any reasonable man in one long, everlasting yawn! You never read Bacon, or Milton, or Channing; yet I admit you have succeeded in making Bacon and Milton and Channing talk to you — true table-talk! — but then Bacon, freed from all limitations of the flesh, talks like Tupper, and Milton like Robert Montgomery, and Channing like Mrs. Trimmer. You have got a spiritual world, I concede, but it is one into which poets pass only to be deprived of their imagination, philosophers of their wisdom, saints of their sanctity, and all persons of their brains. The "revelations" may be very creditable for tables to make, for tables are of wood, and "wooden" is English for *bête;* but considered as coming from disembodied souls, they cast discredit on the human mind itself. And then, sir, what follies you practical men slip into! 'T is a pity that with all your boasted sense you have n't some sense of humor to see the ludicrous element in your faith. The mediums who allow you to have a chat with the denizens of the spiritual world, — how inexpressibly moderate they are in their charges! You know perfectly well that the mysteries of your religion are presided over, in many cases, by persons who communicate with the dead simply for the purpose of getting a living; by showmen turned priests and sempstresses ambitious to be sibyls, — priests who are content to exchange a revelation for a shilling, and sibyls who "charge a pistareen a spasm!"

Well, it might at least be hoped that we should have none of these sensations in science. Never was a greater mistake, sir. In the process of being popularized, science is becoming melodramatic; and such melodramas! I don't know how it is with the real investigators, the plodding, conscientious fellows who are engaged in adding to our knowledge of facts and laws. It is, however, to be supposed that they are leading lives more or less obscure, arriving at limited results by hard labor and patient thought, loving truth more than notoriety, and untroubled by any ambition to excogitate a theory of the universe out of the depths of their own consciousness. Poor devils! Do they suppose that a public, craving new sensations and desirous of having a slap-dash statement of the origin and development of all things and all beings, cares for the little they can tell about the works and ways of nature? Probably if questioned as to some of the novel and splendid scientific theories now in vogue, they would profess complete ignorance of such deep matters. They would answer the querist somewhat as Mr. Prime Minister Pitt answered the lady who asked him for the latest news. He had n't, he said, read the papers, to which, doubtless, she instantly referred, and found more information there about Mr. Pitt's acts and intentions than Mr. Pitt himself could have given her. The fact is, the question we now put to every man of science is practically this: "What is your pet method of allowing God Almighty to build the universe?" This, of course, compels every pushing, self-glorifying, sensational *savant* to bring out his plan of creation for our amusement and edification. We put the various schemes to vote, and the one which has the noisiest and most theatrical accompaniments commonly carries it. Now, I call all this creating God after man's image, and the universe after man's crotchets, for I find that every plan is the measure of the mind which gets it up, and is ridiculous considered as a measure of Infinite intelligence. Even if you leave the Deity altogether out of your scheme, as an "hypothesis which has now ceased to have any practical interest," you create, not a world, but merely a

sensation. It is to be presumed that God can get along better without you than you can without him, and certainly his existence is not one of those questions which can be determined by popular suffrage. If the vote were unfavorable, I am not without a suspicion that he would still contrive to keep his place at the heart of things, and assert his reality in ways emphatic enough. In fact, the whole business of building up universes, as now conducted, is decidedly overdone, sir. You get nothing out of it but words, and what, as an old theologian says, are words "against Him who spoke worlds, — who worded heaven and earth out of nothing, and can when he pleases word them into nothing again"?

But you may say that in all I assert about the sensational in religion and science, I am talking of matters about which I know nothing. There you are right, sir. But how is it with business? Here is something which a man of plain understanding and ordinary conscience may speak of without incurring the charge of presumption. Now what is one of the most frightful characteristics of our present mode of doing business? Is it not the building up of great fortunes out of colossal robberies? And the thing is done by a series of sensational addresses to the cupidity of the cheated. High interest notoriously goes with low security; but we have, sir, in this country, a class of rogues who may be called the aristocracy of rascaldom, and who get rich by dazzling and astonishing others into the hope of getting rich. They are the contrivers of enterprises which propose to develop the wealth of the country, but which commonly turn out to be little more than schemes to transfer wealth already realized from the pockets of the honest into those of the knavish. They are the financial footpads who lure simple people into stock "corners," and then proceed to plunder them. They make money so rapidly, so easily, and in such a splendid sensational way, that they corrupt more persons by their example than they ruin by their knaveries. As compared with common rogues, they appear like Alexander or Cæsar as compared with common thieves and cutthroats. As their wealth increases, our moral indignation at their method of acquiring it diminishes, and at last they steal so much that we come to look on their fortunes as conquests rather than burglaries. Indeed, their operations on 'Change vie with those of military commanders in the field, and are recorded with similar admiring minuteness of detail. They are the great sensations of the world of trade, and have, therefore, more influence on the imaginations of young men just starting in business than the dull chronicles of the great movements of legitimate commerce. Now, sir, take the universal American desire to get rich, and combine it with the rapid, rascally way of getting rich now in vogue, and you will find you are breeding up a race of trading sharks and wolves, which will eventually devour us all. Honesty will go altogether out of fashion, and respectability be associated with defect of intellect. Why, the old robber barons of the Middle Ages, who plundered sword in hand and lance in rest, were more honest than this new aristocracy of swindling millionnaires. Do you object that I am getting into a passion? Why, sir, I have purchased dearly enough the right to rail. Didn't I put my modest competence into copper? And to recover my losses in copper, did n't I go madly into petroleum? And did n't the small sum which petroleum was considerate enough to leave me disappear in that last little "turn" in Erie?

COLOR-BLINDNESS.

THAT a person clothed in his right mind should look upon a modest barn-yard fowl, and deliberately describe it as the yellow hen with a blue tail, seems almost incredible; but such erratic visions are very common phenomena of the curious disorder which we call color-blindness. Yet the inference that a person deficient in the perception of color does not see distinctly, that his vision is imperfect in the ordinary sense, cannot be drawn. Dimness of vision hides the form of objects, not their color. The other day a friend of mine, who enjoys perfect sight, and who has never had the slightest affection of the eyes, pointed out on the Common a ball-player in a bright blue cap as "the one in the red cap," and gave the color of a lady's green dress in the distance as pinkish. As to a resemblance in hue between the grass and this dress, he thought perhaps that there *was* a resemblance, but he was not certain; colors generally did not seem to him to be matters of moment, and he clearly regarded the ability to distinguish red from green as an accomplishment of too slender merit to be worth discussing. Another acquaintance, always a little weak among the greens and browns, but an ardent lover of pictures and art generally, and who cherished a particular admiration for the bronze statue of Bavaria at Munich, stoutly maintained that the statue was of marble, because the color was grayish and not that of bronze!

Contrary to what would naturally be supposed, defective perception of color is most common in the educated classes; at least this is a conclusion of Wilson of Edinburgh, who investigated the subject a few years since, advertising for persons with this defect, and thereby enlarging greatly his field of observation.

Another singular fact in relation to the whole subject is that the existence of color-blindness should never have been discovered, or if discovered never mentioned, until the year 1796, when Dalton published an account of his own deficiencies in this respect. He could not tell blue from pink, and hardly saw more than two colors in the rainbow.

When the defect is well marked there is always an inability to distinguish between greens and reds. Boys do not see the red apples on the tree, or they have bad luck in gathering wild strawberries, or fail to discover the red roses half hidden by the leaves. Dark reds are called brown, while light reds, light pinks, and light greens often pass for light blues. A gentleman, in relating his own case, complained of not being able to find his red sealing-wax upon his green-covered writing-desk. He once gathered as a curiosity some lichens from the roof of a house. The lichens being, in his sight, of the same color as the red-tiled roof, he thought he had made a remarkable discovery. The lichens, however, to his great chagrin, proved to be bright green.

In a severer grade of the affection blue and yellow are the only colors recognized, and this form of disorder is the one most frequently met with. Mix the blue and yellow, the sole colors which the color-blind recognize, and the product, green, they cannot see. A person relating his infirmity of this nature observed that green, to him, was no color unless it were red; pale blue and pink were the same; but yellow, light, dark, and medium, and all blues except the very pale, he knew perfectly and could distinguish with readiness.

A German who has inherited this defect from his grandfather is described as being able to distinguish with certainty blue and yellow only. He is fond of form, a good judge of symmetry, and a connoisseur in oil paintings. He has spent a great deal of time in the galleries of the Louvre, of Dresden, Berlin,

and Vienna, and decides at a glance the school and epoch to which a picture belongs, recognizing at once a Raphael, a Rubens, a Murillo, or a Rembrandt. He does not pretend, however, to judge of the color of a picture, and likes of course historical pictures, with their strict definition of forms, better than landscapes. His memory of colors is weak, and the impression received from them so slight that he is unable in imagination to bring up any color vividly enough to know it. He cannot make out a varicolored object at a glance, but must do it slowly, as it were by spelling. The attempt to define the colors of such objects is tedious to him, and ordinarily he contents himself with the general idea that there are several colors. When a boy he reproached his mother for giving away a scarlet dress, which he called dark and gloomy. In the fields he was unfortunate in gathering strawberries or violets, but he could find the white May-flowers with the best of his companions. Like most persons affected in this way, he was quick to conceal the defect, and never spoke of colors unless he knew his ground well. He was certain, of course, that in their season, trees and grass were green, and he knew that bricks were red, but in regard to these two colors in most other objects he wisely preserved silence.

At one time for a whole year he diligently practised himself every day in the attempt to distinguish colors, in order if possible to remedy his defect. This practice led to an accurate examination of his condition, and finally demonstrated to him the fact that blue and yellow and their different shades were the only colors that he could name with precision. It seemed impossible that scarlet and crimson should both be called red. He classed scarlet with the greens and browns. A bright scarlet and a cinnamon brown were the same. Pink, violet, and lilac were blue, and gray was no color at all. He could distinguish no complementary colors except blue from yellow, and yellow from blue. In the rainbow or solar-spectrum, although he saw its whole extent, he recognized only blue and yellow. The green was an impure blue, and the red a shade of yellow. His year's practice resulted in an improved perception to the extent only of enabling him to see red modified by blue, as seen in crimson, and in his recognizing a shade of pink.

There is a still worse form of this defect, where yellow alone can be distinguished, or where, in a few instances, even, individuals have been discovered totally blind to all color, and able merely to tell lighter from darker shades. Such persons have frequently had an accurate perception of form, and excellent eyesight. The case of Harris, related in the Philosophical Transactions, is one of this kind. He could never understand why bright red was called red, and could do no more than guess the name of any color. He could see merely that white and any bright colors were not black, and that a striped ribbon differed from a plain one. The case of a young woman is also recorded in the Transactions, who on being tested was found to know white and black simply; and of a man to whom all colors appeared as tints of gray, or as different shades between black and white. Firmas relates the case of a man who knew no colors, but was yet fond of painting. He had frescoed his apartment in colors, and was very proud of his work. When questioned as to his object in painting earth, sky, trees, houses, and figures all blue, he replied that he wished the picture to match the furniture in color. He was not aware that the latter was red. Another individual admitted that the rainbow appeared to him as a "band of lighter color than the other parts of the sky, but a little darker at one side than the other, and gradually shaded off between the two sides."

For many years after the discovery of this peculiar affection it was supposed to be an imperfection dating invariably from birth; always congenital, always a physiological, never a pathological condition. More recently,

however, numerous cases have been published where this anomaly of vision may be traced directly to disorder of the brain, and in other instances directly to disease of the eye. One of the most interesting of these cases, and perhaps the first in point of time, was published in 1840 by Dr. Hays in the American Journal of the Medical Sciences. Mary Bishop, twenty years of age, enjoyed excellent sight, and was able to distinguish colors, for aught she knew, as well as her companions. After two attacks of cerebral disease she became entirely blind for four months; her sight then gradually returned, but she noticed that the grass, and particularly that the roses, did not appear of their natural color. The first color she remembered to have remarked as her sight slowly improved was yellow; and when she had so far recovered as to be able to read coarse print and make out the form of smaller objects, she still could recognize with certainty no colors but blue and yellow. A few weeks later, and apparently coincident with the increased visual power, came an increased ability to distinguish colors. Roses were again of their proper color, and easy to find among the leaves. Finally she could see in the prism blue, green, yellow, and red, but not the orange or violet. A case is recorded of a man who lost the faculty of distinguishing colors from the effects of a copious bleeding from the arm. Not unfrequently blindness to color is of the most temporary nature, a mere consequence of sudden and trifling determination of blood to the head. White Cooper relates the case of a well-fed clergyman who, after the services were over, felt somewhat fatigued and depressed from the confined atmosphere of the church. On rising from the kneeling posture, great was his surprise, the age of miracles being passed, to find that the crimson velvet cushions and hangings of the pulpit had changed to a dark violet hue, and that other familiar objects, which he knew to be red, looked bluish-green. A rest of ten minutes in the vestry sufficed to restore his disordered perceptions to their normal condition. Another instance which fell under the notice of the same writer was evidently the result of congestion from fatigue. A plethoric farmer undertook to do the sight-seeing of the great Hyde Park exhibition in London. All went well until the third day, when he felt giddy and oppressed, and to his consternation red curtains and hangings looked a greenish-brown; and on investigating his condition further, he found that he could no longer see greens and reds, although blue and yellows were distinguishable as before. He immediately went home, and after sleeping for three hours found that reds and greens were again as clear and distinct as of old. Very similar to this was the singular experience of Professor Thury of Lausanne, who walked during the night from Geneva to Nyon to witness the great aurora borealis of November 17 and 18, 1848. While all around him were exclaiming in raptures at the gorgeous spectacle, to his dismay he could see nothing but blue sky. His disability proved to be merely of a temporary nature also.

Another case which has its bearing on the temperance question, and has apparently been overlooked by the teetotalers, is that of a college librarian related by Cooper, in Todd's Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology. On rising in the morning he was surprised to find that the carpet of his chamber had lost its color. The figure was there, but in black and white only. He called to his wife in alarm to know if the carpet had been changed. It had not, and with a divination strictly feminine she went straight to the root of the matter at once. He had taken too much wine, or, as he expressed it, several kinds of wine at dinner the evening before; and now, his attention being called to this curious phenomenon as a result of wine-drinking, he found later that whenever he partook of several kinds of wine at dinner his perception of color was imperfect in the morning, although his power to dis-

tinguish forms remained unimpaired. When he took punch or spirits, color-blindness was produced in a still greater degree. Over use of the eyes in assorting colors and shades has also been observed to result in a temporary inability to distinguish shades of color at all.

Injury to the interior of the eye or to the brain has sometimes the effect of blinding the eye to color and not to form. A man was struck by a ball from a pistol, which entered the mouth and passed upward through the posterior part of the orbit of one eye. After recovery from the wound, there remained but one small spot upon the retina of this eye sensitive to light. By turning the injured eye somewhat, so as to permit rays of light from objects to fall directly upon the sensitive spot in the retina, forms could be distinctly seen, but no colors. Disease of the internal structures of the eye has not unfrequently the effect of blinding us to colors and not to forms. A recent report of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, furnishes an instance of this kind. A medical man found himself suddenly suffering from partial color-blindness of the right eye. With the left he could still distinguish different hues and shades with readiness and precision. To the right eye bright green appears a pale blue, and bright colors generally look dull. On examination of the affected eye with the ophthalmoscope, there was found an irregularity in the distribution of pigment at that part of the eye near the entrance of the optic nerve. This spot was afterwards determined by experiment to be the faulty portion of the retina. When he looked out, as it were, obliquely from his eye, thereby permitting the rays of light to fall on a different part of the retina, colors appeared natural to him. In certain kinds of disease of the optic nerve as the sight fails, the ability to perceive colors fails also, but by no means in a degree exactly corresponding to the general failure in sight. One may still be able to determine forms with tolerable accuracy, and yet be unable to distinguish colors; and as the disease progresses, and visual power gradually grows weaker and weaker, the power to discern colors may meantime improve considerably and be retained to a limited extent, until the sight fades entirely away.

The cause of color-blindness is not always easy to determine. Numerous investigations, by persons competent and full of zeal for the work, have been made; but although many facts have been established and many untenable theories overthrown, the cause of color-blindness generally cannot be said as yet to have been fully demonstrated. Congenital cases are usually inherited. Dr. Earle published, many years ago, an account of this defect in his own family for several generations. In the second generation of seven brothers and eight sisters, three brothers were defective in the perception of colors. The third generation of three brothers and four sisters were in this respect normal. In the fourth, consisting of fifty-two persons, thirteen brothers and two sisters were affected.

According to the observations of Cuvier, the hereditary tendency sometimes follows the law of sexual limitation, as in the instance of Madame T., of whose six children the five daughters were color-blind, the son not. Madame T. inherited the defect herself from her maternal grandmother. Of the three children of the latter, a son distinguished colors, the two daughters could not. Four of the daughters of Madame T. were married, and of their seven children the three daughters had defective perception of color, but the four sons were free from the defect. Imperfect appreciation of color has been noticed not unfrequently to be associated with imperfect hearing and want of appreciation of music.

To say that we inherit the affection, however, is merely to say that we inherit the cause; it explains nothing, and is at most but one step forward in the investigation of its nature. Many theories, from that of Dalton down to

the very recent ones of Rose, Schultze, Helmholtz, and Ernest Hart, have been advanced, but none seems to have met with sufficient favor to secure its general acceptance. The phrenologists, nevertheless, with that facility and despatch which chiefly characterizes their dealings in intellectual problems, have long since decided that defective perception of colors indicates simply a "deficient organ of color." If we regard the phrase "deficient organ of color" as a peculiar way of expressing a state of the brain which seems to indicate a lack of perception for color, we may consider that we have an hypothesis on which it may be possible, perhaps probable, that some forms of color-blindness may be explained. To believe that a person, however practised and skilful, can tell whether a man knows green from red by examining the region of his eyebrows, is to be blind to something more than color. It seems, as we have already remarked, quite probable, although by no means certain, that in instances where sight as concerns form is absolutely perfect, the cause may be rightfully attributed to some defect in the sensorium, whereby the brain fails to appreciate the difference between the rays of light produced by the several colors. But this theory, if admissible in certain cases, can scarcely be said to cover instances where the defect is noticed only when using one eye. Nor has it any bearing whatever in cases of disease or injury to either one or both organs of vision. Imperfect or disordered perception of color is often the result, in some way as yet inexplicable, of disturbance of the digestive apparatus, and not unfrequently is a symptom of jaundice. Temporarily the same condition may be caused by drugging. Sometimes a preparation from *Artemisia santonica*, or worm-seed, produces this phenomenon with great certainty and rapidity. Schultze, who published a small work in 1866 embodying the result of his experiments, believes that he has discovered a key to the solution of some of the problems presented by this singular affection, in the *macula lutea*, or yellow spot, in the retina of the eye. The more yellow this spot the more influence it exerts over the perception of blue rays. Santonine augments greatly the yellowness of this spot, and Schultze sums up the phenomena produced by its administration thus. It reduces the perception of the colors of the spectrum, beginning with violet, and goes on as far as to render the retina insensible to blue. It also reduces the color at the other extremity of the spectrum, but to a less extent, simply removing the perception of red. Finally it tinges all objects perceived yellow or yellowish-green. The same author mentions a curious circumstance observed during his experiments with this substance, namely, before the eyes of his subjects become completely insensible to violet rays, when the santonine was just beginning to exert its characteristic influence, all objects appeared tinged with violet. The santonine, according to the author, produces temporary congestions to the head, — a condition which favors the production of spectra or illusory vision. These spectra assume the color complementary to yellow, that is, a violet hue; hence real objects, for the time being, appear tinged also with violet.

Though less than the one-hundredth part of an inch in thickness, the retina is divided by anatomists into seven or more layers, the first of which is formed principally of upright cones. These cones, according to Mr. Ernest Hart, are the true chromatic organs of the eye, each one acting as a prism, decomposing the rays of light which fall at its base in concentric colored circles corresponding to the colors of the solar-spectrum. Still, if it seems necessary, after all the patience and zeal which have been brought to bear in the investigations and experiments to determine the cause of this defect, to admit the conclusion of Stellwag, that the cause of color-blindness is wholly unknown, it may at least be safely affirmed that, of those who have devoted great attention to the subject and whose opinions

are therefore entitled to consideration, nearly all believe the seat of the disorder to be in the nervous structures within the globe of the eye.

In view of the disposition of the color-blind to hide their defect, it is scarcely probable that the most courageous will adopt the suggestion of Professor Maxwell and wear spectacles, one glass green and the other red, and so attain infallibility in distinguishing these two colors. To those who do adopt the spectacles he promises no sensation, as of red or green, but merely that they shall learn to know the two colors just as surely and precisely in the same manner as if they were labelled.

HALF-WAY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

RELATES TO THE YOUNG LADY WITH THE PRETTY CRUTCHES.

SINCE the day Mugby Junction was given to the world, railway stories have grown remarkably fashionable, so that not to put myself out of the world, by omission, I must tell my story. I am neither an engineer, however, nor a baggage-man, nor a switch-tender, nor any other kind of tender belonging to an engine or a railroad. I desire so much to be understood at the start. I am not and do not wish to be railroad property in any event, and as to driving an engine, that is something I am not up to. I 'm too absent-minded for that. I would forget to stop when I should, and go on when I should n't. I would forget to whistle down the brakes, or whistle them off at proper times, or reverse the engine in contemplation of the dangerous and exciting perspective. An approaching train on the same track would become an object of study rather than terror. The idea of a smash-up, too, would be attractive. Injury to myself or the passengers would be unthought of. The sight would be too grand not to lend it all the attraction in my power. No, no, I should whistle the breaks off, I know I should, — that is, if I did anything. So I would never answer for a driver. Smash-ups would be sure to come when they were not expected, very much, though, as most smash-ups do come. Neither would I do for a switch-tender. There would be something too jolly and exciting in the approach of a lightning expresser to think of switching. The idea, too, of surprising the passengers by running them down a bank; only think of it! Really, it is a wonder that so few do run off, after all. But neither could I be a fireman. The fires would go out, or burn too fast, or do something wrong for which I would receive nothing but kicks and curses. And as for being a conductor or a baggage-man or an expressman, or anything of the sort, it is entirely out of the question. If I was conductor, passengers would ride free, pay twice, or go off at the next station. If I was a baggage-man, the office for lost baggage would surely become an important one; and as for express running, I should be charged with theft every day of my life, for losing packages which nobody would believe to be lost. Yes, yes, I am very thankful that I don't belong to the railroad; and as I know the railroad don't want me, we are so far quits.

Of course I would not do wrong intentionally; my heart is soft enough for practical purposes, all my acquaintances know to my sorrow, or rather to the sorrow of my pockets, which is *not* the same thing. Speaking of my pocket, reminds me that a client has been wait-

ing to see me for the past twenty minutes. He no doubt thinks, poor innocent soul! that I am drawing up a brief, which I ought to be drawing up, to be sure. Thus you see how it is this story comes into my head, and nothing will do but I must tell it. I forget my client, then, or I at least think he can wait; and, bless you! so he can. Or, if he gets tired in the mean time, he can go and come again; my story must be told at all hazards. So my unsophisticated client — nearly all my clients are unsophisticated — watches me attentively, and, as I imagine, says to himself as he waits: "How fast he writes; what a lawyer he is! What a nest of business! He *must* have time to write his cases out. I will go and call again." Whereupon he does actually rise, saying respectfully, with hat in hand, "I will call again, sir."

"Do," I answer abstractedly; the gentleman, in the mean time, bowing himself out, with a look of wonder and admiration for the individual who manages so much intricate business. And really, I feel, sometimes, that it is a matter of wonderment that lawyers get through so many circuits. Yet they are always blamed for mistakes. If they fail to see a point, they make for themselves a point at which everybody else pokes fun. Abstractedly I answered the query of an old gentleman only yesterday, — he, alas! was n't altogether unsophisticated, — for which I expect a dismissal. He desired to get absolute title to certain real estate in which he already possessed a life-interest. My advice was, that he should make a contract with the heirs to convey to him when his life-estate had terminated; no wonder the old fellow went off scratching his head. So you see I did n't have my wits about me, much as usual.

The thought that never wanders, it has been said, is one of the masters of victory, and that is the idea that accounts for my ill successes. I can't keep my thoughts on hand, and there 's no use trying; I forget to go to market, and go without meat for dinner in consequence, but that don't cure me, — all of which causes me to believe I have no business on the railways, when like a poor clock, I should, to say the least, be forever getting out of time. These shortcomings will of course be to my disadvantage in story telling, where so much depends upon time. But as my story is no fiction, but a veritable fact, — I believe a lawyer is expected to vouch for the truth of all he says, — I have an advantage too, as just telling in plain terms a little personal experience, much will not be expected, and for that reason nobody will, I trust, be disappointed. With this preface, which will account for the errors, if there be found any in what follows, as I doubt not there will be, I make bold to go ahead.

I was booked to take a business trip; that is, in my diary under date of April 20 it was noted that I should leave the city, for and on account of certain matters of business, at this time unnecessary to be mentioned. Keeping an eye out to pleasure at all times, the idea of a business trip was by no means displeasing. Indeed, it was so attractive that I had induced my partner to forego his claim to this trip, giving my health and the greater confidence of one mutual client in me as an excuse. To be sure, the season was not propitious. But staying at home was about as disagreeable as travelling, if travelling was about as disagreeable as staying at home. At such season we expect to witness the weather one thing and feel our comfort another, just because we are in a period of collapse between the frigidities of winter and the relaxations of summer.

The day came, however, and found the streets wearing their usual spring apparel, consisting of a great-coat of mud, and undergarments of salmagundian characteristics. This induced me to forego my usual custom of walking to the depot with my satchel, and hire a hack (I hope to have the pleasure of riding in a hansom some day), wherewith self and trunk might be conveyed without discomfort. Having arrived at

the depot I paid the hackman more than he was entitled to, checked my trunk, lit a cigar, and strolled leisurely up and down the outside platform, where the sun was shining as only an April sun on or about the forty-first parallel of latitude can shine. Here I walked back and forth, waiting for the "all-aboard" whistle, but in the mean time congratulating myself on my escape from office duties, to the round of pleasures I saw before me, until my attention was directed to my old friend and client, Mr. Sniffins. That gentleman was exhibiting a more than ordinary degree of nervousness and anxiety, which was a very remarkable incident, as under ordinary circumstances his nervousness was considered the very perfection of that distressing disease, if his manner was to be taken as an evidence of its internal workings. Mr. Sniffins, however, was a rosy-faced little man, wearing an eye-glass and flourishing a cane; whose eye-glass never seemed to be adjusted satisfactorily, and whose cane was always getting in the way, like the sword of an unpractised courtier. He was fifty-five, more or less, probably more, with gray eyes, gray hair, and little tufts of white whiskers at the sides of his shining cheeks. He was by no means a badly disposed looking individual, but, on the contrary, was quite lovable and benevolent looking, as he really was, for aught I then knew, a very benevolent kind-hearted old gentleman, who thought nothing of doing a favor, and just as little of asking one against the will.

Mr. Sniffins, after running about hither and thither into the railway carriages, which we Americans call cars, then out upon the platform, then in upon the platform, then in the cars and out again, finally took a seat upon a dry-goods box, and, as if to appear unconcerned, began to twirl his gold-headed cane, in a manner, though, which really denoted a very great concern. His clean white stockings, which he always wore, looked the while very comfortable between trousers and shoe-tops, as his dumpy little feet upon his dumpy little legs swung nervously to and fro. He could sit there but a moment, however. So he jumped down hurriedly and began a peculiar motion, which at each step began as a run and ended as a walk, reminding one of the little wooden balls with india-rubber strings attached, which the little boys throw at you nowadays, and which, to your great surprise, halt, and go back again just as you begin to dodge. He had this time, as a dozen times before, supposed the cars to be on the very point of starting, although it was still twenty minutes of the regular time. But being a constitutionally nervous man, — one of that numerous class who are unable through constitutional defect to depend upon their own watches or the company clocks, and who never feel safe until they get in the cars, and when they are in never feel safe until they get out and off again, — he jumped upon one of the platforms, disappeared within one of the coaches, and presently passed his head out of one of the windows. This time seeing his attorney, he passed his head in again, and presently came toward me at more than his usual speed.

"Are you going travelling, Mr. Joe?" (I am called Mr. Joe by my friends and neighbors, and you must n't be vexed if I retain the title my friends and neighbors have given me.)

"Mr. Sniffins," I replied, bowing deferentially, "I am going travelling."

"Would you be so kind, Mr. Joe, as to do me a favor?"

"Mr. Sniffins," I replied, with something of the air of an upstart, I dare say, "I shall be most happy."

"Thank you, Mr. Joe. Mrs. Sniffins will thank you too, Mr. Joe. You have taken a great weight from my mind, sir. But which way do you travel, sir? That may be important."

"West and north, Mr. Sniffins."

"West and north with this train is the right way, sir. Thank you, Mr. Joe. My niece goes west and north. She is in the car second to the baggage. I was to have gone a short distance with her myself, but Mrs. Snif-

fins will be glad to have me back at dinner-time. You will take my place, Mr. Joe, you will accompany my niece to Bolton."

Having roared these words at me, to the amusement of attentive listeners, all the while urging me forward unnecessarily fast for an individual prizing his dignity, he gave me an opportunity to reply.

"Mr. Sniffins," said I, feeling a little bit ruffled, and blowing a volume of smoke into his face, both as an evidence of indifference for the eyes of lookers-on and as an escape to my pent-up feelings, — "Mr. Sniffins, I will; we will find the fair creature at once."

"But, Mr. Joe, have we time? Won't the train start?"

"Mr. Sniffins," said I, again blowing the smoke into his eyes, "what if it does?"

"I could n't get off, Mr. Joe. Don't, don't speak of it, I pray, don't."

"But how shall I be able to distinguish your niece? — from resemblance to her good uncle?"

"No! no! no, sir!" ejaculated the old gentleman, as the idea took possession of his mind. "We must find her, Mr. Joe."

Whereupon he seized my arm frantically, and hurried me along to the second car from the baggage. Stopping suddenly when he had reached this car, he looked up and rapped one of the windows so violently that I thought he was really going to knock it in. Thereupon, as he did no perceptible damage, a woman I judged to be a maiden lady of fifty summers, wearing green goggles and looking desperately long in the neck, very dark of complexion, and very much wrinkled, looked out in alarm. Whereat I was somewhat alarmed myself. But I regained my composure when Mr. Sniffins took off his hat, and, having asked madam's pardon with his usual politeness, rapped at the next window. But an ugly-looking scamp of a fellow, who seemed to be more disposed to come out and make the old gentleman apologize than to accept the already proffered apology, looked fiercely from this window, and we went on, of course. The next time, at the presentation of two black, saucy-looking eyes and a laughing face, I was sure we were right, until I saw Mr. Sniffins raise his hat again, when the smile with which I had decked my face subsided into a melancholy grin, and we passed on once more. Mr. Sniffins came to rap at the right window at last, and a very sweet but what I then thought a rather dove-like looking face presented itself and smiled very prettily. There could be no mistake this time. There was too much of the good Mr. Sniffins in that face; so I took off my hat, and bowed politely.

"Julie," said the old gentleman, all out of breath, "I have found you a guardian at last. This is Mr. Joe. He will accompany you to Bolton, as he goes that way on business, on this very train. He is a young lawyer, and I doubt not you will find him a pleasant companion. He 's quite respectable, too, my dear, which can't be said of *all* lawyers *you* know, eh?"

Then the little woman, smiling very prettily, as if almost inclined to laugh outright, beckoned to the little man, who accordingly stood upon tiptoe, while the little woman stooped, and at once entered into a spirited but very private and quiet little conversation by themselves; after which she offered me a very small and a very white hand, which I shook with a gentle pressure, as my wont is. But as the old gentleman seemed to have something to say at that particular moment, I held my own peace until he should have finished. The next conversation, however, was an exceedingly short one, and to my own mind, at least, an exceedingly sweet one. The fact is, he just stood upon tiptoe again, and she just stooped again, when Mr. Sniffins just kissed Julie, and Julie just kissed Mr. Sniffins, just as if nobody was looking on all the while. Then the little gentleman stood down again, took me by the hand, wished me a successful journey, waved his own hand

gallantly, nearly knocking his wig off in doing so, and departed.

The cars, by which we mean a train of cars or coaches, being in motion by this time, and having received an invitation from my ward to get aboard, I threw away the last and as usual the best portion of my cigar, and entering the car as per invitation, found at last, — ah! I could not believe it at first, but really I did find, — occupying two seats, and propped up with pillows, (two prettily carved crutches lying by her side,) the little woman over whom I had so recently assumed the appointment of guardian. Taught, however, to believe every person possessed of at least one infirmity, and that a patent infirmity is more endurable than a latent one, — which is, perhaps, a legal way of putting it, — I presented myself not quite overpowered by the unexpected discovery. But when she took up the pretty crutches to give me room, with a look that was not altogether melancholy, but which I chose to consider so, I felt it a duty to look upon them and the owner compassionately.

"Ah, you are disappointed," she said, looking up and laying her little hand upon the crutches; "you were not prepared for it."

"Well, no, I was not; but then," said I, "I can't say I am disappointed."

"Can't you? I could if I were you. And if I were you I should find some fault. Are you quite sure you are not disappointed?"

"Quite sure. I am sure you can't fly away, you know."

"Ah! you must n't be too sure of that. I can fly better than you imagine. And I feel sometimes very much like flying, too, I get restless so much. But you must look sharp, or I will fly away really."

"You fly! what with?" said I, looking at her bright blue eyes.

"What with? With my crutches, to be sure. You see I have a strong will, and 'where there 's a will,' you know."

I was going to say something, just for the saying, but before I had time to begin she went on again, changing the subject: —

"How lovely this spring weather is! How cheering it is! How I love this new life of things, so fresh! All the old things done away. A new heaven and a new earth."

We were driving over the iron rail furiously.

"I would like to ride on the train when I could feel the wind sometimes," she continued. "I think it would do my nerves good to feel the fresh air. How exhilarating it must be!"

After a while there came a few moments of thoughtful silence, and then she turned about quickly and brightly, as if certain old thoughts had been rudely ostracized as too dangerous, because exerting too much influence.

"Do you know uncle never told me your name? Did he tell you mine?" she inquired.

Really I had n't thought of it before, but he had certainly neglected to do so.

"That 's lucky," she went on again. "You can't call me Miss So-and-so; but you must call me Julie, if anything. There, I have written it on this card, so. Please write the name I may call you beneath. Anything you like."

She handed me the card, and I wrote simply, "Joe."

"There, Mr. Joe, you don't know my name, and I dare say you will never care to. And now, Mr. Joe, uncle said you were a lawyer."

I admitted myself a poor one.

"Uncle did not tell you I was ill and lame?"

Strange old Mr. Sniffins! Of course he did not; and why should he? "But then," I added, "he did not tell me of your accomplishments, Miss Julie."

"Ah! some people have too many accomplishments, Mr. Joe. You may lose your money before we reach Bolton. But at all events he did not tell you of my complaints. Now do you know I distrust you?"

Of course I was sorry to hear it, and said as much.

"I distrust all of you," she continued. "You have no patience."

"All of us?" I suggested, desirous of having the names or the calling, at least, of those included in the sweeping condemnation.

"Well, it don't matter," she said, smiling, and getting at my meaning very quickly. "You tire too soon, that 's all. By to-morrow you will be sorry you ever saw me, Mr. Joe."

"Will I, Miss Julie?"

"Don't you think you will, Mr. Joe?"

Of course I knew I should not.

"But what if you should be sorry?" she continued.

"Ah! but I won't be," I persisted.

"You are not sure of that. What if you should be, Mr. Joe?"

"I can't imagine, really."

"Do you ever get angry, Mr. Joe?

"Sometimes; but I am always sorry when I do."

"Would n't you get angry with me if I became a burden and an injury to you; an injury, that is, in some unaccountable way?"

I agreed that I would not in any event.

"And not at my uncle either?" she asked.

"Angry at good old Mr. Sniffins, Julie? No indeed. I owe him a blessing."

"You are forgetful, are you not?" she asked.

I was obliged to own up to that fact.

"Then you must agree to it in writing," she said, taking from her little travelling-bag a sheet of paper, upon which I wrote articles of agreement all in due form, whereby I agreed to much more than I had stipulated beforehand, which, however, was all for the joke and amusement and anticipation the little transaction promised.

But when she read it she laughed a merry laugh, and the merry laugh brought tears to her blue eyes, so that I felt just a little bit doubtful.

"Mr. Joe," said she, then, "I am a lawyer, too. There is no consideration to this agreement."

So I wrote a consideration, and the consideration was that she should not fly away upon her crutches, or go ahead to ride upon the locomotive, but would just stay and keep me company as we journeyed on our way to Bolton. Then we dated our contract, signed it, and placed it in the travelling-bag again; and then she looked up again, and tears were shining in her lashes, which so puzzled me that I was led to ask seriously what I might expect from the contract.

"You must expect I will do all I can to make our contract on your part better than on my own. I have something to labor for, that 's all, Mr. Joe"; and she looked up very much as if she had said, "I would n't injure you, Mr. Joe. I am just unfortunate and want you to help me."

Mind, now, I am saying she looked as if she had said so, but really I think she did say so, for I do believe that eyes sometimes say a great many things if we were only able to interpret their language; a great many things we have no idea of, and a great many very pretty things, too. But be that as it may, we afterwards read and talked and laughed as we sped over the iron rail. And as we journeyed westward the sun overtook us, and the long train stopped half an hour for refreshments. Of course I got out and walked about in the warm sun, smoking a cigar, and throwing through the open window oranges and soft words, alternately, under the influence of which poor Julie (I don't know how I came to call her poor Julie) rallied wonderfully. Indeed, as she threw back at me her orange-peel and quick replies with such astonishing dexterity, I thought her bodily infirmities had been cured and she was using all her limbs again. But when "Off brakes!" was whistled, and I entered the car again, the little crutches looked like necessary companions. I wanted to ask about her infirmities, but feared it would be indelicate, and held my peace. Then, as we hurried along again, she looked out of the window, and I began to wonder at her conversation.

At four o'clock the afternoon papers.

came aboard, and I purchased a third edition, and the gentleman opposite me purchased a third edition too. Then I read the third edition, and the gentleman opposite read the third edition. Then my eye fell upon a news item, and the eye of the gentleman opposite fell upon exactly the same item, for, without being invited to speak, he turned to me and said, "I see they are to sell the Oldham property at Bolton to-morrow."

"Yes, sir," I answered; but I did n't tell him I was going up expressly to bid on the premises for a client, which would have been unwise, to say the least.

"Property 's immense, I understand?" he continued.

I was not inclined to be communicative, however, and the individual again suggested, "Said to work great hardship to the heirs?"

"Yes." I turned my back to him this time, and no more was said on that subject.

Then it began to grow dark; and, as I could not read my paper any more, I threw it down and turned to my companion, who was looking out at the sparks which were already visible flying by from the locomotive. It had got to be a cloudy night, and the air was growing cold, as it so frequently does in early spring. Still, good fires built in the stoves, and the lamps lighted, though burning dimly, cheered us up again and kept out the chilliness. But for all the lights and fires, I found it more comfortable to sit a little closer; and then we began to talk about many things, so that I found my companion half a politician and more than half a lawyer. Thus the time and the miles passed swiftly, and as the time and the miles were passing we somehow or other forgot to talk about law and politics; and as we left these subjects further and further behind, we spoke lower and lower, so that we had to sit nearer and nearer in order to make ourselves heard. And so we came, at last, to talk of the poets and poetry, and — ever so many other things besides.

We were riding in the "lightning expresser," stopping only at important stations, except for wood and water. At this time, however, we were in want of neither, because we were running down an incline where the brakes are touched lightly and the steam shut off. But for all that it was a straight line and a safe line, when the engineer could bite his bread and cheese, and when the fireman could light his pipe and have a jolly good smoke.

"Please, Mr. Joe, what station comes next?" said my companion, starting with a start that startled me as well.

The railway guide said it was Half-Way.

"So soon?" she said with another start.

"What is it, Julie?" I inquired with, I dare say, a tender look.

"Only a little pain," she answered; "that 's all. Only a sudden thought, Mr. Joe. But —"

"But what?" I asked, uneasily.

"I fear," she answered, "I must wait at Half-Way for the next train." She was playing nervously with a ring upon her finger, turning it about and taking it off, and putting it on again, abstractedly.

But the next train would answer me just as well, so that I determined to wait too. Of course I would not hear of her staying alone at a strange place, when I should lose nothing but a few hours at the most. Wherefore we both alighted at Half-Way. When, having seated my companion in the depot where a lamp was burning dimly, I proceeded to make inquiries of an official-like looking individual, relative to lodging accommodations.

"Have you a good hotel here?" I inquired.

"That depends upon what you call a good one," was the answer. "What 's good for me may be poor for you, perhaps —"

He waved his lantern, and away went the train.

"How many have you here?" I again inquired.

"Two, and a saloon which pretends

to be a hotel, too. So 's to evade the excise law for a license."

"Are your hotels named ?" I asked.

"Lord bless you, sir. Was there ever a hotel in these United States that did n't have a name, and a great big name, too ? Why, over this way you 'll find the International, and over yonder 's the Metropolitan. And their name 's the biggest things about 'em, or I 'm mistaken."

"Which of the two is the better ?" I persisted, feeling that I must make a choice of one at all events.

"Blessed if I know. Go to one, and you 'll wish you 'd gone to the other, and it does n't make much difference which one you go to first, I reckon."

At this point the official-like looking gentleman gave his lantern an impatient swing ; and, as if he thought something should start whenever he swung his lantern, he started himself and ran away incontinently.

When I returned Miss Julie was anxiously waiting. The coast was now all clear. No one was about, excepting ourselves ; not a solitary human being to ask a question of ; not a depot-master, not a ticket agent. The lights burnt, but nobody cared for them. The telegraph instruments ran races with each other, and made a galloping noisy race of it too, which seemed to be never ending. First one machine was ahead and then another, and while we listened the more furiously the racers raced. Really it was very disagreeable to think of getting off at such a station for rest. What nonsense ! Something, however, must be done. Here we were and it could n't be helped. "O Mr. Joe," said Miss Julie, compassionately, "what a place I 've brought to — "

Then I went out in search of a hotel and found the Metropolitan, which was a story and a half frame structure, putting one exceedingly in mind of a den, and a kind of lion's den, too. Nevertheless, I went in fearlessly and took a survey. They had n't gone to bed down at the Metropolitan. In fact, they were just getting waked up to all appearances, as the noise was intolerable. Sitting on the bar was a fleshy individual of eighteen or twenty, who was endeavoring to perform the manly feat of rubbing his stomach with one hand and patting his head gently with the other, not performing either, by the way, so much to his own satisfaction as to that of his audience.

"No such word as fail, Dolder," roared one.

"Patience and perseverance, Dolder," shouted another.

Don't give up the ship," suggested a third.

No chance of getting much rest here, I thought; so I hurried back, having made up my mind that Miss Julie's best course would be to try and rest in the depot, while I should keep watch on the outside with a cigar.

When I reached the depot the telegraph instruments were running more desperately than ever, but Miss Julie was — gone. Not only had she gone, but she had gone without the pretty crutches.

My first impulse was to rush back to the hotel for assistance. Of course she had been carried off. Else why the crutches left ? But wait ! There was a slip of paper pinned to one of the crutches, which I seized desperately and read by the dim lamplight of Half-Way Station ; and as I read, the clock struck twelve, as it seemed to me, in a very solemn manner. But the little billet, to my great surprise, read thus : —

"Mr. Joe must journey from hence alone. That he may live to forgive a great injury is the wish of his sincere but very unfortunate friend,

"JULIE."

"Ah, a great injury," I thought to myself, thinking the while of my agreement in the cars, but smiling at what I could but think was an absurdity ; nevertheless, my smile, I dare say, was a wicked one, as I immediately lit a cigar to quiet my nerves. So I smoked one cigar and lighted another, and smoked that and then another and another, while I wandered about hither

and thither until the hotels were closed and I grew more and more nervous. At length, however, a young man emerged from somewhere, and went into the telegraph office, tried the keys, and then strolled out again, and went to looking out of the windows and up the track. Then the official-like looking individual made his appearance with his lantern and spoke to the telegraph operator, asking "whose crutches and things" those were.

"They are mine," I answered, I dare say a little sharply, and I took up the crutches and placed them under my arm. But fearing I had been too quick, I added, "They belong to a young lady who came under my charge," by way of qualification.

"Where's the young lady, then?" said the man with the lantern. "Gone off without legs?"

"Really, my good friend," said I then, a little inclined to come down, "I can't tell you. She came with me to this place this very night, a cripple, sir, on these very crutches, and now, sir, she's gone off without 'em. Tell me, if you can, where she is."

"Queer," said the individual, soliloquizing.

"Devilish queer," said the telegraph operator, likewise soliloquizing.

"Were you related?" inquired the official-like looking individual.

"No. She was placed under my care to go to Bolton, by a respectable old gentleman she called her uncle. Before reaching this station she complained of illness, so we concluded to remain here a little while, thinking a short rest would do her good."

"Hum!" said the official-like looking individual.

"Ah!" echoed the telegraph operator.

"Well," said the individual with the lantern, musingly, after a pause, "I don't see but what you've earned them crutches. At any rate I'm blessed if I'll have anything to do with 'em."

"Was she really a cripple?" inquired the telegraph operator.

"I thought so, most assuredly," I answered, a little doubtfully.

"Queer!" again asserted the individual with the lantern.

"Devilish queer!" again asserted the telegraph operator, who was none other than the applauded Dolder.

"See if the train's on time," said the man with the lantern, changing the subject as if it was of no great consequence any way. "She'll turn up some day, sir. How is it, Davy, all right?"

"All right," responded the operator, who had been talking with somebody thirty miles away.

"There they go!" said the official-like looking individual, looking at his watch.

The long whistle sounded afar off, and I was heartily glad they were coming at last. Anything to get out of Half-Way Station. But I was determined to hold on to the pretty crutches, nevertheless. They might some day assist me in unravelling a mystery. So I placed them under my arm and stood waiting out upon the track for the train, which I could already hear, thundering down the incline. Now it came nearer, and the head light, shivering with the oscillation of the locomotive, was discernible. Then another and a nearer and a shriller blast was blown, and one could feel the very earth trembling, as it seemed, with the furious racing of the iron horse; while the sparks were flying from the smoke-stack with the thick and heavy smoke, and underneath the hot coals of living fire fell upon the ground and were trampled out of sight.

"They are running very fast, I should say?" I remarked carelessly to the man with the lantern, who was standing beside me.

"They mostly do come on this run as if the Devil was after 'em," he answered, as if it was really not uncommon.

"Ah! but they don't seem to be holding up?" I suggested.

"They generally goes the faster about here, I reckon."

"They stop, don't they though?" I

exclaimed, no doubt savagely, catching at his meaning.

I heard him say, "They don't calculate to often, sir," but what else he said was lost in the rushing wind and the clickety click, clickety click, of the passing train, which really seemed perfectly indifferent in regard to my own little and very miserable existence.

How long after that I stood listening to the rumbling of the train I can't say, for it kept rumbling and rumbling and rumbling in my ears as if it had made a special agreement to drive me mad. My good friend with the lantern came about this time, however, and saved me by tapping me lightly on the shoulder.

"Was you intending to have taken that train?" he asked, swinging his lantern in the direction it had gone.

I nodded.

"Was you told it stopped by any one belonging on the road?"

I shook my head a little doubtfully, as it did really seem as if some one had induced me to think so.

"Had you business of importance to take you on?"

Again I nodded.

"Was anybody you knows on interested about that same identical business?"

Again I shook my head doubtfully, and the individual gave his lantern another swing, and departed.

I had really never been so unpleasantly situated. But that, after all, was not the worst of it; as in the cold gray of the morning I slowly plodded down to the Metropolitan, looking colder and more dismal than it did the night before, I thought of the business which I had undertaken with such alacrity, and how I should reach Bolton in time to bid at the sale of the Oldham property for my client. There was but one way left, and that to telegraph for a postponement of the sale. But those who sit up late get up late; in consequence whereof the Metropolitan was still wrapped in slumber when I was rapping at the door. To be sure, it was yet very early. Only the early birds were abroad, and the early birds were indeed very few and looked as if they needed all the worms they got. The old bar-room into which I ushered myself, with about half a dozen of the early birds, smelt exceedingly stale, and looked exceedingly dirty, and felt exceedingly uncomfortable. The landlord, however, who was a very prompt little fellow, seeming to have a realizing sense of the appearance of things, got himself behind the counter or the bar in a twinkling, and, without saying a word, looked at the early birds as if he had really said, "Well, gentlemen, what shall it be this morning?"

"A little cold water in a wash-basin is all at present, sir. I shall stay to breakfast with you."

After breakfast I felt better and strolled leisurely back to the depot, but the operator having not yet arrived I sat down and smoked another cigar. After that I began to grow impatient, and asked the freight agent about the next train, and found it would not leave Half-Way until half an hour after the hour appointed for the sale of the Oldham property. Then I went and asked the ticket agent where the operator lived.

"She lives in the brick house the top of which you just see over the hill."

"She!" I exclaimed; "is your operator a woman?"

"Our day operator is," was the answer.

Then I ran over to the brick house; but the matronly woman in charge of that establishment kindly informed me the operator was not at home, and I ran back to the depot.

"Where can I find your night operator?" I asked.

"In the Metropolitan, fast asleep, I reckon."

I hurried down to the Metropolitan.

"Johnny," said the landlord, in response to my question, "run up to room 44 and see if Dolder 's in."

"He ain't thar," said the dirty-faced boy, returning after what seemed destined to be an eternity.

"Do you know where he is?" I demanded.

"No, sir, I don't," he answered, putting his hand to his head as if he expected me to cuff it; "but I heered him say as how he was a going a hunting."

I turned from the Metropolitan and fled back to the depot again.

"At what time does this operator usually reach her office?" I inquired.

"About nine o'clock," he answered; "but she is n't obliged to get here only in time to report the train."

"And that 's 11.40?" I asked.

"Just twenty minutes, sir," he answered, looking at the clock. And then he went into his little office, and, throwing up the window, began to sell tickets, while I thought to myself, it is too late now at any rate. But do what I would I could n't help thinking of my unpleasant dilemma, and of that I was thinking when the train arrived. So I took up the little crutches and went to get aboard.

"You wanted the operator," I heard a gentleman say, as he laid a hand upon my shoulder; "there she comes, down the hill."

I saw a womanly figure coming down the hill, reading a letter as she walked. But all the grace I witnessed in that figure could hardly restrain the resentment I felt toward her. Nevertheless, I turned my back without a word, and left Half-Way Station behind, as I devoutly hoped, forever.

Of course the first thing I did after my arrival at Bolton was to visit the attorney who had the selling of the Oldham property, in the hope that by some chance or mischance the sale had not yet taken place; or if it had, that it had been purchased by some one ignorant of its value, of whom I might again purchase for a slight advance.

"Has the sale been made yet?" was my first query.

"Yes, sir," said the attorney, "it was made within one hour of the time advertised."

"Who was the purchaser?" I demanded eagerly.

"Mr. Sniffins, sir, an elderly, respectable looking old gentleman from Down East somewhere."

"I know," I interrupted, with a thundering voice.

"Was you interested?" he mildly inquired.

"Has the title been forfeited?" I again demanded, heedless of the question.

"Yes, sir, everything complete, recording and all."

I took up my hat, and with the unfortunate crutches rushed into the street and to the telegraph office, whence I sent a despatch to my partner announcing the failure of my trip, and promising to explain when I should reach home.

Well, when I did reach home I did explain; and such an overhauling as I got from my client for forsaking business to run after the girls was astonishing, to say the least. But my client was a young man, and after a few weeks came to me with an apology and my fees. Of course I refused the latter; but as he insisted, I finally did accept them, although I really thought they were not deserved.

"But," said he, after his apology had been accepted, and his bill receipted, — "but remember one thing, Joe, I 'm a going up to that station myself to ferret out this whole affair, and bring somebody to account I surely will; and it is upon the understanding that you assist me, that I take you into my service again."

These terms being agreed to, I took the pretty crutches and nailed them crosswise, like a pirate's cross-bones, upon my office wall, just where I could see them when not engaged at my desk. This was to keep my memory upon the subject, Vicar of Wakefield like, so that during idle hours I might be studying the problem with a view to its solution. But when the spring-time had gone and the summer had come, instead of endeavoring to solve the problem I wished again to see a fair face, which — as often as my eyes fell upon the crutches — came to haunt me with

an accusation I could not deny, for I recalled our little agreement, and part of the mystery was cleared away. Then I would say to myself, "Poor Julie, there is something yet in the dark." And then I would take from my pocket-book a little slip of paper on which she had written: —

"Mr. Joe must journey from hence alone. That he may live to forgive a great injury is the wish of his sincere but very unfortunate friend,

"JULIE."

So I came at last to displace the rusty nail which all along had held the little crutches against the wall, a piece of blue ribbon as near the color of her eyes as I could find being substituted therefor. And so, too, one evening at twilight it came to pass that my client came in, lit a cigar, and sat down as if he had something on his mind. But you know that was not a strange coincidence. It had occurred a hundred times before. When he looked up at the pretty crutches, however, with such a look of desperate resolution, I confess I did not like it; and when he told me he was about to take a short trip into the country for his health, I inwardly rebelled against the proposition; and when he said he would spend a few days at Half-Way, I was sorely tempted to take down one of the pretty crutches, and end my interest in the affair on the spot by rapping him over the head. But I held my peace, nevertheless, and he went on to develop his plans, like some hideous Guy Fawkes to some equally hideous associate.

George Barrow.

A KENTUCKIAN'S SHARE IN THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

IT was the 9th of February, and Rochefort had been arrested the night before.

The pulse of Paris beat high with excitement, strains of the Marseillaise were hummed in the streets, the squares were full of marching platoons of foot-soldiers, and the boulevards were scoured by squads of horse. The gay uniforms of the Garde de Paris glittered among the grave blue and silver of the Sergeants de Ville, and now and then a company of white-buskined chasseurs flashed their gleaming bayonets before the eyes of the curious populace. There was here and there a slight disturbance, as a disorderly student was marched off to cool his political enthusiasm at the *dépôt de la Préfecture;* but the philosophical crowd shrugged its shoulders as who would say: "What will you have? Our time has not yet come."

"We sha' n't see a revolution, after all, I 'm afraid," said Stuart.

"Not much danger," I said, "either of that, or of a fair verdict on Prince Pierre. Of course they 'll pack the jury."

"It 's a villanous business," said Stuart. "Let us go to the Consulate and hear what they have to say there."

We found no one, however, at headquarters, except the minor officials, who could tell us nothing new, and we were descending the steps in some disappointment, I leading the way, when we encountered a carelessly dressed man of medium height, with full brown beard and bushy hair, who scanned us with a pair of kindly soft brown eyes. He drew aside to let me pass, and I caught Stuart's glance, who uttered a shout of delight, and then embraced him, Continental fashion, ejaculating, "So it is you, by all that is lucky!"

"Yours truly, Benborough," said the stranger, with a pleasant accent. "How are you, Squire?"

"First-rate," replied my friend.

"This is Clarke. We were just talking about you."

"I am glad to see you in Paris, Mr. Clarke. The extra good Americans come here before they die," said Mr. Benborough.

"And stay, apparently very well contented," I answered, returning his friendly clasp.

"Well, we have to submit to separation from the great body of the free and enlightened," he replied; "but then there are compensations for everything, even for the want of a vote."

"Come with us," said Stuart, taking him by the arm. I want you to show Paris to Clarke."

"You tempt me in my weakest point but three," replied Mr. Benborough, "yet I am a St. Anthony of heroic virtue. This is my letter day, and the Gotham Grumbler has a pecuniary claim upon the services of its Paris correspondent. But why can't you come to tea in my apartment, at eight?" asked Benborough, "and bring Mr. Clarke with you. My work will be done then, and I shall need relaxation. When I ask ladies, I request them to bring their teacups in their pockets, but I will lend you my beer-mug. Say you will? That's right! Remember, sharp eight; the kettle always gets impatient if folks are behind time. *Au revoir.*"

Eight o'clock found us climbing the three high flights of stairs that led to Benborough's apartments in the Rue Chaptal. At the head of the last flight a door stood open into a sleeping-room, and hearing voices not far off, we advanced and rapped. Benborough came flying out and received us cordially.

"This is my antechamber," he said, laughing, as he led us through the bedroom, which was the only way of access to the parlor; "and these are my household gods," pointing to the photographs of sundry American journalists which hung upon the walls. In the corner of the room was a door through which we were ushered into the *salon*, a most inviting apartment, eminently characteristic of its owner. It was a square room, with a great chintz-covered sofa on one side of it, and several comfortable lounging-chairs covered with leather, scattered about. In the middle of the waxed floor stood a writing-table littered with a dire confusion of papers; and on another table in a corner were spread the tea-things, in a helter-skelter masculine fashion; the cream-jug hob-nobbing with a black bottle, and the sugar-bowl arm in arm with a decanter, while cups and tumblers and wineglasses seemed to be having a general all hands round.

Across the corner of the room was a fireplace where a queer little grate had been inserted, before whose glowing coals was singing a *bouillotte* of beaten white metal, with its stout little cover bobbing up and down, and its fat round sides shaking with the energy of its ebullition. On the tipsy mantel stood a clock, with two candlesticks in which long tallow dips were burning; and the room was further lighted by a large shaded lamp that stood in the centre of the writing-table. Above the chimney-piece was a quaint collection of weapons interspersed with every variety of pipe, and the other spaces against the wall were occupied with low bookshelves crowded with volumes, many of them rare and valuable editions picked up at auctions or on the quais. Over the shelves every inch of wall was covered with pictures, in frames and out of frames; little and big, square, oblong, oval, or round; landscapes, heads, *tableaux de genre*, sketches, etchings, prints, — a wilderness of color and form.

"This is my gallery," said Benborough, in answer to my exclamation of delight. "I am not a connoisseur; I know nothing, in fact, about painting, except what I like. But I've picked up a thing or two that they tell me is worth something. This Jules Dupré, now, it seems just a blotch to you, of course; splashes of blue and green with a dab of red in the middle; but look at it ten minutes, and there you have it, a clump of alder-bushes, a sky of infinite depth, a breezy, airy outlook,

and God's own sunlight reddening the little black pool in front with its declining rays. I got that for a song ten years ago; now ten thousand francs would n't buy it. Then, here 's a little *genre* affair of Boughton's, just perfect in its way; a Bretonne girl spinning by an open window, with the sunlight falling on her hair. That picture is very touching to me, it is so innocent, so simple, so pure; it reminds me of some one I knew long ago."

Here a wonderfully sad expression settled for a moment upon his mobile face, but in an instant it was gone and a twinkle of humor lit the large brown eyes.

"Enough of my works of art, — you shall come and see them by daylight; now for the triumphs of nature, which Stuart, with the instincts of his kind, has already discovered." And so I was made known to all the pleasant company: Messrs. Lowbridge and Marston, compatriots; and Mr. Cranshaw, born an Englishman and bred a Parisian, and therefore as near an approach to a true cosmopolite as the British subject seems capable of becoming.

"Now, gentlemen," said Benborough, "I have given your biographies to Mr. Clarke, and the best I can do for him is to say, as Squire Mason did when he brought up his platoon of fifty to present to the Emperor, 'My countrymen, your Majesties.'" Here the *bouillotte* boiled over with a merry sizzle.

"I told you my kettle got impatient, when we were late," said Benborough, lifting it away. "There 's nothing like a *bouillotte* for boiling. She is a 'free institooshun,' not a division in her anywhere, no possibility of secession here, she is all of a piece. Fill her up, set her before the fire, and before you can count five she goes fizgig. Now, Bob," to Mr. Marston, "make a place for her, and we 'll have tea. Two, four, six spoonfuls, one for each of the company, and here 's a heaping one for the teapot. Stuart, just cut that cake by you; it is one of those from the Rue Royale, worth two francs, and, like the miraculous tent of the fairy Paribanou, only that went outside any number of people and this goes in. I used to attend receptions at the house of a charming woman here, when I was a worldling; the number of the company ranged from eight to eighty, and she never had but a two-franc cake. It always went round. Perhaps because, knowing the ways of the house, the *habitués* did n't take any."

"We shall never come up to the French in economies," said Lowbridge. "Yankees think they understand that business, but it is a great mistake; a Frenchwoman would support a family on what one of ours wastes. This is the true home of thrift and carefulness."

"The tea is drawn," said Benborough. "Now, gentlemen, who will have milk from the Alderney, and who from the Jamaica cow?" holding out the square black bottle and the cream-pitcher. "For my part, I prefer rum to cream; you 're more apt to get it genuine, and it is stimulating to the intellect. Some one should recommend it to the Emperor."

"We are beginning to penetrate the secret of this man," observed Cranshaw, "now he is left to his own wits, and has no longer Flahault and De Morny at his elbow with sagacity to devise and courage to execute. Look how he gives up point after point. It is the concession of weakness, not the confidence of power, that has given us the new privileges."

"I disagree with you there," said Mr. Lowbridge; "he is acting for the interests of the boy, now. He finds himself failing physically, sees that the Empress is incapable of managing a regency, and feels desirous of putting the control of affairs in the hands of a body of reasonable men, who will carry out his ideas until the prince is firm in his seat."

"You really think, then," asked Mr. Marston, "that he is in favor of establishing a constitutional monarchy?"

"He is in favor of establishing the Napoleonic dynasty," replied Mr. Lowbridge, "in any way that he can."

"He has an able second in Ollivier," said Mr. Benborough. "Émile is a sensible fellow, and an honest one, too, I believe. But it requires some gymnastic training to ride the nags Plébiscite and Free-Speech at the same time. There will have to be a good deal of lashing before they will go well in harness together. But take some more milk, Lowbridge. Don't be afraid of the quantity; there 's a cow in the next room. It is astounding," continued our host, "to what point of incredulity some of these Frenchmen will go. I know a dapper little Professor of the Quartier Latin, who vows that nothing at all happened on the 2d of December, except that two or three rioters were shot down by the police for making a disturbance. 'How is it possible otherwise, monsieur?' he says, with his shoulders up to his ears. 'I was in Paris throughout the day. Could there have been an *émeute* of magnitude, and I not know it? Bah! it is all an invention of Victor Hugo! A dream, monsieur, an imagination! Consult the *Moniteur* of the day. You will find no mention of such an occurrence.' For him there has been no *Coup d'État*, no *Décembriseur*, no crowd of victims; he probably believes in the peaceful election of Louis Napoleon by the grace of God and the will of the people."

Cranshaw shrugged. "M. le Professeur must have kept himself carefully at home," he remarked. "He certainly could not have taken an airing on the Boulevard Poissonnière for a week. The fronts of the houses in that quarter were scarred and broken, and the window-panes were in ruins; for two days nobody dared open his doors or take down his shutters. I myself saw three men lying dead, on the morning of the 3d, in a shop in the Rue Poissonnière; the dead-carts had carried away the others."

"Suppose I tell you *my* story," said Benborough, shutting up the tea-caddy, "while you all take your ease,

'Like Mars,
A smokin' your poipes and cigyars.'"

"Do, do!" we cried. Then summoning his deft and quiet landlady in a white cap, who made a swift and dexterous clearance of the tea-things, Benborough pulled out his tobacco-box and his Havanas, and the rest of us having settled ourselves for a smoke, he began: —

"Of course I am not going into the history of the matter. You have all read Kinglake and Victor Hugo and Tenot and the nine-and-forty other historians of that little affair. You understand how it was. This the boulevard," arranging the bottles to represent the houses; "these the soldiery," bringing up a platoon of wine-glasses; "and here," strewing the cigars beside the bottles, "the populace.

"Jones and I had been dining that day in the Rue de Helder, with Effingham. You remember Effingham, Lowbridge, — that tall Kentuckian who was shot afterwards at Antietam, fighting on the wrong side, poor lad! but gallantly beyond question. A great fellow, six feet four, used to all sorts of border life, and just married to a sweet, gentle little girl about up to my elbow, — a diamond edition of a woman done up in blue and gold, with a cooing voice and a clinging manner, and eyes that were always asking you to take care of her. She was a Baltimore girl that Effingham had picked up somewhere, and the two had come off to Europe for a wedding trip, and landed in Paris plump in the middle of the *Coup d'État*. I had found them one morning at Vadette's, like two lost children; they were dying to get to Rome, and could n't get their passports *viséd;* and Paris was cold and sloppy, and the Louvre and the public buildings were shut up with guards about; and there were troops in all the squares, and Mrs. Effingham was timid, and hoped there would be no fighting. I consoled them as well as I could, and they made me promise to come and dine with them and bring Jones, who was a classmate of Eff's and mine. So there we all were, at the *café* in the

Rue de Helder, having a tiptop little dinner and drinking Johannisberger at twenty francs a bottle, and champagne of Widow Cliquot's best brand, — being very lively and forgetting all about the *émeutes* in talking over old college days.

"Suddenly Mrs. Effingham says: 'My dear, if we had only brought that wine of ours for Mr. Benborough to taste! It is perfect with dessert, and I would like to have him give us his opinion about it. My father raised the grapes himself,' she went on, in her sweet, childish, explanatory way, 'and we had a vintage of our own, and everybody came to help us.' And then she gave a shy little glance at Eff, and we guessed that he had been one of the crowd. She told us a long story about the grapes, and the end of it was that nothing would do but we must taste the wine. So Eff, who was the best-natured of men, said he would run over and get a bottle from their lodgings in the Rue Louis le Grand; it was but a step; he had only to cross the Boulevard, and he would be back in a twinkling; so he snatched his hat and rushed out.

"We were about three doors from the Boulevard des Italiens, and even along the Rue de Helder people had their shutters up, though it was early in the afternoon. Effingham had but a short distance to go, yet we thought nothing of his being absent some time, supposing that he could not lay his hand upon the wine in an instant; but just as we were beginning to wonder at his delay we heard a curious sound from the direction of the Boulevard. There were few carriages passing, so that we could distinctly hear the rattle of musketry and the tramp of soldiers. Mrs. Effingham caught the sound, and sprang to her feet as white as a sheet. Jones and I looked at each other, and at that very minute the first volley was fired, followed by shrieks and agonized cries that made you shiver.

"The poor little woman did not cry out. She only caught hold of the back of her chair and got whiter and whiter. People came rushing down our street. The proprietor of the *café* promptly barred his door, and lowered the lights in the cabinets. The shots continued at irregular intervals, mingled with a terrible tumult of distressing sounds.

"The *dame du comptoir* came up to us. 'Madame will do better to come into the back building,' she said. 'Monsieur was about closing the shop. It was not likely that the fighting would come any nearer, but it was well to be prepared. Madame was naturally terrified, but escape was easy by the rear entrance.' I briefly explained the case, and the kind Frenchwoman's face contracted with sympathy.

"'*Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!* poor little lady!' she said, compassionately, and tried to lead Mrs. Effingham away. But the little thing looked up with her woful eyes, and just said, 'O do find John! O where is John!'

"'He must be right here,' I cried, for I could not resist the glance she gave me; 'I will go and fetch him, and Jones will stay with you till we come.'

"I forced my way through the door that the *garçon* was just barring, and rushed out into the street. People ran wildly by me; there was a great confusion and tumult. I could see the shining bayonets of the soldiery as they marched by. I urged my way through the crowd of hurrying men, women, and children to the corner of the Boulevard, and there I learned what it meant. Up and down as far as I could see those rascals were firing on the defenceless crowd! I just saw a fellow covering me with his carbine in time to duck and run. I ran to the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin, where was a bookseller's shop, into which I sped; half a dozen people followed me. It was a little place with a counter on one side, and several of us, seeing that we were pursued, took shelter under it. The shop was almost dark, the shutters being entirely closed. Three or four soldiers came in after us, and, being unable to see clearly, just reached over the counter and jabbed right and left

with their bayonets among us. Do you see that scar between those fingers? The bayonet went through there. It was an ugly cut, but at the time I did not feel it. A poor fellow was killed just beside me, and another desperately wounded, but we were perfectly silent, and the soldiers rushed out as wildly as they had entered, and in three minutes were gone. We scarcely moved for an hour, listening with horror to the sounds outside. My blood boils when I think of that butchery of unarmed people by those cutthroats! I was distracted at the time with thoughts about Effingham and his poor wife.

"By and by the noises lulled a little, and I went out and found it was quite dark. Along the Boulevard dead men were lying in heaps. I found my way to the Rue de Helder and tapped on the shutter. The boy opened the door to the width of a crack. 'I have been watching for Monsieur,' he said; 'madame and the other gentlemen went away by the ruelle into the Rue Taitbout.'

"'And the husband of madame?' I asked eagerly.

"'Alas! monsieur, he has not arrived. It is enough to break one's heart to see *cette pauvre petite dame*, and she has not once wept.'

"I went away with caution. The patrol was out, and I heard the heavy rumble of the dead-carts as they went round to pick up the victims of the massacre. As I took my course carefully from street to street in the shadow of the buildings I heard from corner to corner the cry of the guard, '*Sentinelle, prenez garde à vous!*' but all else was silence and desertion. The Republic was dead, and the funeral guests were slain. It was a glorious holocaust!

"I found my way to the Rue Louis le Grand. The concierge opened to me with reluctance. 'Had Madame Effingham arrived?' I inquired.

"'No, madame was dining *en ville* with monsieur, and would not arrive till late; apparently there was disturbance. It was possible that monsieur and madame would not return until the streets were more tranquil,' and the cordon twitched impatiently. Then I did not know what to do. I thought it possible that Jones might have taken Mrs. Effingham to the consul's as a place of security. I found the flag flying out of the window, as a safeguard, but no news of my friends; the family had heard the firing, but did not know how serious the matter was until I told them. Then, as a last resort, I went to my own lodging, and there before my fire I found Jones.

"'Mrs. Effingham is with your landlady,' he said; 'I wanted to take her home, but there was such confusion, I was afraid to take her across the Boulevard, so I brought her here, thinking you would come here if you found we had gone and were not in the Rue Louis le Grand. You have n't found him?'

"I shook my head. Then we talked the whole matter over, imagining every possibility.

"'She is a remarkable little woman,' said Jones; 'she has never uttered a word of complaint, or made a fuss. After you went out she stood and listened till I thought she would drop. People came and thundered at the doors, but could not get in; they were too secure. I did not know what to say to her; she did not seem at all frightened, only anxious for John. When you did not return and it got late, I suggested that we should come here, as it was possible you had not been able to get back across the Boulevard. She said she would like to go to her own lodgings. I showed her how impossible it would be for her to pass the patrol, without making a longer *détour* than she had the strength for, and she submitted instantly. Since she came here she has been in a kind of stupor.'

"Then we went down to see her. She was sitting on my landlady's sofa with her blue eyes wide open and tearless, just as I had left her. She tried to say something when she saw me, but the words died on her lips.

"'*Malheureuse!*' said good Madame Bonvalet, 'she will lose her reason.'

"I sat down by the little thing and tried to talk to her, but by Jove! when she looked at me with those piteous eyes I just broke down and had to give it up. We sat there silent for a long time; now and then there would be a sound in the street, and the little white face, pinched with agony, would contract for an instant, and the nervous hands clench themselves tighter. Such a look of watching I never saw in a human countenance. I had been reading Landor in the morning, and you know how certain lines will reiterate themselves like bells in your memory, when you would give the world to get rid of the sound of them. And as I waited there in the dim light, and thought of all the horrors of that day, and the stern possibilities of this wretched woman's future, I could hear nothing but the monotonous tolling of those verses, —

'Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And oh! pray too for me!'

"At last there came a tremendous peal at the bell, the door flew open with a crash, and there was a sound of hurrying feet. Little Mrs. Effingham sprang up like a wild creature.

"'It is he! O, it is he!' she shrieked, and flew to the staircase crying, 'John! John!'

"And there, sure enough, rushing up three steps at a time, was Effingham, covered with mud, and with his clothes torn and bloody, but full of life as ever. Of course his wife fainted dead away, and cried like a baby when it was all over, which there was no sense in. But I am afraid Jones and I snivelled a little in company, the let-up was so sudden."

"But where had he been?" burst in Stuart, as the narrator paused to replenish his pipe.

"That was the best of it," said Benborough. "He could n't find the wine for a good while, so that by the time he got back to the Boulevard the firing was in full blast, and the bullets were whizzing all about him, and the troops were massed directly in his path. Being a Kentuckian, and used to border warfare, he played 'possum, and threw himself on the ground like a dead man, where he lay for three hours with the whole row going on around him, and the crowd trampling over him, till he managed to roll into the gutter. After dark the dead-carts came round, and a chap was just going to pitch him in with the others, when Eff lifted his head cautiously. The patrol was at the other end of his beat, and had his back turned. Effingham made a sign, to which the fellow responded good-naturedly with a wink, '*Va-t'en vite, que je ne te voie pas!*'

"And you may imagine that our friend made good use of his legs. He had been hunting us ever since, being obliged to make a very circuitous journey to avoid the watch; but he had tracked us at last; and — would you believe it? — he had held on to that precious wine-bottle through it all, and pulled it out that we might celebrate his escape with a bumper."

Sydney Hyde.

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

II. — The Afternoon.

IT is noticeable how many people there are in the world that seem bent always upon the same purpose of amusement or business as one's self. If you keep quietly about your accustomed affairs, there are all your neighbors and acquaintance hard at it too; if you go on a journey, choose what train you will, the cars are filled with travellers in your direction. You take a day's pleasure, and everybody abandons his usual occupation to crowd upon your boat, whether it is to Gloucester, or to Nahant, or to Nantasket Beach you go. It is very hard to believe that, from whatever channel of life you abstract yourself, still the great sum of it presses forward as before: that business is carried on though you are idle, that men amuse themselves though you toil, that every train is as crowded as that you travel on, that the theatre or the church fills its boxes or pews without you perfectly well. I suppose it would not be quite agreeable to believe all this; the opposite illusion is far more flattering; for if each one of us did not take the world with him now at every turn, should he not have to leave it behind him when he died? And that, it must be owned, would not be agreeable, nor is the fact quite conceivable, though ever so many myriads in so many million years have proved it.

When our friends first went aboard the Rose Standish that day they were almost the sole passengers, and they had a feeling of ownership and privacy which was pleasant enough in its way, but which they lost afterwards; though to lose it was also pleasant, for enjoyment no more likes to be solitary than sin does, which is notoriously gregarious, and I dare say would hardly exist if it could not be committed in company. The preacher, indeed, little knows the comfortable sensation we have in being called fellow-sinners, and what an effective shield for his guilt each makes of his neighbor's hard-heartedness.

Cousin Frank never felt how strange was a lonely transgression till that day, when in the silence of the little cabin he took the bottle of claret from the hand-bag, and prepared to moisten the family lunch with it. "I think, Aunt Melissa," he said, "we had better lunch now, for it 's a quarter past two, and we shall not get to the beach before four. Let 's improvise a beach of these chairs, and that water-urn yonder can stand for the breakers. Now, this is truly like Newport and Nahant," he added, after the little arrangement was complete; and he was about to strip away the bottle's jacket of brown paper, when a lady much wrapped up came in, and, reclining upon one of the opposite seats, began to take them all in with a severe serenity of gaze that made them feel for a moment like a party of low foreigners, — like a set of German atheists, say. Frank kept on the bottle's paper jacket, and as the single tumbler of the party circled from mouth to mouth, each of them tried to give the honest drink the false air of a medicinal potion of some sort; and to see Aunt Melissa sipping it, no one could have put his hand on his heart and sworn it was not elderberry wine, at the worst. In spite of these efforts, they all knew that they had suffered a hopeless loss of repute; yet after the loss was confessed, I am not sure that they were not the gayer and happier through this "freedom of a broken law." At any rate, the lunch passed off very merrily, and when they had put back the fragments of the feast into the bags, they went forward to the bow of the boat, to get good places for seeing the various people as they came aboard, and for an outlook upon the bay when the boat should start.

I suppose that these were not very remarkable people, and that nothing but the indomitable interest our friends took in the human race could have enabled them to feel any concern in their companions. It was, no doubt, just such a company as goes down to Nantasket Beach every pleasant day in summer. Certain ones among them were distinguishable as sojourners at the beach, by an air of familiarity with the business of getting there, an indifference to the prospect, and an indefinable touch of superiority. These read their newspapers in quiet corners, or, if they were not of the newspaper sex, made themselves comfortable in the cabins, and looked about them at the other passengers with looks of lazy surprise, and just a hint of scorn for their interest in the boat's departure. Our day's pleasurers took it that the lady whose steady gaze had reduced them, when at lunch, to such a low ebb of shabbiness, was a regular boarder, at the least, in one of the beach hotels. A few other passengers were, like themselves, mere idlers for a day, and were eager to see all that the boat or the voyage offered of novelty. There were clerks and men who had book-keeping written in a neat mercantile hand upon their faces, and who had evidently been given that afternoon for a breathing-time; and there were strangers who were going down to the beach for the sake of the charming view of the harbor which the trip afforded. Here and there were people who were not to be classed with any certainty, as a pale young man, handsome in his undesirable way, who looked like a steamboat pantry boy not yet risen to be bar-tender, but rapidly rising, and who sat carefully balanced upon the railing of the boat, chatting with two young girls, who heard his broad sallies with continual snickers, and interchanged saucy comments with that prompt up-and-coming manner which is so large a part of non-humorous humor, as Mr. Lowell calls it, and now and then pulled and pushed each other. It was a scene worth study, for in no other country could anything so bad have been without being vastly worse; but here it was evident that there was nothing worse than you saw; and, indeed, these persons formed a sort of relief to the other passengers, who were nearly all sepulchrally well-behaved. Amongst a few there seemed to be acquaintance, but the far greater part were unknown to one another, and there were no words wasted by any one. I believe the English traveller who has taxed our nation with inquisitiveness for half a century is at last beginning to find out that we do not ask questions because we have the still more vicious custom of not opening our mouths at all when with strangers.

It was a good hour after our friends got aboard before the boat left her moorings, and then it was not without some secret dreads of sea-sickness that Aunt Melissa saw the seething brine widen between her and the familiar wharf-house, where she now seemed to have spent so large a part of her life. But the multitude of really charming and interesting objects that presently fell under her eye soon distracted her from those gloomy thoughts.

There is always a shabbiness about the wharves of seaports; but I must own that as soon as you get a reasonable distance from them in Boston, they turn wholly beautiful. They no longer present that imposing array of mighty ships which they could show in the Plancan days when the commerce of the world sought chiefly our port, yet the docks are still filled with the modester kinds of shipping, and if there is not that wilderness of spars and rigging which you see at New York, let us believe that there is an aspect of selection and refinement in the scene, so that one should describe it, not as a forest, but, less conventionally, as a gentleman's park of masts. The steamships of many coastwise freight lines gloom, with their black, capacious hulks, among the lighter sailing-craft and among the white, green-shuttered passenger-boats; and behind them those desperate and grimy sheds assume

a picturesqueness, their sagging roofs and crooked gables harmonizing agreeably with the shipping; and then growing up from all rises the mellow-tinted brick-built city, roof, and spire, and dome, — a fair and noble sight, indeed, and one not surpassed for a certain quiet and cleanly beauty by any that I know.

Our friends lingered long upon this pretty prospect, and, as inland people of light heart and easy fancy will, the ladies made imagined voyages in each of the more notable vessels they passed, — all cheap and safe trips, occupying half a second apiece. Then they came forward to the bow, that they might not lose any part of the harbor's beauty and variety, and informed themselves of the names of each of the fortressed islands as they passed, and forgot them, being passed, so that to this day Aunt Melissa has the Fort Warren rebel prisoners languishing in Fort Independence. But they made sure of the air of soft repose that hung about each, of that exquisite military neatness which distinguishes them and which went to Aunt Melissa's housekeeping heart, of the green, thick turf covering the escarpments, of the great guns loafing on the crests of the ramparts and looking out over the water sleepily, of the sentries pacing slowly up and down with their gleaming muskets.

"I never see one of those fellows," says Cousin Frank, "without setting him to the music of that saddest and subtlest of Heine's poems. *You* know it, Lucy"; and he repeats: —

"Mein Herz, mein Herz is traurig,
Doch lustig leuchtet der Mai;
Ich stehe gelehnt an der Linde,
Hoch auf der alten Bastei.

. . . . .

"Am alten grauen Thurme
Ein Schilderhäuschen steht;
Ein rothgeröckter Bursche
Dort auf und nieder geht.

"Er spielt mit seiner Flinte,
Sie funkelt im Sonnenroth,
Er präsentirt, und schultert, —
Ich wollt', er schösse mich todt."

"Oh!" says Cousin Lucy, either because the poignant melancholy of the sentiment has suddenly pierced her, or because she does not quite understand the German, — you never can tell about women. While Frank smiles down upon her in this amiable doubt, their party is approached by the tipsy man who has been making the excursion so merry for the other passengers, in spite of the fact that there is very much to make one sad in him. He is an old man, sweltering in rusty black, a two days' gray beard, and a narrow-brimmed, livid silk hat, set well back upon the nape of his neck. He explains to our friends, as he does to every one whose acquaintance he makes, that he was in former days a seafaring man, and that he has brought his two little grandsons here to show them something about a ship; and the poor old soul helplessly saturates his phrase with the rankest profanity. The boys are somewhat amused by their grandsire's state, being no doubt familiar with it; but a very grim-looking old lady who sits against the pilot-house, and keeps a sharp eye upon all three, and who is also doubtless familiar with the unhappy spectacle, seems not to find it a joke. Her stout matronly umbrella trembles in her hand when her husband draws near, and her eye flashes; but he gives her as wide a berth as he can, returning her glare with a propitiatory drunken smile and a wink to the passengers to let them into the fun. In fact, he is full of humor in his tipsy way, and one after another falls the prey of his free sarcasm, which does not spare the boat or any feature of the excursion. He holds for a long time, by swiftly successive stories of his seafaring days, a very quiet gentleman, who dares neither laugh too loudly nor show indifference for fear of rousing that terrible wit at his expense, and finds his account in looking down at his boots.

"Well, sir," says the deplorable old sinner, "we was forty days out from Liverpool, with a cargo of salt and iron, and we got caught on the Banks in a calm. 'Cap'n,' says I, — I 'us sec'n' mate, — 's they any man aboard this ship knows how to pray?' 'No,' says

the cap'n; 'blast yer prayers!' 'Well,' says I, 'cap'n, I'm no hand at all to pray, but I'm goin' to see if prayin' won't git us out 'n this.' And I down on my knees, and I made a first-class prayer; and a breeze sprung up in a minute and carried us smack into Boston."

At this bit of truculent burlesque the quiet man made a bold push, and walked away with a somewhat sickened face, and as no one now intervened between them, the inebriate laid a familiar hand upon Cousin Frank's collar, and said with a wink at his late listener: "Looks like a lerigious man, don't he? I guess I give him a good dose, if he *does* think himself the head-deacon of this boat." And he went on to state his ideas of religion, from which it seemed that he was a person of the most advanced thinking, and believed in nothing worth mentioning.

It is perhaps no worse for an Infidel to be drunk than a Christian, but my friend was so much revolted by this tipsy blasphemer's case, that he went to the hand-bag, took out the empty claret-bottle, and, seeking a solitary corner of the boat, cast the bottle into the water, and felt a thrill of uncommon self-approval as this scapegoat of all the wine at his grocer's bobbed off upon the little waves. "Besides, it saves carrying the bottle home," he thought, not without a half-conscious reserve, that if his penitence were ever too much for him, he could easily abandon it. And without the reflection that the gate is always open behind him, who could consent to enter upon any course of perfect behavior? If good resolutions could not be broken, who would ever have the courage to form them? Would it not be intolerable to be made as good as we ought to be? Then, admirable reader, thank Heaven even for your lapses, since it is so wholesome and saving to be well ashamed of yourself, from time to time.

"What an outrage," said Cousin Frank, in the glow of virtue, as he rejoined the ladies, "that that tipsy rascal should be allowed to go on with his ribaldry. He seems to pervade the whole boat, and to subject everybody to his sway. He 's a perfect despot to us helpless sober people, — I would n't openly disagree with him on any account. We ought to send a Round Robin to the captain, and ask him to put that religious liberal in irons during the rest of the voyage."

In the mean time, however, the object of his indignation had used up all the conversible material in that part of the boat, and had deviously started for the other end. The elderly woman with the umbrella rose and followed him, somewhat wearily, and with a sadness that appeared more in her movement than in her face; and as the two went down the cabin, did the comical affair look, after all, something like tragedy? My reader, who expects a little novelty in tragedy, and not these stale and common effects, will never think so.

"You 'll not pretend, Frank," says Lucy, "that in such an intellectual place as Boston a crowd as large as this can be got together, and no distinguished literary people in it. I know there are some notables aboard: do point them out to me. Pretty near everybody has a literary look."

"Why, that 's what we call our Boston look, Cousin Lucy. You need n't have written anything to have it, — it 's as general as tubercular consumption, and is the effect of our universal culture and habits of reading. I heard a New-Yorker say once that if you went into a corner grocery in Boston to buy a codfish, the man would ask you how you liked 'Lucille,' whilst he was tying it up. No, no; you must n't be taken in by that literary look; I 'm afraid the real literary men don't always have it. But I *do* see a literary man aboard, yonder," he added, craning his neck to one side, and then furtively pointing, — "the most literary man I ever knew, one of the most literary men that ever lived. His whole existence is really bound up in books; he never talks of anything else, and never thinks of anything else, I believe. Look at

him, — what kind and pleasant eyes he 's got! There, he sees me!" cries Cousin Frank with a pleasurable excitement. "How d' ye do?" he calls out.

"O Cousin Frank, introduce us," sighs Lucy.

"Not I! He would n't thank me. He does n't care for pretty girls outside of books; he 'd be afraid of 'em; he 's the bashfullest man alive, and all his heroines are fifty years old, at the least. But before I go any further, tell me solemnly, Lucy, you 're not interviewing me? You 're not going to write it to a New York newspaper? No? Well, I think it 's best to ask, always. Our friend there — he 's everybody 's friend, if you mean nobody's enemy, by that, not even his own — is really what I say, — the most literary man I ever knew. He loves all epochs and phases of literature, but his passion is the Charles Lamb period and all Lamb's friends. He loves them as if they were living men; and Lamb would have loved him if he could have known him. He speaks rapidly, and rather indistinctly, and when you meet him and say good day, and you suppose he answers with something about the weather, ten to one he 's asking you what you think of Hazlitt's essays on Shakespeare, or Leigh Hunt's Italian Poets, or Lamb's roast pig, or Barry Cornwall's songs. He could n't get by a bookstall without stopping for half an hour at any rate. He knows just when all the new books in town are to be published, and when each bookseller is to get his invoice of old English books. He has no particular address, but if you leave your card for him at any bookstore in Boston, he 's sure to get it within two days; and in the summer-time you 're apt to meet him on these excursions. Of course, he writes about books, and very tastefully and modestly; there 's hardly any of the brand-new immortal English poets, who die off so rapidly, but has had a good word from him; but his heart is with the older fellows, from Chaucer down; and, after the Charles Lamb epoch, I don't know whether he loves better the Elizabethan age or that of Queen Anne. Think of him making me stop the other day at a bookstall, and read through an essay out of the Spectator! I did it all for love of him, though money could n't have persuaded me that I had time; and I 'm always telling him lies, and pretending to be as well acquainted as he is with authors I hardly know by name, — he seems so fondly to expect it. He 's really almost a disembodied spirit as concerns most mundane interests; his soul is in literature, as a lover's in his mistress's beauty; and in the next world, where, as the Swedenborgians believe, spirits seen at a distance appear like the things they most resemble in disposition, as doves, hawks, goats, lambs, swine, and so on, I 'm sure that I shall see his true and kindly soul in the guise of a noble old Folio, quaintly lettered across his back in old English text, *Tom. I.*"

While our friends talked and looked about them, a sudden change had come over the brightness and warmth of the day; the blue heaven had turned a chilly gray, and the water looked harsh and cold. Now, too, they noted that they were drawing near a wooden pier built into the water, and that they had been winding about in a crooked channel between muddy shallows, and that their course was overrun with long, dishevelled sea-weed. The shawls had been unstrapped, and the ladies made comfortable in them.

"Ho for the beach!" cried Cousin Frank, with a vehement show of enthusiasm. "Now, then, Aunt Melissa, prepare for the great enjoyment of the day. In a few moments we shall be of the elves

> 'That on the sand with printless foot
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
> When he comes back.'

Come! we shall have three hours on the beach, and that will bring us well into the cool of the evening, and we can return by the last boat."

"As to the cool of the evening," said Aunt Melissa, "I don't know.

It 's quite cool enough for comfort at present, and I 'm sure that anything more would n't be wholesome. What' s become of our beautiful weather ? " she asked, deeply plotting to gain time.

" It 's one of our Boston peculiarities, not to say merits," answered Frank, " which you must have noticed already, that we can get rid of a fine day sooner than any other region. While you 're saying how lovely it is, a subtle change is wrought, and under skies still blue and a sun still warm the keen spirit of the east wind pierces every nerve, and all the fine weather within you is chilled and extinguished. The gray atmosphere follows, but the day first languishes in yourself. But for this, life in Boston would be insupportably perfect, if this is indeed a drawback. You 'd find Bostonians to defend it, I dare say. But this is n't a regular east wind to-day ; it 's merely our nearness to the sea."

" I think, Franklin," said Aunt Melissa, " that we won't go down to the beach this afternoon," as if she had been there yesterday, and would go to-morrow. " It 's too late in the day ; and it would n't be good for the child, I 'm sure."

" Well, aunty, it was you determined us to wait for the boat, and it 's your right to say whether we shall leave it or not. I 'm very willing not to go ashore. I always find that, after working up to an object with great effort, it 's surpassingly sweet to leave it unaccomplished at last. Then it remains forever in the region of the ideal, amongst the songs that never were sung, the pictures that never were painted. Why, in fact, should we force this pleasure ? We 've eaten our lunch, we 've lost the warm heart of the day ; why should we poorly drag over to that damp and sullen beach, where we should find three hours very long, when by going back now we can keep intact that glorious image of a day by the sea which we 've been cherishing all summer ? You 're right, Aunt Melissa ; we won't go ashore ; we will stay here, and respect our illusions."

At heart, perhaps, Lucy did not quite like this retreat ; it was not in harmony with the youthful spirit of her sex, but she reflected that she could come again, — O beneficent cheat of Another Time, how much thou sparest us in our overworked, over-enjoyed world ! — she was very comfortable where she was, in a seat commanding a perfect view for the return trip ; and she submitted without a murmur. Besides, now that the boat had drawn up to the pier, and discharged part of her passengers, and was waiting to take on others, Lucy was interested in a mass of fluttering dresses and wide-rimmed straw hats that drew down towards the Rose Standish, and gracefully thronged the pier, and prettily hesitated about, and finally came aboard with laughter and little false cries of terror, attended through all by the New England disproportion of that sex which is so foolish when it is silly. It was a large picnic party which had been spending the day upon the beach, as each of the ladies showed in her face, where, if the roses upon her cheeks were somewhat obscured by the imbrowning seaside sun, a bright pink had been compensatingly bestowed upon the point of her nose. A mysterious quiet fell upon them all when they were got aboard and had taken conspicuous places, which was accounted for presently when a loud shout was heard from the shore, and a man beside an ambulant photographic machine was seen wildly waving his hat. It is impossible to resist a temptation of this kind, and our party all yielded, and posed themselves in striking and characteristic attitudes, — even Aunt Melissa sharing the ambition to appear in a picture which she should never see, and the nurse coming out strong from the abeyance in which she had been held, and lifting the baby high into the air for a good likeness. The frantic gesticulator on the shore gave an impressive wave with both hands, took the cap from the instrument, turned his back, as photographers always do, with that air of hiding their tears, for the brief space that seems so

long, and then clapped on the cap again, while a great sigh of relief went up from the whole boat-load of passengers. They were taken.

But the interval had been a luckless one for the Rose Standish, and when she stirred her wheels, clouds of mud rose to the top of the water, and there was no responsive movement of the boat. She was aground in the falling tide.

"There seems a pretty fair prospect of our spending some time here, after all," said Frank, while the ladies who, having reluctantly given up the idea of staying, were now in a quiver of impatience to be off. The picnic was shifted from side to side; the engine groaned and tugged, Captain Miles Standish and his crew bestirred themselves vigorously, and at last the boat swung loose, and strode down the seaweedy channels; while our friends, who had already done the great sights of the harbor, now settled themselves to the enjoyment of its minor traits and beauties. Here and there they passed small parties on the shore, which, with their yachts anchored near, or their boats drawn up from the water, were cooking an out-door meal by a fire that burned bright red upon the sand in the late afternoon air. In such cases, people willingly indulge themselves in saluting whatever craft goes by, and the ladies of these small picnics, as they sat round the fires, kept up a great waving of handkerchiefs, and sometimes cheered the Rose Standish, though I believe the Bostonians are ordinarily not a demonstrative race. Of course the large picnic on board fluttered multitudinous handkerchiefs in response, both to these people ashore and to those who hailed them from vessels which they met. They did not refuse the politeness even to the passengers on a rival boat when she passed them, though at heart they must all have felt some natural pangs at being passed. The water was peopled everywhere by all sorts of sail lagging slowly homeward in the light evening breeze; and on some of the larger vessels there were family groups to be seen, and a graceful smoke, suggestive of supper, curled from the cook's galley. I suppose these ships were chiefly coasting craft, of one kind or another, come from the Provinces at farthest; but to the ignorance and the fancy of our friends, they arrived from all remote and romantic parts of the world, from India, from China, and from the South Seas, with cargoes of spices and gums and tropical fruits; and I see no reason why one should ever deny himself the easy pleasure they felt in painting the unknown in such lively hues. The truth is, a strange ship, if you will let her, always brings you precious freight, always arrives from Wonderland under the command of Captain Sindbad. How like a beautiful sprite she looks afar off, as if she came from some finer and fairer world than ours! Nay, we will not go out to meet her; we will not go on board; Captain Sindbad shall bring us the invoice of gold-dust, slaves, and rocs' eggs to-night, and we will have some of the eggs for breakfast; or if he never comes, are we not just as rich? But I think these friends of ours got a yet keener pleasure out of the spectacle of a large and stately ship, that with all sails spread moved silently and steadily out toward the open sea. It is yet grander and sweeter to sail toward the unknown than to come from it; and every vessel that leaves port has this destination, and will bear you thither if you will.

> "It may be that the gulfs shall wash us down;
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
> And see the great Achilles, whom we knew,"

absently murmured Lucy, looking on this beautiful apparition.

"But I can't help thinking of Ulysses's cabin-boy, yonder," said Cousin Frank, after a pause; "can you, Aunt Melissa?"

"I don't understand what you 're talking about, Franklin," answered Aunt Melissa, somewhat severely.

"Why, I mean that there is a poor wretch of a boy on board there, who 's run away, and whose heart must be aching just now at the thought of the

home he has left. I hope Ulysses will be good to him, and not swear at him for a day or two, or knock him about with a belaying-pin. Just about this time his mother, up in the country, is getting ready his supper, and wondering what's become of him, and torturing herself with hopes that break one by one; and to-night when she goes up to his empty room, having tried to persuade herself that the truant's come back and climbed in at the window — "

"Why, Franklin, this is n't all true, is it?" asks Aunt Melissa.

"Well, no, let's pray Heaven it is n't, in this case. It 's been true often enough to be false for once."

"What a great, ugly, black object a ship is!" said Cousin Lucy.

Slowly the city rose up against the distance, sharpening all its outlines, and filling in all its familiar details, — like a fact which one dreams is a dream, and which, as the mists of sleep break away, shows itself for reality.

The air grows closer and warmer, — it is the breath of the hot and toil-worn land.

The boat makes her way up through the shipping, seeks her landing, and presently rubs herself affectionately against the wharf. The passengers quickly disperse themselves upon shore, dismissed each with an appropriate sarcasm by the tipsy man, who has had the means of keeping himself drunk throughout, and who now looks to the discharge of the boat's cargo.

As our friends leave the wharf-house behind them, and straggle uneasily, and very conscious of sunburn, up the now silent length of Pearl Street to seek the nearest horse-cars, they are aware of a curious fidgeting of the nurse, who flies from one side of the pavement to the other and violently shifts the baby from one arm to the other.

"What 's the matter?" asks Frank; but before the nurse can answer, "Thim little divils," he perceives that the whooping-coughers of the morning have taken the occasion to renew a pleasant acquaintance, and are surrounding the baby and nurse with an atmosphere of whooping-cough.

"I say, friends! we can't stand this, you know," says the anxious father. "We must part some time, and this is a favorable moment. Now I 'll give you all this, if you don't come another step!" and he empties out to them, from the hand-bags he carries, all the fragments of lunch which the frugal mind of Aunt Melissa had caused her to store there. Upon these the whooping-coughers hurl themselves in a body, and are soon left round the corner. Yet they would have been no disgrace to our party, whose appearance was now most disreputable: Frank and Lucy stalking ahead, with shawls dragging from their arms, the former loaded down with hand-bags and the latter with india-rubbers; Aunt Melissa coming next under a burden of bloated umbrellas; the nurse last, with her hat awry, and the baby a caricature of its morning trimness, in her embrace. A day's pleasure is so demoralizing, that no party can stand it, and come out neat and orderly.

"Cousin Frank," asked Lucy, awfully, "what if we should meet the Mayflowers now?" — the Mayflowers being a very ancient and noble Boston family whose acquaintance was the great pride and terror of our friends' lives.

"I should cut them dead," said Frank, and scarcely spoke again till his party dragged slowly up the steps of their minute suburban villa.

At the door his wife met them with a troubled and anxious face.

"Calamities?" asked Frank, desperately.

"O, calamities upon calamities! We 've got a lost child in the kitchen," answered Mrs. Sallie.

"O good heavens!" cried her husband. "Adieu, my dreams of repose, so desirable after a day's pleasure! Well, bring on the lost child."

W. D. Howells.

ODE.

[Read at the Festival celebrating the birthday of MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI, held by the New England Women's Club, Boston, May 23, 1870.]

I.

LIFE'S rearward vistas slowly close behind,
And evermore recede, the glare and shade
Blending in neutral tints far down the glade,
Where youth stepped unconfined,
Or bounded upwards, light and undismayed,
Or struggled through the underbrush and thorns,
Baffled and mad to hear the winding horns,
So far away, triumphant on the heights
Where some found truth, some error's foggy breath,
And some fame's evanescent lights,
Or desolate old age, or crown of early death.

II.

Dim in the distance fade
The sunshine and the shade;
And many a light that blazed and shone
Into the horizon's mist has gone.
One record rises from our past,
That shall forever last, —
A name our age can never
From its remembrance sever.
We bear it in our hearts to-day,
Fresh as the perfume of the May.
It vibrates in the air, a rich, full-chorded strain,
Touched with weird minor moods of pain:
The music of a life known to but few,
Till death gave to the age the fame long due,
And made the unfinished symphony a part
Of the great growing century's mind and heart.

III.

But when I strive the music to rehearse,
How feebly rings my verse!
And why intone this melody of rhyme
For one — the noblest woman of her time —
Whose soul, a pure and radiant chrysolite,
Dims the superfluous arts our social forms invite?

Yet, she whose ear so well could understand
The singer's meaning, though unskilled the hand
That swept the imperfect chords
Responsive to his words,
Would not disdain the slenderest song he brings,
Nor slight the impulse of the earnest strings.

So, while we gather here,
Fain would I bring some offering sincere
Though small, — a flower or two,
Pale amaranth, wild rose, or harebell blue,
Or throw at least a chaplet on her bier.

IV.

While others stood aloof and smiled in scorn
Of one to new and noble effort born;
Or, from tame rounds of fashion and of wealth,
Turned, glancing back by stealth,
And wondered, — then but slowly, faintly praised
The exuberant soul that dared to flash and soar
Beyond the petty bounds
Of their trim garden grounds, —
She with wise intuition raised
Her image of ideal womanhood,
The incarnate True and Fair and Good,
Set in a light but seldom seen before.
While, with the early watchers in the dawn
Of intellectual faith, her hopeful eyes,
Patiently waiting, from the crowd withdrawn,
She saw a newer morning rise,
And flame from cloud to cloud, and climb
Across the dreary tracts of time.
The garnered wisdom of the past she drew
Into her life, as flowers the sun and dew;
Yet valued all her varied lore
But as the avenue and door
That opened to the Primal Beam,
And sense of Truth supreme.

And so, beyond her earlier bounds she grew;
All the quaint essences from study gained,
Fused in a human fellowship anew,
While that too conscious life, in early years o'erstrained,
Of long, deep, lonely introversion born,
Distilled like dews of morn,
And dropped on high and low the blessing it contained.
Her glowing pen through many a thoughtful page,
Discoursed in subtle questions of the age,
Or glanced in lighter mood at themes less grave, —
The brilliant glitter of a summer wave.

Her sweet persuasive voice we still can hear,
Ruling her charméd circle like a queen;
While wit and fancy sparkled ever clear
Her graver moods between.
The pure perennial heat
Of youth's ideal love forever glowed
Through all her thoughts and words, and overflowed
The listeners round her seat.

So, like some fine-strung golden harp,
Tuned by many a twist and warp
Of discipline and patient toil,
And oft disheartening recoil, —
Attuned to highest and to humblest use, —
All her large heroic nature
Grew to its harmonious stature,
Nor any allotted service did refuse;
While those around her but half understood
How wise she was, how good,
How nobly self-denying, as she tasked
Heart, mind, and strength for truth, nor nobler office asked.

V.

Nor honor less, nor praise
To her whose later days
Were pledged to lift wronged Justice to her seat;
And though Rome's new-lit torch
Blew backwards, but to scorch
The hand that held it, dropping at her feet,
Quenched in the patriot's blood, not incomplete
Her task, though all the heroic strains she sang
To chronicle a struggling nation's pang,
The records of the strife
That agonized its life,
Were strewn upon the wind like withered flowers,
And gulfed in roaring floods, — Italia's loss — and ours!

Alas! how could we with our lamp of hope
Read thy perplexed and darkened horoscope!
How could we know, when Destiny's great loom
Thy life's most precious threads inwove
With all love's rich embroidery of love,
That its bright tissue held the shade
Of death across the golden braid, —
The inevitable woof of death and tragic doom!
When ties were sweetest, dearest;
When love, when hope were nearest;
When eyes grew bright to greet thee;
When arms were stretched to meet thee;
When all thy life was flowering
As in a garden home,
The storm beyond was lowering,
The end of all was come!

I seem to hear
The grand sweet music of that earnest life,
Grander and sweeter in its later strife,
Stop, suddenly drowned amid the tempest drear;
I hear the harp whose strings,
Whose delicate thoughtful strings should well have played
Some hopeful melody of woods and springs;

Some high heroic march
Beneath a Roman arch,
Some lofty strain that made
The soul flush to its sharing
The soldier's toil and daring,
Swept, like a wind-harp, to wild agony
By bitter winds of destiny, —
Then, musical no more,
Dead, mute, and shattered on the lonely shore!

VI.

Had Fate accorded with love's passionate prayer,
Had she lived on with us, with us grown old,
Through war, through peace, through present toil and care,
Through future progress; could she now behold
The triumph of the land,
Standing where now we stand;
The nation saved from brute Rebellion's strife,
And pledged to live a newer, healthier life; —
Had she but seen our wider range,
The splendor of our coming lights,
Her vision and her strength grown with her change
From lonely days and nights,
To all that woman needs to make complete
In wifehood and maternal ties
The ripened mind and heart, — a union sweet,
Tender and strong and wise!

But ah! Fate suffered not,
Nor stayed her hasting feet.
No record but a blot, —
A cherished leaf or two
Of tender love, and true;
No other relic sad and sweet
The cruel sea gave back
From out the storm and wrack,
From out the billows wild.
Only one little child
The weeping sailors bore
And buried on that shore, —
All that the ocean left of thine and thee,
O friend, whom we again shall never see!

Where now, where,
O spirit pure, where walk those shining feet!
Whither, in groves beyond the treacherous seas,
Beyond our sense of time, divinely, dimly fair,
Brighter than gardens of Hesperides, —
Whither dost thou move on, complete
And beauteous, ringed around
In mystery profound,
By gracious companies who share

That strange supernal air!
Or art thou sleeping dreamless, knowing naught
Of good or ill, of life or death?
Or art thou but a breeze of Heaven's breath,
A portion of all life, inwrought
In the eternal essence? — All in vain,
Tangled in misty webs of time,
Out on the undiscovered clime
Our clouded eyes we strain;
We cannot pierce the veil.
As the proud eagles fail
Upon their upward track,
And flutter gasping back
From the thin empyrean, so, with wing
Baffled and humbled, we but guess
All we shall gain, by all the soul's distress, —
All we shall be, by our poor worthiness.
And so we write and sing
Our dreams of time and space, and call them — Heaven.
We only know that all is for the best;
To God we leave the rest.

So, reverent beneath the mystery
Of Life and Death, we yield
Back to the great Unknown the spirit given
A few brief years to blossom in our field.
Nor shall time's all-devouring sea
Despoil this brightest century
Of all thou hast been, and shalt ever be.
The age shall guard thy fame,
And reverence thy name.
There is no cloud on them. There is no death for thee!

C. P. Cranch.

SOME MEMORIES OF CHARLES DICKENS.

ON a sunny morning in October last the writer of these recollections heard from the author's lips the first chapters of a new story, the concluding lines of which initial pages were then scarcely dry from the pen. The story is unfinished, and he who read that autumn morning with such vigor of voice and dramatic power is in his grave. This private reading took place in the little room where the great novelist for many years has been accustomed to write, and in the house where on a pleasant evening in June he died. The spot is one of the loveliest in Kent, and must always be remembered as the last residence of Charles Dickens. He used to declare his firm belief that Shakespeare was specially fond of Kent, and that the poet chose Gad's Hill and Rochester for the scenery of his plays from intimate personal knowledge of their localities. He said he had no manner of doubt but that one of Shakespeare's haunts was the old inn at Rochester, and that this convic-

tion came forcibly upon him one night as he was walking that way, and discovered Charles's Wain over the chimney just as Shakespeare has described it, in words put into the mouth of the carrier in King Henry the Fourth. There is no prettier place than Gad's Hill in all England for the earliest and latest flowers, and Dickens chose it, when he had arrived at the fulness of his fame and prosperity, as the home in which he most wished to spend the remainder of his days. When a boy, he would often pass the house with his father, and frequently said to him, "If ever I have a dwelling of my own, Gad's Hill Place is the house I mean to buy." In that beautiful retreat he has for many years been accustomed to welcome his friends, and find relaxation from the crowded life of London. On the lawn playing at bowls, in the Swiss summer-house charmingly shaded by green leaves, he always seemed the best part of summer, beautiful as the season is in the delightful region where he lived. In a letter written not long ago to a friend in America he thus described his home: —

"Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Swiss châlet (where I write), and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."

There he could be most thoroughly enjoyed, for he never seemed so cheerfully at home anywhere else. At his own table, surrounded by his family, and a few guests, old acquaintances from town, — among them sometimes Forster, Carlyle, Reade, Collins, Layard, Maclise, Stone, Macready, Talfourd, — he was always the choicest and liveliest companion. He was not what is called in society a professed talker, but he was something far better and rarer.

In his own inimitable manner he would frequently relate to a friend, if prompted, stories of his youthful days, when he was toiling on the London Morning Chronicle, passing sleepless hours as a reporter on the road in a post-chaise, driving day and night from point to point to take down the speeches of Shiel or O'Connell. He liked to describe the post-boys, who were accustomed to hurry him over the road that he might reach London in advance of his rival reporters, while, by the aid of a lantern, he was writing out for the press, as he flew over the ground, the words he had taken down in shorthand. Those were his days of severe training, when in rain and sleet and cold he dashed along, scarcely able to keep the blinding mud out of his tired eyes; and he imputed much of his ability for steady hard work to his practice as a reporter, kept at his grinding business, and determined if possible to earn seven guineas a week. A large sheet was started at this period of his life, in which all the important speeches of Parliament were to be reported *verbatim* for future reference. Dickens was engaged on this gigantic journal. Mr. Stanley had spoken at great length on the condition of Ireland. It was a very long and eloquent speech, occupying many hours in the delivery. Eight reporters were sent in to do the work. Each one was required to report three quarters of an hour, then to retire, write out his portion, and to be succeeded by the next. Young Dickens was detailed to lead off with the first part. It also fell to his lot, when the time came round, to report the closing portions of the speech. On Saturday the whole was given to the press, and Dickens ran down to the country for a Sunday's rest. Sunday morning had scarcely dawned, when his father, who was a man of immense energy, made

his appearance in his son's sleeping-room. Mr. Stanley was so dissatisfied with what he found in print, except the beginning and ending of his speech (just what Dickens had reported) that he sent immediately to the office and obtained the sheets of these parts of the report. He there found the name of the reporter, which, according to custom, was written on the margin. Then he requested that the young man bearing the name of Dickens should be immediately sent for. Dickens's father, all aglow with the prospect of probable promotion in the office, went immediately to his son's stopping-place in the country and brought him back to London. In telling the story, Dickens said: "I remember perfectly to this day the aspect of the room I was shown into, and the two gentlemen in it, Mr. Stanley and his father. Both gentlemen were extremely courteous to me, but I noted their evident surprise at the appearance of so young a man. While we spoke together, I had taken a seat extended to me in the middle of the room. Mr. Stanley told me he wished to go over the whole speech and have it written out by me, and if I were ready he would begin now. Where would I like to sit? I told him I was very well where I was, and we could begin immediately. He tried to induce me to sit at a desk, but at that time in the House of Commons there was nothing but one's knees to write upon, and I had formed the habit of doing my work in that way. Without further pause he began and went rapidly on, hour after hour, to the end, often becoming very much excited and frequently bringing down his hand with great violence upon the desk near which he stood."

No writer ever lived whose method was more exact, whose industry was more constant, and whose punctuality was more marked, than those of Charles Dickens. He never shirked labor, mental or bodily. He rarely declined, if the object were a good one, taking the chair at a public meeting, or accepting a charitable trust. Many widows and orphans of deceased literary men have for years been benefited by his wise trusteeship or counsel, and he spent a great portion of his time personally looking after the property of the poor whose interests were under his control. He was, as has been intimated, one of the most industrious of men, and marvellous stories are told (not by himself) of what he has accomplished in a given time in literary and social matters. His studies were all from nature and life, and his habits of observation were untiring. If he contemplated writing "Hard Times," he arranged with the master of Astley's circus to spend many hours behind the scenes with the riders and among the horses; and if the composition of the "Tale of Two Cities" were occupying his thoughts, he could banish himself to France for two years to prepare for that great work. Hogarth pencilled on his thumb-nail a striking face in a crowd that he wished to preserve; Dickens with his transcendent memory chronicled in his mind whatever of interest met his eye or reached his ear, any time or anywhere. Speaking of memory one day, he said the memory of children was prodigious; it was a mistake to fancy children ever forgot anything. When he was delineating the character of Mrs. Pipchin, he had in his mind an old lodging-house keeper in an English watering-place where he was living with his father and mother when he was but two years old. After the book was written he sent it to his sister, who wrote back at once: "Good heavens! what does this mean? you have painted our lodging-house keeper, and you were but two years old at that time!" Characters and incidents crowded the chambers of his brain, all ready for use when occasion required. No subject of human interest was ever indifferent to him, and never a day went by that did not afford him some suggestion to be utilized in the future.

His favorite mode of exercise was walking; and when in America, two years ago, scarcely a day passed, no matter what the weather, that he did not accomplish his eight or ten miles.

It was on these expeditions that he liked to recount to the companion of his rambles stories and incidents of his early life; and when he was in the mood, his fun and humor knew no bounds. He would then frequently discuss the numerous characters in his delightful books, and would act out, on the road, dramatic situations, where Nickleby or Copperfield or Swiveller would play distinguished parts. It is remembered that he said, on one of these occasions, that during the composition of his first stories he could never entirely dismiss the characters about whom he happened to be writing; that while the "Old Curiosity Shop" was in process of composition Little Nell followed him about everywhere; that while he was writing "Oliver Twist" Fagin the Jew would never let him rest, even in his most retired moments; that at midnight and in the morning, on the sea and on the land, Tiny Tim and Little Bob Cratchit were ever tugging at his coat-sleeve, as if impatient for him to get back to his desk and continue the story of their lives. But he said after he had published several books, and saw what serious demands his characters were accustomed to make for the constant attention of his already overtasked brain, he resolved that the phantom individuals should no longer intrude on his hours of recreation and rest, but that when he closed the door of his study he would shut them all in, and only meet them again when he came back to resume his task. That force of will with which he was so pre-eminently endowed enabled him to ignore these manifold existences till he chose to renew their acquaintance. He said, also, that when the children of his brain had once been launched, free and clear of him, into the world, they would sometimes turn up in the most unexpected manner to look their father in the face.

Sometimes he would pull the arm of his companion and whisper, "Let us avoid Mr. Pumblechook, who is crossing the street to meet us"; or, "Mr. Micawber is coming; let us turn down this alley to get out of his way." He always seemed to enjoy the fun of his comic people, and had unceasing mirth over Mr. Pickwick's misadventures. In answer one day to a question, prompted by psychological curiosity, if he ever dreamed of any of his characters, his reply was, "Never; and I am convinced that no writer (judging from my own experience, which cannot be altogether singular, but must be a type of the experience of others) has ever dreamed of the creatures of his own imagination. It would," he went on to say, "be like a man's dreaming of meeting himself, which is clearly an impossibility. Things exterior to one's self must always be the basis of dreams." The growing up of characters in his mind never lost for him a sense of the marvellous. "What an unfathomable mystery there is in it all!" he said one day. Taking up a wineglass, he continued: "Suppose I choose to call this a *character*, fancy it a man, endue it with certain qualities; and soon the fine filmy webs of thought, almost impalpable, coming from every direction, we know not whence, spin and weave about it, until it assumes form and beauty, and becomes instinct with life."

In society Dickens rarely referred to the traits and characteristics of people he had known; but during a long walk in the country he delighted to recall and describe the peculiarities, eccentric and otherwise, of dead and gone as well as living friends. Then Sydney Smith and Jeffrey and Christopher North and Talfourd and Hood and Rogers seemed to live over again in his vivid reproductions, made so impressive by his marvellous memory and imagination. As he walked rapidly along the road, he appeared to enjoy the keen zest of his companion in the numerous impersonations with which he was indulging him.

He always had much to say of animals as well as of men, and there were certain dogs and horses he had met and known intimately which it was specially interesting to him to remember

and picture. There was a particular dog in Washington which he was never tired of delineating. The first night Dickens read in the Capital this dog attracted his attention. "He came into the hall by himself," said he, "got a good place before the reading began, and paid strict attention throughout. He came the second night, and was ignominiously shown out by one of the check-takers. On the third night he appeared again with another dog, which he had evidently promised to pass in free; but you see," continued Dickens, "upon the imposition being unmasked, the other dog apologized by a howl and withdrew. His intentions, no doubt, were of the best, but he afterwards rose to explain outside, with such inconvenient eloquence to the reader and his audience, that they were obliged to put him down stairs."

In a letter written during his reading tour in America, in 1868, and dated from Albany, he says: "We had all sorts of adventures by the way, among which two of the most notable were: 1. Picking up two trains out of the water, in which the passengers had been composedly sitting all night, until relief should arrive. 2. Unpacking and releasing into the open country a great train of cattle and sheep that had been in the water I don't know how long, and that had begun in their imprisonment to eat each other. I never could have realized the strong and dismal expressions of which the faces of sheep are capable, had I not seen the haggard countenances of this unfortunate flock, as they were tumbled out of their dens and picked themselves up, and made off, leaping wildly (many with broken legs) over a great mound of frozen snow, and over the worried body of a deceased companion. Their misery was so very human, that I was sorry to recognize several intimate acquaintances conducting themselves in this forlornly gymnastic manner." He was such a firm believer in the mental faculties of animals, that it would have gone hard with a companion with whom he was talking, if a doubt were thrown, however inadvertently, on the mental intelligence of any four-footed friend that chanced to be at the time the subject of conversation. All animals which he took under his especial patronage seemed to have a marked affection for him. Quite a colony of dogs has always been a feature at Gad's Hill. When Dickens returned home from his last visit to America, these dogs were frequently spoken of in his letters. In May, 1868, he writes: "As you ask me about the dogs, I begin with them. The two Newfoundland dogs coming to meet me, with the usual carriage and the usual driver, and beholding me coming in my usual dress out at the usual door, it struck me that their recollection of my having been absent for any unusual time was at once cancelled. They behaved (they are both young dogs) exactly in their usual manner; coming behind the basket phaeton as we trotted along, and lifting their heads to have their ears pulled, — a special attention which they receive from no one else. But when I drove into the stable-yard, Linda (the St. Bernard) was greatly excited, weeping profusely, and throwing herself on her back that she might caress my foot with her great fore-paws. M.'s little dog, too, Mrs. Bouncer, barked in the greatest agitation, on being called down and asked, 'Who is this?' tearing round and round me like the dog in the Faust outlines."

In many walks and talks with Dickens, his conversation, now, alas! so imperfectly recalled, frequently ran on the habits of birds, the raven, of course, interesting him particularly. He always liked to have a raven hopping about his grounds, and whoever has read the new Preface to "Barnaby Rudge," must remember several of his old friends in that line. He had quite a fund of canary-bird anecdotes, and the pert ways of birds that picked up worms for a living afforded him infinite amusement. He would give a capital imitation of the way a robin-redbreast cocks his head on one side preliminary to a dash forward in the direction of

a wriggling victim. There is a small grave at Gad's Hill to which Dickens would occasionally take a friend, and it was quite a privilege to stand with him beside the burial-place of little Dick, the family's favorite canary.

There were certain books of which Dickens liked to talk during his walks. Among his especial favorites were the writings of Cobbett, DeQuincey, the Lectures on Moral Philosophy by Sydney Smith, and Carlyle's French Revolution. Of this latter Dickens said it was the book of all others which he read perpetually and of which he never tired, — the book which always appeared more imaginative in proportion to the fresh imagination he brought to it, a book for inexhaustibleness to be placed before every other book. When writing the "Tale of Two Cities," he asked Carlyle if he might see one of the books to which he referred in his history; whereupon Carlyle packed up and sent down to Gad's Hill *all* his reference volumes, and Dickens read them faithfully. But the more he read the more he was astonished to find how the facts had passed through the alembic of Carlyle's brain and had come out and fitted themselves, each as a part of one great whole, making a compact result, indestructible and unrivalled; and he always found himself turning away from the books of reference, and re-reading with increased wonder this marvellous new growth. There were certain books particularly hateful to him, and of which he never spoke except in terms of most ludicrous raillery. Mr. Barlow, in "Sandford and Merton," he said was the favorite enemy of his boyhood and his first experience of a bore. He had an almost supernatural hatred for Barlow, "because he was so very *instructive*, and always hinting doubts with regard to the veracity of "Sindbad the Sailor," and had no belief whatever in 'The Wonderful Lamp' or 'The Enchanted Horse.'" Dickens rattling his mental cane over the head of Mr. Barlow was as much better than any play as can be well imagined. He gloried in many of Hood's poems, especially in that biting Ode to Rae Wilson, and he would gesticulate with a fine fervor the lines,

> ". . . . the hypocrites who ope Heaven's door
> Obsequious to the sinful man of riches, —
> But put the wicked, naked, bare-legged poor
> In parish *stocks* instead of *breeches*."

One of his favorite books was Pepys's Diary, the curious discovery of the key to which, and the odd characteristics of its writer, were a never-failing source of interest and amusement to him. The vision of Pepys hanging round the door of the theatre, hoping for an invitation to go in, not being able to keep away in spite of a promise he had made to himself that he would spend no more money foolishly, delighted him. Speaking one day of Gray, the author of the Elegy, he said: "No poet ever came walking down to posterity with so *small* a book under his arm." He preferred Smollett to Fielding, putting "Peregrine Pickle" above "Tom Jones." Of the best novels by his contemporaries he always spoke with warm commendation, and "Griffith Gaunt" he thought a production of very high merit. He was "hospitable to the thought" of all writers who were really in earnest, but at the first exhibition of floundering or inexactness he became an unbeliever. People with dislocated understandings he had no tolerance for.

He was passionately fond of the theatre, loved the lights and music and flowers, and the happy faces of the audience; he was accustomed to say that his love of the theatre never failed, and, no matter how dull the play, he was always careful while he sat in the box to make no sound which could hurt the feelings of the actors, or show any lack of attention. His genuine enthusiasm for Mr. Fechter's acting was most interesting. He loved to describe seeing him first, quite by accident, in Paris, having strolled into a little theatre there one night. "He was making love to a woman," Dickens said, "and he so elevated her as well as himself by the sentiment in which he enveloped her, that they trod in a purer ether,

and in another sphere, quite lifted out of the present. 'By heavens!' I said to myself, 'a man who can do this can do anything.' I never saw two people more purely and instantly elevated by the power of love. The manner, also," he continued, "in which he presses the hem of the dress of Lucy in the Bride of Lammermoor is something wonderful. The man has genius in him which is unmistakable."

Life behind the scenes was always a fascinating study to Dickens. "One of the oddest sights a green-room can present," he said one day, "is when they are collecting children for a pantomime. For this purpose the prompter calls together all the women in the ballet, and begins giving out their names in order, while they press about him eager for the chance of increasing their poor pay by the extra pittance their children will receive. 'Mrs. Johnson, how many?' 'Two, sir.' 'What ages?' 'Seven and ten.' 'Mrs. B., how many?' and so on, until the required number is made up. The people who go upon the stage, however poor their pay or hard their lot, love it too well ever to adopt another vocation of their free-will. A mother will frequently be in the wardrobe, children in the pantomime, elder sisters in the ballet, etc."

Dickens's habits as a speaker differed from those of most orators. He gave no thought to the composition of the speech he was to make till the day before he was to deliver it. No matter whether the effort was to be a long or a short one, he never wrote down a word of what he was going to say; but when the proper time arrived for him to consider his subject, he took a walk into the country and the thing was done. When he returned he was all ready for his task.

He liked to talk about the audiences that came to hear him read, and he gave the palm to his Parisian one, saying it was the quickest to catch his meaning. Although he said there were many always present in his room in Paris who did not fully understand English, yet the French eye is so quick to detect expression that it never failed instantly to understand what he meant by a look or an act. "Thus, for instance," he said, "when I was impersonating Steerforth in "David Copperfield," and gave that peculiar grip of the hand to Emily's lover, the French audience burst into cheers and rounds of applause." He said with reference to the preparation of his readings, that it was three months' hard labor to get up one of his own stories for public recitation, and he thought he had greatly improved his presentation of the "Christmas Carol" while in this country. He considered the storm scene in "David Copperfield" one of the most effective of his readings. The character of Jack Hopkins in "Bob Sawyer's Party" he took great delight in representing.

It gave him a natural pleasure when he heard quotations from his own books introduced without effort into conversation. He did not always remember, when his own words were quoted, that he was himself the author of them, and appeared astounded at the memory of others in this regard. He said Mr. Secretary Stanton had a most extraordinary knowledge of his books and a power of taking the text up at any point, which he supposed to belong to only one person, and that person not himself.

It was said of Garrick that he was the *cheerfullest* man of his age. This can be as truly said of Charles Dickens. In his presence there was perpetual sunshine, and gloom was banished as having no sort of relationship with him. No man suffered more keenly or sympathized more fully than he did with want and misery; but his motto was, "Don't stand and cry; press forward and help remove the difficulty." The speed with which he was accustomed to make the deed follow his yet speedier sympathy was seen pleasantly on the day of his visit to the School-ship in Boston Harbor. He said, previously to going on board that ship, nothing would tempt him to make a speech, for he should always

be obliged to do it on similar occasions, if he broke through his rule so early in his reading tour. But Judge Russell had no sooner finished his simple talk, to which the boys listened, as they always do, with eager faces, than Dickens rose as if he could not help it, and with a few words so magnetized them that they wore their hearts in their eyes as if they meant to keep the words forever. An enthusiastic critic once said of John Ruskin, "that he could discover the Apocalypse in a daisy." As noble a discovery may be claimed for Dickens. He found all the fair humanities blooming in the lowliest hovel. He never *put on* the good Samaritan: that character was native to him. Once while in this country, on a bitter, freezing afternoon, — night coming down in a drifting snow-storm, — he was returning from a long walk in the country with a single companion. The wind and baffling sleet were so furious that the street in which they happened to be fighting their way was quite deserted; it was almost impossible to see across it, the air was so thick with the tempest; all conversation between the friends had ceased, for it was only possible to breast the storm by devoting their whole energies to keeping on their feet; they seemed to be walking in a different atmosphere from any they had ever before encountered. All at once Dickens was missed from his companion's side. What had become of him? Had he gone down in the drift, utterly exhausted, and was the snow burying him out of sight? Very soon the sound of his cheery voice was heard on the other side of the way. With great difficulty, over the piled-up snow, his companion struggled across the street, and there found him lifting up, almost by main force, a blind old man who had got bewildered by the storm, and had fallen down unnoticed, quite unable to proceed. Dickens, a long distance away from him, with that tender, sensitive, and penetrating vision, ever on the alert for suffering in any form, had rushed at once to the rescue, comprehending at a glance the situation of the sightless man. To help him to his feet and aid him homeward in the most natural and simple way afforded Dickens such a pleasure as only the benevolent by intuition can understand.

Throughout his life Dickens was continually receiving tributes from those he had benefited, either by his books or by his friendship. There is an odd and very pretty story (vouched for here as true) connected with the influence he so widely exerted. Last winter, soon after he came up to London to reside for a few months, he received a letter from a man telling him that he had begun life in the most humble way possible, and that he considered he owed his subsequent great success and such education as he had given himself entirely to the encouragement and cheering influence he had derived from Dickens's books, of which he had been a constant reader from his childhood. He had been made a partner in his master's business, and when the head of the house died, the other day, it was found he had left the whole of his large property to this man. As soon as he came into possession of this fortune, his mind turned to Dickens, whom he looked upon as his benefactor and teacher, and his first desire was to tender him some testimonial of gratitude and veneration. He then begged Dickens to accept a large sum of money. Dickens declined to receive the money, but his unknown friend sent him instead two silver table ornaments of great intrinsic value bearing this inscription: "To Charles Dickens, from one who has been cheered and stimulated by his writings, and held the author amongst his first Remembrances when he became prosperous." One of these silver ornaments was supported by three figures, representing three seasons. In the original design there were, of course, four, but the donor was so averse to associating the idea of Winter in any sense with Dickens that he caused the workman to alter the design and leave only the *cheerful* seasons. No event in the

great author's career was ever more gratifying and pleasant to him.

His friendly letters were exquisitely turned, and are among his most charming compositions. They abound in felicities only like himself. In 1860 he writes to an American traveller sojourning in Italy: "I should like to have a walk through Rome with you this bright morning (for it really *is* bright in London), and convey you over some favorite ground of mine. I used to go up the street of Tombs, past the tomb of Cecilia Metella, away out upon the wild campagna, and by the old Appian Road (easily tracked out among the ruins and primroses), to Albano. There, at a very dirty inn, I used to have a very dirty lunch, generally with the family's dirty linen lying in a corner, and inveigle some very dirty Vetturino in sheep-skin to take me back to Rome."

Writing from a Western city in 1868, he says: "The hotel here is a dreary institution, but I have an impression we must be in the wrong one, and buoy myself up with a devout belief in the other over the way. The awakening to consciousness this morning on a lop-sided bedstead facing nowhere, in a room holding nothing but sour dust, was more terrible than the being afraid to go to bed last night. To keep ourselves up, we played whist (double dummy) until neither of us could bear to speak to the other any more. We had previously supped on a tough old nightmare, named Buffalo. What do you think of a 'fowl de poulet'? or a 'Paettie de Shay'? or 'celary'? or 'murange with cream'? Because all these delicacies are in the printed bill of fare! We asked the Irish waiter what 'Paettie de Shay' was, and he said it was 'the Frinch name the steward giv' to oyster pattie.'"

In a letter written during his last course of readings in various parts of England he wrote: "B—— (setting aside remembrances of Roderick Random and Humphrey Clinker) looked, I fancied, just as if a cemetery full of old people had somehow made a successful rise against Death, carried the place by assault, and built a city with the gravestones; in which they were trying to look alive, but with very indifferent success."

In a little note to a friend who had been consulting him the day before about the purchase of some old furniture in London he wrote: "There is a chair (without a bottom) at a shop near the office, which I think would suit you. It cannot stand of itself, but will almost seat somebody, if you put it in a corner, and prop one leg up with two wedges and cut another leg off. The proprietor asks £20, but says he admires literature and would take £18. He is of republican principles and I think would take £17 19*s.* 6*d.*, from a cousin; shall I secure this prize? It is very ugly and wormy, and it is related, but without proof, that on one occasion Washington declined to sit down in it."

After his return home from America he was constantly boasting in his letters of his renewed health. In one of them he says: "I am brown now beyond belief, and cause the greatest disappointment in all quarters by looking so well. It is really wonderful what those fine days at sea did for me. My doctor was quite broken down in spirits when he saw me for the first time since my return last Saturday. 'Good heavens,' he said, recoiling, 'seven years younger!'"

Bright colors were a constant delight to him; and the gay hues of flowers were those most welcome to his eye. When the rhododendrons were in bloom in Cobham Park, the seat of his friend and neighbor, Lord Darnley, he always counted on taking his guests there to enjoy the magnificent show. In a letter dated in April, 1869, he says to a friend who anticipated making him a visit from America: "Please look sharp in the matter of landing on this used-up, worn-out, and rotten old parient. I rather think that when the 12th of June shall have shaken off these shackles" (he was then reading in London) "there will be borage on the lawn at Gad's. Your heart's

desires in that matter and in the minor particulars of Cobham Park, Rochester Castle, and Canterbury shall be fulfilled, please God! The red jackets shall turn out again on the turnpike road, and picnics among the cherry orchards and hop gardens shall be heard of in Kent." (He delighted to turn out for the delectation of his Transatlantic cousins a couple of postilions in the old red jackets of the old red royal Dover road, making the ride as much as possible like a holiday drive in England fifty years ago.)

When in the mood for humorous characterization, Dickens's hilarity was most amazing. To hear him tell a ghost story with a very florid imitation of a very pallid ghost, or hear him sing an old-time stage song, such as he used to enjoy in his youth at a cheap London theatre, to see him imitate a lion in a menagerie-cage, or the clown in a pantomime when he flops and folds himself up like a jack-knife, or to join with him in some mirthful game of his own composing, was to become acquainted with one of the most delightful and original companions in the world.

On one occasion, during a walk, he chose to run into the wildest of vagaries about *conversation*. The ludicrous vein he indulged in during that two hours' stretch can never be forgotten. Among other things, he said he had often thought how restricted one's conversation must become when one was visiting a man who was to be hanged in half an hour. He went on in a most surprising manner to imagine all sorts of difficulties in the way of becoming interesting to the poor fellow. "Suppose," said he, "it should be a rainy morning while you are making the call, you could not possibly indulge in the remark, 'We shall have fine weather to-morrow, sir,' for what would that be to him? For my part, I think," said he, "I should confine my observations to the days of Julius Cæsar or King Alfred."

At another time when speaking of what was constantly said about him in certain newspapers, he observed: "I notice that about once in every seven years I become the victim of a paragraph disease. It breaks out in England, travels to India by the overland route, gets to America per Cunard line, strikes the base of the Rocky Mountains, and rebounding back to Europe, mostly perishes on the steppes of Russia from inanition and extreme cold." When he felt he was not under observation, and that tomfoolery would not be frowned upon or gazed at with astonishment, he gave himself up without reserve to healthy amusement and strengthening mirth. It was his mission to make people happy. Words of good cheer were native to his lips, and he was always doing what he could to lighten the lot of all who came into his beautiful presence. His talk was simple, natural, and direct, never dropping into circumlocution nor elocution. Now that he is gone, whoever has known him intimately for any considerable period of time will linger over his tender regard for, and his engaging manner with, children; his cheery "Good Day" to poor people he happened to be passing in the road; his trustful and earnest "Please God," when he was promising himself any special pleasure, like rejoining an old friend or returning again to scenes he loved. At such times his voice had an irresistible pathos in it, and his smile diffused a sensation like music. When he came into the presence of squalid or degraded persons, such as one sometimes encounters in almshouses or prisons, he had such soothing words to scatter here and there, that those who had been "most hurt by the archers" listened gladly, and loved him without knowing who it was that found it in his heart to speak so kindly to them.

Oftentimes during long walks in the streets and by-ways of London, or through the pleasant Kentish lanes, or among the localities he has rendered forever famous in his books, his companion has recalled the sweet words in which Shakespeare has embalmed one of the characters in Love's Labor Lost: —

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravishéd;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Twenty years ago Daniel Webster said that Dickens had already done more to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into Parliament. During the unceasing demands upon his time and thought, he found opportunities of visiting personally those haunts of suffering in London which needed the keen eye and sympathetic heart to bring them before the public for relief. Whoever has accompanied him on his midnight walks into the cheap lodging-houses provided for London's lowest poor cannot have failed to learn lessons never to be forgotten. Newgate and Smithfield were lifted out of their abominations by his eloquent pen, and many a hospital is to-day all the better charity for having been visited and watched by Charles Dickens. To use his own words, through his whole life he did what he could "to lighten the lot of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten and too often misused."

These inadequate, and, of necessity, hastily written, records must suffice for the present and stand for what they are worth as personal recollections of the great author who has made so many millions happy by his inestimable genius and sympathy. His life will no doubt be written out in full by some competent hand in England; but however numerous the volumes of his biography, the half can hardly be told of the good deeds he has accomplished for his fellow-men.

And who could ever tell, if those volumes were written, of the subtle qualities of insight and sympathy which rendered him capable of friendship above most men, — which enabled him to reinstate its ideal, and made his presence a perpetual joy, and separation from him an ineffaceable sorrow?

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Alaska and its Resources. By WILLIAM H. DALL, Director of the Scientific Corps of the late Western Union Telegraph Expedition. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

THE impression of faithful observation and of honest work is one that attends the reader everywhere in Mr. Dall's somewhat ponderous book, and that goes far towards consoling him for want of an attractive arrangement of facts. But the subject is so interesting, and Mr. Dall's material is so abundant, that now, having handsomely fulfilled whatever duty he owed to science by the methodical and straightforward statement of results and opinions, we wish he might find it practicable to produce a smaller and lighter book embodying such general knowledge of Alaska as most people care to acquire. Of course, the very curious will go to the present volume for information, but its size, cost, and character will hinder it from becoming popular, — though no one is so well qualified as Mr. Dall to tell us of that strange country.

Mr. Dall does not lead us to believe that Alaska is going to exercise any very potent or immediate influence upon our destinies. His claims for a region in which he spent two years of active study are modest enough, and are succinctly stated at the close of his personal narrative: —

"The territory is not likely to be populous for many years, and should rather be regarded as a great storehouse of fish, timber, and fur; from which American citizens alone should be allowed to draw sup-

plies, under proper restrictions and on payment of reasonable taxes. The country, under a monopoly, afforded one hundred thousand silver rubles a year, taxes, to the Russian crown, and, with the development of other resources than the traffic in furs, can certainly afford as much to the United States. I speak from no uncertainty, but from positive knowledge; I believe that a proper and not onerous system of taxation would afford two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold per annum. . . . . I have seen with surprise and regret that men whose forefathers wielded the axe in the forests of Maine, or gathered scanty crops on the granite hillsides of Massachusetts, have seen fit to throw contempt and derision on the acquisition of a great territory naturally far richer than that in which they themselves originated, principally on the ground that it is a 'cold' country. This complaint is but half true to begin with, since on half of the coast of the new territory the thermometer has never been known to fall below zero. Icebergs are unknown in Alaska from Dixon's Entrance to Behring Strait, and no polar bear ever came within a thousand miles of Sitka. . . . . We have bought for a nominal price the key to the North Pacific. It can no longer be said that three ironclads can blockade our entire western coast. Two hundred and fifty years hence there may be a new New England where there is now a trackless forest. The time may come when we shall call on our Pacific fishermen to man our fleets, on the lumbermen of Alaska and our hardy Northern trappers to don the blue, and strike another blow for unity and freedom. The oak must weather the storms of many winters before it gains maturity. Alaska is not a California, where cities arise in a night and may pass away in a day. Meanwhile we must be patient."

Yet despite the meagreness of these claims upon the regard of a people who have so many and such vast resources open to them at present, this possible New England of the future is all the more interesting from the strangeness with which distance, climate, and laborious access invest it; and while we do not think Mr. Dall will tempt many to go to Alaska, we have no doubt that he will make all his readers desirous to know more of it.

His book is divided into two parts, the first of which contains the record of his own life in Alaska, and the results of his explorations and observations; while the second has very full notices of the geography, history, people, and resources of the new territory, drawn from other as well as original sources. To these parts is added a valuable Appendix, mainly philological in character, but giving also lists of the fishes, birds, and plants of Alaska.

To the unscientific reader the first part is naturally the most interesting division of the book, and a little self-denial in the use of his diary, a little suppression of minor details, would here have enabled Mr. Dall to meet pretty fully the want of a good popular account of Alaska. He makes us understand to better advantage than ever before that the people of our new possessions are of two distinct races, one related to the other Indian tribes of our continent, and the other — the Innuit — not at all allied to them physiologically or philologically. As regards the language, he states the fact that the Innuit tongue is so easily learned as to form the common medium between Innuits and Russians; whereas, the Indian dialects are so difficult that the tribes learn Russian in order to carry on their trade. The Innuits, of whom Mr. Dall gives a full account, are, he says, a very different people from the Eskimo, and he doubts if they are distinctly related to the Mongolian races of Eastern Siberia.

"They are in every respect superior to any tribe of Indians with which I am acquainted. Their complexion I have described as brunette. The effect of the sun and wind, especially in summer, is to darken their hue, and from observing those who lived in the fort, I am inclined to think that a regular course of bathing would do much toward whitening them. They are sometimes very tall; I have often seen both men and women nearly six feet in height, and have often known several instances where men were taller. Their average height equals that of most civilized races. Their strength is often very great. I have seen a Máhlemut take a hundred-pound sack of flour under each arm, and another in his teeth, and walk with them from the storehouse to the boat, a distance of some twenty rods, without inconvenience. . . . . They are good-humored and careless, slow to anger, and usually ready to forgive and forget. They are sometimes revengeful; and murders, generally the result of jealousy, are not very rare. The women are modest, but a want of chastity in an unmarried female is hardly looked upon as a fault. Taking this fact into con-

sideration, they are rather free from immorality. Among the Máhlemuts, cousins, however remote, do not marry, and one wife is the rule. Among the Káviaks two or three wives, often sisters, are taken by those who can afford to support them. These people have become demoralized by trading liquor for their furs, and widespread immorality is the result. . . . . There is no ceremony connected with marriage among the Innuit, though presents are often made to the bride's parents. Intermarriage between natives of different tribes is frequent. . . . . Children are greatly prized, if boys. Girls are at a discount. Infanticide is common among them, both before and after birth. As an excuse, they say that they do not want and cannot support so many daughters. Other women do not like the trouble and care of children, and destroy them for that reason. The usual method is to take the child out, stuff its mouth with grass, and desert it. I have seen several children who had been picked up in this condition, and brought up by others than their parents. The women alone destroy children, but the men seldom punish them for it, and doubtless acquiesce in advance in most cases. Sometimes we find females who refuse to accept husbands, preferring to adopt masculine manners, following the deer on the mountains, trapping and fishing for themselves. The men treat their wives and children well. The latter are never punished, and seldom need correction, being obedient and good-humored. The men have their own work. Hunting the deer and seal, building and repairing the winter houses, making frames for boats, sleds, and snow-shoes, preparing sealskins for use on boats or for boot-soles, trapping, and bringing home the results of the chase, — in fact, all severe labor, — is performed by the men. . . . . The women are seldom beaten, except for ill-temper or incontinency. They keep their persons moderately clean, braiding the hair on each side, and twisting beads or strips of wolfskin in with the braids for ornament. They are often of pleasing appearance, sometimes quite pretty. They preserve their beauty much longer than Indian women. Their clear complexion and high color, with their good-humor, make them agreeable companions, and they are often very intelligent. A noticeable feature is their teeth. These are always sound and white, but are almost cylindrical, and in old people are worn down even with the gums, producing a singular appearance. The eyes are not oblique, as in the Mongolian races, but are small, black, and almost even with the face. The nose is flat and disproportionally small. Many of the Innuit have heavy beards and mustaches, while some pull out the former. . . . . The totemic system is not found among the Innuit. Each boy, when arrived at the age of puberty, selects an animal, fish, or bird, which he adopts as a patron. The spirit which looks after the animals of that species is supposed to act henceforth as his guardian. Sometimes the animal is selected in early childhood by the parents. If he has long-continued want of success in his pursuits, he will sometimes change his patron. They do not abstain from eating or using the flesh or skin of the animal which they have chosen, as do some tribes of Indians. They always wear a piece of the skin or a bone of that animal, which they regard as an amulet, and use every precaution against its loss, which would be regarded as a grave calamity. . . . . The spirits of the deer, seal, salmon, and beluga are regarded by all with special veneration; as to these animals they owe their support. Each has its season, and while hunting, it is almost impossible to induce them to attempt any other work, as they seem to think each spirit demands exclusive attention while he extends his favors. The homes of these spirits are supposed to be in the North. The auroras are the reflections from the lights used during supposed dances of the spirits. Singularly enough, they call the constellation of Ursa Major by the name of *Okil-ôkpuk*, signifying Great Bear, and consider him to be ever on the watch while the other spirits carry on their festivities. None of the spirits are regarded as supreme, nor have the Innuit any idea of a deity, a state of future reward and punishment, or any system of morality. Many of them have been christened by the Roman missionaries, but none have any idea of Christianity. . . . . A woman's coffin may be known by the kettles and other feminine utensils about it. There is no distinction between the sexes in method of burial On the outside of the coffin figures are usually drawn in red-ochre. Figures of fur animals indicate that the dead person was a good trapper; of seal or deer, show his proficiency as a hunter; representations of parkies, that he was wealthy: the manner of his death is also occasionally indicated. For four days after a death the women in the village do no sewing, for five

days the men do not cut wood with an axe. The relatives of the dead must not seek birds' eggs on the overhanging cliffs for a year, or their feet will slip from under them, and they will be dashed to pieces. No mourning is worn or indicated, except by cutting the hair. Women sit and watch the body, chanting a mournful refrain, until it is interred. . . . . All the Innuit are fond of dancing and singing together. The principal point, in both Innuit and Indian dances, is, to make as many different kinds of motion with the body and arms as possible, always keeping the most exact time with the chorus and with each other. The dances take place in the casine of the village, and time is kept by a number of old men, who lead the chorus and beat time with an elastic wand on a sort of large tambourine."

Mr. Dall describes at some length the different festivals of the Innuit, and gives a picture of a fashionable Innuit ball, upon which our readers will no doubt like to look: —

"The principal men on the Unalaklík village, eight in number, appeared by the subterranean passage and formed in line on the floor. Six women, the best dancers in the place, took their places opposite. Alluiánok and one or two old men, whose age forbade their joining in the dance, took the drums and led the chorus. The men were stripped to the waist. They wore breeches of tame reindeer skin, and had each a tail of wolf or wolverine attached to the belt behind. They had on gloves trimmed with wolverine skin, and boots ornamented with strips of fur and marten tails. Around the head each had a fillet of deerskin ornamented with feathers, which came down on the shoulders behind. The women were provided with long shirts made of the intestines of the seal, cleaned, split and sewed together. These shirts were translucent, embroidered with bits of colored worsted, and ornamented with short pendent strings of beads. Through the semitransparent dress the motions of the body were perceptible. Their breeches were of the white Siberian reindeer, embroidered, decorated with strips of wolfskin, and made to fit the limbs perfectly. The upper dress came a little below the knees. Their hair was arranged and braided on each side, with the greatest care. Strips of white wolfskin and strings of beads were incorporated with the braids, and pendants of beads and bead necklaces ornamented the shoulders. Their hands were encased in snow-white gloves, fitting closely and made with great care from the tender skin of the reindeer fawn. These were trimmed around the wrist with a fringe of wolfskin. In each hand they held long eagle feathers, to the edges of which tufts of swan's-down were attached. The opening chant was slow and measured. The motions of the dancers were modest and pleasing; the extreme gracefulness of the women, especially, would have excited admiration anywhere. They kept the most perfect time with the chorus and drum taps. Between the syllables of the former words of welcome to the strangers were interpolated in such a way as not to interfere with the rhythm. The slowly waving feathers and delicate undulations of the dancers rendered the scene extremely attractive."

Of society in Alaska, generally, Mr. Dall cannot speak with unreserved praise. The Russians, whom we admire so much at a distance, have added their vices to those of a native population already generously supplied, and have taught them little or no good; and as to their conversion of the natives, he finds the work ludicrously superficial, the Alaskan being a Christian no deeper than a Russian — in whom scratching is said to develop a barbarian — is civilized.

Mr. Dall's accounts of the Indians of Alaska are as interesting as what he says of the Innuits, but they have less novelty, and we have not space to quote from them. We must, however, give the following Indian lullaby, which we find a poem in the rough, but a genuine poem. Our author preserves, he says, the rhythm of the original, of which "the air was slow and soft."

"The wind blows over the Yukon.
My husband hunts the deer on the Koyukun Mountains.
Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one.

"There is no wood for the fire.
The stone axe is broken, my husband carries the other.
Where is the sun-warmth?* Hid in the dam of the beaver, waiting the spring-time?
Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, wake not!

"Look not for ukali, old woman.
Long since the cache was emptied, and the crow does not light on the ridge-pole!
Long since my husband departed. Why does he wait in the mountains?
Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, softly.

* I. e. the warm principle of the sunlight, which they regard as a personal spirit.

"Where is my own?
Does he lie starving on the hillside? Why does he linger?
Comes he not soon, I will seek him among the mountains.
Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, sleep.

"The crow has come, laughing.
His beak is red, his eyes glisten, the false one!
'Thanks for a good meal to Kuskokala the shaman.
On the sharp mountain quietly lies your husband.'
Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, wake not!

"'Twenty deers' tongues tied to the pack on his shoulders;
Not a tongue in his head to call on his wife with.
Wolves, foxes, and ravens are tearing and fighting for morsels.
Tough and hard are the sinews; not so the child in your bosom.'
Ahmi, Ahmi, little one, wake not.

"Over the mountain slowly staggers the hunter.
Two bucks' thighs on his shoulders, with bladders of fat between them.
Twenty deers' tongues in his belt. Go, gather wood, old woman!
Off flew the crow, — liar, cheat, and deceiver!
Wake, little sleeper, wake, and call to your father!

"He brings you backfat, marrow, and venison fresh from the mountain.
Tired and worn, he has carved a toy of the deer's horn.
While he was sitting and waiting long for the deer on the hillside.
Wake, and see the crow, hiding himself from the arrow!
Wake, little one, wake, for here is your father!"

We do not wish to be prophetic, but who is to deny, if such pretty songs as this are, as Mr. Dall tells us, heard in every lodge, that the great United States poet is not to be born in Alaska, — nay, that he is not now born there, and at this moment greasing with seal's blubber the head, which shall one day wear a laurel proportioned to the vastness of the Yosemite and the Pacific Railroad? All the conditions that produce great poets are found in Alaska, as mountains, measureless seas, great rivers, and inexhaustible salmon, and there seems also to be the natural impulse to poetry.

A very instructive chapter of Mr. Dall's book is that which concerns the climate and agricultural resources of Alaska, at which we have now hardly time to glance, but which will repay careful reading. The climate of a region where the mean annual temperature is +25°, yet where six feet below the surface the earth is frozen the whole year round in spite of a summer heat which reaches 120°, must always remain a startling anomaly. It is but one of many anomalies, however, to which Mr. Dall draws our notice with his intelligent and perfectly honest discussion. His sincerity is at all times such that one may read of that strange territorial bantling of ours with as much confidence as personal knowledge of it can inspire. We do not remember to have doubted Mr. Dall more than once, and that sole occasion is where he tells us that, having spoken only Russian for a whole year, he recurred, on meeting Americans, to that tongue from English, for fluent expression.

Lothair. By The Right Honorable B. Disraeli. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Of the several reviews of "Lothair" which we have read, all have seemed to us to fail of justice in one important particular. Each of the reviewers had evidently read the book in the light of a deep aversion to the author's political character. Not one of them had made an attempt to estimate it on its own merits. It was all savagely negative criticism. The fewer kindly critics, on the other hand, have spoken, we imagine, at the prompting of a stubborn *a priori* enthusiasm and out of the fulness of political sympathy. There is so little profit in criticism of this temper, that we Americans may happily rejoice in the remoteness of the author's political presence and action. It concerns us chiefly that "Lothair" is decidedly amusing. We should call it interesting at once, were it not that we feel this to be in a measure a consecrated, a serious word, and that we cannot bring ourselves to think of "Lothair" as a serious work. It is doubtless not as amusing as it might be, with the same elements and a little firmer handling; but it is pleasant reading for a summer's day. The author has great cleverness, or rather he has a great deal of small cleverness. In great cleverness there must be an element of honest wisdom, we like to imagine, such as "Lothair" is fatally without. Still, he has cleverness enough to elicit repeatedly the reader's applause. A certain cleverness is required for getting into difficulties, for creating them and causing them to bristle around you; and of this peril-seeking faculty Mr. Disraeli possesses an abundant measure. Out of his difficulties he never emerges, so that in the end his talent lies gloriously entombed and enshrined in a vast edifice of accumulated mistakes.

The reader persists, however, like a decent chief mourner at a funeral, and patiently waits till the last sod is thrown, till the last block is laid. He puts away the book with an indefinable sense of self-defeated power. Power enough there has been to arouse in his mind the feeling of attention, but not enough to awaken a single genuine impulse of satisfaction. A glance at the character of Mr. Disraeli's "difficulties" will illustrate our meaning. Lothair is a young nobleman (presumably a marquis) of immense wealth, great good looks, great amiability, and a glorious immunity from vulgar family ties. Fate has assigned him two guardians, in the persons of Lord Culloden, a Scotch earl of Presbyterian sympathies, and Cardinal Grandison, an early friend of his father, subsequently promoted to eminence in the Church of Rome. The motive of the romance is not quite what, on the basis of these *data*, it might have been. It is not the contest between opposing agents for the possession of a great prize, a contest rich in dramatic possibilities and in scenes and situations of striking interest. It is simply the attempt of the Cardinal and his accessaries to convert the young nobleman. There is emphatically no struggle and no resistance, and the reader's interest is enfeebled in the direct measure of the author's thoroughly careless and superficial treatment of his material. The grim Scotch Kirk on one side, the cunning Romish Church on the other, the generous young nobleman between, might have furnished the elements of a drama, not remarkable indeed for novelty, but excellent at all events in substance. But here Mr. Disraeli's deplorable levity begins. The whole book is remarkably easy to laugh at, and yet from the first, one may say, the reader's imagination, even the American reader's, is more in earnest than the author's. Imagination obliges; if you are to deal in fine things, it is a grievous pity not to do it with a certain force. The Earl of Culloden evaporates at an early stage of the recital; and as for Lothair, he never attains anything like the needful consistency of a hero. One can hardly say that he is weak, for to be weak you must at least begin by being. Throughout the book Lothair remains but a fine name. Round about him are grouped a number of persons of his distinguished "order," several of whom are to be conceived as bearing directly upon his fortunes. These portraits are of various shades of merit, those of the lighter characters being decidedly the best. A part of the pleasure of reading "Lothair" in London is doubtless to detect the prototypes of the Duke of Brecon and Lord St. Aldegonde, Mr. Phœbus, and Mr. Pinto. We are debarred from this keen satisfaction, but we are free, nevertheless, to apprehend that Lord St. Aldegonde, for instance, has a genuine plausibility of outline.

The author, however, has attempted greater things than this. A hero implies a heroine; in this case we have three, whose various forms of relation to the hero are happily enough conceived. The Church of Rome, in the person of Cardinal Grandison, having marked him for her own, we are invited to see what part the world shall play in contesting or confirming her influence. We have, in the first place, Lady Corisande, the lovely daughter of a mighty duke, a charming girl and a good Protestant; in the second, we have Miss Arundel, equally lovely, and a keen Papist; and lastly, we have the "divine Theodora," an Italian patriot, married, oddly enough, to a "gentleman of the South" of our own country. Corisande appeals to the young nobleman on behalf of his maternal faith and his high responsibilities; Miss Arundel of course operates in subtle sympathy with the Cardinal; and the "divine Theodora" (delicious title!) complicates matters admirably by seducing the young man into the service of Garibaldi. Such a bountiful admeasurement of womankind makes us only regret the more the provoking immateriality of Lothair. He walks through his part, however, to the fall of the curtain. He assists with Theodora at the battle of Mentana, where they are both wounded, the latter mortally. She survives long enough to extract from her young adorer a promise to resist the allurements of Romanism. But being nursed into convalescence by Miss Arundel, and exposed in his debilitated condition to the machinations of purple *monsignori*, he becomes so utterly demoralized, so enfeebled in will and bewildered in intellect, that to recover command of his senses he is obliged to fly secretly from Rome. From this point the interest of the story expires. The hero is conducted to the East, but to no very obvious purpose. We hear no more of the Romish conspirators. Miss Arundel goes into a cloister. Lothair returns to England and goes to stay at the residence of Lady Corisande's ducal parents. He goes with the young

lady into her garden and offers her his hand, which she of course accepts; a very pretty episode, with which the book concludes.

If it can be said to have a ruling idea, that idea is of course to reveal the secret encroachments of the Romish Church. With what accuracy and fidelity these are revealed we are not prepared to say; with what eloquence and force the reader may perhaps infer from what we have said. Mr. Disraeli's attempt seems to us wholly to lack conviction, let alone passion and fire. His anti-Romish enthusiasm is thoroughly cold and mechanical. Essentially light and superficial throughout, the author is never more so than when he is serious and profound. He indulges in a large number of religious reflections, but we feel inexorably that it is not on such terms as these that religion stands or falls. His ecclesiastics are lay-figures, — his Scarlet Woman is dressed out terribly in the tablecloth, and holds in her hands the drawing-room candlesticks. As a "novel with a purpose," accordingly, we think Lothair a decided failure. It will make no Cardinal's ears tingle, and rekindle no very lively sense of peril in any aristocratic brand snatched from the burning. But as a simple work of entertainment we think many of Mr. Disraeli's critics judge it quite too fiercely, or, what is worse, too ironically. They are rather too hard to please. For ourselves, it has left us much more good-humored than it found us. We are forever complaining, most of us, of the dreary realism, the hard, sordid, pretentious accuracy, of the typical novel of the period, of the manner of Trollope, of that of Wilkie Collins, of that, in our own country, of such writers as the author of "Hedged In," and the author of "Margaret Howth." We cry out for a little romance, a particle of poetry, a ray of the ideal. Here we have a novel abounding in the romantic element, and yet for the most part we do little but laugh at it. "'And where is Mirabel?' said Lothair. 'It was a green island in the Adriatic,' said the lady, 'which belonged to Colonel Campian. We lost it in the troubles.'" The speaker here is the "divine Theodora." "About sunset Colonel Campian led forth Theodora. She was in female attire, and her long hair, restrained only by a fillet, reached nearly to the ground. Her Olympian brow seemed distended; a phosphoric light glittered in her Hellenic eyes; a deep pink spot burned upon each of those cheeks usually so immaculately fair." This is thoroughly regenerate realism, and we find ourselves able to take all that Mr. Disraeli gives us. Nothing is so delightful, an objector may say, as sincere and genuine romance, and nothing so ignoble as the hollow, glittering compound which Mr. Disraeli gives us as a substitute. But we must take what we can get. We shall endure "Lothair" only so long as Lothair alone puts in a claim for the romantic, for the idea of elegance and opulence and splendor. We find these things neither in the "Vicar of Bullhampton" nor in "Put Yourself in His Place." A great deal of sarcasm has been lavished upon the gorgeous properties and the superfine diction of Mr. Disraeli's drama. The author is like the gentleman who tells his architect that he will not have his house spoiled for a few thousand dollars. Jewels, castles, horses, riches of every kind, are poured into the story without measure, without mercy. But there is a certain method, after all, in the writer's madness. His purpose — his instinct, at least — has been to portray with all possible completeness a purely aristocratic world. He has wished to emphasize the idea, to make a strong statement. He has at least made a striking one. He may not have strictly reproduced a perfect society of "swells," but he has very fairly reflected one. His novel could have emanated only from a mind thoroughly under the dominion of an almost awful sense of the value and glory of dukes and ducal possessions. That his dukes seem to us very stupid, and his duchesses very silly, is of small importance beside the fact that he has expressed with such lavish generosity the ducal side of the question. It is a very curious fact that Mr. Disraeli's age and experience, his sovereign opportunities for disenchantment, as one may suppose, should have left him such an almost infantine joy in being one of the initiated among the dukes. When Lothair is invited to dinner, he assents with the remark, "I suppose a late eight." As the amiable young nobleman utters these apparently simple words, we catch a glimpse over his shoulder of the elegant author looking askance at the inelegant public and repeating them with gentle rapture. Quite the most interesting point with regard to the work is this frequent betrayal of the possible innocence of one who has been supposed to be nothing if not knowing.

The Life of Bismarck, Private and Political; with descriptive Notices of his Ancestry. By JOHN GEORGE LOUIS HESEKIEL. Translated and edited, with Explanatory Notes and Appendices, by KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, F. S. A., F. A. S. L. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THIS book is a fine illustration of what may be termed the high toryism of biography; for it would be hard to come upon a chronicle in this age which so accepts and conserves every fact as the best possible one in the premises. The original German biographer of Count Bismarck has nowhere in this volume allowed the steady stream of his paneygric to be turned aside by the most stubbornly rocky and tortuous places in his hero's career. The reader must be a lover of *ex parte* statement, or a determined spirit, at least, who remains wide awake through all the lapses of this conservative dulness. There is, too, such a flavor of Prussia and nothing but Prussia in every page, that one could hardly fall asleep in the perusal of the book without seeming to be invited thereto by the strains of *Ich bin ein Preusse*. The latter portion of the work especially would almost appear to have been written to the music of that soul-stirring air; and it would be no very fanciful use of language to call this entire Life of Bismarck a mild sort of prose paraphrase of the Prussian national hymn.

The biographer has evidently had the best sources to draw from. It is, therefore, only the greater pity that he has produced a book which is worth so little as a contribution to general historical knowledge. The private letters of Bismarck to his wife and sister are not only the most valuable but the most readable portions of the volume. The humor and vigor of the Minister-President's epistolary style seem all the more delightful from their dull setting in the text. There are, indeed, two things which the most casual reader will have no difficulty in discovering: first, that Bismarck is a greater man than his biographer; and, second, — which is a finer point, — that the biographer is a greater man than his translator.

The Preface by the English editor and translator is a gratuitous excursion back into the times and opinions of the Tudors and Stuarts, in a positive attempt to convert us at the start to Bismarck's policy of the divine right, not of kings, but *the* king of Prussia. That a British subject could be found in this age to write himself down thus two hundred years behind the most laggard of Anglo-Saxon thought is something almost incredible. It is certainly an evidence of superiority in the German biographer that he mourns feebly over the slight early tendencies to liberalism in Bismarck, and accepts his last policy without argument. In the introductory portions of the work, treating of the ancestral history of the family, we have a striking instance of the practical working of the divine right of misgovernment on the Bismarcks themselves. We are called upon to admire the patriotism with which they suffer themselves to be dispossessed of their hereditary estates by a certain electoral prince, because these lands stood in the way of the sovereign's hunting-grounds. The early chapters, indeed, furnish about the only sample in the work of that exhaustive handling of a subject which seems to be the natural outgrowth of the German mind's inherent honesty. The humorist who gave the improbable account of two large folio volumes written by some patient Teuton on the digestion of a flea would find something almost as absurd in the difficulty which our present biographer has with a certain Claus von Bismarck and others of the great chancellor's ancestors who are recorded to have been "freemen of the guild of tailors." A tailor, being proverbially the ninth part of a man, could hardly be a patrician; and the evident pain with which the author struggles to prove that these sartorial fractions of humanity were real integers of noble blood is certainly pathetic. But there is, it must be confessed, less of opinion and more of fact in the account of "The Bismarcks of Olden Time," and this makes it more valuable than the average matter of later portions of the book. One is not, however, on that account disposed to quarrel with the translator for abridging these introductory chapters, for they are still a trifle tedious and have at best the kind of interest merely of "The British Peerage" or the "Almanach de Gotha."

The career of Bismarck is too well known to be followed here, even in the briefest summary. It is sufficient for the present purpose to say that, with the exception of a tolerably interesting account of his boyhood and youth, and some intolerably uninteresting anecdotes of his manhood, his present biographer has thrown very little light upon the particular events of the Minister-President's history about which the world is most curious. The Schleswig-Holstein

outrage is almost entirely passed over; and that other measure, the Prusso-Russian treaty for the suppression of the Polish insurrection, in which not even our faithful eulogist can find anything to praise, is dismissed in the following impudent sentence: "The internal meaning of this [convention] and its reaction require some further explanation which it is not desirable at present to give." We can sympathize even with the clumsy English of the foot-note, in which the translator condemns this assumption and the hiding of a "very small personality" "behind weighty cloudiness and the permission to copy Bismarck's correspondence."

The last chapters of the book are taken up with a very Jenkins-like account of "A Ball at Bismarck's," and of his house and estate of Varzin; and these chapters are not without a certain kind of interest, because, despite what the wise may say, the spirit of Jenkins has a stronghold in the weakness of universal human nature. Even that weakness, however, can hardly endure some of the anecdotes which are told over beer of Bismarck's furnishing in the garden of his house in Berlin. Accept these examples: —

"In the year 1848 there was a great deal rumored about a falling away of the Rhine provinces. 'Where are they going to fall to?' asked Bismarck."

"Bismarck allowed another deputation to whine for a long time about universal military service and the weight of taxation; he then said very seriously and in a tone of great astonishment, 'Dear me, these gentlemen probably thought they could become Prussians for nothing?'"

If we do not see the remarkable humor of this latter "anecdote," we certainly have a fine insight into the working of the policy which just now rules the North German Confederation.

Scarcely any one could have written so much about Bismarck without giving evidences enough of his sublime stubbornness and masterly combination in carrying out his plans to leave the impression of a certain kind of greatness on the mind of the reader; but it hardly goes to establish the claims of the Minister-President to tenderness for human life when, in a letter written to his wife from the field of battle, we find in the same paragraph that speaks of the twenty thousand dead around him this calm sentence: "Send me a French novel to read."

"Now," exclaims his biographer, "in Bismarck there is no trace of apostasy throughout his political life, and perhaps in no statesman can an enduring political principle be more easily discovered and followed into detail." What, then, is this enduring political principle? If the world did not know pretty well already, it can learn in euphemistic language on page 164: "Bismarck's real policy consists in forcing parties unwilling to do so to work and strive for the monarchy." To which is immediately added this very doubtful prophecy, that "in royal Prussia no party can any longer exist with the object of weakening the royal power."

The greatest difference, it strikes us, between the Count von Bismarck and the average diplomatic hero of Miss Mühlbach is just this persistency with which he has carried his stolid mediæval ideas in the face of everything. That is why the world is talking about him and naming towns and colors and hats after him.

It is well, however, to recall that in the late struggle, as far as Germany was concerned, the sympathy of the advanced opinion of this age was with the Central States. They went with Austria when they dared, because Roman Catholic Austria was more liberal than Protestant Prussia, under Bismarck. In spite of all the fine writing that has been done about a United Germany, we have had repeated in this latter half of the nineteenth century the old fight of Charles I. against his Parliament; and the divine right of a very reactionary old Prussian king has triumphed, because Bismarck has had the genius to make it triumph. The late granting of universal suffrage in Prussia has been only in the same spirit and in the same interests in which it has been granted in France. No one will doubt that good has come and is still to come to Germany from the Prussian victories; but that was not and never has been even the declared object of Bismarck and his policy. The crushing of Austria and the aggrandizement of Prussia have been his great design and achievement. The press, and the excellent school system of the North German Confederation are preparing the way for the parliamentary struggle yet to come, and the final triumph of constitutional government will, it is hoped, be the ripe fruit of the present Union.

We cannot agree at all with Bismarck's biographer, and in dismissing him we will say for his hero that the panegyrist does

not seem to rise to anything like a just appreciation of the strength or even the admirable qualities of the famous chancellor. Great powers must be granted, of course, to the man who has humbled Austria and defied France, but still he is responsible to the age in which he lives; and, judged by what it holds dearest in its thought and its achievement, Bismarck is, in the better sense, neither great nor good

The Method of Shakespeare as an Artist, deduced from an Analysis of his Leading Tragedies and Comedies. By HENRY I. RUGGLES. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

THE author of this volume has taken three of the chief dramas of Shakespeare, and, adopting an organic idea, which he assumes to have been intended by the poet, for each, attempts to show a relation of the characters, incidents, and even the diction of the piece, throughout, to this central or informing idea. Now, although it may be presumed that Shakespeare knew what he was aiming at, yet we may safely doubt if he were not simply building worse than he knew, should we find that, as Mr. Ruggles tries hard to indicate (and this seems to us the chief distinguishing feature of his analysis), the great poet not only made each and every character a sort of stock figure on which to put some of the vari-colored garment of this presumed idea, but that the whole lexicon was ransacked for words to be used on every possible occasion and in every conceivable way to reflect and convey an allusion to the same organic idea, and that every incident and simile and metaphor was made to contribute its single might also to the general main. "For," says Mr. Ruggles, "what the foliage and fruit are to the tree the metaphor and diction of these plays are to their fundamental ideas. As an oak is a forest of oaks, each bough, branch, limb, twig, and leaf being but a new development of the original germinal principle, so a play of Shakespeare's is throughout all its parts but a production of the organic idea, even to the minutest points of phraseology and diction." In illustration of this statement, Mr. Ruggles quotes the two lines from The Merchant of Venice,

> "A day in April never came so sweet,
> To show how *costly* summer was at hand!"

"And," he observes, "we exclaim how felicitous is the epithet 'costly,' as applied to summer! how Shakespearian! how expressive of the pomp and opulence of the season! *but when we reflect that the play treats of material and moral values, and that a very large proportion of its diction is drawn from notions of cost, value, bargain, sale, etc., we perceive that the word 'costly' was selected by the poet by no merely happy flash of fancy, but by deliberate and philosophic choice.*" That the purpose of a drama, or the impression of its history, should manifest itself in the general tone of the language is not improbable; but that Shakespeare, not contenting himself with this general influence, felt rather than seen, throughout his plays, should obtrude the reserved moral in every possible way, thrusting it from behind a masked battery of metaphor here, making it lurk in a simile there, and, everywhere, behind and before, show itself, so that he who runs cannot escape reading it in nouns and verbs and adjectives, — this, we imagine, nobody but Mr. Ruggles believes. It is not the Method of a supreme or even superior artist, but rather the Method in the madness of a pedant or a pedagogue. Mr. Ruggles devotes many pages in his chapters on Twelfth Night, Hamlet, and Macbeth to the detection (or shall we not say arrest on suspicion?) of those words that, directly or indirectly, bear or seem to bear, or may vaguely be fancied to seem to bear, relation to the given organic idea of each play.

As for the organic ideas which Mr. Ruggles attributes (or contributes) to Shakespeare, we are content to let that of Twelfth Night be "Man in reference to Pastime." Regarding Hamlet, we agree with many things that Mr. Ruggles says (and he often says well what he has to say), but we think that either Goethe's, Schlegel's, Ulrici's, or Coleridge's characterization of Hamlet as the leading person is fully as satisfactory, and, with a slight difference, comes to nearly the same thing as his own. The difference on Mr. Ruggles's side is chiefly in "words, words, words." In Hazlitt's lecture, too, we find much the same result, and, indeed, Mr. Ruggles uses almost similar expressions in one or two places to convey his own notion of Hamlet. In Macbeth, where the organic idea, according to Mr. Ruggles, is Man in reference to the State, we find many things to approve, but we think that, after having shown that Macbeth had no conscience, but that it was the effect of a strong imagination and the

dread of possible *earthly* consequences that caused him to hear a voice that cried, "Macbeth shall sleep no more," we think it was hardly fair to admit tardily that he may have had a conscience, but that it was not a "religious conscience." What *is* a "religious conscience"? Certainly there is no proof, we admit, that Macbeth was a professor of religion. And what would the expression of Macbeth's conscience have been if he had possessed a conscience and this conscience had been of a genuine religious cast? We hope, however, that in that case he would not have murdered Duncan.

The comparison instituted between certain expressions from Bacon and the tragedy of Macbeth all seem to us to refer to facts and notions that must have been as familiar to educated people of that day as now, and the reference to these by both Shakespeare and Bacon at nearly the same time seems hardly marvellous, even if Shakespeare had not read nor breathed in the influence of Bacon.

A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, living and deceased, from the earliest Accounts to the latter Half of the Nineteenth Century. Containing over Forty-three Thousand Articles (Authors), with forty Indexes of Subjects. By S. Austin Allibone. Volume II. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Recurring to the notice which we (editors pass, but the editorial pronoun endures) made of Mr. Allibone's first volume when it appeared some eleven years ago, we find that we can say little of his second which would not appear stale to our readers; for we take it that none of them can have forgotten any past criticism in these pages. The general character of the Dictionary remains the same; and Mr. Allibone's manner has varied as little as his method. We observe in this volume, as in the former, that he has a mind to lighten his grave labors with an occasional jest or an airy touch of fancy; and remembering how vast, how thorough, how entirely prodigious his labors have been, we should be the last to forbid him these little gayeties, though we would fain look away during their indulgence.

In one respect, at least, this second volume must always be found the most remarkable of the three volumes which will complete the work; for in this is the article on Shakespeare, which would alone form a sufficient monument to any man's industry. It occupies fifty pages of the Dictionary, and includes critical and biographical notices of the poet's works and of all the editions of them, with lists of the translations, and titles of commentaries, etc. First after the introductory matter is a list of the editions of the separate plays of Shakespeare, up to the year 1869, six pages; then a list of the editions of the collective works, including translations, eight pages; then critical opinions of Shakespeare; then Shakespeariana, with abundant reference to the Ireland forgeries, the Collier controversy, etc., titles of graphic illustrations of Shakespeare, and of music to the poet's lyrics; then an index to the editor's commentators and translators mentioned; and finally a chronological index to the Shakespeariana. But the mere rehearsal of these features of Mr. Allibone's article gives only a shadowy idea of the amount of labor which it must have cost him. He says: "Our 'Shakespeariana' alone numbers about one thousand and forty printed volumes and tracts; how many editions of Shakespeare's works, separate and collective in various languages, we have recorded we have not taken the trouble to compute. In typographical bulk this article on the great poet, philosopher, and sage would make a duodecimo volume of two hundred and thirty-eight pages. . . . . The Alphabetical Index exhibits a brilliant succession of great names, the names of men who have distinguished themselves in every department of knowledge, and who, however diverse their pursuits and tastes, unite in paying a willing tribute to the illustrious intellect which has transcended them all."

The article on Milton is twenty-nine pages long, and is made up merely of critical matter, though there is an ample list of Miltoniana at the end. Spenser occupies six pages, and Pope twice as many; but this is more just than it appears, for Pope was a far more talked-of man, if less a poet. For the same reason the article on Swift is very full; on Scott there are fifteen abundant and satisfactory pages, but Keats has hardly three. Sir James Mackintosh has ten; Macaulay only six, Mr. Longfellow only seven, and Mrs. Stowe not quite two. But after all, this is an unfair way to judge Mr. Allibone's work, who must have given space according to the

amount of comment quite as much as according to merit; and even if this were not so, Fame does not finally make up her mind from tombstones or biographical dictionaries. It is natural that as he draws near our own time, Mr. Allibone should be less satisfactory; we think this is an error from which he ought to have guarded himself, and in some cases we think the tendency has resulted in unmeant injustice.

Yet one who had far more fault than we have to find with his performance might well be silenced by the great obligation which he has bestowed upon the literary world, and by the lustre which he has added to the national repute by a work destined to as much immortality as conscientious, intelligent, and tireless industry can ever achieve. It is something for us all to be proud of; and with the appearance of the third volume (on which the author has completed his labors), it will be something from which Mr. Allibone can rest as contentedly as it is in human nature to do.

The Seat of Empire. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, "CARLETON." Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THIS thoroughly practical book is the fruit of Mr. Coffin's observation in Minnesota and the Red River country, which, according to Mr. Seward (whose gift of prophecy was so much distinguished during the first year of the Rebellion), is destined one day to be "the ultimate last" centre of the Republic. Thither Mr. Coffin last summer accompanied a party which united business with pleasure, and explored all that promising wilderness beyond the Minnesota towns, and listened with a pleased sense to its brag, through climate, soil, and scattering inhabitant, concerning the great things it intends to do. Whereupon he has patted that shaggy wilderness on the back, and praised its prospective virtues so that we can scarcely think of Boston without a blush as a place that has miserably failed to do what the wilderness is going to do very shortly indeed. We suppose Mr. Coffin is right, and that the great Northwest does offer the prizes of life now to courage and vigor. At any rate, we can commend his book to any one seeking knowledge of the region he has visited, for the like of whom indeed he declares it directly written, though it is not without pleasant, unpractical glimpses of life in the woods and stories of personal adventures, nor without such literary blemishes as have hitherto attended the author on his vast course of travel.

A Race for a Wife. A Novel. By HAWLEY SMART, Author of "Breezie Langton." D. Appleton & Co.

THE last Denison of Glinn is on his last legs, and the money-lender can foreclose upon him whenever he likes. The Denison has a lovely daughter, Maud; the money-lender has an unlovely son, Sam. "Let them marry," says Shylock, "and I call the score settled." Pyrotechnics on the part of Mr. Denison, in whom all the pride of his race flames up; tears on the part of Maud; rage and grief on the part of Grenville Rose, her cousin, who loves her; pitilessness on the party of the money-lenders. Maud and Sam engaged; old feudal deed fished up by Rose, which gives Denison the power to stop Sam from running his famous horse Coriander at the Derby; Rose runs him, and bets heavily upon him; Providence smiles upon the bet, and the lover wins money enough to marry Maud and be happy ever after.

The moral of this charming story is that money-lenders must not think of marrying above them. On the whole, the book is surprisingly decent; but it strikes us as rather odd that the blessing of Heaven is made to descend upon gambling. Yet we do not complain; matters might have been much worse; for we suspect from the slanginess of the style that Hawley Smart is a woman; and we all know how Englishwomen write nowadays, and have reason to be glad when they are merely vapid, silly, and inconsequent, as Hawley Smart is.

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THE ENGLISH NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN the spring of 1853 Hawthorne received from his life-long friend, President Pierce, the appointment of United States Consul at Liverpool, then one of the most lucrative places in the gift of the Executive. He held the post for four years, but remained in England two years longer, leaving the country finally in 1859. Though the duties of his office could not have been much to his taste, he discharged them with exemplary diligence, and, we believe, to the satisfaction of all who did business with him. His will was strong, and his sense of duty was not less strong; and he had already been trained to do disagreeable work, for he had been for six years a measurer of coal and salt in the Boston Custom-House, and afterwards for three years surveyor of the port of Salem.

But looking at the growth of his mind, these nine long years of enforced and against-the-grain work were precious to him. They took him out of the world of dreams into the world of life. They gave him subjects for reflection. They sharpened his powers of observation. They braced and gave tone to his intellectual fibre. They kept rust and mould from gathering on his mind. If they postponed for a time the act of writing, they supplied ample material for literary work in the future. It may be well doubted whether we should have had The Scarlet Letter and The House of the Seven Gables but for the growth and discipline of the previous years of uncongenial drudgery and constrained contact with his kind. The iron of compulsion which entered into his soul became a tonic to his intellectual blood.

Indeed, as a general rule, it is well for a man of genius to give a portion of every day to some regular employment, more or less mechanical in its nature, which does not task the higher faculties, and is followed as a duty, and not from impulse merely. Coleridge gives the same counsel in another form when, in his *Biographia Literaria*, he earnestly advises young men, who in early life feel themselves disposed to become authors, never to pursue literature as a trade. As he justly remarks, the necessity of earning one's bread by writing will, with most men of genius,

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convert the stimulant into a narcotic. Coleridge himself, that stately argosy so richly freighted with intellectual wealth, but drifting to and fro over the waters of life without the rudder of will, was a striking proof of the evils of being without a profession, or any regular employment to which he might have gone, day by day, as a merchant goes to his counting-room or a lawyer to his office. Sir Walter Scott and Charles Lamb, men very unlike in mental structure, were both fortunate in having an occupation of this kind; and had a like lot been laid upon Byron, he would have been a better and a happier man, and none the less brilliant as a poet. To coin one's genius into bread is to harness Pegasus into an express-wagon. To be sure, there are striking exceptions to this general rule. Dickens, for instance, gained wealth by the exercise of a rare genius, but look at the ill-requited toils and heart-breaking struggles of Hood! And had Hawthorne himself earned nothing but by his pen, he would have left no provision for his family.

But if Hawthorne's life in England were not entirely to his taste, it was profitable, and bore good fruit; for we owe to it two remarkable books, — Our Old Home, published in 1863, and the Passages from English Note-Books, now before us. We say if his life were not entirely to his taste, for the mere fact that two such books grew out of the soil of his English experience proves that such experience could not have been all distasteful. No man ever makes a book out of what he desires utterly to forget. And there were elements in his nature which were in harmony with the duties of his official life, and which would lighten the burden of its drudgeries and disgusts. For he was a man as peculiar in character as he was unique in genius. In him opposite qualities met, and were happily and harmoniously blended; and this was true of him physically as well as intellectually. He was tall and strongly built, with broad shoulders, deep chest, a massive head, black hair, and large dark eyes. Wherever he was he attracted attention by his imposing presence. He looked like a man who might have held the stroke-oar in a university boat. And his genius, as all the world knows, was of masculine force and sweep.

But, on the other hand, no man had more of the feminine element than he. He was feminine in his quick perceptions, his fine insight, his sensibility to beauty, his delicate reserve, his purity of feeling. No man comprehended woman more perfectly; none has painted woman with a more exquisite and ethereal pencil. And his face was as mobile and rapid in its changes of expression as is the face of a young girl. His lip and cheek heralded the word before it was spoken. His eyes would darken visibly under the touch of a passing emotion, like the waters of a fountain ruffled by the breeze of summer. So, too, he was the shyest of men. The claims and courtesies of social life were terrible to him. The thought of making a call would keep him awake in his bed. At breakfast, he could not lay a piece of butter upon a lady's plate without a little trembling of the hand: this is a fact, and not a phrase. He was so shy that in the presence of two intimate friends he would be less easy and free-spoken than in that of only one.

And yet the presence of his kind was cordial, and in some sense necessary to him. If his shyness held him back, his sympathies drew him out with a force nearly as strong. And, unlike most men who are at once intellectual and shy, he was not a lover, or a student, of books. He read books as they came in his way, or for a particular purpose, but he made no claim to the honors of learning or scholarship. A great library had no charms for him. He rarely bought a book, and the larger part of his small collection had come to him by gift. His mind did not feed upon the printed page. It will be noticed that in his writings he very seldom introduces a quotation, or makes any allusion to the writings of others. The raptures of the bibliomaniac, fond-

ling his tall copies, his wide margins, his unique specimens, his vellum pages, were as strange to him as are the movements of a violin-player's arm to the deaf man's eye. In the summer of 1859 the writer of this notice — who confesses to an insatiable passion for the possession of books, and an omnivorous appetite for their contents — saw him at Leamington, and was invited by him into his study, the invitation being accompanied with one of his peculiar and indescribable smiles, in which there lurked a consciousness of his friend's weakness. The study was a small, square room, with a table and chair, but absolutely not a single book. He liked writing better than reading. The volumes he studied with the most satisfaction were the faces of men and women; provided always that the volumes did not know him. But a gleam of recognition was enough to turn aside his glance of observation. Without doubt, some of his happiest hours were passed in long rambles through the populous solitudes of Liverpool and London, where no man greeted him, where the human beings he saw were like trees in a wood, where faces could be studied like shells in a drawer or stuffed birds in a cage.

To a man with such powers of observation as Hawthorne, and such taste for using them, the post of American Consul in a large commercial city like Liverpool must have had some decided attractions. He was an artist to whom all sorts of picturesque subjects were constantly sitting for their portraits. And no man can know what strange beasts are produced by the soil of America, until he goes to Europe. At home, a man of Hawthorne's pursuits and position would have seen only the normal growth of his countrymen, — men resembling each other as marbles in a boy's pocket, prosperous and respectable men, graduates of colleges, who sit down to three meals a day, who draw checks to pay their bills, and lock their front doors at the same hour every night. But in Liverpool he would see Americans of a different class, — men who had left their country for their country's good or their own, the stepchildren and outcasts of the land, poor waifs and strays of humanity, floating social sea-weeds with no root to grasp anything with a firm hold, forlorn wanderers over the face of the earth, always needy and sometimes ragged and starving. Not without gifts, faculties, and accomplishments are these vagabonds; sometimes many-tongued, always fluent of speech, plausible in manner, with marked individual traits which stand bare to the eye, with no rags of reserve or self-restraint to cover them. Without doubt these social outlaws were better subjects for a literary limner than the sleek children of prosperity, just as a ruined and ivy-grown cottage is a more picturesque object than a smart suburban villa. That Hawthorne improved his opportunities need not be said to any one who has read the first essay in Our Old Home, entitled Consular Experiences, — one of the best specimens in all his writings of what may be called the prose side of his genius. In minute detail and vigorous portraiture it is a sort of combination of Teniers and Rembrandt. For keen insight, sharp observation, shrewd common sense, knowledge of man, and a mingling of humor and tenderness, it can hardly be surpassed. Little did the originals of these sketches suspect that an eye like a blind man's finger was all the time fixed upon them! Little did they dream of the anonymous immortality that was awaiting them at the hands of the dark-browed man that said so little and heard so much! His account of the reprobate doctor of divinity is painfully interesting; a powerful delineation of a repulsive subject, but made tragic by gleams of light from the central caverns of passion and sin in the human heart. How singular it was that Hawthorne in his official capacity should thus have had revealed to him a man in whom the lowest and grossest propensities were covered over by a thin veneering of respectability and self-restraint, shattered by the first touch of temptation,

thus presenting a combination so much in harmony with the creations of his own genius!

We will, however, bring Hawthorne himself to testify as to the character of the persons with whom his consular life brought him in contact. Our readers may have read the passage before, but it will bear a second perusal: —

"Hither, in the course of my incumbency, came a great variety of visitors, principally Americans, but including almost every other nationality on earth, especially the distressed and downfallen ones like those of Poland and Hungary, Italian bandits (for so they looked), proscribed conspirators from old Spain, Spanish Americans, Cubans who professed to have stood by Lopez and narrowly escaped his fate, scarred French soldiers of the Second Republic, — in a word, all sufferers, or pretended ones, in the cause of liberty, all people homeless in the widest sense, those who never had a country or had lost it, those whom their native land had impatiently flung off for planning a better system of things than they were born to, — a multitude of these, and, doubtless, an equal number of jail-birds, outwardly of the same feather, sought the American Consulate in hopes of at least a bit of bread, and, perhaps, to beg a passage to the blessed shores of Freedom. In most cases there was nothing, and in any case distressingly little, to be done for them; neither was I of a proselyting disposition, nor desired to make my consulate a nucleus for the vagrant discontents of other lands. And yet it was a proud thought, a forcible appeal to the sympathies of an American, that these unfortunates claimed the privileges of citizenship in our Republic on the strength of the very same noble misdemeanors that had rendered them outlaws to their native despotisms. So I gave them what small help I could. Methinks the true patriots and martyr-spirits of the whole world should have been conscious of a pang near the heart, when a deadly blow was aimed at the vitality of a country which they have felt to be their own in the last resort." — *Our Old Home*, p. 13.

But there were other and better men that crossed his path. The masters of the American vessels trading to Liverpool are, as a general rule, persons worth knowing and talking to. They are intelligent men, fairly well educated, sometimes not ignorant of books, shrewd observers of men, with plain but good manners, and with a manly heartiness about them like a bracing breeze from the sea. The many tempests that have shaken their beards have given force to their characters and a keen edge to their faculties. A mind like Hawthorne's would find more satisfaction in communion with men like these than with men of more cultivation, finer fibre, but less strength and flavor. Without doubt, he was sometimes bored by respectable dulness in broadcloth and fine linen, by pompous emptinesses in the shape of great men in small places, by callers that had no due sense of the brevity of human life: but who in this melancholy world is not bored? He who would never be bored must bolt his door and break his looking-glass.

His official duties were, for the most part, matters of routine, neither good nor bad, and certainly not worse than what he had experienced in Boston and Salem. We suppose that Hawthorne found no part of his official life so little to his taste as those ceremonials and parade occasions which would have been so congenial to most of his countrymen. For he was one of those exceptional Americans, — would there were more of them! — who have no power of public speech, and recoil with horror and alarm from anything which may call upon them to display their incapacity. But the American Consul at Liverpool is a public personage, and thus his presence is a necessity sometimes at public gatherings, and especially at those civic banquets wherein the municipal dignitaries of so rich a city are wont to seek relief from the austere cares of government and administration. The dinner in England,

as every one knows who has been there, rises to the dignity of an institution. It is — not to speak it profanely — a sort of secular sacrament. It takes its place among the choicest jewels of the Englishman's soul, — with the memory of Alfred, with Magna Charta and the Revolution of 1688, with fox-hunting and the Times newspaper. The Englishman is willing to speak and to hear speaking, but he prefers to have them dressed with bread and beef sauce. If the tongue and the ear are to be busy, the teeth must not be idle. A dry-lipped entertainment like an American caucus, where the guests are treated to nothing more savory or nutritious than the east wind, is not at all to the Anglican taste. And thus it happened that Hawthorne, who was no eater, no drinker, and no speech-maker, was often called upon to take a conspicuous part at entertainments where there was nothing but eating, drinking, and speech-making. Indeed, these were sad days to him; when the summons came, he smote his breast like the wedding guest in The Ancient Mariner when he heard the loud bassoon. With many dollars would he have purchased exemption; but in his case, too, there was a "glittering eye" which constrained him, — the eye of the American eagle at home, three thousand miles off.

And so he went, with a little speech in his head, and perhaps in his pocket; and he survived the operation, and lived to tell us how he felt when under the knife. Both in Our Old Home and in his English Note-Books he alludes to what he endured in these postprandial exhibitions of himself. Though the reader of the former work can hardly have forgotten its closing passages, we will refresh his recollection by quoting them: —

"As soon as the Lord Mayor began to speak, I rapped upon my mind, and it gave forth a hollow sound; being absolutely empty of appropriate ideas. I never thought of listening to the speech, because I knew it all beforehand in twenty repetitions from other lips, and was aware that it would not offer a single suggestive point. In this dilemma I turned to one of my three friends, a gentleman whom I knew to possess an enviable flow of silver speech, and obtested him, by whatever he deemed holiest, to give me at least an available thought or two to start with, and, once afloat, I would trust to my guardian angel for enabling me to flounder ashore again. He advised me to begin with some remarks complimentary to the Lord Mayor, and expressive of the hereditary reverence in which his office was held — at least, my friend thought that there would be no harm in giving his lordship this little sugar-plum, whether quite the fact or no — was held by the descendants of the Puritan forefathers. Thence, if I liked, getting flexible with the oil of my own eloquence, I might easily slide off into the momentous subject of the relations between England and America, to which his lordship had made such weighty allusion. Seizing this handful of straw with a death grip, and bidding my three friends bury me honorably, I got upon my legs to save both countries, or perish in the attempt. The tables roared and thundered at me, and suddenly were silent again. But, as I have never happened to stand in a position of greater dignity and peril, I deem it a stratagem of sage policy here to close these sketches, leaving myself still erect in so heroic an attitude." — *Our Old Home*, p. 397.

How delightfully provoking this is! Never shall we know how he got out of the scrape. There he stands forever on his feet, with a listening table around and his lips pregnant with an undelivered speech. He is like the young lover in Keats's delicious Ode to a Grecian Urn: —

> "Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
> Though winning near the goal."

Never shall we know whether his speech was "neat and appropriate," whether it was "received with shouts of applause," or whether, after gasping and choking, he ignominiously broke down, resuming his seat with drops of agony on his brow, a humming sound in his ears, a sense of faintness and suffo-

cation at the heart, — in short, all the horrors and miseries of a stage fright.

There are passages in the English Note-Books in like manner expressive of his sufferings at civic feasts, when he was constrained to exchange the gold of silence for the silver of speech. But the playful way in which he recounts these experiences shows that they were not so formidable at the moment as they had been in anticipation. He toys and dallies with the reminiscence as if he were not entirely willing to let it go; without doubt, he was somewhat amused at his own terrors. He stood aside from himself, and observed himself, like a physician feeling his own pulse. He became for the time both object and subject. He sets down his own symptoms as if he had observed them in another person. There must have been a more commonplace satisfaction, too, in the cup, arising from the sense of having overcome a difficulty and done that which seemed at first impossible to do. It is the glow of self-complacency at awaking to the consciousness of a new power. It is the same feeling which flushes the cheek of a young girl the first time she fires a pistol, and finds that it has not blown her head off. The speech, perhaps, was not much, but still it was a speech, and better than he ever thought he could do.

We quote a passage from the work before us, showing how the burden of public speaking grew lighter as he became accustomed to it. Very soon after his arrival in Liverpool he was invited to a state dinner given by the Mayor to the judges and the grand jury, and, of course, he was called upon to speak. He thus chronicles his experience: —

"Afterwards the bar, and various other dignitaries and institutions, were toasted; and by and by came the toast to the United States, and to me, as their representative. Hereupon either 'Hail Columbia' or 'Yankee Doodle,' or some other of our national tunes (but Heaven knows which), was played; and at the conclusion, being at bay, and with no alternative, I got upon my legs and made a response. They received me and listened to my nonsense with a good deal of rapping, and my speech seemed to give great satisfaction; my chief difficulty being in not knowing how to pitch my voice to the size of the room. As for the matter, it is not of the slightest consequence. Anybody may make an after-dinner speech who will be content to talk on without saying anything. My speech was not more than two or three inches long; and, considering that I did not know a soul there, except the Mayor himself, and that I am wholly unpractised in all sorts of oratory, and that I had nothing to say, it was quite successful. I hardly thought it was in me, but, being once started, I felt no embarrassment, and went through it as coolly as if I were going to be hanged." — *English Note-Books*, Vol. I. p. 15.

This was on the fifteenth day of August, 1853. On the fifth day of October, 1854, he was present at a *déjeuner* on board the ship James Barnes, on occasion of her coming under the English flag, having been built by Donald McKay of Boston. Here another speech was made, and we can see from his report that the terror was beginning to pass away, and something like satisfaction to steal in: —

"I sat between two ladies, one of them Mrs. ——, a pleasant young woman, who, I believe, is of American provincial nativity, and whom I therefore regarded as half a countrywoman. We talked a good deal together, and I confided to her my annoyance at the prospect of being called up to answer a toast; but she did not pity me at all, though she felt much alarm about her husband, Captain ——, who was in the same predicament. Seriously, it is the most awful part of my official duty, — this necessity of making dinner-speeches at the Mayor's, and other public or semi-public tables. However, my neighborhood to Mrs. —— was good for me, inasmuch as by laughing over the matter with her I came to regard it in a light and ludicrous way; and so, when the time actually came, I stood up with

a careless dare-devil feeling. The chairman toasted the President immediately after the Queen, and did me the honor to speak of myself in a most flattering manner, something like this: 'Great by his position under the Republic, — greater still, I am bold to say, in the Republic of letters!' I made no reply at all to this; in truth, I forgot all about it when I began to speak, and merely thanked the company in behalf of the President and my countrymen, and made a few remarks with no very decided point to them. However, they cheered and applauded, and I took advantage of the applause to sit down, and Mrs. —— informed me that I had succeeded admirably. It was no success at all, to be sure; neither was it a failure, for I had aimed at nothing, and I had exactly hit it. But after sitting down, I was conscious of an enjoyment in speaking to a public assembly, and felt as if I should like to rise again. It is something like being under fire, — a sort of excitement, not exactly pleasure, but more piquant than most pleasures. I have felt this before, in the same circumstances; but while on my legs my impulse is to get through with my remarks and sit down again as quickly as possible." — Vol. I. pp. 130, 131.

In April, 1857, another call was made upon his faculty of speech, on the opening of a free library given to Liverpool by Mr. Browne; and such is the effect of his previous training, that he is beginning almost to enjoy the novel sensation of "thinking upon his legs."

"I was really tired to death before my own turn came, sitting all that time, as it were, on the scaffold, with the rope round my neck. At last Monckton Milnes was called up and made a speech, of which, to my dismay, I could hardly hear a single word, owing to his being at a considerable distance, on the other side of the chairman, and flinging his voice, which is a bass one, across the hall, instead of adown it, in my direction. I could not distinguish one word of any allusions to my works, nor even when he came to the toast did I hear the terms in which he put it, nor whether I was toasted on my own basis or as representing American literature, or as Consul of the United States. At all events, there was a vast deal of clamor; and uprose peers and bishops, general, mayor, knights, and gentlemen, everybody in the hall greeting me with all the honors. I had uprisen, too, to commence my speech; but had to sit down again till matters grew more quiet, and then I got up, and proceeded to deliver myself with as much composure as I ever felt at my own fireside. It is very strange, this self-possession and clear-sightedness, which I have experienced when standing before an audience, showing me my way through all the difficulties resulting from my not having heard Monckton Milnes's speech; and on since reading the latter, I do not see how I could have answered it better. My speech certainly was better cheered than any other; especially one passage, where I made a colossus of Mr. Browne, at which the audience grew so tumultuous in their applause that they drowned my figure of speech before it was half out of my mouth." — Vol. II. pp. 201, 202.

With his usual habit of self-observation he takes occasion to remark upon the effect produced upon himself by the custom of public speaking: —

"I can conceive of very high enjoyment in making a speech; one is in such a curious sympathy with his audience, feeling instantly how every sentence affects them, and wonderfully excited and encouraged by the sense that it has gone to the right spot. Then, too, the imminent emergency, when a man is overboard, and must sink or swim, sharpens, concentrates, and invigorates the mind, and causes matters of thought and sentiment to assume shape and expression, though, perhaps, it seemed hopeless to express them just before you rose to speak. Yet I question much whether public speaking tends to elevate the orator, intellectually or morally; the effort, of course, being to say what is immediately received by the audience, and to produce an effect on the instant. I don't quite

see how an honest man can be a good and successful orator; but I shall hardly undertake to decide the question on my merely post-prandial experience." — Vol. II. p. 166.

What would Quinctilian say to this startling doctrine, that an honest man can hardly be a good orator, — Quinctilian, who lays down a canon directly the opposite: "Oratorem autem instituimus illum perfectum, qui esse nisi vir bonus non potest." We rather think that history shows more cases against Hawthorne's opinion than in support of it. But if he had said that no wise man can be a great orator, he would have laid down a proposition more easy of support. Most popular speakers, at least, are superficial thinkers.

As has been before said, we owe to Hawthorne's consular life two books, Our Old Home and The English Note-Books. They are alike, but with a difference. They resemble each other as an English flower-garden — in which the walks are swept and the lawn is mowed every day, where not a leaf is allowed to moulder where it falls, where every flower seems to glow with richer hues as if conscious of its privileges and anxious to make a grateful return for the care bestowed upon it — resembles an English park, where, though the shaping and restraining hand of Art is everywhere seen, Nature is yet allowed a certain range and scope. In both the style is exquisite, — the happiest combination possible of grace, harmony, flexibility, and strength; but in the former work there is more of elaboration, in the latter more of ease. Hawthorne's English is absolutely unique; very careful and exact, but never studied; with the best word always in the best place; pellucid as crystal; full of delicate and varied music; with gleams of poetry, and touches of that peculiar humor of his, which is half smile and half sigh. His style can only be matched by that of the best writers in France, a country in which the influence of an academy for so many generations has created a standard of excellence not elsewhere attained except in rare cases. Every candid critic, let him have been born where he may, must admit that, as a mere vehicle for the expression of thought, irrespective of the weight and value of the thought, the best French prose, like that of Sainte-Beuve, Rénan, and George Sand, has attained a perfection not to be found in Italy, England, and least of all in Germany. Wherein this excellence in Hawthorne's style consists it is not easy to say; the charm is too airy and impalpable for the grasp of language. It is to be described by negatives rather than positives; his style is not stiff, not pedantic; it is free from mannerism, caricature, and rhetoric; it has a sap and flavor of its own; it is a peculiar combination of ease and finish. The magic of style is like the magic of manner: it is felt by all, but it can be analyzed and defined by few. A very marked style, like that of Carlyle, is easily described, as the face of Brougham was easily caricatured; but the style of Hawthorne and the face of Gladstone present similar difficulties. The difference between the two works inspired by English life, manners, and scenery is simply the difference between full dress and undress. Hawthorne never was, could not be, a careless writer. By an inevitable law of his mind, every conception to which his pen gave shape was graceful and exact. His style is remarkable for its negative as well as its positive merits, for its freedom from faults as well as its distinct beauties. Before his exquisite sentences verbal criticism folds its hands for lack of argument.

Our Old Home was carefully prepared for the press, but the English Note-Books were kept for his own use, containing observations and reflections which might afterwards serve as materials for works to be published, but not meant for the public eye in the form in which they were set down. Thus the former work has a minute and matchless finish not found in the latter. In point of form, grace of expression, and beauty of style, Our Old Home is entitled to stand at the

head of all his works; as the same place is due to The Scarlet Letter in creative power and tragic grandeur. The two together represent the whole circle of his genius, his vision, and his faculty, his originality in invention, his imaginative conception of character, his depth of light and shade in moral portraiture, his piercing insight, his power of passionless contemplation, his shrewd apprehension of every-day life, his feminine sympathy, and his unequalled skill in the use of the instrument of language.

The English and the American Note-Books have alike a peculiar value as illustrating the mind and character of the author. They form, indeed, a sort of autobiography. The question has been sometimes asked, Why have we no memoir of a man of such eminent rank in literature as Hawthorne? and the answer is, first, that it was his own emphatic and frequently expressed desire that nothing of the kind should be done; and, second, that in his case there are few materials for biography. The facts of his life could be put into two such pages as the reader now has before him. It was a very uneventful life, marked by long intervals of silence, wherein, however, the fruits of observation and reflection were slowly ripening on the bough. His birth, his college life, his service in the Custom-House at Boston, his brief experience at Brook Farm, his marriage, his official life in Salem, his consulship in Liverpool, his residence in Italy, his return home, his death, — these are really all the events in his life. For long years, while his classmates were busy in their several professions, making money, earning distinction, he was content to be a dreamer and seem to be an idler in the land. But idler he was not, and hardly a dreamer: he was an observer and a thinker. He was always a diligent worker, and at no easy calling. His work was with the pen, — careful, conscientious, painstaking work, of all forms of intellectual labor that which is attended with the greatest waste of nervous energy. His matchless style was the product of long and laborious training. Much of what he wrote was never published, and much does not now exist in manuscript. He had no weak fondness for his own intellectual offspring, and never were his productions submitted to so merciless a criticism as his own. Hawthorne's life is to be read in his works, and especially in his Note-Books. His biography is simply a record of the growth of his mind. His Note-Books paint him as he was, his reserve included. He does not bare himself to the public gaze like Montaigne and Rousseau; but the essays of Montaigne and the confessions of Rousseau do not present a mind and character of more marked individuality than do the journals of Hawthorne. More of his life and conversation than these give the public is never likely to know, but he who reads them carefully can form a correct estimate of what manner of man he was.

Mrs. Hawthorne, in her Preface to the work before us, expresses the hope that these volumes of Notes, American, English (and hereafter Italian), will dispel an often-expressed opinion that Hawthorne was gloomy and morbid. That this impression should exist is not strange. The Scarlet Letter, The Blithedale Romance, The House of the Seven Gables, The Marble Faun, and many of his smaller stories, have one marked characteristic in common, which may be defined a taste for studying and delineating the night-side of human nature. He had a passion for exploring the crypts and caverns of the soul, or, to state the case more exactly, his genius found congenial employment in painting the struggles of a heart burdened with the weight of a secret and unconfessed sin, and in portraying lives of a double aspect, which are fair and goodly outside, but spotted with guilt and shame within. He is the searcher and analyzer of dark bosoms. The Scarlet Letter is the highest expression of his genius in this respect, — a work of prodigious power, but so painful in the impression that it leaves that many can never read it a second time.

A kindred element in his genius is his affinity with the weird, the mysterious, the supernatural. His page is dappled with lights and shadows, derived from other suns than ours. No foot moves with firmer tread than his over that dim twilight region which lies between the seen and the unseen. The skill with which he weaves his threads of mystery into the web of common life, the firm hand with which he controls the shadowy shapes which he evokes, the art with which he leaves his problems half unsolved and the reader's mind in doubt as to how much he himself believed of the wonders he revealed or suggested, are among the most striking characteristics of his peculiar and original genius. But in all this he was obeying a law in his mind, and not a law in his members. His genius, by some irresistible force, was drawn towards the dark paths of the soul, haunted by shadowy shapes of gloom and mystery. The writer of this notice once asked him to write a story which should be cheerful and sunny from beginning to end. He smiled, and replied that it was impossible; that the dark cloud would come over the sun, that the spectral form would glide in and hush the noise of mirth. And to those who knew him it is not necesssry to add that there was no affectation in this.

Whatever judgment may be passed upon his genius, there was nothing morbid in his character and temperament. He was indeed much the reverse of morbid. No man of genius ever had less of the infirmities of genius than he. There is a sympathy between the body and the mind, and the morbid habits and unhealthy cravings of men of genius often have their source in a sickly frame or an overtasked brain. But Hawthorne was physically one of the healthiest of men. His pulse kept always even music. In food and drink he retained to the last the simple tastes of childhood. He cared nothing for wine or tobacco or strong coffee or strong tea. He was a sound sleeper and an early riser. He was never moody or fitful or irritable. He was never unduly depressed or unreasonably elated. His spirits were not brilliant, but they were uniform; and, as Mrs. Hawthorne says, "The airy splendor of his wit and humor was the light of his home." For happiness he was singularly independent of external influences. It mattered little to him in what place his lot might be cast. His family, the occasional presence of a very few friends, and the control of his own time, — these were all he asked. The long winter evenings of a quiet village like Concord had no terrors for him. He never felt the leaden touch of the monster *ennui*, the name of which we are obliged to borrow from the language of a people that has the least of the thing. Theatres, operas, concerts, balls, parties, — all the numberless devices which man has contrived to slay the great enemy, Time, — were to him rather surgical operations to be endured than pleasures to be enjoyed. Of all American men he was the least restless. There was indeed about him an atmosphere of calm repose and easy strength which lulled and quieted the restlessness of others of more excitable mood. The epithet "gentle," which the contemporaries of Shakespeare were so fond of applying to him, is exactly descriptive of Hawthorne's character and manners. He was a gentleman, if there ever were one, alike in things essential and things formal. Nature, which had been so liberal to him in many ways, had not given him in any great measure the faculty of speech, and the events of his life had not been such as to cultivate and enlarge such portion as he had. He was not a fluent or an abundant talker. Argument and discussion were not to his taste, as is generally the case with men whose insight is as keen and sound as his. With his best friends he was open, but not voluble; but his friends were taught that there can be companionship without speech.

We come now to a more direct consideration of the work before us, the Passages from the English Note-Books. The first recorded date is August 4, 1853, and the last is January 3, 1858.

They contain his impressions of what he saw and of what befell him, set down at the moment. They should be read with the caution pointed out by Mrs. Hawthorne in the Preface: "Throughout his journals, it will be seen that Mr. Hawthorne is *entertaining*, and not *asserting*, opinions and ideas. He questions, doubts, and reflects with his pen, and, as it were, instructs himself. So that these Note-Books should be read, not as definite conclusions of his mind, but merely as passing impressions often. Whatever *conclusions* he arrived at are condensed in the works given to the world by his own hand, in which will never be found a careless word." — p. viii.

We proceed to quote some passages from the English Note-Books, selected either for their literary merit, or as illustrating some of the traits of character we have before pointed out. Here are a few lines, under the date of December 6, 1857, indicating the peculiar pleasure felt by this shy and reserved man in the infinite and multitudinous life of London: —

"All these days, since my last date, have been marked by nothing very well worthy of detail and description. I have walked the streets a great deal in the dull November days, and always take a certain pleasure in being in the midst of human life, — as closely encompassed by it as it is possible to be anywhere in this world; and in that way of viewing it there is a dull and sombre enjoyment always to be had in Holborn, Fleet Street, Cheapside, and the other busiest parts of London. It is human life; it is this material world; it is a grim and heavy reality. I have never had the same sense of being surrounded by materialisms and hemmed in with the grossness of this earthly existence anywhere else; these broad, crowded streets are so evidently the veins and arteries of an enormous city. London is evidenced in every one of them, just as a megatherium is in each of its separate bones, even if they be small ones. Thus I never fail of a sort of self-congratulation in finding myself, for instance, passing along Ludgate Hill." — Vol. II. p. 368.

The Note-Books abound with proofs of Hawthorne's interest in humanity, and the consequent sharpness and discrimination of eye with which he observed it. A noticeable man or woman is studied by him as a naturalist studies a new specimen. Of his unrivalled power in drawing pen-and-ink portraits no one need be reminded who has done no more than read his sketch of Leigh Hunt in Our Old Home. If there be anything in all English literature superior to this in niceness of observation and delicacy of touch, we have never chanced to light upon it. And in the Note-Books are many sketches, less elaborate, but marked by the same combination of masculine force and feminine fineness of perception. Here is a description of a young Jewish lady at a Lord Mayor's dinner in London: —

"My eyes were mostly drawn to a young lady who sat nearly opposite me, across the table. She was, I suppose, dark, and yet not dark, but rather seemed to be of pure white marble, yet not white, but the purest and finest complexion, without a shade of color in it, yet anything but sallow or sickly. Her hair was a wonderful deep raven black, black as night, black as death; not raven black, for that has a shiny gloss, and hers had not, but it was hair never to be painted nor described, — wonderful hair, Jewish hair. Her nose had a beautiful outline, though I could see that it was Jewish too; and that and all her features were so fine that sculpture seemed a despicable art beside her, and certainly my pen is good for nothing. If any likeness could be given, however, it must be by sculpture, not painting. She was slender and youthful, and yet had a stately and cold, though soft and womanly grace; and, looking at her, I saw what were the wives of the old patriarchs in their maiden or early married days, — what Judith was, for, womanly as she looked, I doubt not she could have slain a man in a just cause, — what Bathsheba was, only she seemed to have no sin in her,

— perhaps what Eve was, though one could hardly think her weak enough to eat the apple." — Vol. II. p. 14.

Can anything be more exquisite than this? Who this radiant vision was we are not told. The artist and the subject met for a moment and parted to meet no more; but in that moment her image was taken and brought away like a sun picture.

Of things not animate there were none that Hawthorne studied with such interest, chronicled with such minuteness, and remembered with such delight, as the glorious cathedrals of England. And for this — setting aside the fact that a cathedral is such a revelation to an American, giving him for the first time a sense of the sublime embodied in architecture, — a reason may be found in his ever-present sympathy with man and his works. For throughout the vast bulk and infinite details of a cathedral there is interfused a spirit drawn from the mind and soul of man. Every part is instinct with faith and hope and love. Everything which the eye sees, every form, every color, is the embodiment and expression of an idea; and to a nature so profound and so sympathetic as Hawthorne's to walk through a cathedral was to summon up before him, and converse with, the builders and worshippers of a former age, men to whom the very stones were vocal, and upon whom the carved saints and martyrs looked with eyes of benediction. He says himself: —

"I am weary of trying to describe cathedrals. It is utterly useless. There is no possibility of giving the general effect, or any shadow of it, and it is miserable to put down a few items of tombstones, and a bit of glass from a painted window, as if the gloom and glory of the edifice were thus to be reproduced. Cathedrals are almost the only things (if even those) that have quite filled out my ideal here in this Old World; and cathedrals often make me miserable from my inadequacy to take them wholly in; and, above all, I despise myself when I sit down to describe them." — Vol. II. p. 77.

And yet he does describe them, and describes them often; so often, indeed, that we fear many readers will complain that they have a surfeit of cathedrals. But the descriptions are so good, so accurate, so vivid, so marked by his peculiarities of thought and style, that we cannot wonder that the editor had not the heart to strike out one of them.

But the splendid places, the stately homes, the magnificent mansions of England had comparatively little attraction to him. He does not appear to have visited Chatsworth or Wentworth House, or Castle Howard, or Belvoir Castle, or Woburn Abbey, or Longleat, or any of those great country houses, which are among the wonders of England and of the world; with the single exception of Blenheim, his description of which is so good that we have only to regret that we have not more of the same kind from his graphic pen. Even Knowsley, the splendid seat of the Earl of Derby, though within a few miles of Liverpool, was never seen by him, so far as the record shows. The fame of John Evelyn did attract him to Wootton, but the name of Sir Philip Sidney was not a spell potent enough to draw him to Penshurst.

In these Note-Books we have an expression of Hawthorne's feeling both towards nature and art. He was a lover of nature, but not an impassioned or a fastidious lover. The sort of rapture and passion which Wordsworth reveals in his poetry and Ruskin in his prose was not felt by him. We doubt whether he would have taken much trouble or gone far out of his way merely to see grand or beautiful scenery. The common shows of earth — its woods, its waters, its plains and uplands — contented him. The pretty, quiet, somewhat tame landscape which lay around his home in Concord was all that he required. He never pined for mountains, as Arnold did amid the flat and monotonous scenery of Warwickshire. Indeed, we apprehend that the loneliness, the sternness, the solemn grandeur of mountains fell something like a shadow upon his spirit. We find a char-

acteristic passage in his journal of a tour in Scotland in the summer of 1857. Speaking of the Highlands he says : —

"These mountains, in their general aspect, must be very much the same as they were thousands of years ago ; for their sides never were capable of cultivation, nor even with such a soil and so bleak an atmosphere could they have been much more richly wooded than we see them now. They seem to me to be among the unchangeable things of nature, like the sea and sky ; but there is no saying what use human ingenuity may hereafter put them to. At all events, I have no doubt in the world that they will go out of fashion in due time ; for the taste for mountains and wild scenery is with most people an acquired taste, and it was easy to see to-day that nine people in ten care nothing about them. One group of gentlemen and ladies — at least, men and women — spent the whole time in listening to a trial for murder, which was read aloud by one of their number from a newspaper. *I rather imagine that a taste for trim gardens is the most natural and universal taste as regards landscape.*" — Vol. II. p. 253.

This last sentence doubtless is a personal confession, and not the expression of a general truth. He himself loved "trim gardens" because of the human element which they involved, because they bore marks of the designing mind and toiling hand of man. We apprehend that he would have found something to like in the highly artificial style of gardening, a taste for which came over from Holland with King William, by which nature was dressed and decorated as elaborately as are the fine gentlemen and ladies that live on the canons of Kneller and Hudson. We wish it had come in his way to visit Elvaston Castle, the seat of the Earl of Harrington, the most wonderful place in England for its topiary work, where he would have seen a good-sized house of seven gables at least, surmounted by two gigantic birds, one in a nest, and one attempting to fly, all cut out of yew. This would have amused, and not displeased him.

Whenever, during his excursions in England and Scotland, it comes in his way to speak of nature, it will be noticed that he does it with much temperance of tone. He is self-possessed, and master of himself. He is a portrait-painter painting a beautiful face, and not a lover stammering and trembling before it. This may be owing in part to the character of English scenery, which is more marked by beauty and grace than by sublimity and picturesqueness, but we doubt whether he would have fallen into raptures before Mont Blanc or the Orteler Spitz. "The ancients," said Goethe, "described the beautiful, but we describe beautiful." So Hawthorne describes the beautiful, but does not describe beautifully, at least not in the sense in which Goethe used the word. He sets down his impressions of what he sees with inimitable grace, but much in the same quiet way as a sailor puts down in his log-book the course of a storm at sea. The reader will apprehend what we mean by comparing the poetic prose of Christopher North, in his A Day at Windermere, with a passage like this, in which accurate observation is not disturbed by any tumultuous beating of the heart : —

"Skiddaw lies at the head of a long even ridge of mountains rising into several peaks, and one higher than the rest. On the eastern side there are many noble eminences, and on the west, along which we drove, there is a part of the way a lovely wood, and nearly the whole distance a precipitous range of lofty cliffs, descending sheer down without any slope, except what has been formed in the lapse of ages by the fall of fragments, and the washing down of smaller stones. The declivity thus formed along the base of the cliffs is in some places covered with trees or shrubs ; elsewhere it is quite bare and barren. The precipitous parts of the cliffs are very grand ; the whole scene, indeed, might be characterized as one of stern grandeur with

an embroidery of rich beauty, without lauding it too much. All the sternness of it is softened by vegetative beauty wherever it can possibly be thrown in; and there is not here, so strongly as along Windermere, evidence that human art has been helping out Nature. I wish it were possible to give any idea of the shapes of the hills; with these, at least, man has nothing to do, nor ever will have anything to do. As we approached the bottom of the lake, and of the beautiful valley in which it lies, we saw one hill that seemed to crouch down like a Titanic watch-dog, with its rear towards the spectator, guarding the entrance to the valley. The great superiority of these mountains over those of New England is their variety and definiteness of shape, besides the abundance everywhere of water prospects, which are wanting among our own hills. They rise up decidedly, and each is a hill by itself, while ours mingle into one another, and, besides, have such large bases that you can tell neither where they begin nor where they end. Many of these Cumberland mountains have a marked vertebral shape, so that they often look like a group of huge lions, lying down with their backs turned toward each other. They slope down steeply from narrow ridges; hence their picturesque seclusions of valleys and dales, which subdivide the lake region into so many communities. Our hills, like apple-dumplings in a dish, have no such valleys as these." — Vol. I. pp. 223, 224.

Hawthorne's education in art began in England. We have seen how kindly he took to ecclesiastical architecture, but this was rather on account of the ideas embodied in the forms than the forms themselves; for secular architecture, in all its kinds, he passes by with hardly a glance. Sculpture and painting were new revelations to him, and it was not until after some time that he began to understand and feel them. His first visit to the British Museum was made in September, 1855, and then he was rather bored than otherwise by the remains of ancient art which he saw there, and he has honestly confessed it in a passage of characteristic frankness: —

"It is a hopeless, and to me, generally, a depressing business to go through an immense multifarious show like this, glancing at a thousand things, and conscious of some little titillation of mind from them, but really taking in nothing, and getting no good from anything. One need not go beyond the limits of the British Museum to be profoundly accomplished in all branches of science, art, and literature; only it would take a lifetime to exhaust it in any one department; but to see it as we did, and with no prospect of ever seeing it more at leisure, only impressed me with the truth of the old apothegm, 'Life is short, and Art is long.' The fact is, the world is accumulating too many materials for knowledge. We do not recognize for rubbish what is really rubbish; and under this head might be reckoned very many things one sees in the British Museum; and, as each generation leaves its fragments and potsherds behind it, such will finally be the desperate conclusion of the learned.

"We went first among some antique marbles, — busts, statues, terminal gods, with several of the Roman Emperors among them. We saw here the bust whence Haydon took his ugly and ridiculous likeness of Nero, — a foolish thing to do. Julius Cæsar was there, too, looking more like a modern old man than any other bust in the series. Perhaps there may be a universality in his face, that gives it this independence of race and epoch. We glimpsed along among the old marbles, — Elgin and others, which are esteemed such treasures of art; — the oddest fragments, many of them smashed by their fall from high places, or by being pounded to pieces by barbarians, or gnawed away by time; the surface roughened by being rained upon for thousands of years; almost always a nose knocked off; sometimes a headless form; a great deficiency of feet and hands, — poor, maimed veterans

in this hospital of incurables. The beauty of the most perfect of them must be rather guessed at, and seen by faith, than with the bodily eye; to look at the corroded faces and forms is like trying to see angels through mist and cloud. I suppose nine tenths of those who seem to be in raptures about these fragments do not really care about them; neither do I. And if I were actually moved, I should doubt whether it were by the statues or by my own fancy." — Vol. I. pp. 325, 326.

But two years later he goes again, and by what he says of the Townley Gallery we can measure the training of eye and mind which he had gone through in the mean time: —

"I went first to-day into the Townley Gallery, and so along through all the ancient sculpture, and was glad to find myself able to sympathize more than heretofore with the forms of grace and beauty which are preserved there, — poor, maimed immortalities as they are, — headless and legless trunks, god-like cripples, faces beautiful and broken-nosed, — heroic shapes which have stood so long, or lain prostrate so long, in the open air, that even the atmosphere of Greece has almost dissolved the external layer of the marble; and yet, however much they may be worn away, or battered and shattered, the grace and nobility seem as deep in them as the very heart of the stone. It cannot be destroyed, except by grinding them to powder. In short, I do really believe that there was an excellence in ancient sculpture which has yet a potency to educate and refine the minds of those who look at it even so carelessly and casually as I do." — Vol. II. p. 373.

Of pictures in London he has very little to say. If he went to the National Gallery at all, he made no record of his impressions. He sees Raphael's cartoons at Hampton Court, and will "not pretend to admire nor to understand" them. We do not wonder at this, for, by reason of their being form without color, they should close one's training in pictorial art and not begin it.

But at Manchester, in the summer of 1857, he made a careful study of the paintings assembled at the Arts' Exhibition in that city. He is at first bewildered and distracted with the multitude of objects which court his attention, and sets down his sensations in language which will recall the experience of many in similar conditions: —

"Day before yesterday we went to the Arts' Exhibition, of which I do not think that I have a great deal to say. The edifice, being built more for convenience than show, appears better in the interior than from without, — long vaulted vistas, lighted from above, extending far away, all hung with pictures; and on the floor below, statues, knights in armor, cabinets, vases, and all manner of curious and beautiful things, in a regular arrangement. Scatter five thousand people through the scene, and I do not know how to make a better outline sketch. I was unquiet, from a hopelessness of being able to enjoy it fully. Nothing is more depressing to me than the sight of a great many pictures together; it is like having innumerable books open before you at once, and being able to read only a sentence or two in each. They bedazzle one another with cross lights. There never should be more than one picture in a room, nor more than one picture to be studied in one day. Galleries of pictures are surely the greatest absurdities that ever were contrived, there being no excuse for them, except that it is the only way in which pictures can be made generally available and accessible." — Vol. II. pp. 307, 308.

He recognizes the truth and power of Hogarth, but finds it unaccountable that the "English painters' achievements should be so much inferior to those of the English poets." He sees something wonderful in Turner's "lights and mists and yeasty waves," but "should like him still better if his pictures looked in the least like what they typify." He is strangely sceptical as to all portrait-painting, and says that he does not "remember ever to have

recognized a man by having previously seen his portrait." The only painter who calls forth a hearty burst of unqualified enthusiasm is Murillo, who seems to him "about the noblest and purest painter that ever lived, and his Good Shepherd the loveliest picture I have ever seen." This strong expression may be explained by the fact that Murillo, like Hawthorne himself, combined a delicate sense of ideal beauty with the most accurate observation of real life, and could paint equally well an old monk or a lovely infant.

He speaks of his last visit to the Exhibition in terms which show that he had made good progress in the study of art: —

"*September 6th.* — I think I paid my last visit to the Exhibition, and feel as if I had had enough of it, although I have got but a small part of the profit it might have afforded me. But pictures are quite other things to me now from what they were at my first visit; it seems even as if there were a sort of illumination within them, that makes me see them more distinctly." — Vol. II. p. 331.

Of music, other than street music, there is no record whatever in the Note-Books. The opera had no attractions for him, and the same is true of those musical festivals in the great cathedral towns of England, where the grand strains of Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven are heard as they can be heard nowhere else, with the best artists in the world for the solo parts, and a vast tide of trained voices on which to float the choruses. He is equally silent as to the theatre. There is nothing in his journal to prove that he ever attended a dramatic performance during all his residence in England. And he passed by on the other side, without heeding, many things which most foreigners are particularly anxious to observe. It does not appear that he ever was present at more than one debate in the House of Commons, and by that he was evidently wearied. It is not strange that with his shy and reserved habits he should have avoided the great balls and evening parties of the London season, and nothing but a strong sense of duty would have tempted him to take a seat on the platform at an anniversary meeting, though the most eloquent lips in England had been set down in the programme. And as for a presentation at Court, beyond all question he would have preferred to fight a duel or go into battle.

He is silent upon all the games, athletic exercises, and amusements which in England are embraced under the comprehensive name of sport, and in which the nobility and gentry take so much interest and spend so much money. He has never a word to say about cricket or yachting or fox-hunting or horse-racing. To be in England four years, and yet never be at Epsom on a Derby day, is as exceptional a thing as to be a Mussulman and never make a pilgrimage to Mecca; yet Hawthorne never witnessed this unique and characteristic spectacle. All forms of animal life are unheeded by him. English horses, English cattle, English dogs, are all matchless in their way, but he sees or heeds them not. Indeed, we do not remember that any animal is introduced into any of his romances. He was probably never the proprietor of a horse or a dog, and was never seen on the back of a horse. In this respect he presents a marked contrast to both Scott and Dickens, who show their fondness for animals by often putting them into their books.

We had marked other passages for extract, but our notice is already long enough, and we must come to an end. Were we to copy everything that struck us as remarkable in the reading, we should transfer to our pages about half the work. We have given our readers enough to satisfy them that they have in the English Note-Books a book of permanent interest and value, both from its essential literary merit and from its autobiographical character, as illustrating the mental and personal traits of the most original genius in the sphere of imaginative literature that our country has yet produced.

G. S. Hillard.

IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD AT FREDERICKSBURG.

IN the old churchyard at Fredericksburg
A gravestone stands to-day,
Marking the place where a grave has been,
Though many and many a year has it seen
Since its tenant mouldered away.
And that quaintly carved old stone
Tells its simple tale to all: —
"Here lies a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare."

There in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
I wandered all alone,
Thinking sadly on empty fame,
How the great dead are but a name, —
To few are they really known.
Then upon this battered stone
My listless eye did fall,
Where lay the bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

Then in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
It seemed as though the air
Were peopled with phantoms that swept by,
Flitting along before my eye,
So sad, so sweet, so fair;
Hovering about this stone,
By some strange spirit's call,
Where lay a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

For in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
Juliet seemed to love,
Hamlet mused, and the old Lear fell,
Beatrice laughed, and Ariel
Gleamed through the skies above,
As here, beneath this stone,
Lay in his narrow hall
He who before had borne the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

And I left the old churchyard at Fredericksburg;
Still did the tall grass wave,
With a strange and beautiful grace,
Over the sad and lonely place,
Where hidden lay the grave;
And still did the quaint old stone
Tell its wonderful tale to all: —
"Here lies a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare."

F. W. Loring.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN the mean time the Hopetons had left for the sea-shore, and the two women, after a drive to Magnolia, remained quietly on the farm. Julia employed the days in studying Lucy with a soft, stealthy, unremitting watchfulness, which the latter could not suspect, since, in the first place, it was a faculty quite unknown to her, and secondly, it would have seemed absurd because inexplicable. Neither could she guess with what care Julia's manner and conversation were adapted to her own. She was only surprised to find so much earnest desire to correct faults, such artless transparency of nature. Thus an interest quite friendly took the place of her former repulsion of feeling, of which she began to be sincerely ashamed.

Moreover, Julia's continual demonstration of her love for Joseph, from which Lucy at first shrank with a delicate tremor of the heart, soon ceased to affect her. Nay, it rather seemed to interpose a protecting barrier between her present and the painful memory of her past self. She began to suspect that all regret was now conquered, and rejoiced in the sense of strength which could only thus be made clear to her mind. Her feeling towards Joseph became that of a sister or a dear woman friend; there could be no harm in cherishing it: she found a comfort in speaking to Julia of his upright, unselfish character, his guilelessness and kindness of heart.

The work upon the house was nearly finished, but new and more alarming bills began to come in; and worse was in store. There was a chimney-piece, "the loveliest ivory veins through the green marble," Julia said, which she had ordered from the city; there were boxes and packages of furniture already on hand, purchased without Joseph's knowledge and with entire faith in the virtues of the Amaranth. Although she still clung to that faith with a desperate grip, the sight of the boxes did not give her the same delight as she had felt in ordering them. She saw the necessity of being prepared, in advance, for either alternative. It was not in her nature to dread any scene or circumstance of life (although she had found the *appearance* of timidity very available, and could assume it admirably); the question which perplexed her was, how to retain and strengthen her ascendency over Joseph?

It is needless to say that the presence of Lucy Henderson was a part of her plan, although she held a more important service in reserve. Lucy's warm, frank expressions of friendship for Joseph gave her great satisfaction, and she was exhaustless in inventing ways to call them forth.

"You look quite like another person, Lucy," she would say; "I really think the rest has done you good."

"I am sure of it," Lucy answered.

"Then you must be in no hurry to leave. We must build you up, as the doctors say; and, besides, if — if this speculation *should* be unfortunate — O, I don't dare to think of it! — there will be such a comfort to me, and I am sure to Joseph also, in having you here until we have learned to bear it. We should not allow our minds to dwell on it so much, you know; we should make an exertion to hide our disappointment in your presence, and that would be *such* a help! Now, you will say I am borrowing trouble, but do, pray, make allowances for me, Lucy! Think how everything has been kept from me that I ought to have known!"

"Of course, I will stay a little while for your sake," Lucy answered; "but Joseph is a man, and most men bear

bad luck easily. He would hardly thank me for condoling with him."

"O, no, no!" Julia cried; "he thinks *everything* of you! He was *so* anxious for you to come here: he said to me, 'Lucy Henderson is a noble, true-hearted girl, and you will love her at once,' as I did, Lucy, when I first saw you, but without knowing why, as I now do."

A warm color came into Lucy's face, but she only shook her head and said nothing.

The two women had just risen from the breakfast-table the next morning, when a shadow fell into the room through the front window, and a heavy step was heard on the stone pavement of the veranda. Julia gave a little start and shriek, and seized Lucy's arm. The door opened and Joseph was there. He had risen before daybreak and taken the earliest train from the city. He had scarcely slept for two nights; his face was stern and haggard, and the fatigue, instead of exhausting, had only added to his excitement.

Julia sprang forward, threw her arms around him and kissed him repeatedly. He stood still and passively endured the caress, without returning it; then, stepping forward, he gave his hand to Lucy. She felt that it was cold and moist, and she did not attempt to repress the quick sympathy which came into her face and voice.

Julia guessed something of the truth instantly, and nothing but the powerful necessity of continuing to play her part enabled her to conceal the bitter anger which the contrast between Joseph's greeting to her and to Lucy aroused in her heart. She stood for a moment as if paralyzed, but in reality to collect herself; then, approaching her husband, she stammered forth: "O, Joseph — I 'm afraid — I don't dare to ask you what — what news you bring. You did n't write — I 've been so uneasy — and now I see from your face — that something is wrong."

He did not answer.

"Don't tell me all at once, if it 's very bad!" she then cried: "but, no! it 's my duty to hear it, my duty to bear it, — Lucy has taught me that, — tell me all, tell me *all*, this moment!"

"You and your father have ruined me: that is all."

"Joseph!" The word sounded like the essence of tender protest, of heart-breaking reproach. Lucy rose quietly and moved towards the door.

"Don't leave me, Lucy!" was Julia's appeal.

"It is better that I should go," Lucy answered, in a faint voice, and left the room.

"But, Joseph," Julia resumed, with a wild, distracted air, "why do you say such terrible things? I really do not know what you mean. What have you learned? what have you seen?"

"I have seen the Amaranth!"

"Well! Is there no oil?"

"O yes, plenty of oil!" he laughed; "skunk oil and rattlesnake oil! It is one of the vilest cheats that the Devil ever put into the minds of bad men."

"O, poor pa!" Julia cried; "what a terrible blow to him!"

"'Poor pa!' Yes, my discovery of the cheat *is* a terrible blow to 'poor pa,' — he did not calculate on its being found out so soon. When I learned from Kanuck that all the stock he holds was given to him for services, — that is, for getting the money out of the pockets of innocents like myself, — you may judge how much pity I feel for poor pa! I told him the fact to his face, last night, and he admitted it."

"Then," said Julia, "if the others know nothing, he may be able to sell his stock to-day, — his and yours; and we may not lose much after all."

"I should have sent *you* to the oil region, instead of going myself," Joseph answered, with a sneer. "You and Kanuck would soon have come to terms. He offered to take my stock off my hands, provided I would go back to the city and make such a report of the speculation as he would dictate."

"*And you didn't do it?*" Julia's

voice rose almost to a scream, as the words burst, involuntarily, from her lips.

The expression on Joseph's face showed her that she had been rash; but the words were said, and she could only advance, not recede.

"It is *perfectly* legitimate in business," she continued. "Every investment in the Amaranth was a venture, — every stockholder knew that he risked losing his money! There is not one that would not save himself in that way, if he had the chance. But you pride yourself on being so much better than other men! Mr. Chaffinch is right; you have what he calls a 'moral pride'! You — "

"Stop!" Joseph interrupted. "Who was it who professed such concern about my faith? Who sent Mr. Chaffinch to insult me?"

"Faith and business are two different things: all the churches know that. There was Mr. Sanctus, in the city: he subscribed ten thousand dollars to the Church of the Acceptance: he could n't pay it, and they levied on his property, and sold him out of house and home! Really, you are as ignorant of the world as a baby!"

"God keep me so, then!" he exclaimed.

"However," she resumed, after a pause, "since you insist on our bearing the loss, I shall expect of your moral pride that you bear it patiently, if not cheerfully. It is far from being ruin to us. The rise in property will very likely balance it, and you will still be worth what you were."

"That is not all," he said. "I will not mention my greatest loss, for you are incapable of understanding it; but how much else have you saddled me with? Let me have a look at it!"

He crossed the hall and entered the new apartment, Julia following. Joseph inspected the ceiling, the elaborate and overladen cornices, the marble chimney-piece, and finally peered into the boxes and packages, not trusting himself to speak while the extent of the absurd splendor to which she had committed him grew upon his mind. Finally he said, striving to make his voice calm, although it trembled in his throat: "Since you were so free to make all these purchases, perhaps you will tell me how they are to be paid for?"

"Let me manage it, then," she answered. "There is no hurry. These country mechanics are always impatient, — *I* should call them impertinent, and I should like to teach them a lesson. Sellers are under obligations to the buyers, and they are bound to be accommodating. They have so many bills which are never paid, that an extension of time is the least they can do. Why, they will always wait a year, two years, three years, rather than lose."

"I suppose so."

"Then," said Julia, deceived by Joseph's quiet tone, "their profits are so enormous, that it would only be fair to reduce the bills. I am sure, that if I were to mention that you were embarrassed by heavy losses, and press them hard, they would compromise with me on a moderate amount. You know they allow what is called a margin for losses, — pa told me, but I forget how much, — they always expect to lose a certain percentage; and of course, it can make no difference by whom they lose it. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes: it is very plain."

"Pa could help me to get both a reduction and an extension of time. The bills have not all been sent, and it will be better to wait two or three months after they have come in. If the dealers are a little uneasy in advance, they will be all the readier to compromise afterwards."

Joseph walked up and down the hollow room, with his hands clasped behind his back and his eyes fixed upon the floor. Suddenly he stopped before her and said: "There is another way."

"Not a better one, I am certain."

"The furniture has not yet been unpacked, and can be returned to them

uninjured. Then the bills need not be paid at all."

"And we should be the laughing-stock of the neighborhood!" she cried, her eyes flashing. "I *never* heard of anything so ridiculous! If the worst comes to the worst, you can sell Bishop those fifty acres over the hill, which he stands ready to take, any day. But you 'd rather have a dilapidated house, — no parlor, — guests received in the dining-room and the kitchen, — the Hopetons and your friends, the Helds, sneering at us behind our backs! And what would your credit be worth? We shall not even get trusted for groceries at the village store, if you leave things as they are!"

Joseph groaned, speaking to himself rather than answering her: "Is there no way out of this? What is done is done; shall I submit to it, and try to begin anew? or —"

He did not finish the sentence. Julia turned her head, so that only the chimney-piece and the furniture could see the sparkle of triumph in her eyes. She felt that she had maintained her position; and, what was far more, she now clearly saw the course by which she could secure it.

She left the room, drawing a full breath of relief as the door closed behind her. The first shock of the evil news was over, and it had not fallen quite so heavily as she had feared. There were plenty of devices in store whereby all that was lost might be recovered. Had not her life at home been an unbroken succession of devices? Was she not seasoned to all manner of ups and downs, and wherefore should this first failure disconcert her? The loss of the money was, in reality, much less important to her than the loss of her power over Joseph. Weak as she had supposed him to be, he had shown a fierce and unexpected resistance, which must be suppressed *now*, or it might crush her whole plan of life. It seemed to her that he was beginning to waver: should she hasten a scheme by which she meant to entrap him into submission, — a subtle and dangerous scheme, which must either wholly succeed, or, wholly failing, involve her in its failure?

Rapidly turning over the question in her mind, she entered her bedroom. Locking the door, she walked directly to the looking-glass; the curtain was drawn from the window, and a strong light fell upon her face.

"This will never do!" she said to herself. "The anxiety and excitement have made me thin again, and I seem to have no color." She unfastened her dress, bared her neck, and pushed the ringlets behind her ears. "I look pinched; a little more, and I shall look old. If I were a perfect brunette or a perfect blonde, there would be less difficulty; but I have the most provoking, unmanageable complexion! I must bring on the crisis at once, and then see if I can't fill out these hollows."

She heard the front door opening, and presently saw Joseph on the lawn. He looked about for a moment, with a heavy, bewildered air, and then slowly turned towards the garden. She withdrew from the window, hesitated a moment, murmured to herself, "I will try, there cannot be a better time!" and then, burying her face in her hands and sobbing, rushed to Lucy's room.

"O Lucy!" she cried, "help me, or I am lost! How can I tell you? it is harder than I ever dreamed!"

"Is the loss so very serious, — so much more than you feared?" Lucy asked.

"Not that, — O, if that were all! But Joseph —" Here Julia's sobs became almost hysterical. "He is so cruel; I *did* advise him, as I told you, for *his* sake, and now he says that pa and I have combined to cheat him! I don't think he knows how dreadful his words are. I would sooner die than hear any more of them! Go to him, Lucy; he is in the garden; perhaps he will listen to you. I am afraid, and I never thought I should be afraid of *him!*"

"It is very, very sad," said Lucy. "But if he is in such an excited condi-

tion, he will surely resent my coming. What can I say?"

"Say only what you heard me speak! Tell him of my anxiety, my self-reproach! Tell him that even if he *will* believe that pa meant to deceive him, he must not believe it of me! You know, Lucy, how he wrongs me in his thoughts; if you knew how hard it is to be wronged by a husband, you would pity me!"

"I do pity you, Julia, from my very heart; and the proof of it is, that I will try to do what you ask, against my own sense of its prudence. If Joseph repels my interference, I shall not blame him."

"Heaven bless you, Lucy! He will not repel you, he cannot!" Julia sobbed. "I will lie down and try to grow calm." She rose from the bed, upon which she had flung herself, and tottered through the door. When she had reached her own room, she again looked at her image in the glass, nodded and smiled.

Lucy walked slowly along the garden paths, plucking a flower or two, and irresolute how to approach Joseph. At last, descending the avenue of box, she found him seated in the semicircular enclosure, gazing steadfastly down the valley, but (she was sure) not seeing the landscape. As he turned his head at her approach, she noticed that his eyelids were reddened and his lips compressed with an expression of intense pain.

"Sit down, Lucy: I am a grim host, to-day," he said, with a melancholy attempt at a smile.

Lucy had come to him with a little womanly indignation, for Julia's sake, in her heart; but it vanished utterly, and the tears started into her eyes. For a moment she found it impossible to speak.

"I shall not talk of my ignorance any more, as I once did," Joseph continued. "If there is a class in the school of the world, graded according to experience of human meanness and treachery and falsehood, I ought to stand at the head."

Lucy stretched out her hand in protest. "Do not speak so bitterly, Joseph; it pains me to hear you."

"How would you have me speak?"

"As a man who will not see ruin before him because a part of his property happens to slip from him, — nay, if all were lost! I always took you to be liberal, Joseph, never careful of money for money's sake, and I cannot understand how your nature should be changed now, even though you have been the victim of some dishonesty."

"'Some dishonesty'! You are thinking only of money: what term would you give to the betrayal of a heart, the ruin of a life?"

"Surely, Joseph, you do not, you cannot mean —"

"My wife, of course. It needed no guessing."

"Joseph!" Lucy cried, seizing the opportunity, "indeed you do her wrong! I know what anxiety she has suffered during your absence. She blamed herself for having advised you to risk so much in an uncertain speculation, dreaded your disappointment, resolved to atone for it, if she could! She may have been rash and thoughtless, but she never meant to deceive you. If you are disappointed in some qualities, you should not shut your eyes and refuse to see others. I know, now, that I have myself not been fair in my judgment of Julia. A nearer acquaintance has led me to conceive what disadvantages of education, for which she is not responsible, she is obliged to overcome: she sees, she admits them, and she *will* overcome them. You, as her husband, are bound to show her a patient kindness —"

"Enough!" Joseph interrupted; "I see that you have touched pitch, also. Lucy, your first instinct was right. The woman whom I am bound to look upon as my wife is false and selfish in every fibre of her nature; how false and selfish I only can know, for to *me* she takes off her mask!"

"Do you believe *me*, then?" Lucy's words were slightly defiant. She had

not quite understood the allusion to touching pitch, and Joseph's indifference to her advocacy seemed to her unfeeling.

"I begin to fear that Philip was right," said Joseph, not heeding her question. "Life is relentless: ignorance or crime, it is all the same. And if God cares less about our individual wrongs than we flatter ourselves he does, what do we gain by further endurance? Here is Lucy Henderson, satisfied that my wife is a suffering angel; thinks *my* nature is changed, that *I* am cold-hearted and cruel, while I know Lucy to be true and noble, and deceived by the very goodness of her own heart!"

He lifted his head, looked in her face a moment, and then went on: —

"I am sick of masks; we all wear them. Do you want to know the truth, Lucy? When I look back I can see it very clearly, now. A little more than a year ago the one girl who began to live in my thoughts was *you!* Don't interrupt me: I am only speaking of what *was*. When I went to Warriner's, it was in the hope of meeting you, not Julia Blessing. It was not yet love that I felt, but I think it would have grown to that, if I had not been led away by the cunningest arts ever a woman devised. I will not speculate on what might have been: if I had loved you, perhaps there would have been no return: had there been, I should have darkened the life of a friend. But this I say; I honor and esteem you, Lucy, and the loss of your friendship, if I now lose it, is another evil service which my wife has done me."

Joseph little suspected how he was torturing Lucy. She must have been more than woman, had not a pang of wild regret for the lost fortune, and a sting of bitter resentment against the woman who had stolen it, wrung her heart. She became deadly pale, and felt that her whole body was trembling.

"Joseph," she said, "you should not, must not, speak so to me."

"I suppose not," he answered, letting his head sink wearily; "it is certainly not conventional; but it is true, for all that! I could tell you the whole story, for I can read it backwards, from now to the beginning, without misunderstanding a word. It would make no difference; she is simple, natural, artless, amiable, for all the rest of the world, while to me — "

There was such despondency in his voice and posture, that Lucy, now longing more than ever to cheer him, and yet discouraged by the failure of her first attempt, felt sorely troubled.

"You mistake me, Joseph," she said, at last, "if you think you have lost my friendship, my sincerest sympathy. I can see that your disappointment is a bitter one, and my prayer is that you will not make it bitterer by thrusting from you the hopeful and cheerful spirit you once showed. We all have our sore trials."

Lucy found her own words very mechanical, but they were the only ones that came to her lips. Joseph did not answer; he still sat, stooping, with his elbows on his knees and his forehead resting on his palms.

"If I am deceived in Julia," she began again, "it is better to judge too kindly than too harshly. I know you cannot change your sentence against her now, nor, perhaps, very soon. But you are bound to her for life, and you must labor — it is your sacred duty — to make that life smoother and brighter for both. I do not know how, and I have no right to condemn you if you fail. But, Joseph, make the attempt now, when the most unfortunate experience that is likely to come to you is over; make it, and it may chance that, little by little, the old confidence will return, and you will love her again."

Joseph started to his feet. "Love her!" he exclaimed, with suppressed passion, — "love her! I hate her!"

There was a hissing, rattling sound, like that of some fierce animal at bay. The thick foliage of two of the tall box-trees was violently parted. The branches snapped and gave way: Julia burst through and stood before them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE face that so suddenly glared upon them was that of a Gorgon. The ringlets were still pushed behind her ears and the narrowness of the brow was entirely revealed; her eyes were full of cold, steely light; the nostrils were violently drawn in, and the lips contracted, as if in a spasm, so that the teeth were laid bare. Her hands were clenched, and there was a movement in her throat as of imprisoned words or cries; but for a moment no words came.

Lucy, who had started to her feet at the first sound, felt the blood turn chill in her veins, and fell, rather than sank, upon the seat again.

Joseph was hardly surprised, and wholly reckless. This eavesdropping was nothing worse than he already knew; indeed, there was rather a comfort in perceiving that he had not overestimated her capacity for treachery. There was now no limit; anything was possible.

"There is *one* just law, after all," he said, "the law that punishes listeners. You have heard the truth, for once. You have snared and trapped me, but I don't take to my captor more kindly than any other animal. From this moment I choose my own path, and if you still wish to appear as my wife, you must adapt your life to mine!"

"You mean to brazen it out, do you!" Julia cried, in a strange, hoarse, unnatural voice. "That's not so easy! I have not listened to no purpose: I have a hold upon your precious 'moral pride' at last!"

Joseph laughed scornfully.

"Yes, laugh, but it is in my hands to make or break you! There is enough decent sentiment in this neighborhood to crush a married man who dares to make love to an unmarried girl! As to the girl who sits still and listens to it, I say nothing; her reputation is no concern of mine!"

Lucy uttered a faint cry of horror.

"If you choose to be so despicable," said Joseph, "you will force me to set my truth against your falsehood. Wherever you tell your story, I shall follow with mine. It will be a wretched, a degrading business, but for the sake of Lucy's good name, I have no alternative. I have borne suspicion, misrepresentation, loss of credit, — brought upon me by you, — patiently, because they affected only myself; but since I am partly responsible in bringing to this house a guest for your arts to play upon and entrap, I am doubly bound to protect her against you. But I tell you, Julia, beware! I am desperate; and it is ill meddling with a desperate man! You may sneer at my moral pride, but you dare not forget that I have another quality, — manly self-respect, — which it will be dangerous to offend."

If Julia did not recognize, in that moment, that her subject had become her master, it was because the real, unassumed rage which convulsed her did not allow her to perceive anything clearly. Her first impulse was to scream and shriek, that servant and farm-hand might hear her, and then to repeat her accusation before them; but Joseph's last words, and the threatening sternness of his voice withheld her.

"So?" she said, at last; "*this* is the man who was all truth, and trust, and honor! With you the proverb seems to be reversed; it's off with the new love and on with the old. You can insult and threaten me in *her* presence! Well — go on: play out your little love-scene: I shall not interrupt you. I have heard enough to darken my life from this day!"

She walked away from them, up the avenue. Her dress was torn, her arms scratched and bleeding. She had played her stake and failed, — miserably, hopelessly failed. Her knees threatened to give way under her at every step, but she forced herself to walk erect, and thus reached the house without once looking back.

Joseph and Lucy mechanically followed her with their eyes. Then they turned and gazed at each other a mo-

ment without speaking. Lucy was deadly pale, and the expression of horror had not yet left her face.

"She told me to come to you," she stammered. "She begged me, with tears, to try and soften your anger against her; and then — oh, it is monstrous!"

"Now I see the plan!" Joseph exclaimed; "and I, in my selfish recklessness, saying what there was no need to utter, have almost done as she calculated, — have exposed you to this outrage! Why should I have recalled the past, at all? I was not taking off a mask, I was only showing a scar — no, not even a scar, but a bruise! — which I ought to have forgotten. Forget it, too, Lucy, and, if you can, forgive me!"

"It is easy to forgive — everything but my own blindness," Lucy answered. "But there is one thing which I must do immediately: I must leave this house!"

"I see that," said Joseph, sadly. Then, as if speaking to himself, he murmured: "Who knows what friends will come to it in the future? Well, I will bear what *can* be borne; and afterwards, — there is Philip's valley. A free outlaw is better than a fettered outlaw!"

Lucy feared that his mind was wandering. He straightened himself to his full height, drew a deep breath, and exclaimed: "Action is a sedative in such cases, is n't it? Dennis has gone to the mill; I will get the other horse from the field and drive you home. Or, stay! will you not go to Philip Held's cottage for a day or two? I think his sister asked you to come."

"No, no!" cried Lucy; "you must not go! I will wait for Dennis."

"No one must suspect what has happened here this morning, unless Julia compels me to make it known, and I don't think she will. It is, therefore, better that I should take you. It will put me, I hope, in a more rational frame of mind. Go quietly to your room and make your preparations. I will see Julia, and if there is no further scene now, there will be none of the kind henceforth. She is cunning when she is calm."

On reaching the house Joseph went directly to his wife's bedroom. The necessity of an immediate interview could not be avoided, since Lucy was to leave. When he opened the door, Julia, who was bending over an open drawer of her bureau, started up with a little cry of alarm. She closed it hastily, and began to arrange her hair at the mirror. Her face in the glass was flushed, but its expression was sullen and defiant.

"Julia," he said, as coolly as possible, "I am going to take Lucy home. Of course you understand that she cannot stay here an hour longer. You overheard my words to her, and you know just how much they were worth. I expect now, that — for *your* sake as much as hers or mine — you will behave towards her at parting in such a way that the servants may find no suggestions of gossip or slander."

"And if I don't choose to obey you?"

"I am not commanding. I propose a course which your own mind must find sensible. You have 'a deuced sharp intellect,' as your father said, on our wedding-day."

Joseph bit his tongue: he felt that he might have omitted this sting. But he was so little accustomed to victory, that he did not guess how thoroughly he had already conquered.

"Pa loved me, nevertheless," she said, and burst into tears.

Her emotion seemed real, but he mistrusted it.

"What can I do?" she sobbed: "I will try. I thought I was your wife, but I am not much more than your slave."

The foolish pity again stole into Joseph's heart, although he set his teeth and clenched his hands against it. "I am going for the horse," he said, in a kinder tone. "When I come back from this drive, this afternoon, I hope I shall find you willing to dis-

cuss our situation dispassionately, as I mean to do. We have not known each other fairly before to-day, and our plan of life must be rearranged."

It was a relief to walk forth, across the silent, sunny fields; and Joseph had learned to accept a slight relief as a substitute for happiness. The feeling that the inevitable crisis was over gave him, for the first time in months, a sense of liberation. There was still a dreary and painful task before him, and he hardly knew why he should be so cheerful; but the bright, sweet currents of his blood were again in motion, and the weight upon his heart was lifted by some impatient, joyous energy.

The tempting vision of Philip's valley, which had haunted him from time to time, faded away. The angry tumult through which he had passed appeared to him like a fever, and he rejoiced consciously in the beginning of his spiritual convalescence. If he could simply suspend Julia's active interference in his life, he might learn to endure his remaining duties. He was yet young; and how much strength and knowledge had come to him — through sharpest pain, it was true — in a single year! Would he willingly return to his boyish innocence of the world, if that year could be erased from his life? He was not quite sure. Yet his nature had not lost the basis of that innocent time, and he felt that he must still build his future years upon it.

Thus meditating, he caught the obedient horse, led him to the barn, and harnessed him to the light carriage which Julia was accustomed to use. His anxiety concerning her probable demeanor returned, as he entered the house. The two servant-women were both engaged, in the hall, in some sweeping or scouring operation, and might prove to be very inconvenient witnesses. The workmen in the new parlor — fortunately, he thought — were absent that day.

Lucy Henderson, dressed for the journey, sat in the dining-room. "I think I will go to Madeline Held for a day or two," she said; "I made a half-promise to visit her after your return."

"Where is Julia?"

"In her bedroom. I have not seen her. I knocked at the door, but there was no answer."

Joseph's trouble returned. "I will see her myself," he said, sternly; "she forgets what is due to a guest."

"No, I will go again," Lucy urged, rising hastily; "perhaps she did not hear me."

She followed him into the hall. Scarcely had he set his foot upon the first step of the staircase, when the bedroom door above suddenly burst open, and Julia, with a shriek of mortal terror, tottered down to the landing. Her face was ashy, and the dark-blue rings around her sunken eyes made them seem almost like the large sockets of a skull. She leaned against the railing, breathing short and hard.

Joseph sprang up the steps, but as he approached her she put out her right hand, and pushed against his breast with all her force, crying out: "Go away! You have killed me!"

The next moment she fell, senseless, upon the landing.

Joseph knelt and tried to lift her. "Good God! she is dead!" he exclaimed.

"No," said Lucy, after taking Julia's wrist, "it is only a fainting fit. Bring some water, Susan."

The frightened woman, who had followed them, rushed down the stairs.

"But she must be ill, very ill," Lucy continued. "This is not an ordinary swoon. Perhaps the violent excitement has brought about some internal injury. You must send for a physician as soon as possible."

"And Dennis not here! I ought not to leave her; what shall I do?"

"Go yourself, and instantly! The carriage is ready. I will stay and do all that can be done during your absence."

Joseph delayed until, under the influence of air and water, Julia began to recover consciousness. Then he un-

derstood Lucy's glance, — the women were present and she dared not speak, — that he should withdraw before Julia could recognize him.

He did not spare the horse, but the hilly road tried his patience. It was between two and three miles to the house of the nearest physician, and he only arrived, anxious and breathless, to find that the gentleman had been called away to attend another patient. Joseph was obliged to retrace part of his road, and drive some distance in the opposite direction, in order to summon a second. Here, however, he was more fortunate. The physician was just sitting down to an early dinner, which he persisted in finishing, assuring Joseph, after ascertaining such symptoms of the case as the latter was able to describe, that it was probably a nervous attack, "a modified form of hysteria." Notwithstanding he violated his own theory of digestion by eating rapidly, the minutes seemed intolerably long. Then his own horse must be harnessed to his own sulky, during which time he prepared a few doses of valerian, belladonna, and other palliatives, which he supposed might be needed.

Meanwhile, Lucy and the women had placed Julia in her own bed, and applied such domestic restoratives as they could procure, but without any encouraging effect. Julia appeared to be conscious, but she shook her head when they spoke to her, and even, so Lucy imagined, attempted to turn it away. She refused the tea, the lavender and ginger they brought, and only drank water in long, greedy draughts. In a little while she started up, with clutchings and incoherent cries, and then slowly sank back again, insensible.

The second period of unconsciousness was longer and more difficult to overcome. Lucy began to be seriously alarmed, as an hour, two hours, passed by, and Joseph did not return. Dennis was despatched in search of him, carrying also a hastily pencilled note to Madeline Held, and then Lucy, finding that she could do nothing more, took her seat by the window and watched the lane, counting the seconds, one by one, as they were ticked off by the clock in the hall.

Finally a horse's head appeared above the hedge, where it curved around the shoulder of the hill: then the top of a carriage, — Joseph at last! The physician's sulky was only a short distance in the rear. Lucy hurried down and met Joseph at the gate.

"No better, — worse, I fear," she said, answering his look.

"Dr. Hartman," he replied, — "Worrall was away from home, — thinks it is probably a nervous attack. In that case it can soon be relieved."

"I hope so, but I fancy there is danger."

The doctor now arrived, and after hearing Lucy's report, shook his head. "It is not an ordinary case of hysteria," he remarked; "let me see her at once."

When they entered the room Julia opened her eyes languidly, fixed them on Joseph, and slowly lifted her hand to her head. "What has happened to me?" she murmured, in a hardly audible whisper.

"You had a fainting fit," he answered, "and I have brought the doctor. This is Dr. Hartman; you do not know him, but he will help you: tell him how you feel, Julia!"

"Cold!" she said, "cold! Sinking down somewhere! *Will* he lift me up?"

The physician made a close examination, but seemed to become more perplexed as he advanced. He administered only a slight stimulant, and then withdrew from the bedside. Lucy and the servant left the room, at his request, to prepare some applications.

"There is something unusual here," he whispered, drawing Joseph aside. "She has been sinking rapidly since the first attack. The vital force is very low: it is in conflict with some secret enemy, and it cannot resist much longer, unless we discover that enemy at

once. I will do my best to save her, but I do not yet see how."

He was interrupted by a noise from the bed. Julia was vainly trying to rise: her eyes were wide and glaring. "No, no!" came from her lips, "I will not die! I heard you. Joseph, I will try — to be different — but — I must live — for that!"

Then her utterance became faint and indistinct, and she relapsed into unconsciousness. The physician re-examined her with a grave, troubled face. "She need not be conscious," he said, "for the next thing I shall do. I will not interrupt this syncope at once; it may, at least, prolong the struggle. What have they been giving her?"

He picked up, one by one, the few bottles of the household pharmacy which stood upon the bureau. Last of all, he found an empty glass shoved behind one of the supports of the mirror. He looked into it, held it against the light, and was about to set it down again, when he fancied that there was a misty appearance on the bottom, as if from some delicate sediment. Stepping to the window, he saw that he had not been mistaken. He collected a few of the minute granulations on the tip of his forefinger, touched them to his tongue, and, turning quickly to Joseph, whispered: —

"She is poisoned!"

"Impossible!" Joseph exclaimed; "she could not have been so mad!"

"It is as I tell you! This form of the operation of arsenic is very unusual, and I did not suspect it; but now I remember that it is noted in the books. Repeated syncopes, utter nervous prostration, absence of the ordinary burning and vomiting, and signs of rapid dissolution; it fits the case exactly! If I had some oxy-hydrate of iron, there might still be a possibility, but I greatly fear — "

"Do all you can!" Joseph interrupted. "She must have been insane! Do not tell me that you have *no* antidote!"

"We must try an emetic, though it will now be very dangerous. Then oil, white of egg," — and the doctor hastened down to the kitchen.

Joseph walked up and down the room, wringing his hands. Here was a horror beyond anything he had imagined. His only thought was to save the life which she, in the madness of passion, must have resolved to take: she must not, *must not*, die now; and yet she seemed to be already in some region on the very verge of darkness, some region where it was scarcely possible to reach and pull her back. What could be done? Human science was baffled; and would God, who had allowed him to be afflicted through her, now answer his prayer to continue that affliction? But, indeed, the word "affliction" was not formed in his mind; the only word which he consciously grasped was "Life! life!"

He passed by the bedside and gazed upon her livid skin, her sunken features: she seemed already dead. Then, sinking on his knees, he tried to pray, if that was prayer which was the single intense appeal of all his confused feelings. Presently he heard a faint sigh; she slightly moved; consciousness was evidently returning.

She looked at him with half-opened eyes, striving to fix upon something which evaded her mind. Then she said, in the faintest broken whisper: "I did love you — I *did* — and *do* — love you! But — you — you hate me!"

A pang sharper than a knife went through Joseph's heart. He cried, through his tears: "I did not know what I said! Give me your forgiveness, Julia! Pardon me, not because I ask it, but freely, from your heart, and I will bless you!"

She did not speak, but her eyes softened, and a phantom smile hovered upon her lips. It was no mask, this time: she was sacredly frank and true. Joseph bent over her and kissed her.

"O Julia!" he said, "why did you do it? Why did you not wait until I could speak with you? Did you think you would take a burden off yourself or me?"

Her lips moved, but no voice came.

He lifted her head, supported her, and bent his ear to her mouth. It was like the dream of a voice : —

"I — did — not — mean — "

There it stopped. The doctor entered the room, followed by Lucy.

"First, the emetic," said the former.

"For God's sake, be silent!" Joseph cried, with his ear still at Julia's lips.

The doctor stepped up softly and looked at her. Then, seating himself on the bed beside Joseph, he laid his hand upon her heart. For several minutes there was silence in the room.

Then the doctor removed his hand, took Julia's head out of Joseph's arms, and laid it softly upon the pillow.

She was dead.

Bayard Taylor.

CHARLES ALBERT FECHTER.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

GENIUS is no more a matter of accident than the rising of the sun; for though genius dazzle with the unexpected brilliancy of a comet, like the comet it has its regular orbit, and when the science of art has been discovered, as it will be ere the dawn of the millennium, the world will know the cause as well as the effect of human greatness.

Blood tells under all circumstances, and never has it told a more straightforward story than in the character of Charles Albert Fechter, in whose ancestors we see the beginnings of himself. It is not a little significant that his mother bore the kingly name of Regis, with which name, too, royalty took personal interest, it being an old Piedmontese custom that the king should stand sponsor to the twelfth child of any of his subjects. Now it happened that Fechter's maternal grandfather was the twenty-first of twenty-six children, consequently the king became godfather to his twelfth and twenty-fourth great-grand-uncles! Italian by birth, this grandfather was equally Italian in his profession of carver, yet not so Italian but he could make his home in Flanders, where Fechter's mother, Marie Angélique Regis, was born. Arcachon, France, was the birthplace of his father, Jean Maria Guillaume Fechter, his paternal grandfather being a native of Cologne and of German lineage. This grandfather's tendencies were likewise in the direction of art. He found congenial employment in polishing court-suit buttons and in making sword-handles, the latter of which occupations was not scorned by Benvenuto Cellini.

The alphabet of art having been acquired by Fechter's grandparents, it was not strange that they should bequeath greater abilities to their children. Jean Maria Fechter was not only an excellent sculptor, but a born comedian, who, however, confined his acting to private life; while his wife, whom he married in Lisle, was more than usually gifted. Though uneducated, she possessed literary and artistic tastes, writing verses and stories of considerable feeling and deftly turning her fingers to account by the manufacture of artificial flowers. She would take the delicate, almost impalpable tissue that lines the shells of eggs, and, fashioning it into roses, would simultaneously color and scent them with rose-water. But these flowers were too fragile for mortal use, so Madame Fechter resorted to stouter material. Born of Piedmontese parents, she spoke no Italian, very little Flemish, and adopted the language of her husband's chosen home, France.

Yet Gallic as was Fechter *père* in

all his feelings, he never became naturalized. Receiving an offer from Storr and Mortimer, the great jewellers of England, to take the position of the well-known sculptor Tamissier, whose unfortunate habits had rendered him unfit for work, Jean Fechter moved from Paris to London, where, in Hanway Yard, Oxford Street, Charles Albert Fechter was born October 23, 1824. He was the youngest but one of thirteen children, eleven of whom died in infancy. With artistic proclivities on both sides of the house, with the hot blood of Italy, the speculative blood of Germany strongly impregnated with French *verve* flowing through his veins, it is not strange that Charles Fechter, "the man without a country," should belong to all the world, which Shakespeare tells us is the stage. Learning to read at a very early age, his passion for the drama evinced itself in devotion to Shakespeare; the plays of Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth being especial favorites, and in peculiar theatrical monologues. Appropriating garments belonging to his parents, the youthful Roscius was in the habit of retiring to an unoccupied room, where, after locking the door, he blackened his nose and arrayed himself in motley attire. Thus, half-way 'twixt man and woman, he spouted and strutted, to the great terror of the mice and the infinite satisfaction of himself. During these private exhibitions Fechter dedicated his energies to tragedy, but, being endowed with great vivacity, relieved himself when off duty by jumping on chairs and tables, drawing caricatures, and playing monkey for the delectation of visitors. Not content with his own interpretation of imaginary heroes, Fechter's passion frequently overcame Fechter's conscience, and many of his father's valuable coins were secretly disposed of in order that, like a bad little cherub, he might sit up aloft among the gods of Drury Lane. There Fechter feasted his eyes and ears on Macready, Charles Kemble, the elder Vandenhoff and the elder Wallack, recollections of whom he retains to this day. Of the four, Charles Kemble, with his charmingly natural acting, was his favorite, and Vandenhoff his "cold blanket." Wallack made a great impression upon him, and Macready delighted him in "William Tell." But the artist of all others whom he worshipped was no other than Malibran. She often held her young lover on her knee, little knowing the amount of sentiment she had inspired in an eight-year-old boy. Poor Malibran! that she with her great heart and great genius should have married a great brute and died neglected!

Sent to Templeton's College at the age of eight, Fechter stood very well, showing great aptitude for Greek and Latin, great fondness for history, although he never could retain a name or a date, and despising every branch of mathematics. Largely endowed with imagination, young Fechter entertained his teachers with marvellous stories of adventure, and, magnetizing them as he has since magnetized larger audiences, in more romantic situations, enjoyed their favor to an unusual extent. Of course a lad of Fechter's mettle could not but be attractive to the bullies of his school, who, true to their prerogative, set upon him in numbers and nicknamed him "French frog." Stung to the quick by this taunt, Fechter resented it, but, fighting single-handed, was always worsted. "Only come on one at a time, and I 'll whip every one of you," said Fechter; but no, the bullies preferred to attack him in a body, and so the "French frog" vowed vengeance. Waylaying the leading persecutor one day, he so thoroughly whipped his adversary that the bullies cried "quits," and ever after treated the "French frog" like a true Briton.

England, with all its virtues, was not France to Fechter *père*, who in 1830 once more found himself in Paris; but the Revolution came, and the unhappy sculptor was again driven across the Channel. Though but six years old, Fechter remembers seeing the great Mademoiselle George act, and being

carried over the barricades on his father's shoulders. This abortive attempt at migration served to endear Paris still more to Jean Fechter's heart, and the failure of 1830 became a *fait accompli* in 1836. Poor as the father was, — the time had been when he had broken up chairs to serve for fire-wood, — he sent Charles to school at Boulogne-sur-Seine; but at the end of two years the boy returned home to aid in supporting the family. Assisting his father in making bronzes and candelabras, studying French with Hersant his drawing-master, reading the classics, and dreaming of the theatre, which he frequented with the constancy of a passionate lover, Charles led a busy life for two years, and at sixteen became the hero of a duel. How did it happen? Foolishly, of course. Taken to the Café Militaire by a friend much older than himself, — a captain in the army, — young Fechter listened to stories of prowess until, excited by the wine and cigars most unwisely given to him, he too longed for an opportunity to prove his courage. The subject of duelling being introduced, there was no man present but could revive some wonderful affair of so-called honor in which he had either killed or wounded his opponent. At least, young Fechter could fight a duel if some one would be good enough to insult him, and, flushed with the insidious thief that steals away even the best of brains, he found an enemy in his friend and host. Taking offence at a trifling remark, the aspiring youth slapped the face of Monsieur le Capitaine with his own epaulet and demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman. Badly as the Captain felt, he was forced by that *noblesse* which so frequently obliges people to make fools of themselves to accept the challenge; as the challenged party he of course had the choice of weapons, and selected the rapier. With pistols Fechter might kill the Captain; with rapiers the Captain could kill Fechter, but *would* not. So the two met, with their seconds, in that Bois de Boulogne of other days, when it was a gloomy forest sacred to duellists and highwaymen. "Coward!" was Fechter's salutation to his friend, "you have selected the rapier, because you know you are master of it. With pistols the chances would have been more even; at least I can call you coward, and from my soul I do so." Coward indeed! the Captain's only fear was lest, in giving the "satisfaction" for which Hotspur panted, he should not be sufficiently expert to draw the minimum of blood. These fears were realized when Fechter's rapier fell and the blood flowed from his wrist. The wound, though severe, was not dangerous, and Fechter, having fought his duel, and learned how unjust he had been to the Captain, forgot his grievance, embraced his enemy, and was taken home alive to his terrified parents. Would that all equally absurd duels ended as happily!

From the Bois de Boulogne to the Salle Molière, from duelling to private theatricals, seems a long step, yet none too long for Fechter, who in this same year 1840 made his first appearance behind those foot-lights by which he had been dazed. The Salle Molière is a small theatre in the Passage Molière, which at that time was used by St. Aulaire, a famous teacher of acting, — Rachel's first and best instructor, — and let once a week to amateurs for private theatricals. Theirs was a unique company, changing with each performance and singularly enough brought together. A list of the pieces to be played being put up, any one by selecting his part and paying for it — the amount charged was in proportion to the importance of the character — could strut his brief hour upon the stage. Such a republican form of government would lead to eminently doleful results in this country, where actors are made, not born; but France is not America. There, it is said, all men and women are actors by nature, and the worst go upon the stage!

This company of the Salle Molière was eminently successful, so much so that Fechter's brother-in-law, himself

an ardent admirer of the drama, paid the young sculptor's fee, and put his name down for the *jeune premier* in Dumas's *Le Mari de la Veuve.* The amount expended for acting was returned in tickets, so that the aspiring amateurs were always sure of an audience. Fechter's success was so great that he soon became a necessity to the company, one of whose members, now a distinguished diplomatist, — diplomacy is but another name for acting, — insisted upon paying Fechter's fees in order that he might be "stirred up" by contact with so magnetic and admirable an actor.

After seeing Fechter perform, St. Aulaire came up with a strange gentleman, saying, "My boy, if you will come to my *cours* (class), I will teach you for nothing." "And if you make the stage your profession, I will give you all my parts," added the unknown, who turned out to be no other than Scribe! Fechter could not accept St. Aulaire's generous offer, for the reason that his father required his assistance in the studio; but he did not forget the great compliment paid him by the first of professors and the first of playwrights, and longed for emancipation.

Temporary release was not long in coming. At this time Duvernoir, a well-known "singer," now a professor in the Conservatoire of Paris, was organizing a company for Florence, Italy, and at the last moment lost his juvenile actor, Gaston, who was unexpectedly drafted into the army. Remembering the great ability displayed by Fechter at the Salle Molière, Duvernoir offered him the vacant situation. A winter in Florence, all the "interesting lovers," and a salary combined? The offer proved irresistible, and in spite of fatherly expostulation the stage-struck youth set off for Italy in January, 1841.

To dream of acting and to act are sadly different, as *le jeune premier* soon found to his cost. Starting with a modest wardrobe, he made the mournful discovery that his requirements greatly exceeded his possessions, and straightway developed latent abilities in tailoring and boot-making. Fechter not only made his own dresses, but cut those of actors as impecunious as himself. But top-boots, — what should he do for these very expensive and very necessary articles? The question was father to the answer. Is not genius ever equal to an emergency? What should he do for top-boots? Why, invent them, of course! So out of thin oil-cloth Fechter manufactured a pair of boots of so stylish a cut and perfect a fit as to be the envy of his associates. Love-making in those top-boots must have possessed a double fascination. It could not have been bootless. Ah, and there was that crowning glory of man, a hat! Silk hats are a poor man's natural enemy, yet a lover without a good-looking hat is about as impossible a creature as a pretty woman without a head of hair. But had not Fechter an old hat? What could be easier than to wet it whenever necessary and make it shine like the rising sun? Those home-made clothes, those ingenious boots, and that deceitful hat carried Fechter through his season in Italy; perhaps for the very good reason that the season was not much longer than his original top-boots. Never had Florence known such a winter. The oldest inhabitant went mad in endeavoring to conjure up the ghost of a like recollection. Almanacs were in vain. July invaded January, and the snow on the Apennines, melted by the hot breath of summer, vanished into thin air. Of what avail to perform French comedy at the "Cocomero" (Watermelon), when the astonished Florentines were longing with tragic thirst to eat their accustomed watermelons in the streets? Moreover, there was a rival French troupe at another theatre. One might have survived: the two killed each other.

Nevertheless, Manager Duvernoir persevered in his enterprise for six weeks, and Fechter won praise from the Sir Hubert Stanleys of the period. Strange to say, every play advertised was by Scribe. Those were the good

old days of Austrian surveillance, when grand dukes held their court, and censors supervised public morals. Dumas was their *bête noire*, Molière was sniffed at, but Scribe was considered harmless. So Scribe became the author of *Tartuffe*, wore Dumas's colors and displayed a versatility never known before or since. There was no press to tell tales, the censors nursed their blissful ignorance, and the knowing public enjoyed the joke.

And Fechter enjoyed a joke, of quite a different hue, however. Returning one night from the theatre, he was assaulted by a thief, who, attracted by a very large stage jewel, a diamond-paste pin, which he supposed to be real, thought it easy work to rob so slight a youth. Fechter's hot blood and practised muscle soon undeceived the robber, who, upon finding himself at a disadvantage, drew a dirk. What was to be done? Fechter spoke not one word of Italian; the robber not one word of French. There was a language common to both, however, — that of pantomime, — and they acted out the following dialogue.

"O strike, if you like," gesticulated Fechter; "I 'm entirely unarmed, and you can have it all your own way; but as you want nothing of me but my diamond pin, it is hardly worth while killing me, when you can have it on easier terms."

"How so?" asked the robber.

"Why, I 'll make an exchange. Give me that cameo in your shirt-bosom, and I 'll give you my diamond."

"You 're a queer sort of fellow," replied the robber. "I rather like you. It 's a bargain."

Whereupon the exchange took place. Actor and robber shook hands and separated, the former in possession of a very beautiful cameo, the latter sole proprietor of pinchbeck! What that robber did to himself upon discovering how completely the tables had been turned remains a mystery. Certainly Fechter never acted better than on this occasion.

At the end of the six weeks Manager Duvernoir, poor in pocket and in spirits, called his company together, declared himself bankrupt, paid a few cents on a dollar, and dismissed his friends with a tearful blessing. With characteristic generosity, Fechter divided his share among the humbler actors, who expressed their gratitude by immediately decamping with a portion of his wardrobe. Penniless, Fechter applied for aid to a banker friend, proposing to leave his clothes, books, etc. as security. Believing the *jeune premier's* word to be as good as his bond, the banker lent him money and gave him a draft on a Marseilles house for one thousand francs. Thus fortified, Fechter started for France with the virtuous intention of making no use of the draft; but Fechter was young, and found as great difficulty in keeping as in making money. Marseilles was attractive, he might never travel again, and so in Marseilles he remained until his purse became an aching void, and the letter of credit his only friend. Presenting this letter he was received with unaccountable "effusion." "My dear fellow," exclaimed the banker, seizing Fechter's hands and wringing them vigorously, — "my dear fellow, I am delighted to see you. It 's a boy, I tell you it 's a boy, and such a boy! A marvel! You never saw anything like it in your life and you never will, take my word for it. Money? Certainly. Any amount you please to name. I never was so happy in all my life. There! there 's the amount, and to think it 's a boy!"

Entirely bewildered by this extraordinary conduct, Fechter wondered whether he were dealing with an escaped lunatic. He became convinced of it upon finding that the banker asked for no receipt. Suggesting its advisability the banker replied: "Bless my soul, certainly. Did n't I take a receipt? Well, it 's a boy you know, and how can I think of anything else? There now, it 's all right; here 's what belongs to you, and I 'm the happiest man in the world!" "Well, he is mad," thought Fechter, as he walked

away, "a raving maniac," he added, when, upon opening the package, he discovered his receipt! Returning, Fechter apprised the banker of his mistake, and handed back the important voucher. "Great Heaven!" he exclaimed. "You don't say so? *Did* I do that? Well, well, it's a boy and a beauty. We haven't yet decided upon a name, but I'll write you all about it, for I'm sure you'll want to know." And again the happy banker took an affectionate farewell of his young customer with the final explanation that it was his first child!

It was a welcome day to Fechter's parents when the prodigal son returned. "No more theatre," said the father; "I want you to be a sculptor." So Fechter became a student of the Académie des Beaux Arts, working there every evening after spending his days over bronzes in his father's studio. Work, however, did not lessen his love of fun, which found many an outlet in pranks. One night he, in company with equally exuberant students, locked up an *écrivain public* (letter-writer for the ignorant poor) in his portable box of a shop, and, wheeling him off, left him several miles from his beat. The little man pounded, the little man scolded, the little man did his best to get out of the window, but little as he was the window was less, and there in solitude and rage he passed the night, no police coming to his rescue until the next morning. Unable to give any explanation of his strange situation, the little man got the credit of temporary insanity, — a verdict of great popularity with all juries equally averse to investigation.

Fechter's thoughts never failed to return to his first love, for it was during this same year, 1841, that he entered the Conservatoire with the determination of studying for the Théâtre Français. He aspired to grand *rôles*, and wished to base his style on classic models. Fired with ambition, he went before his judges. First among the inquisitors came Professor Provost, who eyed young Hotspur with disdainful pity. Those who know the broad-shouldered, full-chested Fechter of to-day can hardly think of him as a very thin, very long, and sentimentally delicate youth; yet such was his appearance in 1841.

"Now, sir," said the grim professor, "what do you want?"

"I want to be an actor."

"An actor, indeed! Permit me to assure you that acting is out of the question. You've no lungs, sir. You are consumptive, sir, and my advice to you is to take a great deal of exercise. When you walk, throw your coat open and your shoulders back, put your thumbs in the armholes of your vest, and take long respirations. If you follow my advice you may live, but you can never be an actor."

Conscious of power, and by no means persuaded that the gods loved him sufficiently to mark him for an early death, Fechter ran the gantlet of the entire Conservatoire. Michelot was his next critic.

"Eh bien, what will you recite?"

"I am up in Séide of Voltaire's Mahomet."

"That will do very well. Allons."

Sitting up after the manner of orchestral conductors, Michelot made an imaginary baton of his right arm and began to beat time as if the performance were operatic, and the youth before him a tenor about to sing his first romanza. This was too much for Fechter, whose eyes and ears are of the quickest, whose sense of humor is most acute, and whose daring is almost unparalleled in the annals of the stage. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he carried out Michelot's suggestion, rushed forward with operatic gesticulation, sang Voltaire's hexameters, and turned heavy tragedy into laughable burlesque. The effect upon Michelot can be more readily imagined than described. There was nothing to be said, because this suiting the voice to Michelot's action was too clever and appropriate a satire for words, especially as those present enjoyed the joke immensely.

In his third trial Fechter stood up before Sanson.

"You will attempt Séide," said Sanson. "Very well, begin at the fourth act."

"But, M. Sanson," remonstrated the youth, "I 'd rather begin at the beginning. I must get warmed up before I can do my best in that act."

"Nonsense," replied Sanson. "You ought to be able to begin anywhere. Let me have the fourth act."

Obeying the sovereign command, Fechter plunged *in medias res*, going through the dramatic interview between Séide and Palmire as far as the question, "Qui? Zopire?" in scene fourth. Giving this with all the dramatic intensity demanded by the situation, the young tragedian was taken aback by Sanson's interruption of, "Plus bête, mon ami, plus bête. 'Qui? Zopire?' doit être plus bête!"

"I really cannot say it like you, sir," replied Fechter, and the rebellious youth was ordered down.

Last came Beauvallet, with whom Fechter had much better success, being allowed to go through Séide without comment. "That will do," said Beauvallet, "you are quite as bad as any of those at the Théâtre Français," — a gruff compliment, which was taken advantage of by him when, after Fechter's *début*, he claimed the revolutionary Séide *as a pupil!*

At the end of three weeks Fechter left the Conservatoire, disgusted with a *régime* in which no two professors agreed. Provost, Michelot, and Sanson had removed the reverential veil from his eyes, and losing respect for their judgment, he refused to submit to their instruction. Disheartened, he discarded all thoughts of the stage, although he still memorized the classics and pursued his study of the French language with his old professor, Didier. Putting his best energies into his night work, at the Beaux Arts he labored diligently for three years, and the summer of 1844 found him one of the graduating class competing for the first grand medal, which includes the high honor of being sent to Rome for five years at the expense of the government. Each scholar becomes a state's prisoner. He is condemned to solitary confinement, with one hour's solitary exercise per day, and at the end of six weeks, wet clay, his only companion, is expected to take the form of a bas-relief of original composition. The subject is always given and the best work obtains the prize. With emulation fully aroused, anxious also to please his father, whose fondest hope was that his son should be a sculptor, Fechter went to work with gusto upon the story of the Good Samaritan. Making the composition as simple as possible, introducing the bare facts of two male figures and a donkey, Fechter saw in the classic dress an opportunity for the display of his knowledge of the human form, and took advantage of it. Finishing his task long before the expiration of the time specified, he was yet held in durance vile until the last moment, when he returned home to await the verdict of the examining committee.

Meanwhile Fechter's brother-in-law had been quietly working in an entirely different direction. Never forgetting his own and Fechter's passion for the stage, and believing that the lad was born for "only this and nothing more," Monsieur le Beau Frêre inscribed Fechter's name on the list of applicants for *débuts* at the Théâtre Français. Any one is entitled to this liberty, and if after a test rehearsal the applicant be deemed satisfactory, he is entitled to three public *débuts*, after which he is dismissed or received into the regular company, according to the ability displayed. Thus it happened, that while Fechter was nervously awaiting the verdict of the academy, he received an order to present himself before the tribunal of the Théâtre Français. Ignorant of the part played by his brother-in-law, and concluding that he had been called on the strength of merit only, he prepared himself as best he could. Trembling with fear, he faced the unseen and unknown judges who sat before him swallowed up in the

darkness which reigns throughout the auditorium of a theatre by day. With a few footlights for inspiration, and Rachel's sister, Rebecca Felix, for prompter, Fechter began Séide, — the same *rôle* which he had rehearsed at the Conservatoire, and again selected because of its scope for the display of human passions. Slavery, religious fanaticism, and love make up a character of flesh and blood very difficult to delineate, but entirely in sympathy with a mind like Fechter's, that seeks for nature in everything that it attempts to grasp. Few of the French classical plays possess the humanity of Mahomet, and it is significant that from the outset Fechter recognized the power of real "situations." Singularly enough, Talma selected the same *rôle* for his *début*, — a fact unknown to Fechter, and therefore suggestive of rapport between the two minds.

Fechter had not recited more than half of Séide, when a voice from out the darkness exclaimed, "That will do; now for comedy." Once more bracing himself to the task, he began the light-comedy part of Valère the lover in Molière's *Tartuffe*. Again, when halfway through, the unknown voice broke the gloomy silence with, "That will do; call another," and Fechter bowed himself off the stage, utterly ignorant of the effect produced upon the jury. But before leaving the theatre he overheard the dismissal of his successor, a woman, without any trial in comedy. "At least I have received better treatment than she," thought Fechter; and laying this flattering unction to his soul, he went back to his studio in the Rue Paradis des Poissonnières.

Left in uncertainty, Fechter led a divided life between studying for the stage and modelling. Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire shared the honors with the "Seven Capital Sins," — the subject he had selected to put into clay. These Capital Sins were to be represented around the same table, seated or otherwise, according to individual character, and carrying out the dominant passion in action and facial expression. Surely a good idea, but immensely difficult of treatment. It was because of its difficulty that Fechter selected the subject; and who can tell how great a sculptor posterity has lost in the actor who lives only for the present?

Three months passed by, and, hearing nothing from the Théâtre Français, Fechter was again about to abandon the idea of acting, when a dragoon knocked at his door and placed two official documents in his hands. The first announced the award by the Académie des Beaux Arts of the first grand medal; the second contained a call for Fechter's *début* at the Théâtre Français! No wonder that the youth of nineteen had an *accès de joie* at this embarrassment of riches. No wonder that Fechter *père* wellnigh danced with delight.

The prize had been won; would he go? "No, I cannot," said the son.

"You must," replied the father.

"It is impossible," again answered the son. "My heart is wedded to the theatre."

So distressed was Fechter *père* at this decision, that young Hotspur relented so far as to risk his future on a fencing-match with his father, the winner to decide whether it should be Rome or the stage.

"No, no," said the father, "I 'll do no fencing, for at that you must surely win."

"Well, then, we 'll toss up. Heads I win, tails you lose."

To this the father consented; — *heads won*, and in December, 1844, Fechter made his *début* in conjunction with Rebecca Felix. The *rôles* were Séide and Valère, for which he had but one rehearsal. Rebecca Felix performed the opposite part of Palmire.

From the beginning Fechter had ideas of his own; and once convinced of having attained the truth in his art, no one could turn him from his purpose. The scene of Voltaire's Mahomet is laid in Mecca. Séide, Mahomet's slave, is an Arab, and should be dressed like an Arab, precedents to the contrary. So armed with a fine Arab cos-

tume which he had hanging in his studio, Fechter went to his dressing-room on the night of his *début*. There on a chair lay the properties supplied for Séide by the theatre: blue and white satin, to contrast with the pink and white satin of Palmire, who, Arab as she ought to look, would be painted red and white, like the fairest of Circassians! Stern in his resolve, Fechter laid aside rouge, whiting, and satin, gave a dark olive tint to his complexion, donned his Arab costume, and went to the wings to await his cue.

"Mon Dieu! what horror do I behold?" screamed out Geoffroy, the administrator of the week. "What do you mean by thus insulting established custom? Off with the vile stuff! Go to your room and put on the proper dress."

Flying from Geoffroy's rage, Fechter, with no intention of obeying orders, retired under the stage, where he remained until sought for by the call-boy, when he rushed on to begin the second act, which is Séide's first appearance. A murmur ran through the audience, followed by a rustle which Fechter took for disapprobation. In an agony of doubt as to what would be the result of his temerity, he had almost lost his presence of mind, when a burst of applause and encouraging *bravos* assured him of sympathy before, if not behind, the curtain.

The real work of Séide begins with the fourth act, where, in the interview with Palmire, the slave he loves, not knowing her to be his sister, he reveals the dreadful oath he has taken to serve Mahomet by killing Zopire (his unknown father), to whom he is drawn by an unaccountable sympathy. This passionate dialogue, the appearance of Zopire kneeling at the altar of his gods, Séide's working himself up to the requisite amount of frenzy necessary for the deed, and his return to Palmire after its accomplishment, wild in look and falling from exhaustion, as he exclaims,

"Où suis-je? et quelle voix m'appelle?
Je ne vois point Palmire; un dieu m'a privé d'elle,"

were a revelation to the spectators of the Théâtre Français, who had been educated on declamation and propriety. Distracted and panting, Séide lay upon the ground, giving the question, "Qui, Zopire?" in answer to that of Palmire, "Zopire a-t-il perdu la vie?" with a start and a heart-rending voice that thrilled the spectators.

"Ah! grande Dieu! Dieu de sang altéré,
Ne persécutez point son esprit égaré.
Fuyons d'ici!"

exclaims Palmire. Here Séide tried to rise, but falling on his knees,

"Je sens que mes genoux s'affaissent,"

delivered the confession of his crime, half reclining and half kneeling, not regaining sufficient strength to rise until the whole is told. No wonder that the public, accustomed to see Séide obey Voltaire's printed "business" ("*Il s'assied*"), and *sit down in a chair* in true Oriental fashion, lost all sense of decorum, and actually called out the real Arab at the end of this act, a compliment rare in those days and never before known in Mahomet. No less effective was Fechter in the last act, where, coming on delirious with poison administered unknown to him by Mahomet's orders, he calls upon the people to avenge Zopire's death, denounces Mahomet, and dies in the arms of his followers. Years before this scene had been cut out on account of its difficulty, but Fechter had stomach for it all, and when the curtain fell his *début* was pronounced the success of the night. Rachel came to him, saying, "You must act in my pieces. I will play with nobody else."

Fechter selected Valère for his *début* in comedy, first because it gave him time to rest, Valère not appearing until act second, and secondly because it was short. There is really only one good scene, but quite enough to prove capacity, which was all that the occasion demanded. Again he made a revolution in costume, wearing the dress of Louis the Fourteenth's time, the scene of *Tartuffe* being laid in the Paris of *le grand monarque*. Heretofore the costume had not been strictly correct.

The curtain fell upon a second success. Fechter had won his spurs in tragedy and comedy, in Voltaire and Molière, on the classic stage of the Théâtre Français, and had already gained Rachel's good-will. Human nature is weak, artists are sadly jealous, and perhaps it is not strange that old *sociétaires* looked with ill-favor upon the youth of nineteen who had jumped so suddenly into popularity. It was easy to reap a pitiful harvest of revenge, so the following week when Fechter went upon the stage to rehearse Curiace in Corneille's *Les Horaces* and Dorante in *Le Menteur*, which parts he had chosen for his second *début*, he found himself without support. Righteously indignant at this unseemly slight, Fechter left word that he would not act in either piece, and the manager might get somebody else. Later entreaty availed naught, old *sociétaires* assumed their old *rôles* and the *début* was postponed another week.

And what said Jules Janin, the prince of dramatic critics, the man who cannot be bought with money, but who revenges himself upon such artists as do not pay him court? "Bravo! bravissimo!" murmured Janin in private. "Come and see me, Fechter"; and Fechter, quixotically independent and indifferent to the verdict of critics, offended Janin's *amour propre* by staying away. So the *feuilleton* that followed the representations of *Les Horaces* and *Le Menteur* in both of which Fechter was supposed to have appeared, but which he threw up as has already been told, contained a most savage onslaught upon Fechter's Curiace and Dorante. The actor had his critic completely on the hip, but took no further advantage than to write the following private note: —

"DEAR JANIN: — Your criticism is excellent: true in every particular, except in attributing the acting of Curiace and Dorante to me. *I performed in neither part!*"

What did Janin do? In the next week's *feuilleton* the impartial critic stated that, owing to gross carelessness, his manuscript had been misprinted. His remarks *apropos* of Mr. Fechter were intended for his rehearsal, and *not* for the performance, in which other artists had appeared. It was quite evident from this second falsehood that Janin meant war to the knife, so Fechter returned the blow by a published statement to the effect that, inasmuch as he had never rehearsed the parts criticised by M. Jules Janin, the explanation of the latter could hardly be called satisfactory! After this terrible and justifiable *exposé*, what was left for Janin but silence? And silence has been his revenge ever since. Even after Fechter's marvellous success in *La Dame aux Camélias*, Janin made but a passing notice of his name, which was recorded among the supernumeraries. Thus even in Paris does personality degrade art and genius.

The young Séide had not been three weeks a *pensionnaire* at the Théâtre Français before he broke an audacious lance in behalf of republican institution. Entering the green-room for the first time, he saw all the *sociétaires* ranged on one side of the fireplace and the *pensionnaires* on the other. The former received their appointment originally from the first Napoleon, who accorded to the Théâtre Français a yearly subvention of £16,000. Since then *sociétaires* have been elected by their own body. They divide the profits of the theatre among themselves, take turns in its management, at the end of twenty years can retire on a pension of $5,000, or, remaining longer in the profession, are entitled to a still larger pension. Thus does France foster art. *Sociétaires* consequently hold the reins in their own hands, while *pensionnaires*, being on a salary and lower in official grade, are made to feel the difference between the throne and the step leading to it. "What's the meaning of this?" asked Fechter. "Why are all the *sociétaires* in one row and the *pensionnaires* in another? Is there no equality among artists?" With this the young demo-

crat sprang from one side of the wide fireplace to the other, and landing among the *sociétaires* began talking to Beauvallet as if nothing unusual had occurred, and as if *pensionnaires* had a right to trespass upon sacred ground.

Fechter's second *débuts*, when he appeared in *Les Horaces* with Rachel and in *Le Menteur*, were received with plaudits. Again in the comedy did Fechter teach actors and public a lesson by wearing a thoroughly correct Charles the Second dress. So pronounced was the success that then and there Fechter became a regular member of the Théâtre Français, the high powers not deeming it necessary to await his third *débuts*. La Rue being lazy and Maillard ill, Fechter at first had many opportunities of testing his ability. Rachel's desires were fulfilled, and she found wonderful support in the stripling who, ignoring precedents, made human beings of Hippolyte, Oreste, Xiphares, Bajazet, Nerestan, etc., etc. It was at the conclusion of *Zaire* that Regnier came behind the scenes, and addressing the assembled *sociétaires* exclaimed, "Now mark my words. I tell you that he is better than any of you." Such outspoken criticism was not likely to promote the interests of a beginner who was himself none too politic. Moreover, Buloz had private reasons for advancing a vastly inferior actor, and Fechter was soon made to feel the difference between favoritism and real worth. Appearing in the comedies of *Valerie*, *Les Femmes Savantes*, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, *Le Dépit*, *Le Ménage Parisien*, *Le Misanthrope*, *Tartuffe*, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, *La Vestale*, etc., he at last found himself shorn of almost every part rightfully his own. Notwithstanding that Dumas *père* had written the prominent male character in *La Fille du Régent* for Fechter, and had spoken of having done so, when the play came to be cast Fechter found a part in the prologue assigned to him. Easy in his principles, Dumas had been talked over by Buloz and others.

Though Fechter had a right to a third *début*, with his own selection of parts, though it is a rule that every *débutant* shall perform the parts of every *début* at least twice during his first year, or whenever the plays are brought out, these rights were denied. Fechter felt that the *sociétaires* never intended to give him fair play, and when, at the beginning of 1846, the salary of every *pensionnaire* except himself was raised, the intention could not be mistaken. After appealing in vain for justice, Fechter frankly avowed his opinion, and at the end of eighteen months left the theatre in a glory of indignation. A man of less spirit and more phlegm might have known better how to subvert the machinations of rivals, but in all probability a man of less spirit would not have been so good an actor and therefore could not have fared so ill. Extraordinary ability is a dangerous possession, unless it be master of the situation. Thus closed Fechter's career at the Théâtre Français. He left a void that has never been filled.

With illusions gone, with aspirations clouded, Fechter returned to his studio for the fourth time, and betook himself to modelling. Once more he went to work upon the Seven Capital Sins, and it is safe to conclude that he put a great deal of devilish expression into the face of Envy. "Theatres!" he said; "never say theatre to me. I've done with the stage. Henceforth I am a sculptor." And so the actor believed, but Fate knew better. One day it chanced — as it always chances, in life as well as in books — that Dacier, the celebrated baritone, brought St. Aubin, once leading actor at the Gymnase and then manager of the Berlin Theatre Royal, to Fechter's studio for the purpose of seeing his statue. "By the way," said St. Aubin, "are you related to Fechter of the Théâtre Français, about whom I've heard so much?"

"Well, rather," replied the sculptor. "I am that identical individual."

"Is it possible? Why, then how is it that you are at work here?"

"For the reason that I have re-

nounced the stage. I shall never act again."

"What, you? the most promising man of the day? This will never do. Come with me to Berlin. I am forming a company for the Theatre Royal; you shall have just the parts you like, and as you will be paid by the government, you need have no fears on the score of money."

Of course Fechter accepted this offer, the Seven Capital Sins were once more wrapped in wet cloths, and the sculptor transformed himself into an actor with the agility of a harlequin. There was nothing that Fechter did not do in Berlin. He was everything by turns and nothing long. He was the best actor in the troupe "either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-comical, scene indivisable, or poem unlimited." He had a fine robust tenor voice, and sang, entirely by ear, the music of Daniel in the opera of *Le Chalet*. He played Paul Taglioni's ballet of *Le Corsair*, and executed all the dances with admirable effect. He made a great success in *Le Père Turlututu, one hundred years old*, and still another in doubling Buckingham and Tyrrell in *Les Enfants d'Edouard*, a piece taken from Shakespeare's Richard the Third. Fechter was so entirely transformed in the second assumption that the public failed to recognize him until the end of the act.

Being a very devout Catholic, the queen abstained from theatrical performances, but after repeated entreaty from the king, with whom Fechter was a great favorite, she consented to assist at a court representation at Potsdam of Bayard Melesville's comedy *Le Chevalier de St. George*, and Dupin's *La Polka en Province*. Reaching high-water mark, Fechter delighted the court. In the afterpiece Fechter's comedy was so inimitable, that the king sent his chamberlain behind the scenes to request him to be less funny, otherwise his Majesty would die. Misunderstanding the message, and seeing that the king enjoyed the performance, Fechter became more and more comical, until royalty degenerated into base humanity, and was carried out of his box in a state of complete exhaustion from laughing. The queen expressed her admiration in an autograph letter, accompanying it with busts of Schiller, Goethe, and Herder. Not to be outdone, Fechter modelled a Sister of Charity kneeling at prayer, and sent it to the queen, who placed the artist's gift in the Royal Gallery, where it still remains.

After an unusually prolonged and successful season of nine months, Fechter returned to Paris in 1847, and immediately signed an engagement for three years at the Vaudeville, where he looked forward to a reign of peace. The manager was all grace, the public all smiles, and his rendering of the hero Albert in *Marguérite* received the approving nod of claque and critics. About two weeks after its production the manager went to Fechter and with finely simulated enthusiasm exclaimed: "My dear fellow, your performance was admirable. You are the only man to replace Frederic Lemaître. I must make another engagement with you. The present one is not equal to your merits. Give me the old contract, and I'll have a better one made out." Dumfoundered at this excess of virtue, and not suspecting foul play, Fechter complied with the request. However, after waiting a reasonable time and waiting in vain, he ventured to ask for the new contract. Mr. Manager coolly ignored it. An unworthy power behind the managerial desk had instigated the treachery and caused the written articles to be destroyed.

Stung to the quick by this baseness, and able to produce witnesses to the existence of a contract, Fechter had about decided to go to law, when he met an old artist friend, Anthony Berand, who was manager of the Ambigu. "Why, what's the matter, Fechter?" inquired the latter; "you look upset."

"Upset! I should rather think I was." And then followed a narration of what had occurred.

"Now take my advice," said the manager, at the conclusion of the woful story. "Don't go to law, but come to my theatre. I 'll double your present salary, and bind myself by more writing than you 'll care to read."

"Agreed," cried Fechter; and the threatening clouds disappeared.

Prior to the beginning of this engagement Fechter went to London with a troupe of admirable artists, including Boccage, Cartigny, Montalent, Josset, Mademoiselle Battiste, granddaughter of the great Battiste, and others. The season at the St. James lasted four months, during which time Fechter appeared in standard plays, the most prominent being Sophocles's *Antigone*. It was brought out with great care, and excited unusual attention. The queen and prince consort were constant in their attendance, not being absent more than twenty nights. D'Orsay was seen constantly, and with him Louis Napoleon, who made Fechter's acquaintance and often went behind the scenes to compliment his countryman. Upon bidding Fechter good by, Napoleon seemed much touched at the thought of his own continued exile from France, and said, "The next time we meet will be in the Tuileries."

"That is somewhat doubtful," answered Fechter, "for I really do not intend to be king."

"*No*," replied the man of destiny, "*but I intend to be Emperor!*"

To smile was impossible. Napoleon's tone and manner were such as to convince Fechter that an oracle had spoken, and when the prince became President of the Republic Fechter knew how the drama would end. Napoleon was right. The next time they met was in the Tuileries, and when Fechter acted for him at Fontainebleau the Emperor took off his watch and chain and begged his acceptance of them.

Fechter made so strong an impression in London, that Maddox, manager of the Princess's, went to him with an offer of £40 per week for three years, if he would appear on the English stage. This was a large salary for those days, and the young artist felt greatly inclined to accept it, but there rose up before him the promise to his friend of the Ambigu. He wrote to be released, if release were possible. "Impossible," was the reply. "Sue and others are writing plays for you, and I cannot let you go." So toward the end of February, 1848, Fechter returned to Paris with the expectation of fulfilling this engagement, making his *entrée* in a new play, *La Famille Thureau*, the first and only production of an eccentric painter, one Lorentz. During the performance of *La Famille Thureau*, the story of which is not unlike that of *La Dame aux Camélias*, Fechter, while engaged in a dialogue of twelve or fifteen minutes, modelled a statue of Poetry three feet high. Fair as the prospect was, it did not long continue. A revolution came between him and public attention; and as the real drama surpassed in interest any that could be feigned, the Ambigu, following the example of other theatres, closed after a season of twelve nights. Freed from obligations, Fechter wrote to Maddox, accepting his former offer, but the letter arrived too late. The enterprising manager had already engaged an opera troupe, which absorbed his time and money.

Othello's occupation gone, Fechter solaced himself with fencing and shooting. In those days of anarchy no man knew what destiny lay in wait for him, and discretion led to anticipation of the worst. So Fechter fenced and fired himself into an enviable notoriety. No one dared to quarrel with him, lest a duel might be the consequence. Rochefort always referred to him with deference, and bullies gave him a wide berth. While thus vigorously engaged, Adrien Decourcelles went to Fechter, saying, "I 've just written a reactionary play, called Oscar the Twenty-eighth, which if possible I want to have performed. You 're the only man who has pluck enough to brave the crowd. I 've burlesqued the Revolution. I anticipate what will most certainly happen months hence,

and if you and I can show the people themselves as they are and must be, it will be a great feather in our caps." Fechter read the play, sympathized with the travesty of royalty on the one side and mad democracy on the other, and with his usual daring consented to play Oscar the Twenty-eighth. The next step was to secure a theatre, and they appealed to Moran of the Varietés.

"But you'll have the theatre down," argued the timid manager.

"Yes, that's one side of the argument," replied author and actor; "but, on the other hand, you *may* make a great deal of money. Your theatre is closed; here is an opportunity of turning an ill wind to good account. If you don't seize it, some other theatre will."

Persuaded in spite of himself, Moran consented to the production of Oscar the Twenty-eighth. On the first night no one but members of the press were present; nevertheless, Moran could not be found. Anticipating trouble, he had left Fechter and Decourcelles to bear the onus of it, instead of which they received the plaudits of a non-paying but appreciative audience.

A few hours acquainted Paris with the nature of the entertainment, and for two months, during the turbulent summer of 1848, Oscar the Twenty-eighth laughed in the face of the Revolution, and drew crowded audiences of reactionists. Instead of assaults upon the actors, there were occasional combats among the spectators, at which times Fechter delivered impromptu addresses upon the folly of useless expenditure of force in the presence of a play brought out for the express purpose of putting the people on exhibition. "Only keep the peace, and we'll show you just how it ought to be done," said Fechter; and, taken aback by his audacity and wit, the combatants were wont to sit down and look at their own portraits. Nine months later the burlesque of Oscar the Twenty-eighth became a positive reality. Decourcelles and Fechter had merely anticipated history.

Later in this year Fechter fulfilled an engagement at the Théâtre Historique, performing Dumas's rhymed tragedy of Charles the Seventh, his drama of *Angèle*, and bringing out for the first time Dumas and Maquet's Catilina, and Paul Feval's *Mystères de Londres*. 1849 found him again at the Ambigu, during which twelve months he created no less than seven characters of totally different types, the pieces being Fournier's *Pardon de Bretagne*, Paul Feval's *Mauvais Cœur*, Charles Desnoyer's comedy of *Les Trois Étages*, Leon Gazlan's *Jeunesse Dorée*, Masson's *Les Fils Aymon*, Bourgeois's *Notre Dame de Paris*, and Labrousse's Louis the Fourteenth. In the last, Fechter, in the hero who attempts to save the queen, assumed seven different characters and surprised the audience by his wonderful "make-ups"; being especially effective as a cab-driver. When the Courier of Lyons was brought out at the Gaieté, a year later, Paulin Menier made an exact copy of Fechter's cab-driver, and gained a success thereby.

1850 and 1851 were equally divided between the Théâtre Historique and the Porte-Saint-Martin. In this time, Dumas's Pauline and Corsican Brothers, Bulwer's Money, Emile Souvestre's *Le Lion et le Moucheron*, De Montepin's *Le Vol à la Duchesse*, George Sand's *Claudie*, and Thiboust's *Le Diable* were first put upon the stage. The Corsican Brothers ran for one hundred nights; while Money, though pronounced a great artistic success, only held the stage forty nights, it being too high comedy for a melodramatic theatre. *Claudie*, at the Porte-Saint-Martin, rivalled the Corsican Brothers in the length of its popularity, whereby "hangs a tale." When the drama was first read, Boccage, to whom belonged the leading *rôle*, that of an old man, went to Fechter saying, "We can offer you nothing in *Claudie*, as I have the first part, and no other is good enough for you."

"On the contrary," rejoined Fechter, "I have taken a fancy to the ploughboy."

"What, the third part in the piece?"

"Never mind, we 'll see what can be made of it."

So *Claudie* was mounted and Madame Sand came from Nohant to "assist" at the dress-rehearsal. At the end of the first act Fechter overheard an excited dialogue between Madame Sand and Boccage in the dressing-room adjoining his own.

"It will kill *Claudie*," said Madame Sand. "I will not permit such an outrage. If you allow that man to act, I 'll withdraw the play."

"But, my dear madame," retorted Boccage, "you don't know what you are talking about. That man, as you call him, is doing you a great honor. He has taken an inferior part out of compliment to you, and will act it as no one else can. My advice to you is to keep quiet."

But Madame Sand turned a deaf ear to this advice, and with threats upon her lips left Boccage to his own reflections.

"What 's the matter, Boccage ?" asked Fechter, as soon as the lady had retired.

"Why, that foolish woman says you sha' n't play in *Claudie*. She 's made a plough-boy, and is very much disgusted with you because you dress him in peasant's clothes and give him a *patois*."

"Very well," answered Fechter, "then *I* refuse the part. I won't go on with the rehearsal."

"But we are lost if you don't. For my sake, pay no attention to her, and go through your part."

Gradually soothed into complaisance, Fechter put on his street dress, spoke the purest of French, and at the close of the next act Madame Sand exclaimed: "What a charming young man ! Why did he not look and act this way before ?"

Fechter had made a gentleman of her plough-boy.

"Now," said Fechter, at the conclusion of the rehearsal, "if I can't do that part as I feel it ought to be done, I won't appear at all. Madame Sand can write, but she has proved that she does n't know the meaning of acting. She has insulted me, and I 've done with her."

Of course, much expostulation ensued, and it was finally decided that, Madame Sand to the contrary, Fechter should have his own way, by which he made *the* success of the play. "Take me to him," exclaimed Madame Sand, when the curtain fell upon the first night of *Claudie*, — "take me to him, that I may know him."

"I refuse to know Madame Sand," was Fechter's answer to this message. "You need not bring her. I do not forget an insult."

Madame Sand did not obtain her introduction ; and when she wrote *Mauprat* especially for the man whom she declared would kill *Claudie*, the proud actor refused to accept his part.

The production of *Le Diable* being assigned to Fechter, he drew the dresses, read the play to the actors, superintended the rehearsals, and had it acted five days after receiving the manuscript. It was at this theatre also that Fechter gave up thirty thousand francs of salary to the minor actors who were suffering in consequence of the manager's failure during the engagement of another artist.

The next six years — from 1852 to 1858 — Fechter was the star of the Vaudeville, where ten new plays were produced in which he personated the hero. These creations were Gozlan's *Le Coucher d'une Étoile* and *Louise de Nauteuil*, Bayard's *Hortense de Cerny* and *Les Contes de Boccace*, Dumas's *La Dame aux Camélias*, Barrière's *Les Filles de Marbre* and *La Vie en Rose*, *On Demande un Gouverneur*, Scribe's *La Fille de Trente Ans*, and Maquet's *Les Dettes de Cœur*. Successful in all, Fechter made a great impression in his very difficult *rôle* in *Hortense de Cerny*. This, however, was eclipsed by the furore he created in *La Dame aux Camélias*. Fechter objected to the fourth act of this play as originally written, and suggested certain changes of situation and dialogue, to which Dumas at first willingly assented, but over which he

grew exceedingly nervous as the trial night approached.

"If my play is a failure I 'll lay the blame on you," said Dumas to Fechter.

"Nous verrons," responded the actor.

The curtain went up, the curtain went down, and the fourth act was over. "What mean that noise and tremendous applause?" asked Fechter of himself. "Is it a failure? Is it an expression of disapprobation?"

"Fechter, Fechter, you have made a sensation, you are called!" And the Vaudeville witnessed an expression of unexampled enthusiasm. The *chef* of the claque came behind the scenes, in great trepidation. "It was n't I!" he cried. "It was not my doing. The people did it, tell the manager. I tried to keep applause back for the last act, but they would have their own way." Dumas hurried to Fechter and clasped him in his arms; while Madame Doche, who had had nothing to do with the sensation of this act, clever as she was in what followed, calmly remarked: "Ah oui. Il m'a bien secondé!"

This play, which, in spite of Anglo-Saxon criticism, is one of the most moral ever written, ran for upwards of three hundred nights, and, whether Doche, Jeanne Ellsler, or others personated the heroine, the success was equally great with Fechter as Armand. What Dumas thought all who read may learn: —

"Thanks to Fechter. What can I say of him that all the world does not say and know? Fechter is the most youthful, most ardent, most enthusiastic, most insinuating of artists. What variety of talents, what unpretending skill in conception, what marvellous, thrilling, electric execution! Be it in *Mauvais Cœur* at the Ambigu, in the Corsican Brothers at the Théâtre Historique, in *Claudie* at the Porte-Saint-Martin, in *Hortense de Cerny* or in *La Dame aux Camélias* at the Vaudeville, he is always the character *first;* then those happy, unexpected inspirations which are the seal of great artists, which transport an entire audience at once, and invest the character with charms and proportions that the author himself, with all his high ambition, never dreamed of. In *La Dame aux Camélias* the illusion is complete; it is not an actor playing, it is the man taken in the very act. Fechter has the action, the look, the voice of our inmost emotions, of our most frequent passions. He is himself, he is ourselves. For a drama in which I have endeavored to cause the foot-lights to disappear and to bring the spectator in direct communication with its characters, for this study in which I have wished that a generation might live over even its errors, where could I have found a surer accomplice than Fechter, young in years, mature in talent? I am happy, it is but my duty to avow it. I seek, I ask in vain who could have given to Armand Duval the convincing poetry, the noble jealousy, the indescribable susceptibilities of feelings, the naturalness, the terror, with which he shaded the first three acts? As for the frenzy of the fourth, at the end of which the entire audience rose to cheer and to recall him, — him and Madame Doche, — if I were not so satisfied at having written the piece, I should wish some one else to have been its author that I might say of Fechter all that ought to be said. His heart beat in every part of the theatre. In the fifth act he gave the most piercing cry of which human grief is capable. Happy the brother author who next has Fechter for his hero! Happy I, who, taking my turn in representing the public, shall go to hear him and to clap my hands!"

Did ever actor receive greater praise from dramatist? And well might Dumas exclaim, he who had done all for the heroine, making Armand a secondary figure, and expecting no more from him than is down in the book! It is cleverness that succeeds in doing well what the author has made pre-eminent; it is genius that carries the author's conception beyond the letter, and makes the less appear the greater. After seeing Fechter in Armand, Le-

maître went to him, saying: "You are a great fool, my dear fellow. You throw yourself away. You always do justice to every portion of your *rôle*. Your performance is so even, so good throughout, that the audience don't appreciate you half as much as they ought. Now take my advice; follow my example. Save yourself for your great 'points,' and the people will be so startled by the strong contrast as to go quite wild. Don't you do anything in Armand until the fourth act, and then you 'll see a hurricane of enthusiasm." But Fechter refused to take Lemaître's advice. He is too true an artist to play for effects, and the great Frederic left him with the final remark, that, of all fools, he was the biggest.

Looking back upon *La Dame aux Camélias*, it is interesting to know that, though rehearsed on the stage of the Conservatoire during the Revolution, the moral censors of the Republic would not consent to its production; and not until the days of the Empire did Dumas's masterpiece receive gracious treatment. Count Morny attended the first rehearsal, expecting to be greatly shocked. "What fools those Republicans were!" he muttered, and immediately withdrew every objection.

Simultaneously with Scribe's *La Fille de Trente Ans* came Sardou's *Pattes de Mouche*. "Which shall we accept?" asked the manager.

"*Pattes de Mouche*, by all means," said Fechter. "It is admirable. Scribe's play will fail, in spite of acting." When Scribe heard the verdict, he went to Fechter and upbraided him. "Say no more about it," replied Fechter. "It was policy, not friendship, that prompted my decision. As a friend I will do anything for you, Scribe. Your comedy shall be accepted."

It was produced, it failed; the theatre was saved by a revival of *La Dame aux Camélias;* and Sardou's *Pattes de Mouche* fulfilled Fechter's predictions by running one hundred and fifty nights at the Gymnase.

In *Les Contes de Boccace*, a five-act comedy, Fechter sustained no less than nine characters; while in *La Vie en Rose* he became the hero of a lawsuit as well as of the play. Not having read the piece before its acceptance by the manager, Fechter declared that he would not perform in it, unless the last two acts were entirely changed. He would not be connected with another failure. The parts had been given out, the date of production announced, and the manager, in despair, resorted to law. Law, however, did not produce the desired effect, as the verdict accorded three months' grace to Fechter, after which he was expected to comply with the manager's demands. Fechter asked for no better terms, as it only needed delay to kill the obnoxious play. Completely at Fechter's mercy, the manager went to him, saying:—

"Dictate your own terms. Barrière is down stairs in a hack. He will do anything you please, provided you 'll play in his piece immediately."

"Very well," responded Fechter; "let him alter those last acts as at first suggested, and I 'll rehearse."

Thus, while the company rehearsed the first three acts, Barrière reconstructed the last two, and *La Vie en Rose* had a rose-colored reception from the public.

One night, during the performance of the comedy *On Demande un Gouverneur*, Fechter was greatly inconvenienced by talking that proceeded from a stage-box. Nothing so embarrasses or mortifies an artist as this most brutal of insults, and nothing so justifies resentment. Louder and louder grew the noise, until, in righteous exasperation, Fechter impulsively flung his cane into the box with such force that it whizzed like a bullet. He then coolly rang a bell, and ordered the astonished servant to stop the noise and fetch him his cane. A dead silence took possession of the previously boisterous spectators, and a cold shiver passed over the rest of the audience, who saw in this act a speedy challenge, followed by a duel, and the possible death of one of the combatants. "Fech-

ter's done it again," whispered those of his friends who knew his readiness to resent injustice and insult; and Fechter himself was quite prepared for the worst, so that when the card of M. le Conte —— was sent to him in his dressing-room, he expected to be called out.

"Monsieur Fechter," said M. le Conte, upon entering the dressing-room, "I owe you a very humble apology for my conduct. A short time ago I was intoxicated and insulted you unconsciously. Your cane brought me to my senses, and I now come to you for pardon."

Of course Fechter's wrath was quickly appeased, and M. le Conte took his departure with protestations of everlasting friendship upon his lips.

Leaving the Vaudeville, Fechter made a successful tour through the provinces, ending with Lyons, where he was to give six representations of *La Dame aux Camélias*. Hisses greeted his first appearance, the Lyonnais having given their allegiance to another actor in Armand, and being determined to make Lyons thoroughly uncomfortable for Fechter. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Fechter, approaching the foot-lights, "it makes no possible difference whether you like or dislike me, whether I act or do not act; I merely wish to say that, if I hear another hiss, I will leave the theatre and never enter it again."

Silenced by this independence, the Lyonnais kept their madness in the background, but preserved a discouraging gloom until the end of the fourth act, when Fechter's passion broke down their prejudice, and former enemies became ardent admirers. Before Fechter bade farewell to Lyons, his six nights had lengthened into three months.

Returning to Paris, Fechter accepted a profitable engagement at the Porte-Saint-Martin, where at the end of ten months, after having appeared in two new parts, in Sejour's *Fils de Nuit*, and Maquet's *Belle Gabrielle*, his engagement was cut short by a dangerous attack of typhoid fever, which seized him suddenly while acting. Singularly enough, he had but just climbed a wall and been fired upon from below by an actor who was supposed to be pursuing him, when he fell upon the stage as if he had been shot. A short time before, an actor at the same theatre had barely escaped death, owing to the pistol being loaded; and imagining a similar accident, Fechter's friend startled the audience by crying out, "I have killed him!" but afterwards pacified the excited multitude by assuring them there was no wound. For five months Fechter did not leave his bed; nor was he able to resume his profession until seven months later. Overwork had brought on disease, and rest was his only salvation. During the last five months of his stay at the Porte-Saint-Martin he had rehearsed pieces for the Odéon, the management of which he was about to assume. Exhausted Nature took her revenge. Upon recovery, Fechter carried out this intention, and before himself reappearing, mounted *André Gerard* for Frederic Lemaître. He made his *rentrée* in Ponsard's *L'Honneur et l'Argent*.

Loving the art of acting quite as much if not more than his own personal advancement, Fechter assumed the management of the Odéon with the intention of producing standard plays in a manner heretofore unknown. Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Molière, and Beaumarchais were to be humanized for the first time. Rhyme and hexameter were to be given colloquially. History was to be respected in *mise en scène* and costume. Turks were not to sit on French upholstery, nor was imperial Rome to be longer shorn of its splendor of appointments. If the *sociétaires* of the Théâtre Français were content to violate the laws of eternal fitness, at least Fechter aspired to better things. Such audacity filled the *sociétaires* with anger and dismay. "What! a minor theatre dare to produce our pieces and in a style superior to ourselves! We will show Fechter our superiority."

So when Fechter brought out *Tartuffe*, he playing Tartuffe for the first time, the same comedy was announced at the Théâtre Français. It would be given three nights a week, until the freebooter of the Odéon was sufficiently punished; but the public failed to appreciate this consideration, and the irate *sociétaires* were obliged to withdraw *Tartuffe* after the second night. Not so Fechter. His interpretation of the entire comedy was a revelation to playgoers. Night after night found Meissonnier at the theatre, making sketches of the costumes and scenery. "Il a mis *Tartuffe* dans ses meubles," said the journals. Fould, Minister of State, wrote to Fechter, expressing his delight, and declaring that he enjoyed it with all the relish of a new play. But Fould was first a servant of the government, then a man; and when the sacred powers of the sacred Théâtre Français demonstrated to him the impropriety of Fechter's poaching upon their ground, Fould requested the withdrawal of *Tartuffe*. "No," replied Fechter, "I cannot. A success of thirty nights proves that my efforts in behalf of dramatic art are appreciated by the public. When the sun of *Tartuffe* sets, that of Britannicus will rise with equal splendor." And he meant what he said. While acting in two new plays, *Le Rocher de Sysiphe* and Emile Angiêr's *La Jeunesse*, Britannicus and Macbeth were receiving the most elaborate and careful rehearsals; and when Fechter closed his first season of nine months, he determined that his reopening should mark an era in dramatic art.

Going to England during the summer of 1860 for the purpose of regaining his health, Fechter received flattering offers from Harris, who had superseded Maddox in the management of the Princess's; but all aglow with the idea of bringing out French and English classics in his own language, he refused to be tempted. Then going to the Tuileries he applied to the Emperor for what is called *la liberté des théâtre*, that is, the right to perform such plays as had heretofore been the exclusive property of the Théâtre Français. Receiving Fechter with cordiality, Napoleon declared that if his own consent were alone required, the despotic law should be immediately rescinded. Unfortunately he could only recommend its annulment to the Chamber of Deputies, and this he would do most gladly. For once the Chamber of Deputies failed to agree with their imperial master, and Fechter impulsively bade farewell to the Paris he loved so well, declared he had no intention of devoting his life to melodrama, and crossed over to England. Had he waited patiently his dream would have been realized, for Napoleon never forgot Fechter's request, and two years later brought about the necessary reform. "Come back," said the Emperor, but the battle had been fought and Fechter could not resign his victory. He had conquered a foreign tongue and a foreign audience, and could not leave Shakespeare for Racine.

Understanding English perfectly when spoken, Fechter flattered himself that it would cost little effort to speak it equally well, but the mystified "What?" of the cabman, to whom he gave directions upon arriving in London, convinced the voluntary exile that there was no royal road to Shakespeare. Devoting himself for four months to our stern Anglo-Saxon language, he studied sixteen and eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; and selecting Ruy Blas, which had never been acted in English, as less likely to display his deficiencies of pronunciation than a native play, made his *début* at the Princess's Theatre on the 27th of October, 1860. The novelty of seeing an eminent French actor translated into English created more than a momentary sensation. The papers were enthusiastic, and Ruy Blas became the hero of a hundred nights. Not yet daring to trust himself with classical language, Fechter's next venture was in the Corsican Brothers, after which, feeling more glib with his tongue, he made his comedy *entrée* on February 11, 1861, in Don Cæsar de Bazan. Six weeks

later, the date being March 20th, he first essayed Hamlet. It was aiming high, but not higher than he could attain. Courage is the friendly breeze that ever fills the sails of genius; and Fechter, long familiar with Shakespeare, did not feel as if he were undertaking anything new. His conception of Hamlet was so thoroughly original, that it became the *open-sesame* to conversation in households and clubs. The actor was transformed into a lion, members of the royal family, the aristocracy and gentry rivalling one another in offers of hospitality. His rendering of Hamlet was generally praised by thoughtful critics.

"Perhaps," wrote Charles Dickens, "no innovation in art was ever accepted with so much favor by so many intellectual persons pre-committed to, and preoccupied by, another system as Mr. Fechter's Hamlet." There were those who exclaimed, as they exclaim in America, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre," but he had powerful support from the best minds. It was after seeing Fechter in Hamlet that Dickens sought an introduction, which took place at a dinner given by Chorley, the musical critic, and which led to a lasting friendship. So great an impression did Fechter make, that Hamlet continued running for one hundred and fifteen nights, from the 20th of March until the end of August! For twenty-one nights it was acted six times in the week; but the strain being too great on Fechter, who feels his text most acutely, it was limited to four nights a week.

Taking a vacation of two months, Fechter reappeared on the 23d of October, in Othello. Here was another hard nut for the critics to crack, and the war of *pro* and *con* waxed fierce and loud. Fechter's Othello was his own, and for forty nights the theatre overflowed with deeply curious and deeply interested audiences. He issued an acting edition of the play, in which all his stage business and reasons thereon were given. For years there had been no such excitement over legitimate drama, and one might have supposed that the management would have been sufficiently clever to have taken advantage of it; but no, Christmas was approaching, and pantomime must be produced. Othello was good, but Columbine and Harlequin were better. Fechter refused to act in connection with the pantomime, retired from the theatre, and left Mr. Harris to ruminate on the fallibility of managerial judgment; for in accordance with Fechter's predictions, the public that had applauded Shakespeare failed to recognize the superiority of his successor.

"Come back," implored Mr. Harris at the close of the third week.

"No, I am not a feather to be blown about at will," replied Fechter. "You said you would run your pantomime ten weeks, and run it you may. When I return, it will be to perform Iago and not Othello."

Mr. Harris did not love Fechter for thus paying him in his own coin, — human nature never enjoys retorts of this description, — but being helpless, submitted to the actor's terms and gathered a rich harvest in consequence. Iago attracted large audiences for several weeks. Then Fechter brought out The Golden Daggers, a drama taken by himself from Paul Feval's novel of the same name, the scene being laid in Mexico. Admirably as the drama was acted and beautifully as it was put upon the stage, it failed to be a pecuniary success. A modern story and perfectly quiet, natural acting disappointed the general public. "There 's no use in going to see that," they said; "it 's just what people do at home."

So Hamlet was revived. At this time Fechter received a fine offer from Ullman to visit the United States; but not wishing to leave England during the great Exhibition, when he expected to continue acting at the Princess's, he declined. Then came Harris's revenge. Fechter had dared to dictate to him, and would not perform Hamlet more than four nights in the

week. London would teem with people, the theatre be patronized no matter what the attraction; Fechter should be sacrificed. Going to the generous-hearted Frenchman with a pitiful story of woes, Harris declared that Harrison (the tenor) stood ready to take the theatre off his hands and pay him a handsome bonus, provided Fechter could be induced to cancel his engagement. Touched in his weakest point, his heart, Fechter consented to withdraw, and on a Saturday morning wrote Mr. Harris to that effect. On the following Monday night Mr. Charles Kean appeared at the Princess's in Hamlet! The story about Harrison had been a miserable *ruse*. Hamlet with Kean will take as well as with Fechter, thought Mr. Harris, but again did he reckon without his public. Finding out the mistake, Mr. Kean conveniently managed to turn his foot on this first night, and did not appear for a fortnight, when Hamlet was quietly ignored. Once more did the honorable manager beg Fechter to return, and once more did he refuse.

But this scurvy trick was most unfortunate for Fechter, as it prevented him from acting during the Exhibition, — a consummation he had devoutly wished. Weary of managerial chicanery, he became lessee of the Lyceum, which opened on the 10th of January, 1863, with The Duke's Motto. For seven months this drama drew great houses, until Fechter, satiated with Henri de Lagardere, dropped it in the full tide of success. Reopening with Bel Demonio on the 15th of October, this highly colored drama bade fair to rival The Duke's Motto in popularity, when Fechter's evil genius stepped between him and fortune. On the one hundred and seventy-fifth night, Fechter, in making his entrance through a window, caught his spur in the sill, and fell so violently as to drive the hook of his scabbard through his right hand. Ready to faint with pain, he yet went through the scene, and even finished the play, not realizing how dangerous a wound he had received. Arising the next morning with the intention of acting, his physician found him shaving himself.

"You had better go back to bed," said the doctor.

"O no, I shall act to-night."

"Indeed! we 'll see about that. Do you feel anything queer about the jaws?"

"No."

"Well, keep very quiet. I 'll return in a few hours."

Return he did, and, as he expected, found Fechter in bed, but fortunately with no symptoms of lockjaw. The exhausted actor and manager lay for three weeks in a state of stupor, rarely conscious, saving when food was administered. Escaping the terrible death of lockjaw, he went to the Isle of Wight, where he gained strength so rapidly as to venture to act Bel Demonio for the benefit of the sufferers from the Sheffield inundation. In acknowledging the generous donation of £203, the entire receipts, the Mayor of Sheffield offered to return £80, the fund having reached the sum necessary to meet the most desperate cases. "Give the rest to the poor," Fechter replied.

The night following this benefit Fechter broke down, and three more weeks passed before he was able to resume his profession. Such contretemps were not likely to advance the interests of a theatre of which he was the pecuniary attraction; and the Shakespeare tercentenary celebration being announced for April 23 (1864), Fechter determined to bring out Hamlet with every possible effect. His orders were not fulfilled until a fortnight later, and the indignant manager indulged in the luxury of a lawsuit. Hamlet then ran forty nights.

The autumn season of 1864 opened with Paul Meurice's comedy-drama of The King's Butterfly. Splendidly gotten up and introducing Fechter's favorite blood-mare, Minerva, who understood French and English equally well, — knew almost as much as her namesake, and acted in a wonderfully human way, — the new sensation endured three or four months, when it was withdrawn

to make way for The Mountebank, which was no more nor less than Belphegor entirely rewritten by Charles Dickens, with a child's part introduced to display the great dramatic ability of Fechter's son Paul, then a child of seven. The counterpart of his father in appearance, — it was like seeing him through the small end of an opera-glass ; — the lad astonished everybody by his acting. On the first night he brought tears into the eyes of the old artists around him, and introduced bits of "business" that amazed even his father. But Paul soon tired of the many repetitions, and being a pet with the ladies, found it much more interesting to play to the boxes and be showered with bonbons, than to lose himself in his part.

"How can you smile at those women when the situations are so tragic?" asked the father in despair.

"Well, but father, you don't really die, you know. It is n't true. It 's only make-believe. We all come home alive and enjoy ourselves, so where 's the harm?"

Fechter saw that the stage would be Paul's ruin, regardless of pecuniary loss withdrew the drama, and brought out The Roadside Inn, a new version of Robert Macaire. This novel rendering of an old friend drew immense houses for three months, and might have continued indefinitely but for the Prince of Wales's desire to witness a performance of Ruy Blas.

"If I comply with your request, I 'll surely ruin the future of The Roadside Inn," said Fechter.

"Not if you give Ruy Blas on a Saturday night and by royal command," argued the Prince.

Very doubtful as to consequences, Fechter complied. The papers waxed furious at the idea of royalty leaving native talent unhonored, and commanding a performance at the theatre of what they were pleased to call "a French importation." The treasury took £230, £10 more than the theatre held, and enthusiasm ran riot. But alas for The Roadside Inn! The next Monday's receipts drooped to £70, and the previously successful drama fell into a rapid decline. The public is a queer monster, far queerer than his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ever dreamed, and the only sop Fechter could throw to it was Ruy Blas. Victor Hugo reigned until the close of the summer season of 1865.

The Lyceum is not a theatre adapted to the legitimate drama. When Fechter assumed its management, he did so as a *pis aller;* and while earnestly longing to produce other Shakespearian plays, he found himself hedged in by fate. He thought in prose what no less a man than Garrick had written in verse, —

"If an empty house, the actor's curse,
Shows us our *Lears* and *Hamlets* lose their force,
Unwilling we must change the nobler scene,
And in our turn present you *Harlequin.*
Quit poets and set carpenters to work,
Show gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk.
For though we actors one and all agree
Boldly to struggle for our — vanity.
If want comes in, misfortune must retreat;
Our first great ruling passion is — to eat!"

With this idea of eating in view, Fechter began the autumn of 1865 with The Watch-Cry, a drama in three acts, founded on the story of the three brothers Salviati. It held up its head quite firmly for two months; but as Fechter represented a dumb man and confined his language to that of pantomime, the people declared that he did not talk enough. "We want to hear as well as see him." Wishing to gratify this amiable desire, Fechter produced The Master of Ravenswood, on December 23, 1865, and made so deep an impression in the romantic Edgar that he played nothing else for the remainder of the season.

September, 1866, saw Fechter personating Hamlet for two weeks. Going from one extreme to the other he revived The Corsican Brothers, which attracted excellent audiences for one month. Then came Fechter's drama of *Rouge et Noir*, founded on Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life. It was pronounced good work, and lived luxuriously for one hundred and fifty nights.

Feeling himself utterly incompetent to circumvent the harpies who fattened

upon his treasury, Fechter determined to retire from the lesseeship of the Lyceum, and henceforth confine himself to his proper sphere of acting and stage direction. Behind the scenes Fechter is a master; before them he is, like most artists, a child. Wishing to close his theatre with *éclat*, he produced The Lady of Lyons, and created so great a *furore* in Claude Melnotte as to astonish even Bulwer. It ran seventy nights, the curtain falling last upon it on November 16, 1867. Then followed the great success at the Adelphi of No Thoroughfare, dramatized by Fechter, Dickens, and Wilkie Collins, and acted one hundred and fifty-one times. Fechter's powerful rendering of Obenreizer made the drama; and no sooner was it withdrawn than he went to Paris with Dickens to superintend the rehearsals of its French adaptation, *L'Abîme*. Returning to the Adelphi, Fechter won double laurels for one hundred nights in his clever drama of Monte Cristo, after which he appeared in Black and White, the joint work of himself and Wilkie Collins.

Not having visited the provinces since 1865, when his circuit had been limited to Glasgow, Birmingham, and Liverpool, Fechter gave eight months of last year to a tour through Great Britain and Ireland. Even Liverpool acknowledged his power. This city is not greatly given to legitimate drama, nevertheless Liverpool wanted to see Fechter in Hamlet. "Very well," said Fechter, "Black and White cannot be withdrawn, because it is filling the theatre; but if you like I will give you one act of Hamlet every night until finished, and you shall have it after the drama."

The Liverpoolians readily assented to this arrangement, and, putting all his intensity into each act, Fechter never acted Hamlet as equally as on those five nights; Liverpool was an easy conquest, but not so Manchester. This good town had a grievance. Years before Manchester had commanded, had petitioned, had finally implored Fechter to come to them, but it was not until this season that he was able to respond to the prayer. Then Manchester arose in all her might to resent a prolonged absence, which she chose to consider a slight. Manchester hides neither her light nor her cutlery under a bushel. The world may think what it pleases of London as the heart and head of Great Britain, but Manchester has opinions of its own, pre-eminent among which is the religious conviction that Manchester is the centre of the solar system. Consequently when Fechter did appear at the Theatre Royal, it became incumbent upon a club clique to punish him for his previous indifference. So the clique decided that Fechter should play to empty benches until the production of Hamlet, when the entire solar system should shine upon the star. Feeling the injustice of such treatment, and determined to preserve his personal as well as professional dignity, Fechter held the cards in his own hands and won the game. Playing to audiences of three and four hundred, he never acted better in his life. For those who did come to see him he felt that he owed all that he could give; for those who childishly attempted to humiliate him he inserted a card at the head of the play-bills, in which Mr. Fechter took great pleasure in announcing that his engagement would not be prolonged after the performances of Ruy Blas and Black and White! He was as good as his word, and the clubs of Manchester discovered that for once they had found their match.

Accepting an offer to visit this country, Fechter hurried back to London, and, after fourteen farewell performances at the Princess's of Ruy Blas, Lady of Lyons, and Hamlet, set sail for America, where he has found as ardent appreciation and as warm friends as in the older world. "Come back soon," said the Prince of Wales on that last of farewell nights. "Remember that we cannot get on without you." Well might even flippant royalty confess as much, for it will be long ere England salutes the peer of that "French importation," Charles Albert Fechter.

Kate Field.

THRENODY.

[June 9, 1870.]

GLADNESS remains, though man has said, "'T is done."
The universal smile on Nature's face
Again man's smile hath won!
Yet the accustomed trace
Of footsteps, nevermore
Is washed from the curved shore.

What can the dull waves tell us now of him
Who was so very human! What speech left
In the wild tempest's whim!
Or June trees, unbereft,
What whisper can impart
To the grief-laden heart!

We were grown deaf to music, the soul's ear
Being all untuned: We were grown dumb to tell
Even of what lies most dear!
Yet, led where chance befell,
The voice of the wild bird
Dropped one note, not unheard.

Joy shall endure, the dark is but for Time!
Thus sings the bird from Napa to Cathay.
O stillness of the Prime!
Broken art thou as mid-May
Breaks on the frozen earth
With her white enflowered birth.

The fresh, strong tree that whispered while he spoke
Cannot be silent now that he is still,
And human hearts are broke!
But murmuring must fill
With voice of permanent joy
A world death shall destroy.

Light of green leaves and lustre each day born,
Why are all else grown silent before thee?
Our hearts shall cease to mourn,
The abbey bells to be,
But thou shalt ever shine
Wearing thy grace divine!

Gladness of life, thou joy of this green earth,
Immortal art thou, therefore we love thee
With rapture of new birth:
When from the dark we see
Morning's transparent gray
Fade into the blue day.

LITTLE BEN.

IT 's pleasant faring down here on this Eastern Shore, with the air so soft it 's a mere bliss to breathe it, all manner of sweet smells from the woods coming to me when the land breeze blows, and sometimes the southeast sweeping up the bay with the salt vigor on its wet wings that carries me back to the happy days when I used to make all the lights in Boston Bay at once. I can see them now, as I used to sight them then, twenty miles out, the whole nine of them, sparkling up in that great dark horizon in their sudden and mysterious way, the Boston Light, Thatcher's Island and Baker's Island Lights, the Highland wading out to sea, far off on one hand the Plymouth lights, far off on the other the Eastern Point, and Minot's Ledge swinging its lantern over the waters, — a ring of beauties, I 've heard many an old salt say, tired of his rolling voyage.

Well, there are lights here on the Chesapeake ; and I suppose there are men to whom they stand for all the others did to me ; but they 're no more like my old lights than the flare of this smoky pitch-pine knot is like the trail of a meteor ; and sometimes I think if my scow could only float safely up the five hundred miles of coast that lie between, and in some night of still, starlit summer weather I could see the lights suddenly and silently as spirits spring up all about me once again, why, I 'd lie down in the boat and die content.

Not that I 've any idea of dying, — folks don't do that down here on the Eastern Shore. Healthy ? I believe you. Just look at me. I wonder whether the branch that runs beside my door does n't trickle out of the fountain of everlasting youth. At any rate, I 've a fancy that my island is one of the outlying suburbs of the Garden of Eden.

It 's a garden run wild itself. I don't know who owns it. I don't. I put up a cabin here, and put old Milly and her man John in it ; there is n't another human soul to be had till you come to the mainland. The birds build in the eaves and in the sods and all around everywhere ; the deer come and drink at the door ; I hear the quail piping out there in the reeds. See the ducks, with their backs green and gold in the sun ! They mind me no more than if I were that old stump ; and sometimes the wild pigeons perch on my shoulder. A man may live like a lord here, too, with the yams in the ground, the plums, the berries, the royal grapes, the fresh salads ; with the crabs you see scuttling through the clear water ; with the oyster-bed yonder that a king would covet. I come home every night loaded with my game, venison rich with all the juices of the woods, birds that have spiced themselves on the wild celery. But, for all that, the crack of my rifle is never heard on this side of the island ; the great level floors of the snowy dogwood boughs in their season stretch away into the forest unstirred by the plunge of anything flying from me, the magnolia shakes down its scents through no rude motion of mine, and the ringdoves sit on the low cedar branches and coo as though I were nothing but a juniper myself.

Well, that 's all very well for once in a way ; the gentlemen who come over here hunting, and use me for a guide, think it 's the picked place of the earth ; but take it lonely, day after day and year after year, and you find it 's not people. You find that it 's enough to make a man go melancholy mad. When it gets beyond endurance, I take my float and go poking up the creeks and inlets and currents, and in among the shoals and shallows, and I find the measure of this and sound the depth of that, and set it all down in my chart, and compare my chart with those I bought in Baltimore, and by the time

the chart 's done I shall have served what 'll be as good as a seven years' apprenticeship and be ready, if I want it, for a commission as full pilot of the Chesapeake. It 's hard on a man to have to serve two apprenticeships to the same trade, but it 's my own fault, I reckon.

I had as jolly a service once, though, tumbling round Boston Bay, fair weather and foul, as ever any one had to remember his name by, — long years while I went from boy to boat-keeper, and from boat-keeper to captain, but happy as they were long. Little I cared for danger then, a wet jacket all my delight, all my ambition to run my boat alongside of a European steamer, in a sea too rough for boarding, and bring her up to the wharf when everything else in the harbor was holding for dear life on its cable. Still, there was plenty of sport ashore, off nights when we cruised round by the theatres, Wilbur and I, and days too down at the farm where Kate lived, and when we all went picking wild strawberries in the field together, and Wilbur and I grew madder with love for Kate over every berry we dropped in her basket. You would n't have wondered at that either, if you 'd ever seen her; for she was nothing but a sunbeam. Such a rosy face, always blushing, always smiling, smiles and blushes and dimples one after another there, and all together; and eyes as blue as heaven; and hair, as yellow as the light, clustering in little rings round the white forehead; she was n't made to stay here any longer than the morning light is made to stay, and she went away alone on her long journey the year after she married Wilbur. For you see I stood no chance at all beside him, — he a tall, proud, handsome fellow, with a way with him to win a woman's heart at the asking, quick to make the most of his chances; and he had her and was married to her, and had broken her heart, and buried her, before I — slow and stupid always as an owl in the daytime — fairly knew whether the world was upside down or not.

Perhaps I had loved her the better of the two, — I don't know. We were neither of us full pilots yet, and Wilbur himself could n't have afforded to marry but for the rent of Kate's little farm that her mother left her. But that made no odds to him: he never felt nearer to anybody for the favors done him; he was the sort that cares for little but a pretty face, and tires soon of that; and, neglecting her till her soul was sore, if he did n't positively abuse her afterwards; yet the shrinking thing, all alive to any touch, took careless words and unkind ones from him, like blows; and when her child was born she had no heart to live any longer, and so slipped out of life.

As for me, I had n't loved Kate after that fashion, at any rate. If I had married her, homely and awkward and uncouth as I might have been, I 'd have died but I 'd have made her happy. But I never had told her, or had hinted to her, that I cared for her, though Wilbur knew it well enough; for I had confided in him, and he had said nothing, but had just stepped in before me. It would n't have made any difference though, if he had n't; Kate never could have cared for me. But I never saw her, from the day I heard she was to marry him till the day I went and looked at her lying in her coffin, the little white, pinched face so worn and weary for a year's wife, — oh, so sad! And I glanced up at Wilbur, and our eyes met, and he knew I hated him. "I killed her," was what his guilty eyes said; "and I mean to kill you," must have been what mine replied.

So we each went back to our life in the boat, day by day and night by night, side by side, as we had been for years; Wilbur always meaning to be transferred, but always delaying about it, full of an indistinct notion, as I 've since thought, that I meant to do him an evil turn, going ashore but little, and seldom trusting himself alone with me when he could help it. For my part I never noticed that; after that first pang I had no idea of any re-

venge upon him. Kate had loved him, — how could I harm him? I used to envy him, to envy and to wonder at him, thinking of the child's voice I heard crying that last time I looked on her face, remembering that it was hers, that he had it to go home to and never did. One day — I can't say what made me, I 'm sure I did n't think of it till I found myself on the spot — I stole up that way and went in to see that baby myself, — a great blue-eyed, happy boy he was, who held up his mouth like a bud and came to me on the minute; and my heart closed round him, all at once, the way my arms had done.

I don't know as you 'll believe me, but, as much as I had cared for Kate, from that day I began to care for this child more, and, much as once I longed to make her mine, I longed now to get possession of the child. It seemed to me that Wilbur set no value on him; and I began to torment myself with the thought that possibly I might have him. Whether I might or not I wanted him, and the want got hold of me like an insanity, and that 's a fact. After a while, when I made sure that Wilbur never went, I used to go and see him whenever I was on shore, and carry toys to him first, and toys and sweetmeats afterwards, and bribes to the nurse where he was boarded out in Gasket Lane, a woman who resented his father's lack of feeling for him like an insult to herself. Perhaps it was wrong, but, right or wrong, I meant the child should love me; perhaps because I knew well that no one else in all the world ever would, for now I should never marry, and there was not a soul alive in whose veins my blood ran. I never could tell why I cared so much about him; it might have been a freak at first, and then the affection grew with the indulgence; it might have been because he was a part of her, because I could not remember Wilbur's share in him; but care I did, and every time I saw him I felt his little grasp tighten round my heartstrings. Before his first year was out he knew me, and would crow and dance when he saw me coming, and babble my name, and hold out his chubby arms to be taken and kissed and dandled; and I 'm telling the truth when I say that by that time he was dearer to me than my lifeblood.

So the days went on, one like another, and little Ben was two years old, the moment he could stand alone walking off like a man, the moment he could walk taking things at a run, tumbling and rolling and laughing and up again, a wholesome little red-cheeked chap who had never had a tear in his eye and who had a heart full of love for all the world. And in the mean time I was Ben's visible Providence, as you might say; I brought him his lollipops, his woolly horse, his red balloon, his flying ball; I stole him and the nurse away for a day in the country, and took him in my arms long walks over the strawberry-fields, or dipped him in the roller down on Chelsea Beach; sometimes I sang him to sleep with the sea-songs that many a night his mother and Wilbur and I had sung together in our boat down the harbor, and that now my voice trembled over, and he would turn and rub his face all over mine with great wet kisses before he went to sleep, — Lord, I never wiped them off! and my heart would beat like a trip-hammer when I watched him and thought, if he was all this to me now, what it might have been had he been really mine; but those were thoughts I had no right to think.

One wintry afternoon, having some spare hours on my hands, I went over to see the boy again; I never could keep away! And I had a ginger-snap, and a gibralter, and a jumping-jack in my pockets, for him to hunt after and find in a frolic over each pocket; and at last, after a good game of romps, he dropped asleep on my arm, tired out. He was a handsome little rascal then, the damp curls round his rosy face, and his lips parted over the split pearls of his teeth, while he still kept smiling even in his sleep; and as I was looking at him and admiring him, it crossed me, all of a sudden, that he

was getting too dear to me, and I was only breeding trouble for myself and perhaps for him. I had n't laid him down; but as I was thinking this to myself, and thinking it had got to stop, that maybe it was n't the fair thing by Wilbur, — I had n't spoken to the man in two years, except in the way of the boat, but I 'd go and say what a noble little fellow his son had grown to be, for Wilbur had never seen him more than two or three times in his life, and I knew Kate would never want him to love me better than his own father, which he did to-day, and I would just step aside, cost me what it might, and play the second part in life which seemed to have been allotted me, — as I sat there, thinking these very thoughts, so help me Heaven, and glum enough with the prospect before me, and undecided, and half sensible that I could n't do it, there came a pull at the bell, and the door opened, and in stalked the man I was thinking of. He stopped a moment, taken all aback. "So!" he cried then, in a loud, sharp voice that presently woke the child, "it 's not enough that you took one, but you must have the other."

My blood boiled, though it 's not quick blood, with the tone, the speech, the insult, the lie. God knows it was a lie. But I was sure that if I ever wanted to see little Ben again, I must keep it down. And I said just as coolly, I think, as if he had n't spoken: "Look here now, Wilbur, if ever I 'd known you to set by the little chap, I 'd have held off. But 't was no more 'n right that somebody should see to him. And I was thinking, this moment, that I 'd speak to you about him; for, God be my judge, I 've no wish to steal a child's affections from his father."

And with the loud words the child waked entirely out of his dream in a sudden terror at the sight of the dark angry man bending above him with an uplifted hand, for Wilbur was so blind with rage that he did not know what he was doing. The child gave a shriek and clung to me. And at that Wilbur caught him, — I letting him go, of course, — and as he flung himself backward in fright from the man who was almost a total stranger to him, and who was so fierce and violent, and as he held his little arms to me and called my name, Wilbur slapped his face with the palm of his hand, a red blistering blow. But that was more than I could stand, and I caught his wrist; if I 'm little, I 'm strong; he could no more have wrenched that wrist free than if it had been under the keel of a launching ship. "You 're a man!" said I, — "a man, you brute. Does n't it answer you to have broken his mother's heart? Now, hark ye, if I ever see or hear of your striking that little lad again, father or no father, I 'll have him put under guardeenship and you put into jail, as true as there 's a God above you!" And I flung him his hand, and walked off, and left Benny sobbing his little soul out. Much as it hurt me, I had nothing else to do, for not a bit of right had I in that place, I knew.

"I broke his mother's heart, did I?" said Wilbur, as I went out the door. "Very well, I 'll break his spirit."

It was nothing but bravado, I might have known; but at the moment it seemed deadly earnest, it seemed worse than any death-warrant for Benny and me together.

Well, I went to the boat, where she lay at the wharf. It was n't the most cheering place for a man to take a bruised heart to; once I had loved every plank in her, now she seemed nothing but a prison. It was a bitter cold afternoon, just edging into twilight, the gray sky full of snow that could not fall, a wild wind whistling through the rigging with a piercing, desolate sound to me as I came on board and went below. I did not think, as I heard that sound, of Kate's voice crying for her child, or of little Benny's miserable wail, but hearing it, I felt as those things would have made me feel that night, though I had heard it a thousand times before without a qualm, and it was an evil mood that filled me while I lit the lamp and hunted out my tobacco-pouch.

There was only one fellow on the boat, and, as there was nothing up, I let him off, saying I would keep the watch myself; for I could no more read the paper I had bought than if I had been raked up in red-hot coals; and I wanted to be alone, and to go up and fight it out with the night and the weather, while I paced the deck.

It was a tingling air above that froze the breath itself; the town lay sparkling off through the murk of the night under a mist of light, the wharves were all deserted, and even the watchmen had found shelter somewhere; nothing was to be heard about me but the piping wind, the creaking ropes, the lapping of the water, and, miles away, the rumble of the storm rumored from wave to wave, — a black, wild night, and I as black and wild within myself, as I thought of the luck that shut me out from every joy there was, that robbed me of a wife, that robbed me of a child's love, that robbed the woman for whom I would have died of peace, that robbed her child of care and protection, and left him to the brutal mercies of one who, if he did not hate him because I loved him, did not love him because I did, — a luck that made me the means of trouble to all who were dear to me. I knew well that Wilbur would not fulfil his threat about the boy; he would not relish a poltroon in his son more than I would myself; he was not a monster either, in cold blood, and had probably some sparks of pride and feeling, and the worst he would do would be to let the boy run wild, and hold him with that fast-and-loose hand which thrashed him to-day for the deed praised yesterday; but I was n't in the frame for reason or conjecture; I could only remember and feel, and with every moment I was working myself up to a fiercer froth of rage against the man who had made my existence so wretched for the last three years, and now had the power, the right, the will, to make it wretched for all time to come. I said to myself I was a fool, a fool for my pains. What was little Ben Wilbur to me? If I wanted something to love, there were plenty of Blenheim spaniels that would never outgrow it, there were plenty of foundlings ready for adoption by any idiotic young man. But they were none of them Ben, they were none of them Kate's, they were none of them the one that I loved already like a portion of my own life. And I could n't alter it if I tried. And the more I thought of it the more frenzied I became, and I swore it was impossible to give the boy up. But whether it was impossible or not, the thing was done, I knew. While the man lived, it was not likely I should ever be allowed to see my little Ben again; he would be taught to laugh at me and to despise me by and by for a milksop; I was perfectly powerless, and I cursed Wilbur for it.

My pipe was out at last; it was curdling cold; savage enough, by this time, not to care what happened to the boat, I went below and made myself snug by the stove. I had been there perhaps five minutes, and was not half thawed out, when I heard a quick, firm step coming down the wharf. I gave a start, for I thought it was Wilbur's step, and I thought we should hardly be pleasant company for one another that night; and before I had more than thought the thought there came a splash and a cry, and then I recollect imagining I had been mistaken, and that it was the watchman returned and sending his dog for something afloat in the harbor, forgetting the cruel weather.

And with that there came the cry again, but fainter, weaker, farther off, and this time I knew it was Wilbur's voice. I knew? No, I can't say I knew, I never could say, I can't to-day, whether in those five minutes, standing unsteadily between wind and water, I committed murder or not. Murder, you know, because whether it was Wilbur or another, — if I thought it was he, — and whether he sank and never came to sight again, or whether he was picked up and carried off to come back on me at some time, like a clip of the day of judgment, so far as I was concerned, if I thought it was he and I

let him sink, it was murder of the deepest dye. But minutes are swift and fly, and my mind is slow and lumbers after, and I have never been able to put my finger on the thing, and say I did it. I thought, "That 's Wilbur. Wilbur? No, he 's not coming down to-night. It 's the watchman." I thought, "That 's Wilbur's voice. He 's missed his foot on the hanging-ladder there, — tide 's at the ebb. He 's gone down in his heavy clothes, like a lump of lead. He 'll freeze to the bottom, and that 'll be the last of him." And what do you suppose I did then? Jump on deck, and over, and after him? Nothing of the kind. "Then I 'll have Ben," I thought. "Drown, you fool! you can't do better!" And then came the sound again. And with that third shout, faint and far as it was already, "What good will Ben be to me," I cried, "if I let his father die? Can I ever look the lad in the eye? won't every smile on his sweet face drive me mad with remembrance of the way I got it? Up with you, call for help with the canoe, over with the lines!" It was just one moment too late. The bitter breath of the bleak night whipped my face like the wrath of a departing soul, as I sprang on deck. There was not a being to be seen, and nothing but the twinkling harbor lights and the lanterns of one great bark spreading sail for sea on a favoring wind. There was not a sound to be heard, except the swash of the strong current washing down the tide. The wind cut through me as I stood there shivering; some watchmen came running up to see where that cry came from; we put out in a boat and sculled about and found nothing; and when I went aboard again Maybee had returned, and I took a swallow of something hot, and turned in.

But Wilbur did not come on board that boat again. And, as it was found that he had really started to come down, it was gradually understood that it was he whom I had heard, that he had missed his footing and gone under with that splash, and either he had not come to the top, or else he had been carried along by the strong tide and taken up by that bark which we had seen spreading her sail for foreign parts, — one chance in ten thousand. In that case he would have returned with the pilot, you say. But that pilot never came back; and, unless he himself had gone cruising through the Pacific and Indian seas with the bark, his canoe had swamped and he had drowned, in the growing storm, between the bark and the boat; for what was only a heavy gale at night was blowing a tempest by morning.

Well, I changed into another boat pretty soon. I never could bear our old wharf and moorings again. A night and a day of agony, if ever anything was agony, had poisoned the whole region. With every storm, with every spring-tide, I expected to see Wilbur's accusing face come floating to the top. I lived in misery that winter; my nights were horrors; for now it was Wilbur visiting me with hate, and now it was Kate's reproachful face as I had seen it in her coffin; I felt that the foulest, filthiest creatures on the street had whiter souls than I; and it was weeks and it was months before I went near little Ben again. I did n't want to see him, I did n't dare to see him; I kept saying to myself, "The wages of sin is death." Perhaps of my own accord I never should have gone near him again, — it 's hard telling, — if one fine spring day, with all the earth and air in a rejoicing, I had not come across his nurse and him strolling upon the Common; and he knew me far off, and called after me, and sprang into my arms; and feeling him there once more, I never could let the little tyke go again.

But as the year slipped on after that and memory dimmed and pain dulled, I began to believe there was no sense at all in those whims of mine; that I was not accountable for my thoughts, coming quickly, a whole raft of them, while I clapped on my hat, very like; that in reality I had not lingered below a second; that it was n't like me, at

any rate; but that I had run on deck without deliberation or delay, that I did then all there was to do, and that Wilbur drowned through no fault of mine. Was I the man to do a murder, — I who never could kill a fly? And, by the time the new year came, I was sure of it, and dismissed the matter from my mind. Moreover, all the world could see there was no malice between that drowned man and me, when I was making his child my own. For I had taken the charge of the house that Ben's nurse lived in; I paid her for keeping it, so that she need n't take in any other sewing than Ben's and mine; I had been promoted in the new boat, and had my commission then, and could afford it all; and I paid the rent and the bills, and had trustees appointed for Ben's little bit of money; and his kinsfolk, being distant, were glad enough to give up any claim to him; and I felt I had a home at last, and the child was mine.

There was only one thing that looked bad about it; I had a devout turn of my own naturally, as they call it; I had always liked to be grateful for any blessings that fell to my share; I said my prayers every night, for I had promised my mother, when she left me at ten years old, that I would, and I did; but every time I tried to thank God for giving me this happiness at last, I stopped as if I was choked; I could n't do it; there was a black step between me and thankfulness for that child's possession. Still, that was only now and then, because it was only now and then I thought of thankfulness, and for the most part I was happy. Who could have helped it with that urchin clambering round his knees, — the sunny little spirit opening every day, always glad, always gay, slipping out of one birthday and into another, happy and ashamed in his first trousers, strutting in his first boots, surprising you with his letters to-day, reading print next time you saw him, and believing you to be the greatest and the wisest man alive. If I was anxious that, when Benny heard others speak of me, it should be as the best pilot on the coast, daring any danger that opened, and skilful as a spider on a thread when daring was of no use, Benny was just as anxious I should have good report of him; his pockets were full of tickets of merit, he wore a little medal on a blue ribbon whenever I was in the house, and I remember the first time I took him down the wharves aboard a ship the little monkey was in the ratlines, waving his hat to me, and running up the rigging before you could say Jack Robinson. Well, some are born to it. I suppose he 's doing it now. I don't know.

However, every man has his day, and that was mine. I often wondered then whether Ben or I was the happier fellow. He used to regard me as a powerful being who ruled the elements, and for whom the tides set, and the moon rose, — a sort of rough guardian angel that he saw now and then, but who was over him all the time, and who knew his thoughts, or else how did he always get just what he had been wishing for? I used to regard him as just the pole-star of my life; I set my compass by him, I steered by him, there was n't a thought of my heart which did n't belong to little Ben. When I came ashore he seemed to feel it in the air; I always found him at the window, and heard him shouting with delight before I opened the door.

What holidays we used to have! We used to begin getting ready for the Fourth of July the minute the Christmas pudding was gone, and for Christmas the minute the Fourth of July rockets went out. That last Christmas! I won't forget that in a hurry. It was a gay old day; we did n't know the cloud that was coming up behind us, — that was coming up behind me. I got home just as the Three Blind Mice began the chime for Christmas eve; and Ben was all of a tickle the livelong evening, for he had a secret, and he was to sit up till nine o'clock, the way he always did when I came; and I let him count down the money for Goody Nurse's wages, and for the

house-rent, and for all the New Year's bills; and then we popped a dish of corn; and after that we went out and carried a basket full of roast meat and pies to the starving children he had heard about down in Friend Court; and coming home we stopped in the doorway of a church where the choir was practising, and the organ was pouring out a tune, and all the voices singing together,

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around";

for I thought it might stand to him for never having heard his mother sing it. And after that we snowballed each other all the way home like boys together, and he was tired enough to tumble into bed when he got there. And it was just the gray of the dawn when I was disturbed with something creeping into my room; and, never stirring, I opened my eyes and saw Ben's little figure in his nightgown, the curly hair standing up in a snarl all round his own sleepy eyes, while he tried to pin one of my socks to the shelf, and only saved himself by great effort from spilling all he held in his nightgown with every thrust he gave the pin. And into that sock, at last, he dropped a bun, — Ben was mighty fond of buns; and a stem of raisins, — I 'm afraid Ben stole those when the pudding was put together; and a taw-alley, — I used to play marbles with him so that he could n't tell but a taw-alley meant as much to me as it did to him, and this was his bettermost; then came an almanac, that was the nurse's gift; and then a stick of molasses candy, — he stopped and took a little nibble of that, and stopped again, as if he was thinking about taking another, but did n't; and then came the crowner, a great jack-knife almost as big as a bowie, with thirty-two blades and a corkscrew in it, that he must have saved every penny he 'd had for half a year to buy; and he 'd meant to put that in first, for a great surprise at the end, and not last, and so had to take down the sock and empty it and do it all over again, making a little by the transaction, as two of the raisins came off the bunch, one of which, after looking at it, he put back like a hero, but the other was too much for him. And that done, off he crept like a mouse, as he had come, giving one great smack at his raisin, though, that almost woke me up! That was my stocking; but Ben's was hung up down stairs, as slender a stocking as ever swung empty, and it was a sight to see the rueful look on Ben's face one instant while he glanced at it, and the joyful one there the next, when, running his hand desperately down to the toe, he brought up a little silver watch, on a black guard, and with a key the shape and nearly the size of a pistol. Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday at one side of his breakfast-plate, and a Latin grammar at the other, — for I meant that boy should have an education, — were totally covered and eclipsed behind that watch and key. He almost ruined the watch that very day with winding it up; he regulated it by the kitchen clock every half-hour, and he had more reasons for knowing what time it was than a pickpocket. Then in the afternoon we had a sleigh-ride, the three of us, away over the Milldam and into the country; and though we were tipped out into a snow-bank, that was only half the fun; and we came home in great glee, and I went off down the harbor with the stars. I can feel Ben's little cold cheek on mine now, as I bade him good night at the door, the last good night I ever gave him.

Well, delight 's delight, come when it will. If there was any other little chap I could make as happy now as I made Ben that day, I don't know but it would be worth trying. I thought of him all the way down the bay; I thought I would n't have him leading the hard and venturesome life I did by night and day, shine or storm, wet to the skin, with my clothes freezing on me, death always at my right hand; but I thought that, as sure as I lived, I 'd have him college-educated, and my heart came

into my mouth fancying the time when I 'd go into court and hear his voice ringing out with a great argument that judge and jury and crowd all hung breathless to hear. And I thought of the time, too, when I had neither home nor child, but was a forlorn and lonely wretch without an object in the world; and I shivered to remember it; and I said to myself, I would rather drown a hundred fathom deep than have to go back to it; and I knew it was Ben that saved me from it, that it was Ben all my happiness came from, and the love of him filled me to the lips and made me more light-hearted than any man who ever swung a tiller or steadied a wheel. I dare say it was a sort of madness with me. That made it neither better nor worse; but to think that I might lose him was to think of annihilation, — was impossible. I never did think it.

It 's a strange thing, but I can remember every word I said that night, every thought I had, every sound I heard, every rope I touched, just how the sea looked, the stars in the sky, the rig of the boat. I remember when the wind hauled round to the eastward, near daybreak, and the weather thickened, what sail we took in, and how it came on to blow great guns just after we 'd set old Clews aboard the Burd Helen in the afternoon. It 's all stamped on me as if a hot iron had done it, for those, rough as they were, were the last hours of my happiness. — No, now, I 'll not be such a spoon as to say that I 've seen no happy days since those. Perhaps I 'm content enough with things after all, perhaps I 'd let them drift as they are. But it 's no wonder that time is alive and tingling yet, if you touch it on the raw, for these were the edges of a mighty wound.

So, as I was saying, the weather began to thicken up for foul, a pretty stiff easterly breeze blowing the foam in our teeth and presently veering to east-northeast, the sky the color of a gull's breast, and the snow falling, the wind growing to a gale, dark setting in early, and a great sea running. A pilot-boat, with a wild winter storm close upon it, is not the pleasantest place in the world; and as the vessels in the bay were likely to stand out for more sea-room, and there was nothing in sight for us to do, we had just decided to run for a harbor, when I thought I spied a large ship to windward, steering west-northwest, under topsails and fore and main courses; and our duty being to hail her, let what would betide, we put about and stood out the Bay for her, stivering along ourselves as we might, a close-reefed mainsail and bonnet off the jib being all the pilot-boat could carry. It was the ship Dibdin, as we afterwards learned, from Valparaiso, with a cargo principally of copper-ore, and entering the South Channel, after a pleasant voyage, she had been delayed by the wreck of a ship on the South Shoal, — an ugly place in heavy northeast gales for vessels bound to Boston, — and had saved the crew from the wreck through breakers running like white-fire. Taking her departure for the Highland Light off Cape Cod, she had passed the Cape at about meridian with a six-knot breeze, everything set, and was half-bay over when the wind veered to the east-northeast, blowing a gale with a thick snow-storm, as I told you; and being bay-locked, there was nothing for it but to run for Boston Light, which she was doing when I caught sight of her, having taken in all her light sails and reefed her topsails.

It was not till the gray of the evening had blackened into something near midnight, that we fell in with her at last in the chops of the channel, where tremendous cross-seas made any getting at her impossible. We hailed her; but we might as well have hailed the Flying Dutchman; we shouted the trumpet hoarse, yet the wind scattered the sound behind us like foam; we hung out our lanterns; but all in vain. The captain of the Dibdin could see nothing but his ship and old Boston Light; and now he was running past the light with his topsails clewed down upon the cap, courses hauled up snug,

buntlines, clew-lines, and leach-lines taut, and jib down, and, just her shadow darker than the other shadow, she was walking through the water like a great, gaunt ghost. But I knew the lay of the land about there better than she did, and could see that she was edging much too close to the northern side of the channel. "If she ain't aground in three minutes," says I, "it's because she 's a cherub!" And sure enough the words had no more than passed my lips when there came a plunge, a shiver shaking all through the towering skeleton, a wild wash of backwater, and the ship was fast upon a shoal, with the waves leaping round her like wolves round their prey. Says I to myself, "I 'll steal your sport yet!"

Bringing the pilot-boat near that ship in such a blow had been something not to be thought of, unless we wanted to run the risk of grinding her to powder; but now there was a chance of boarding her with the canoe, frail as it was, and of course it must be tried; that was our business here, or else that ship would be splintered before morning. It was my turn to go; but there was no hanging back on board our boat, and one of the keepers was in the canoe before I was there myself, and we put off on our doubtful errand, for it was a skilful oar that kept a canoe afloat in such a sea, made worse, as it was, by the swell of the ship's grounding. "It's no use your trying to go back," yelled I to the keeper; "you 'll go aboard with me, if we ever get aboard at all"; and then we went round under the lee of the ship, — it was a night almost as black as pitch, — and keeping well off, we hailed her once more. "Ship ahoy! Heave a line!" I cried; "two bowlines and a lantern! Look sharp!"

That voice out of the storm and the blackness must have seemed to them on the Dibdin's deck, in their desperate strait, like the voice of angelic spirits, telling them of hope, in spite of all its hoarse rough cry, and promising them safety close at hand; for in an instant a line came flying over our heads, as luck would have it, right across the canoe. I caught it and hitched the painter, and the next instant we slipped into the bowlines by the light of the lantern, and giving the order we hauled up hand over hand. Though we sprung for dear life, and they drew in the same, yet before we had touched the ship's rail, some one calling out to look behind us at our boat, we turned our heads to see it, and there was nothing left of it.

"Pilot!" cried the captain, grasping my hand with a grip that hurt it, stout as it is, "I 'd rather see you than my wife, I swear I would!"

"If you had n't seen me you never would have seen her, I reckon," says I.

"Two of you?" says he, then. "Well, it 'll take two to get us out of this fix. Be —— blest, you know if I can make out what it is has got us fast!" And if oaths could sink a ship, and there had been water enough, that one would have gone down plummet-fashion. "How 's the tide, do you know?" he asked when he 'd sworn out.

"Low water," I answered him. "Sheered a little too close; that 's all. Float her off when it turns. Now, sir, I 'll take the ship, if you please." For the more my captains fumed, the more polite I always grew, — they were n't swearing at me, and the weather could stand it.

"Come below and have something hot first," he urged then. "A glass of grog, a Santa Cruz punch?"

"No time for that, thank you," says I, for I knew grog would n't float that ship. And presently I had the maintopsail set and braced sharp up with the starboard braces to keep her in position; and, when the tide flowed sufficiently, she backed off into the channel, and we let go the anchors and paid out both chains to eighty fathoms. There was n't much choice of places either, when that was done, — ahead of us the shoal, and astern a ledge which, if she so much as grazed upon it, would rip a hole in her side and send her to the bottom like a shot. Life or death

just then depended on her holding her position.

I never could tell what fear was on the water, for every pebble in the bay, and every drop that washed it, I knew like a friend; and if there was a trick of ropes or canvas in those days that I did n't know, you may depend upon it it was n't worth knowing. For all that, I felt that I had never passed an hour of greater danger than the one then creeping by, and never in all my life had I met a fiercer gale. Still, whether it was confidence in my own power, or whether I was too well worn out to care if we went to pieces or not, though I realized the peril and meant to do my duty, it did n't matter to me the tossing of a rope's end what happened. But what did frighten me was to find that out, — my feeling so, — I did n't know how to account for it; I not to care, — fortunate, and blest, young, healthy, happy, — but there it was; she might drag over to the ledge and welcome; and the reason it frightened me was that I could n't help regarding the feeling as an omen of disaster. And the moment that fancy crossed me and I had looked it in the face, then for the sake of the others, and for Ben's sake, and for the sake of my profession, I was shaking off my numbness, — a numbness like that with which an anaconda strikes his victim, — and was all alert and alive again. "Come," says I, "this 'll never do! If I lose my head, the Dibdin 'll lose hers, and there 's an end to all." And I had the lead throwing every half-minute.

In the mean time, sir, the gale was steadily increasing to such a fury as I never saw before or since, and that made me think it would be short-lived at any rate; on shore they said it lifted buildings and uprooted trees, but out there on the bay it seemed to tear up whole seas and slap them in our face; the sleet cut through us like needles; the snow swept by us in sharp blinding sheets; we could no more breathe against the wind than if we had been sealed up in close graves; and, lifted and lowered by the huge swell, the ship gored at her anchorage like a mad bull.

"Blow away!" says I. "I 'm equal to you yet, if she don't kedge."

By gracious, sir, she was kedging.

Slowly but surely, inch by inch, and foot by foot, and fathom by fathom, she was kedging straight across toward the ledge that only waited to rip her open. In a moment when I saw it, I had given the order to furl all sail, and the crew had sprung aloft to execute the order. It seemed an age that they were there, and still we dragged; presently the extra crew, those taken off the wreck, were sent up to help them. If they did n't jump at their work, it would be of no use for them to work at all; the foam was already white under our bows.

I suppose they might just as well have tried to furl the clouds of heaven. The wind and the sails pinned them flat on their faces, while we below waited breathless, with our lives in our hands; they scrambled and tumbled down upon the deck, thinking neither of rag nor of rope, but only that they had been blowing into the sea. Perhaps the volleys that the mate and I bellowed after them were worse than the danger was, for again they tried the task, and again, abandoning all efforts and seeking safety on the deck, came down, the thing undone, while the ship drove on towards her doom. No human power could furl those sails, I saw; and then I trumpeted my order to spring aloft once more, and cut the seizings and stops from the yards and get her clear of the canvas. There was not a heart-beat to lose, and yet for a single second no one stirred; but, in the next one, the chief and second mate, and a third man, — one of those taken from the wreck, I fancied, but I could not see his face, of course, though it was lighter than it had been, — ran up the shrouds, their knives between their teeth, and in a moment afterwards, with an explosion like artillery and nothing else, and a shudder that trembled to the ship's keel, the freed sails were plunging through the night, like angry

spirits, and burying themselves miles away in the sands of Long Beach, for all I know to the contrary. Then, the chains being run out to their end and stoppered securely, we waited and watched, the storm roaring over us, and our fate hanging on that instant like a wretch upon his rope. But the ship held on and we were safe.

Another hour's watching, in which we could not make out that the Dibdin dragged half a length, or the cables parted a strand, but felt her taking the great swells and butting against the storm like a beast at bay; then, as the tide approached the flood, the gale plainly began to abate, and there was no doubt at all but she would hold on till a tug could come down by daylight, and take her up; and so I started to go below for a dry jacket and a snack of anything there was to be had.

It was then, while the first gray of the dull dawn struggled through the darkness, that a man stepped up to me, the same man who had gone aloft with the mates to cut the sails loose, as well as I could judge. Hidden in that great beard and in the shadows of the night, I had not known him, or had not been conscious that I knew him, though I must have felt his presence from the moment I set my foot on the same deck; now something shook me from head to foot before I heard his voice, and I understood then why I did not care, for myself, whether the ship went to pieces or not, and felt no exultation over my night's work. Why should the living live, when the graves give up their dead?

"Pilot," said he, "since the night I might have drowned in Boston Bay, for all of you, I have been wrecked in the South Seas and tossed from port to port, tossed for six years, and wrecked and saved again not twenty-four hours since. I have spoken with your boatkeeper and learned no news. And now I am come to claim my rights and properties. So, in the first place, can you tell me where I shall find a boy I left behind me? My name is Wilbur." There was a stealthy triumph in that quiet tone, with which the great, stalwart fellow spoke as he stooped over me, that I have thought since a Sioux might use as he tomahawked a sleeping foe. Ah, well there might be, well there might! Asleep, secure, a moment before, now desolated and destroyed, I could neither see, nor feel, nor think. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, I was as dumb as any stone, a thunderbolt could not have crushed me more into the clods. It was not till he repeated the question, adding to it a threat that sent the angry blood bubbling back to my brain, that I gathered my wits about me.

"I have an account to settle," said he, "with an old comrade, for an attempt at murder. But first, I mean to have my boy."

Thoughts course through their way swifter than any lightning through the sky. While he spoke, I saw there was no help for it, — laws of man and laws of blood were on his side, — the boy was his; I had tried a hand with Fate, and Fate had euchred me. A thought swept over me, it 's true, of making off with the child into some wilderness such as this is, but the answer came that it would be impossible that I should not be traced. So far, too, my hold of the boy had been in open honor, — I could not turn thief even for the sake of Ben. If in my heart, that night six years ago, I had been willing to put Wilbur out of life, he was even with me at last, — he was wringing the life out of me, he was leaving me dry and dead and hollow as a shell. All that in an instant, a wild look on every side like a hunted fugitive, and then the struggle was over. "You will find your child where you left him," said I hoarsely, "at No. 7 Gasket Lane."

"The same," said he. "And his mother's money, — is there any left of it?"

"His trustees must tell you," said I, choking down the rising rage.

He waited a minute. "And how do you like the wearing of dead men's shoes?" he said then, with a sneer no words of mine can tell.

"Look here, Wilbur," said I. "You threatened me a moment since with an account you had to settle. It did n't frighten me. I don't mind having the matter out with you, here, in a tug of main strength to see which can drop the other into this boiling pit below us. But for the rest, — I have taught your boy to love and respect his father's memory; now that I 'm gone, don't give me the lie!" And I went below.

I had been a rich man when I stepped on board that cursed craft; I stepped out of it a homeless, childless pauper, my heart aching to think of little Ben crying for me, as he would be sure to cry that night; to think of him smarting under Wilbur's blows, which it was little likely would be spared; to think of him reared at last as Wilbur must rear a boy, to be a man only less evil than himself. That was something I could not live to see; it would be death at slow torture.

However, that was the end of it all. 'T was no use harrowing up the boy by going and bidding him good by; he 'd find he 'd lost me soon enough at farthest. Why should I stay, either, there where every glance at every familiar thing was a stab? I had no one else to see, no business to do, no bills to pay, no accounts to square with the world; I just disappeared out of it, and here I am. I asked myself then, I ask myself now, why under the sun did I love another man's child to the point of heartbreak? Lord knows! But I did. But I do. I please myself by thinking now, that some time, when I have my commission and am taking a coaster up the bay, — for few but coasters try these Chesapeake waters, — perhaps I shall come across a sturdy youth, a lad who has run away to sea, — for that is what Ben will be doing presently! — and then, it may be, I shall have my own again. It 's a dream I am always dreaming; and though it 's pleasant faring down here, as I said, it 's weary waiting. That 's all the story yet, sir. Perhaps you 'll be this way again some day, when that cabin 's a different place, with flowers blooming about it, and a fair-faced woman in it, and Ben's children toddling round the door or running to meet him and me as we come off the water. Lord knows!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

MUSIC A MEANS OF CULTURE.

OUR musical history has been peculiar. We were in no sense a musical people forty years ago. Nothing could be further from the old New England character and "bringing up," — we will not call it culture. But, strangely (and not much in accordance with the common theory that the way to elevate the taste is to begin with what is light and popular), the first real and deep interest in music awakened here in Boston was an interest in the greatest kind of music. Handel, and then more irresistibly Beethoven, were the first to take deep hold on thoughtful, earnest, influential souls. This was when the new spirit of culture, in the fullest, freest, highest sense, became in various ways so rife in this community. So that it is scarcely paradoxical to say, that music in this country, or at least this portion of the country, "came in with the Conqueror." That is to say, the love for the highest kind of music (for it is only the love of it, not the creative gift as yet), which has for some time been imputed to this once Puritanical Boston and the regions spiritually watered from it, came in with the conquering *ideas*, — with the ideas of spiritual freedom, of self-reliance, of the dignity of human nature, of the insignificance of creeds compared with life and practice, of social justice,

equal opportunities to all, a common birthright in the beautiful, — ideas which from the time of Channing began to quicken the whole thought and conscience of the young Republic, and which were glowing with fresh fervor of conviction in the light of that ideal philosophy which, where it made one mystic, made a dozen practical and sound reformers, — ideas fitly summed up in the one idea of CULTURE, in the nobler sense in which it then began to haunt the mind, as something distinct from, and superior to, the barren routine of a narrow, utilitarian, provincial, and timid education; culture in the sense of free unfolding of intrinsic germs of character, of conscious, quick, sincere relationship and sympathy with all the beauty and the order of the universe, instead of in the old sense of a mere makeshift clothing upon from without with approved special knowledges, conventional beliefs and maxims, and time-honored prejudices. Intimately implied in this idea of culture is the æsthetic principle. For what is culture without art? — art, the type and mirror of ideal, complete life, the one free mode of man's activity, wherein he may become partaker in the Divine creative energy? And what form of art, what ministry to the æsthetic instinct, was so peculiarly the need and product of our age, so widely, easily available, as music? It was not strange that it should come in with the conquering ideas, as we have said.

At all events, it is a fact of some significance that the interest here felt in Beethoven began at the same moment with the interest in Emerson, and notably in the same minds who found such quickening in his free and bracing utterance. It was to a great extent the young souls drawn to "Transcendentalism" (as it was nicknamed), to escape spiritual starvation, who were most drawn also to the great, deep music which we began to hear at that time. For, be it remembered, the first great awakening of the musical instinct here was when the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven was played, thirty years ago or more, in that old theatre long since vanished from the heart of the dry-goods part of Boston, which had been converted into an "Odeon," where an "Academy of Music" gave us some first glimpses of the glories of great orchestral music. Some may yet remember how young men and women of the most cultured circles, whom the new intellectual dayspring had made thoughtful and at the same time open and impressible to all appeals of art and beauty, used to sit there through the concert in that far-off upper gallery or sky-parlor, secluded in the shade, and give themselves up completely to the influence of the sublime harmonies that sank into their souls, enlarging and coloring thenceforth the whole horizon of their life. Then came the Brook Farm experiment; and it is equally a curious fact, that music, and of the best kind, the Beethoven Sonatas, the Masses of Mozart and Haydn, got at, indeed, in a very humble, home-made, and imperfect way, was one of the chief interests and refreshments of those halcyon days. Nay, it was among the singing portion of those plain farmers, teachers, and (but for such cheer) domestic drudges, that the first example sprang up of the so-called "Mass Clubs," once so much in vogue among small knots of amateurs. They met to practise music which to them seemed heavenly, after the old hackneyed glees and psalm-tunes, though little many of them thought or cared about the creed embodied in the Latin words that formed the convenient vehicle for tones so thrilling; the *music* was quite innocent of creed, except that of the heart and of the common deepest wants and aspirations of all souls, darkly locked up in formulas, till set free by the subtile solvent of the delicious harmonies. And our genial friend who sits in Harper's "Easy-Chair" has lately told the world what parties from "the Farm" (and he was "one of them") would come to town to drink in the symphonies, and then walk back the whole way, seven miles, at night, elated and unconscious of fa-

tigue, carrying home with them a new good genius, beautiful and strong, to help them through the next day's labors. Then, too, and among the same class of minds (the same "Transcendental set"), began the writing and the lecturing on music and its great masters, treating it from a high spiritual point of view, and seeking (too imaginatively, no doubt) the key and meaning to the symphony, but anyhow establishing a vital, true affinity between the great tone-poems and all great ideals of the human mind. In the "Harbinger," for years printed at Brook Farm, in the "Dial," which told the time of days so far ahead, in the writings of Margaret Fuller and others, these became favorite and glowing topics of discourse; and such discussion did at least contribute much to make music more respected, to lift it in the esteem of thoughtful persons to a level with the rest of the "humanities" of culture, and especially to turn attention to the nobler compositions, and away from that which is but idle, sensual, and vulgar.

The kind reader will grant plenary indulgence to these gossiping memories, and must not for a moment think it is intended by them to claim for any one class the exclusive credit of the impulse given in those days to music. Cecilia had her ardent friends and votaries among conservatives as well. But is it not significant as well as curious, that the free-thinking and idealistic class referred to (call them "Transcendental dreamers" if you will, they can afford to bear the title now!) were so largely engaged in the movement, — that among the "select few," constant to all opportunities of hearing the great music in its days of small things here, so many of this class were found? The ideas of those enthusiasts, if we look around us now, have leavened the whole thought and culture of this people; have melted icy creeds, and opened genial communion between sects; have set the whole breast of the nation heaving, till it has cast off the vampire of at least one of its great established crimes and curses; have set all men thinking of the elevation of mankind. These are the conquering ideas, and with them came in the respect for music, which now in its way, too, is leavening, refining, humanizing our too crude and swaggering young democratic civilization. A short pedigree! but great ideas, by their transforming power, work centuries of change in a few years.

The great music came in then because it was in full affinity with the best thoughts stirring in fresh, earnest souls. The same unsatisfied, deep want that shrank from the old Puritanic creed and practice; that sought a positive soul's joy instead of abnegation; that yearned for the "*beauty* of holiness," and for communion with the Father in some sincere way of one's own without profession; that kindled with ideals of a heaven on earth and of a reign of love in harmony with Nature's beauty and the prophecies of art, — found just then and here unwonted comfort, courage, and expression in the strains of the divine composers, of which we were then getting the first visitations. It was as if our social globe, charged with the electricity of new divine ideas and longings, germs of a new era, were beginning to be haunted by auroral gleams and flashes of strange melody and harmony. Young souls, resolved to keep their youth and be true to themselves, felt a mysterious attraction to all this, though without culture musically. Persons not technically musical at all would feel the music as they felt the rhythm of the ocean rolling in upon the beach. They understood as little of the laws of one as of the other fascinating and prophetic mystery. Beethoven, above all, struck the key-note of the age; in his deep music, so profoundly human, one heard, as in a sea-shell, the murmur of a grander future. Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, found no more eager audience than among these "disciples of the newness" (as some sneeringly called them), these believing ones, who would not have belief imposed upon them, who cared more for life

than doctrine, and to whom it was a prime necessity of heart and soul to make life *genial.* This was to them "music of the future," in a more deep and real sense than any Wagner of these later times has been inspired to write.

All this, to be sure, does not prove us to be a "musical people." It does prove that the great music, into which great, earnest men like Beethoven breathed the secret of their lives, has a magnetic, quick affinity with the great thoughts and impulses beginning at that time to renew religion, politics, society, and the whole spirit and complexion of the age. With the casting adrift from old authorities and creeds came this instinctive feeling forth for art, as for a tangible assurance of the essential "substance of things hoped for." The æsthetic instinct woke in us (to music's touch more quickly than to any other) to save this radicalism from sheer discomfortable, boisterous, quarrelsome negation, from the rude, antagonistic, and destructive attitude, from that hard, dry, killing *prose* of life, unquickening, discouraging, conceited, overbearing, which is of the very essence of atheism, and overturns the altars of the old religions only to worship self and the almighty dollar. True radicalism is positive, affirmative, not negative; a seeker of agreement, unity, and not of difference; a puller down of only what obstructs the rising of a more divine and universal temple. Resenting imposition and authority, it has respect for all sincere beliefs, and loves to find the truth there is or ever was in each. Now much of that transcendental radicalism was of this temper, and naturally found a reconciling, saving grace in art; in music, most of all, as the most fluid, subtile, sympathetic of the arts; the Christian, modern, youngest art, which, weaving airy motion into forms immortal, best illustrates life's perpetual *becoming*, and does not stand a milestone of arrested progress; the art which, while it is infinitely expressive and suggestive, does not limit to precise interpretations, to mere word meanings, or too inquisitive *thought* meanings; does not tie us down to definitions.

We were but babes in music, doubtless, and capable of little scientific understanding of the works we heard with rapture. Shall it be said, then, that this love was mostly affectation, or illusion? What was the so great need of understanding? Are great poems written, are great pictures painted, were the old cathedrals planned and reared, only for those who have themselves the knowledge and the power to do the like? The picture in the window which all passers stop to see was not made solely or mainly for professional enjoyment, but for mere laymen also, ignorant of the art that made it, yet open, it may be, to the full influence and beauty of the thing made. Is nature spread out only for astronomers and physicists and chemists, or to rejoice and raise, refine and harmonize, the unscientific heart and soul of you and me? The least instructed of us may like the greatest kind of music, for the same reason that he likes the greatest kind of man; for the same reason that we enjoy real poetry more than that which is weak and commonplace, or find ourselves happier with Shakespeare than with Tupper. May not a community which prefers an Emerson for its lecturer be credited with all sincerity in choosing to sit under the influence of Beethoven rather than of Verdi, finding itself more warmed thereby? And if you are personally attracted to a fine, deep, genial nature, rather than to a shallow creature of convention, why should you not be to the music into which some finer, deeper natures put their very lives? It is not our own fault, surely, if we find that we love Mozart, as we love Raphael or Shakespeare, and turn to such when we most need strengthening refreshment, while we should be simply bored by miscellaneous concerts, pot-pourris of the hackneyed sentimentalities or flash fancies of third and tenth rate composers. And if a man insist that this is all sheer self-illu-

sion, and that we really do not like the thing we think we do, of what use can it be to argue with him? Friend, be you true to your love, as we too would be true to ours! We will not quarrel.

Our point is simply: The great music has been so much followed and admired here, not by reason of any great musical knowledge in said followers not because we have any technical musicianship or proper musicality, but purely because the music was *great*, deep, true, making itself felt as such; we love the music for the great life that is in it. Let the emphasis fall on the word *great*, — *great* music, — if you still find it hard to credit our capacity of pleasure in mere music pure and simple.

From such beginnings, by degrees, and for a long time through the medium of very poor means of performance, — which only confirms our theory, that it was some inkling of the divine ideas, the life within the symphony, that first caught the imagination of listeners not very musical, it might be, — there grew up here a pretty deep and general love of noble music; until, at length, for better or for worse (we think for better), music occupies this people's time and thought quite largely, yet not so largely as it will and must do. What may be called a "musical movement" is making headway. Much froth about it, no doubt, there is; much vainglory, *splurge*, and sounding advertisement; too much passion for excitement, for the extraordinary, for "big things." Our great choral societies, for example, may shrink from the real great work, from the sincere, quiet, outwardly unrewarding tasks, which build up the artistic character, which are the true tests of sufficiency in art, in favor of the easier enterprise that carries with it more *éclat* and advertisement. They may postpone solid everyday excellence to exhibition splendors, festivals, and jubilees on some unprecedented scale. But all this implies a genuine heart-life in music somewhere. Where there is smoke there must be fire. Fuss and feathers make the greater show and catch the vulgar; but it is because heroes have been and will be again when God and a great crisis call. Do not charge all the egotism and vanity of musical artists, their catering to low tastes by cheap display, their grandiloquent announcements, their jealousies of one another, to music, or even wholly to themselves. It is the speculating, sordid, money-getting fever of the whole world around them that does the mischief, sets the singers at loggerheads, lowers the standard of composers and performers, and tempts the artist soul to sell its birthright and become a travelling thaumaturgic virtuoso. Music would make all this better, could she become ten times the public mistress that she is.

So much by way of introduction to the real purpose of this paper, which is to show THE WORTH OF MUSIC TO THIS PEOPLE AS A MEANS OF CULTURE.

But for the present we confine ourselves to culture in a general sense, too well foreseeing that it will require a special paper to exhibit music as a type of law, a revelation in its way of the divine organic movement through all spheres of matter and of mind, hence as a means of *Intellectual Culture;* and still another, to deduce from this the right of music to be regarded as a *Universal Language*, and therefore as the native language, pure and perfect, of what in man is universal and most human, *The Religious Sentiment.*

Music must become a great part of our common, we may say our atmospheric education. It has already gone too far for us to doubt it. Let its importance but begin to be appreciated, and the next Peabody will feel his way to general gratitude by liberal endowment of an art of vital interest to millions, where only tens or hundreds can know how to care for some of the learned branches for which professorships are founded. Money will

yet be poured out freely for true colleges of music, as it has been for those of literature and science. Is it not worth as much fostering as a boat-race, international or other?

1. Consider, first, the simplest, *prima facie* claim of music; consider its civilizing agency, so far as it may become part of the popular, the public education.

We, as a democratic people, a great mixed people of all races, overrunning a vast continent, need music even more than others. We need some ever-present, ever-welcome influence that shall insensibly tone down our self-asserting and aggressive manners, round off the sharp, offensive angularity of character, subdue and harmonize the free and ceaseless conflict of opinions, warm out the genial individual humanity of each and every unit of society, lest he become a mere member of a party, or a slave of business or fashion. This rampant liberty will rush to its own ruin, unless there shall be found some gentler, harmonizing, humanizing culture, such as may pervade whole masses with a fine enthusiasm, a sweet sense of reverence for something far above us, beautiful and pure, awakening some ideality in every soul, and often lifting us out of the hard, hopeless prose of daily life. We need this beautiful corrective of our crudities. Our radicalism will pull itself up by the roots, if it do not cultivate the instinct of reverence. The first impulse of freedom is centrifugal, to fly off the handle, unless it be restrained by a no less free, impassioned love of order. We need to be so enamored of the divine idea of unity, that that alone, — the enriching of that, — shall be the real motive for assertion of our individuality. What shall so temper and tone down our "fierce democracy?" It must be something better, lovelier, more congenial to human nature than mere stern prohibition, cold Puritanic "Thou shalt *not!*" What can so quickly magnetize a people into this harmonic mood as music? Have we not seen it, felt it?

The hard-working, jaded millions need expansion, need the rejuvenating, the ennobling experience of JOY. Their toil, their church and creed, perhaps, their party livery, and very vote, are narrowing; they need to taste, to breathe a larger, freer life. Has it not come to thousands while they have listened to or joined their voices in some thrilling chorus that made the heavens seem to open and come down? The governments of the Old World do much to make the people cheerful and contented; here it is all *laissez faire*, each for himself, in an ever-keener strife of competition. We must look very much to music to do this good work for us; we are open to that appeal; we can forget ourselves in that; we blend in joyous fellowship when we can sing together; perhaps quite as much so when we can listen together to a noble orchestra of instruments interpreting the highest inspirations of a master. The higher and purer the character and kind of music, the more of real genius there is in it, the deeper will this influence be.

Judge of what can be done by what already within our own experience has been done and daily is done. Think what the children in our schools are getting through the little that they learn of vocal music, — elasticity of spirit, joy in harmonious co-operation, in the blending of each happy life in others; a rhythmical instinct of order and of measure in all movement; and a quickening of the ear and sense, whereby they will grow up susceptible to music as well as with some use of their own voices, so that they may take part in it; for, from these spacious nurseries (loveliest flower-gardens, apple-orchards in full bloom, say, on their annual *fête* days) shall our future choirs and oratorio choruses be replenished with good, sound material.

Think what unconscious culture, what refining influence, the people of a city might breathe in with the common breath of life from concerts in the open air, from military bands, and, better still, from civic bands, if only our king and lord, the people aforesaid in its

corporate capacity, would make enlightened provision for these things, and institute a competent commission, or commissioner, a "Philostrate, master of the revels," of real taste and judgment, to see to it that the bands be good ones, the programmes of a kind to elevate and civilize, and not demoralize by brutal bray of everlasting brass; and that the *repertoire* be made up of models of enduring beauty, instead of specimens of every foolish reigning fashion in its turn. Such an office should be of high honor, of careful appointment, and safe tenure, like a judgeship.

Think what revival of the best enthusiasm, what enriching of the inner man's resources, what a lift to thought and feeling, may be given, has been given, by great festivals of music, and even by "great jubilees," could their ambition be a little sobered, and all the claptrap and extravagance left out.

Think, above all, how much of the best kind of culture, though it be undefinable, undemonstrative, a silent absorption, as it were, through all the pores and into every finest spiritual fibre, may be found in the stated series of concerts of the highest order, where to listen well is to take part, and where every person present both in body and in soul "assists," in the French sense of the word. All that is necessary to this is, that, besides rich material, there shall be a pure artistic *spirit* pervading the whole concert; the programme ought to be an art-work in itself, with nothing miscellaneous about it, it being not enough that it should contain fine things; it should contain them so placed that they shall not jostle one another, each obliterating the impression of the last; and that their spell shall not be broken by bringing them into incongruous company with things of so irreconcilable a spirit that one can carry home no clear impression of the concert as a whole.

But of the good influence of music in the more popular and public way the half is not told, so long as we have not hinted how much fitly chosen music may do, has done, though too seldom, as an element in public celebrations of great events in human progress, in commemorations of great men, or in aid of noble charities. On such occasions its chief efficacy depends upon significant, appropriate selections to be played or sung; upon the close affinity or correspondence of each strain of music, both with the spirit of the hour and with whatever spoken thought or ceremony it may prepare or follow; in a word, upon a certain artistic unity of programme, of which it catches by quick sympathy the key-note, dictates in some way the order, moulds all into symmetry, tenderly guards throughout the unbroken continuity of meaning, and serves as frame and background to the whole. She, Music, should be called in at the first inchoation of the plot as the most sympathetic, subtly appreciative, suggestive confidante; and when it comes to the fulfilment, hers is the part of chief interpreter, as well as of disposer, of all minds to the right mood of expectation and the right impression after. Commonly we do quite differently. We call in music upon such occasions, not as an equal, a co-working intelligence, but rather as king's jester, to supply a little idle recreation in the pauses. We employ a band of instruments, mostly military, to discourse loud polkas, pot-pourris from operas, or what not, selected without rhyme or reason, and so rudely break the spell and rob the hour of character and meaning. Art would reform this. Art knows nothing miscellaneous.

We are not quite without examples of the better way; our Boston Music Hall, within a few years, has been witness of a few which might be followed. Who that was present will forget that welcome to our noble Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation on that first of January, when Emerson first read his thrilling "Boston Hymn" of liberty and justice; and when music, furnishing first the darker prelude, in allusion to the days of bondage and of hope deferred, through the Overture to "Eg-

mont," and that exciting number from the "The Hymn of Praise," in which to the anxiously repeated question, "Will the night soon pass?" the clear soprano, like a stream of sunshine, startles with the cry, "The night is departing!" and the glorious *crescendo* of the chorus floods the world with light and carries all before it in a blaze of high-pitched harmony and trumpets, — then proceeded in the lofty vein of heroism and of holy triumph, by making heard, in such significant connection (not to name all), the glorious Fifth Symphony of Beethoven; the chorus from "Elijah," full of comfort to the long-suffering, "He watching over Israel"; Handel's sublime Hallelujahs; and finally the patriotic "sun-burst" of the Overture to "William Tell"?

Think, too, of the part that music bore the day we listened to the eulogy on our good Governor. How the organ whispered peace in those sweet strains of the concluding chorus, sung at the tomb of the Saviour, of Bach's Passion Music; and how the mournful effect of that grandest expression of a people's grief, bereft of a true hero, the Funeral March from Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, was tempered by the chorus, full of comfort, from "St. Paul," "Happy and blest are they who have endured"; then by the heavenly *andante*, reassuring and uplifting, from the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven; and then, to sum up all in one grand lesson, the strong, confiding choral, harmonized by Bach, "What God does, surely is well done!"

Think, too, how music lent new meaning and new beauty to that commemoration of a great man of science, when our Agassiz paid noble tribute to the life and labors of his great friend and teacher, Humboldt; how the music and the spoken word shed light upon each other; how Mozart's chorus of the Priests of Isis sang of the consecration of the noble youth to Truth, wherever she might lead him; and how the wondrous Overture to "The Magic Flute," and the first movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, by their fascinating hint of the perpetual pursuit of unity through all the labyrinthine windings of variety, fitly prepared and followed a discourse of which that was the very theme!

Now out of all these ways of popular exposure to the influence of good music, as well as from private, even solitary communion with its master spirits, comes much valuable culture; not in the sense of musical or any other knowledge, technical and special; not a direct conscious culture, as such, of the memory or of the reasoning faculties; not scholarship, perhaps, nor ease and elegance of manners nor address; not force of will or quickness of decision; but, nevertheless, a culture moulding us insensibly, a sort of atmospheric culture, weighing gently upon each and all, like wholesome air, expanding the chest, warming the heart, putting the nerves in tune, disposing to unconscious courtesy and kindness, prompting each to fill his place cheerfully and unobtrusively, forgetting self in the harmonious whole, weaving a sympathetic bond, making us all feel like happy, trustful children, free and not afraid.

We may learn something from our German fellow-citizens in illustration of this important chapter in the art of life. We as a people seem somehow to have lacked this art. We court prosperity like anxious bond-slaves, fearing to call a moment of our lives our own, fearing to *live*, in our unceasing, feverish pursuit of the mere means of living. We are enterprising to a fault; we go ahead faster than others; but it is by a centaur-like contrivance, letting a large part of our real vital, human self run down into the lower animal, or the machine that carries us. Why, O "live Yankee," O proud Westerner, why waste your life in rivalling a steam-engine! Man makes himself a mere machine for generating or accumulating power, and all for what? And with what a solemn, sanctimonious, lean, hard-favored way he does it often! With what a quasi-religious and self-righteous tone he quotes his business maxims! How he amalgamates

unworldly orthodoxy with the most secular showman's cant in the advertising of his wares! How he practically confounds religion with his own self-love, as generalized into prudential maxims!

We esteem ourselves the freest people on this planet; yet we have perhaps as little real freedom as any other; for we are the slaves of our own feverish enterprise, and of a barren theory of discipline, which would fain make us virtuous to a fault through abstinence from very life. We are afraid to give ourselves up to the free and happy instincts of our nature. All that is not pursuit of advancement in some good, conventional, approved way of business, or politics, or fashion, or intellectual reputation, or professed religion, we count waste. We lack *geniality;* nor do we, as a people, understand the meaning of the word. We ought to learn it practically of our Germans. It comes of the same root with the word *genius.* Genius is the spontaneous principle; it is free and happy in its work; it is artist and not drudge; its whole activity is reconciliation of the heartiest pleasure with the purest loyalty to conscience, with the most holy, universal, and disinterested ends. Genius, as Beethoven gloriously illustrates in his Choral Symphony (indeed, in all his symphonies), finds the key-note and solution of the problem of the highest state in "Joy," taking his text from Schiller's Hymn. Now all may not be geniuses, in the sense that we call Shakespeare, Mozart, Raphael, men of genius. But all should be partakers of this spontaneous, free, and happy method of genius; all should live childlike, genial lives, and not wear all the time the consequential livery of their unrelaxing business, nor the badge of party and profession in every line and feature of their faces.

This genial, childlike faculty of social enjoyment, this happy art of life, is just what our countrymen may learn from the social "Liedertafel" and the summer singing-festivals of which the Germans are so fond. There is no element of national character which we so much need; and there is no class of citizens whom we should be more glad to adopt and own than those who set us such examples. So far as it is a matter of culture, it is through art chiefly that the desiderated genial era must be ushered in. The Germans have the sentiment of art, the feeling of the beautiful in art, and consequently in nature, more developed than we have. Above all, music offers itself as the most available, most popular, most influential of the fine arts, — music, which is the art and language of the feelings, the sentiments, the spiritual instincts of the soul, and so becomes a universal language, tending to unite and blend and harmonize all who may come within its sphere.

2. Such civilizing, educating power has music for society at large. Now in the finer sense of culture, such as we look for in more private and select "society," as it is called, music in the *salon,* in the small chamber concert, where congenial spirits are assembled in its name, — *good* music, of course, — does it not create a finer sphere of social sympathy and courtesy? does it not better mould the tone and manners from within than any imitative "fashion" from without? What society, upon the whole, is quite so sweet, so satisfactory, so refined, as the best musical society, if only Mozart, Mendelssohn, Franz, Chopin, set the tone! The finer the kind of music heard or made together, the better the society. This bond of union only reaches the few; coarser, meaner, more prosaic natures are not drawn to it. Wealth and fashion may not dictate who shall be of it. Here congenial spirits meet in a way at once free, happy and instructive, meet with an object which insures "society"; whereas so-called society, as such, is often aimless, vague, unedifying and fatiguing, for the want of any subject-matter. Here one gets ideas of beauty which are not mere arbitrary fashions, ugly often to the eye of taste. Here you may escape vulgarity by a way not vulgar in itself, like that of fashion, which makes

wealth and family and means of dress its passports. Here you can be as exclusive as you please, by the soul's right, not wronging any one; here learn gentle manners, and the quiet ease and courtesy with which cultivated people move, without in the same process learning insincerity.

Of course the same remarks apply to similar sincere reunions in the name of any other art, or poetry. But music is the most social of them all, even if each listener find nothing set down to his part (or even hers!) but *tacet.*

3. We have fancied ourselves entering a musical house together, but we must leave it with no time to make report, or picture out the scene. Now could we only enter the chamber, the inner sanctum, the private inner life of a thoroughly musical person, one who is wont to *live* in music! Could we know him in his solitude! (You can only know him in yourself, unless he be a poet and creator in his art and bequeath himself in that form, in his works, for any who know how to read.)

If the best of all society is musical society, we go further and say: The sweetest of all solitude is when one is alone with music. One gets the best of music, the sincerest part, when he is alone. Our poet-philosopher has told us to secure solitude at any cost; there 's nothing which we can so ill afford to do without. It is a great vice of our society, that it provides for and disposes to so little solitude, ignoring the fact that often there is more loneliness in company than out of it. Now to a musical person, in the mood of it, in the sweet hours by himself, comes music as the nearest friend, nearer and dearer than ever before, and he soon finds that he never was in such good company. I doubt if symphony of Beethoven, opera of Mozart, Passion Music of Bach, was ever so enjoyed or felt in grandest public rendering, as one may feel it while he recalls its outline by himself at his piano (even if he be a slow and bungling reader, and must get it out by piecemeal). I doubt if such an one can carry home from the performance, in presence of the applauding crowd, nearly so much as he may take to it from such inward, private preparation.

Are you alone? what spirits you can summon up to fill the vacancy, and people it with life and love and beauty! Take down the volume of Sonatas, the arrangement of the great Symphony, the recorded reveries of Chopin, the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, or even the chorals, with the harmony of Bach, in which the four parts blend their several individual melodies together in such loving service of the whole, that the plain people's tune becomes a germ unfolding into endless wealth and beauty of meaning, and you have the very essence of all prayer and praise and gratitude, as if you were a worshipper in the ideal church. Nothing like music, *then,* to banish the benumbing ghost of *ennui.* It lends secret sympathy, relief, expression, to all one's moods, loves, longings, sorrows; comes nearer to the soul, or to the secret wound, than any friend or healing sunshine from without. It nourishes and feeds the hidden springs of hope and love and faith; renews the old conviction of life's springtime, — that the world is ruled by love, that God is good, that beauty is a divine *end* of life, and not a snare and an illusion. It floods out of sight the unsightly, muddy grounds of life's petty, anxious, doubting moments, and makes immortality a present fact, lived in and realized. It locks the door against the outer world of discords, contradictions, importunities, beneath the notice of a soul so richly occupied; lets "Fate knock at the door" (as Beethoven said in explanation of his symphony), — Fate and the pursuing Furies, — and even welcomes them, and turns them into gracious goddesses, Eumenides!

Music in this way is a marvellous elixir to keep off old age. Youth returns in solitary hours with Beethoven and Mozart. Touching the chords of the Moonlight Sonata, the old man is once more a lover; with the *andante* of the Pastoral Symphony, he loiters by

the shady brookside hand in hand with his fresh heart's first angel. You are past the sentimental age, yet you can weep alone in music, — not weep exactly, but find outlet more expressive and more worthy of your manly faith.

A great grief comes, an inconsolable bereavement, an humiliating, paralyzing reverse, a blow of Fate giving the lie to your best plans and bringing your best powers into discredit with yourself; then you are best prepared and best entitled to receive the secret visitations of these tuneful goddesses and muses.

> "Who never ate his bread in tears,
> He knows you not, ye heavenly powers."

So sings the German poet. It is the want of inward, deep experience, it is innocence of sorrow and of trial, more than the lack of any special cultivation of musical taste or knowledge, that debars many people — naturally most young people, and all who are what we call shallow natures — from the feeling and enjoyment of many of the truest, deepest, and most heavenly of all the works of music. Take the Passion Music of Bach, for instance; if you can sit down alone at your piano and decipher strains and pieces of it when you *need* such music, you shall find that in its quiet quaintness, its sincerity and tenderness, its abstinence from all striving for effect, it speaks to you and entwines itself about your heart, like the sweetest, deepest verses in the Bible, when "the soul muses till the fire burns."

Such a panacea is this art for loneliness. But sometimes, too, it may intensify the sense of loneliness, only for more heavenly relief at last. Think of the deep composer, of lonely, sad Beethoven, wreaking his pain upon expression in those impatient chords and modulations, putting his sorrows into sonatas, and wringing triumph always out of all! Look at him as he was then, morose, they say, and lonely and tormented; look where he is now, as the whole world knows him, feels him, seeks him for its joy and inspiration, — and who can doubt of immortality?

Now in such private solace, in such solitary joys, is there not culture? Can one rise from such communings with the good spirits of the tone-world, and go out, without new peace, new faith, new hope, and good-will in his soul? He goes forth in the spirit of reconciliation and of patience, however much he may hate the wrong he sees about him, or however little he accept authorities and creeds that make war on his freedom. The man who has tasted such life, and courted it till he has become acclimated in it, whether he be of this party or that, or none at all, whether he be believer or "heretic," conservative or radical, follower of Christ by name or "Free Religionist," belongs to the harmonic and anointed bodyguard of peace, fraternity, good-will; his instincts all have caught the rhythm of that holy march; the good genius leads, he has but to follow cheerfully and humbly. For somehow the minutest fibres, the infinitesimal atoms of his being, have got magnetized, as it were, into a loyal, positive direction toward the pole-star of unity; he has grown attuned to a believing, loving mood, just as the body of a violin, the walls of a music-hall, by much music-making, become gradually seasoned into smooth vibration.

John S. Dwight.

MOUNTAIN SONNETS.

CLOUDS ON WHITEFACE.

SO lovingly the clouds caress his head, —
The mountain-monarch; he, severe and hard,
With white face set like flint horizon-ward;
They weaving softest fleece of gold and red,
And gossamer of airiest silver thread,
To wrap his form, wind-beaten, thunder-scarred.
They linger tenderly, and fain would stay,
Since he, earth-rooted, may not float away.
He upward looks, but moves not; wears their hues;
Draws them unto himself; their beauty shares;
And sometimes his own semblance seems to lose,
His grandeur and their grace so interfuse;
And when his angels leave him unawares,
A sullen rock, his brow to heaven he bares.

CHOCORUA.

The pioneer of a great company
That wait behind him, looking toward the east, —
Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least, —
Though after him none dares to press, where he
With bent head listens to the minstrelsy
Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.
What vision beckons, when that rhythm has ceased?
What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?
Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well.
He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear
The yearning secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear.
A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain crowd.

BLACK MOUNTAIN IN BEARCAMP LAKE.

A little lake, that in a quiet place,
Bordered with green home-fields and forest pines,
Seems to lie dreaming, rippled with soft lines
That glide like smiles across a sleeping face.
In the lake's depth an outline vague you trace;
A shadowy mountain on its breast reclines;
And tremulous with the wonder of its dream
A shape sublime it makes that image seem. —
So is the greatest man not half so great
In wise men's thoughts, or the world's wondering eye,
Crowned with a grandeur sure to isolate,
As in some heart where he may mirrored lie; —
He finding in that distant nearness rest;
She with her grand illusion more than blest.

Lucy Larcom.

A VIRGINIAN IN NEW ENGLAND THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

II.

NOTE. — The passages enclosed within brackets are from a copy of Mr. Minor's journal, written out apparently for publication. The original notes seem fresher and more interesting, but they will be supplemented here and there, on occasion, with extracts from the more elaborate copy.

[" NORTHAMPTON, MASS. —— 1834.

"AND you will positively excommunicate me, if I do not send you 'some First Impressions' of Yankee land? Have at you, then: though, really, my time has been so filled with seeing and hearing, that hardly a scrap remains to write down a hundredth part of the curious or striking things that meet my eyes and ears.

"Unusual opportunity has been afforded me, for using various lights and shades of Yankee character. In stage, steamboat, and railway-car, — in jersey wagon and on foot, on highways and by-ways, in farm-houses and city palaces, I have seen and chatted with all sorts of people, from the * * * of the * * * to the tavern porter and the country laborer. Five days I have spent in a pedestrian stroll, calling often at the country houses to get a draught of water, rest myself, and talk with the farmer or his wife. These gossipings, you may well suppose, commonly produced amusement, and frequently solid information; or at least solid materials for reflection. And, considering that it is only a few weeks since my first entry into New England, methinks I have a pretty exact measure of Jonathan's foot. — Yet, for all this preface, do not expect any very astounding revelations. From the thousand incidents that unitedly make my tour exceedingly interesting to myself, it is not certain that any one, or any dozen, can be selected, which will very much interest another person. Though sore at times from long walks, and sorer still, once or twice, from rude manners and uncivil answers to civil questions, I have experienced kindnesses and pleasure preponderating a thousand fold over all.

"In the visible face of Massachusetts and Connecticut, the features which by their novelty or beauty most strike a Virginian eye, are the small farms, usually of from fifty to two hundred acres; the fields, disproportionally small, there being sometimes fifteen or twenty on one farm; the stone fences, often rendered necessary and numerous by scarcity of timber, and by the troublesome superabundance of stones which can be best got rid of by piling them in fences; the universality of hay-crops, on hills as well as in low land; the almost entire absence of wheat — for the prevalent grain-crops are oats, rye, and indian corn; the clustering of habitations in villages, instead of dispersing them at intervals of a mile over the country; the white-painted village churches, all with stately spires, visible for miles around, having gilt vanes, and clocks with hands so large and stroke so loud, that I have repeatedly seen and heard the hour half a mile off. The country is more hilly, or *rolling*, as our farmers would say, than the lower half of Virginia; and the hills have a smaller base, and a more gracefully swelling, dome-like top, than our hills. These rotundities, with their attendant hollows, traversed by numberless stone fences, with here and there patches of woodland, and detached white farm-houses half embosomed in elms and fruit-trees, — while perhaps two or three villages with steeples piercing the sky are at once within view, — exhibit countless landscapes of a beauty unknown to Eastern or to Western Virginia.

"Here is not apparent a hundredth part of the abject squalid poverty that our State presents. I have not seen a log house in New England; nor a dwelling-house without one or more glass

windows. And nine tenths of the common farm-houses are painted. Indeed, paint for the outside of a house is here considered an indispensable piece of economy; and is applied to many humble dwellings, of one story, and one, or two, or three rooms. Brick and stone buildings are not common, except in the cities. This village, the loveliest in all the North, and Worcester, (take care to call it *Wooster*) — having, respectively, 4,000 and 5 or 6,000 inhabitants — contain, both together, hardly more than a hundred and fifty brick and stone houses.

"But the *morale* of New England — the character of her people — their tones of thought and feeling on some important subjects — their social and political institutions and usages — their modes of promoting comfort and convenience in their houses, and in all departments of life — have interested me far more than her physical lineaments.

"Would that I had time and space to unfold the Road, Pauper, and School systems of Massachusetts and Connecticut, — the only Yankee States except Rhode Island that I have visited. But that would require too much detail. Their happy organization may be inferred from their effects.

"The common roads are nearly all *ridged up*, turnpike fashion; and are as good as our turnpikes. I do not mean such as a certain one leading from F***** to ******, which the traveller knows to be a turnpike only by the tolls and the jolts; but those in the great Valley, and near Richmond. For mending roads, two instruments are used here, which many road-overseers in Virginia have long been vainly urged to employ: the plow and the scraper. A two-horse plow is said by those who have tried it fairly to be equal to six men with hoes; and a scraper, to sixteen. The latter implement may be bought for five, or even three dollars. The making and repair of roads here is wholly a concern of the township, — or *town* as the provincial dialect hath it. If any one is damaged by a road's being out of order, he can sue the township for it. Several instances have been told me of such damages recovered: $7,000 against the town of Lowell, by a man and girl who, driving a gig along the road, plunged over a precipice made by a deep cut of a new railroad, crippled themselves, killed their horse, and crushed the gig.

"There is probably not a beggar by trade in New England — except solicitors for pious charities, and for subscriptions. The needy are sent to a poor-house, having a farm attached to it, on which they work for *their* parish, the township; or are *let* to the lowest bidder for their maintenance; as the people of the township choose. In different townships the number of paupers greatly varies. I have heard of five, ten, and thirty or more upon the lists: and as a county contains many 'towns,' perhaps the number of such pensioners here equals ours. But (mark!) the expense here is next to nothing; sometimes absolutely nothing; nay, some 'towns' derive a revenue from the labors of their parish poor. Salem has thus gained several thousand dollars in a year. All the paupers who are able render a fair equivalent, and some render more, for the relief they receive. The problem so puzzling to England, Virginia, and other countries these Yankees have solved by a union of tact, shrewdness, and vigilance — the problem, how to make poor-houses not attractive enough to tempt and foster laziness, yet not repulsive enough to frighten away real misery from asking relief. The secret is the simple one, of furnishing plain, clean, and comfortable houses, lodgings, and diet; with *labor as the inexorable condition of their enjoyment*, if the pauper can labor. Two things mitigate the hardship of living at the township poor-house: first, that it is in the poor's own neighborhood, within reach of relations or friends, and not involving a rough transportation of ten or twenty miles, like our county poor-houses; and secondly, that a COMMON-SCHOOL, open and free alike to rich and poor, is always near. The comfort of this, to

such paupers as have children, need not be descanted on.

"This is the general usage: but near this village there happens to be, at the poor-house, a school purely for its juvenile inmates. I walked out to it — a mile or two — one day. It (the poor-house) is managed by a superintendent, who keeps the sufficiently able-bodied inmates at work. I went by invitation, into his house: entered also the school-room. The teacher is an elderly man, himself a pauper. There were two black scholars, sitting rather apart from the whites. In nearly all the approaches between white and black in New England, there is a manifest shrinking back in the former; a *noli me tangere* air, which seems to snuff contamination in the slightest fellowship with Cuffee. These dark-skinned school children are evidently in bad odor in more senses than one.]

"1834.

"June 16, Monday.

"At 23′ past 6 a. m., alone in a huge four-horse stage-coach, with wheels creaking as if grease had never touched them, I set out from my law-office at Louisa C. H. on a tour of pleasure to N. England. As the road was familiar and dull, the time was filled by a sort of MS. analysis of 3d Leigh's Reports, a newspaper, and a handsomely written tho' sublimated and question-begging letter written to the people of Culpepper, on the Removal of the Deposites, by Col. Storrow — whom the Rd. Whig styled once 'magniloquent orthoepist.' Beguiled the time was not; for the carriage's motion kept me almost sick; and 5 hours brought me 20 miles to Orange Court house, in no dulcet mood. Here I stay from ½ past 11 a. m. till 2 p. midn't; when a stage passing on from Charlottesville will take me to Fredericksburg.

"Orange C. H. being one of my monthly haunts as lawyer, my travels hardly seem yet begun. Sit I down then, and parley awhile, about the *whither*, the *why*, and the *how*, of the said travels. The whither, is ultimately Boston. What intermediate points, will be seen time enough when recorded in the ensuing pages —

> Therefore there need no more be said here —
> We unto them refer our reader.

But the plan is, to tarry a day or two in Washington — a day in Baltimore — two in Philadelphia — one or two at Bristol (Pa.) Trenton, and Princeton, conjointly — 2 or 3 in N. Y. — some hours at West Point — ditto at Catskill — do. Albany — and thence across the S. W. angle of Massachusetts into Conn. and R. Island, which deserve such perusal as ten days will suffice for — then to Boston. The why, is well nigh too various to set down in detail: and perhaps I flatter myself in believing that some high motives are among its ingredients. The sum and substance may be stated to be — to see and hear all that I can. There is a due mixture of vague, with a good deal of determinate curiosity; and an eagerness for this recreation excused to self-love by 7 or 8 years of unbroken, tho' not unmitigated or undulcified toil. — The *how* — in stages, railway cars, steamboats, or chance-carriages, and on foot. The last method more practised than by most travellers. — Enough of preface.

"Supped with my ex-brother, M. A. P. — lately turned from lawyer to merchant. Asleep at 11, p. m.

"Tuesday, June 17.

"Wakened at ¼ past 1, to enter the stage. Set out after 2, — on the seat with the driver. But rain drove me in, after going 2 miles. Then soon began the qualmishness again; lasting the whole 35 miles to Fredericksburg, and spoiling appetite for breakfast even after a drive of 26 miles. Seven fellow-passengers — none interesting. Such as could, spent the first 2 or 3 hours in sleep. Not I — the tossing, pitching, rocking, heaving up, and sinking down, suffered but an unrefreshing doze, the mockery of slumber: a disturbed, dreamy state, broken every 2 or 3 minutes. At the breakfasting house, Chancellor's, Dr. Blackford of Page joined us — a wel-

come addition. — Reached Fredg. at 10 a. m. Friends there (W. M. Blackford and his house) as ever. *Ex. gra.*, knowing of my trip, they had written and procured me 23 letters of introduction to people north of the Potomac, And chiefly thro' their means, others await me on the way. Nothing could surpass their solicitude for the pleasure and profit of my tour.

"Wed. June 18.

"Arranged for a probable travelling companion — my cousin Lancelot M., student at the Episcl. Theol. seminary, near Alexandria. He will join me, if at all, in Phila. or N. Y. He is a practised pedestrian — having walked twice or more to Ohio, and thro' N. Y., Pa., and Vermont, into Canada. This alters my route from N. Y. It will be thence, to New Haven, Hartford, and Boston, first, taking Albany, etc., on the return.

"At ½ past 10, a. m., set off, 3 stage-coaches filled, — to the steamboat landing at Potomac creek. Mine, fortunately the coach containing Mr. B——, (Presbyterian minister) from Charlottesville, and 3 ladies thence: among them Miss —— of Massachusetts — who, having taught a school some years in Albemarle, now goes finally home. A winsome lassie, in person, manners, and mind.

"Our voyage of 60 miles up the Potomac, in the St. Boat Sidney, would deserve pages, if it were less trite. Pity, that it should be vulgarized by so many thousand eyes a year. The noble expanse of water — 6 miles, at least — ruffled into respectable billows of 18 inches high, — the banks and hills, rounded by distance, — their trees softened into tufts of shrubbery, and thin grass into velvet, — the broad estuaries of creeks — the bellied sails of vessels meeting us, scudding joyously before what was to us a head wind and an opposing tide, insurmountable save by 'thine arm, unconquered steam' — the venerable roof and cupola of Mount Vernon, almost hidden in foliage — the frowning battlements and gaping port-holes of Fort Washington, commanding the river, there narrowed to one mile — the busy wharf at Alexandria, beset with masts — our meeting with a gallant steamboat downward bound, with many a smiling face on deck, kindled by the bravery of our two barques — the bridge at Washington, stretching its mile of length seemingly on the water's very surface — and a score of incidents beside — might serve a Will Marvel like me with copious matter for remark, did mood or time allow.

"From the wharf at Washington, an omnibus, capable of 24, carried 15 of us into the city — me to Gadsby's Hotel — the rest elsewhere. — It was nearly 6 p. m. yet flags on the Capitol showed both Houses to be still sitting. So strolled thither. Met the Senators coming out. But in the H. of R. was a debate, in which a Mr. Beaty of Ky. and Bailie Peyton of Tennessee spoke: Beaty a speech poorly written, badly spoken, and worse listened to; — Peyton, plain good sense, in a homely, but forcible style, which gained him 10 times the hearers. — Saw my late representative, Patton. At the hotel, found Mr. Calhoun in the bar-room. Shook hands with him, in virtue of an acquaintance formed here last winter. He seemed not to recollect me quite; but carried it smoothly, as if he did. Asked about public sentiment in my part of Virginia; and only gave a slight, sardonic laugh, when told that the late course of Administration had produced few or no changes against Jackson. Last winter, I had brought him (he then said) the first news of any portion of Virginia's approving the removal of the Deposites. He and his clique had then appeared civilly skeptical of my report. It was but a few weeks after, that it was confirmed by unquestionable demonstrations from nearly all parts of the Commonwealth. The sneer now seems less of incredulity than of scorn for the man-worshipping subserviency of our people. He tells me the Senate will to-morrow take up the subject of indemnity to our citizens for French spoliations — those committed before 1800 — not the subject of Mr. Rives'

right able and successful, tho' well nigh frustrate negotiation.

"Thursday, June 19.

"Dressed early, for a walk: and in the bar-room met Mr. Calhoun again, who had just called in from *his* morning's walk. Introduced me to a major — (I could not catch the name) with whom he was conversing; and I left them. Went to Fuller's Hotel, in hopes of breakfasting with my lady fellow-passengers of yesterday — and of seeing Mr. Gurley, champion and secretary of the Colonization Society, who lived there at my last visit. But he had removed thence. Saw Mr. Bowman. The ladies were not there, though the guest-book said they were. Called at the Colon. Office, neither Mr. Gurley nor Mr. Fendall there. After breakfast, saw Miss —— and her companion, Miss —— in the stage, bound for Baltimore. Hardly time for 'good morning,' before off it went.

"To Senate chamber at 11. Admission to the Lobby, on the Senate floor, through Mr. Clay's means. At 12, Mr. Van Buren as Vice-President, took the chair — calling to order by raps with an ivory something upon his table. Mr. Hatch, the spruce chaplain, said a prayer shorter than some graces before meat; and business began. A Report from the Secretary of the Senate, reckoning up the number of memorialists about the Bank and the Deposite question, gave rise to some happy cutting and thrusting between Messrs. Clay and Forsyth. Mr. Webster, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Chambers, and Mr. Poindexter were all up for a few moments. Mr. Forsyth has for some time had to stand foremost here, almost alone, as defender of the Administration; and has done so with singular success, considering the overwhelming reputations and abilities arrayed against him. With a smile perpetually on his lips, they launch forth sarcasms of unmatched keenness, and ofttimes arguments of hardly matched power. Poindexter's colleague, Black, — very youthful in look: and, if I rightly 'read the mind's construction in the face,' no more senatorial in wisdom than in years: one of the many bubbles borne onward, aloft, by the billowy tide of Party-excitement. Sprague of Maine, a right intellectual looking, spare man, who too much affects the tragical, in his oratory. His gesture is palpably, and awkwardly, copied from the introduction and plates to Scott's Lessons, or Enfield's Speaker. For the life of him, he cannot hold his hand or bend his arm naturally or gracefully. Tyler — Old Virginia forever! He has no great measure, or force, of intellect: but for a bland, persuasive manner, — I speak of tone, head-and-hand gesture, turn of period, and winningness of words and thought — Gov. T. has not his superior in the Senate. Clayton of Delaware — how fallacious a guide physiognomy is! If nature has written *nihil* on any front here, it is upon his, when he is not roused by any mental spur. Yet he is a second-rate, at least, in a body where to be 4th rate is no mean praise — and at the head of the Delaware Bar.

"Mr. Calhoun was up for five or ten minutes, upon his own motion to postpone the French-spoliation Bill until the next session. His grounds were, its vast importance, — the questions, not only of individual claims against our government, but of international right, which it involved — the immense sum (probably $ 5,000,000) of which it contemplated the expenditure — the diversified and momentous bearings of those questions and that expenditure, upon the yet smouldering fires of the scarcely adjusted Tariff controversy — and the extreme temerity, not to say madness, of taking up a subject of such varied and awful import just at the close of a session, when the detailed examination and discussion it would require were absolutely impossible. — I never heard him in public before — never had a precise idea of his peculiar sort of power. He is one of the purest of originals. Nothing can be more unique than his style, of diction and delivery. Heedless of words, he yet pours out the most apt and forcible in a torrent.

Not one superfluous — his sentences are pared of every redundancy. So rapid seem his conceptions, that his tongue (though of extraordinary volubility) cannot mould them into language fast enough — they crowd and choak the vent, like water poured from a narrow-necked bottle. Hence perhaps a vicious habit, of clipping his words. The torrent is not a smooth, continuous one. Ever and anon there was a dead pause; evidently not for lack of matter, but at once to breathe himself amid the intensity of his mental exercitation, and to give his hearers time to ponder what he had uttered. Very little gesture — his hands generally stretched at arms' length down his sides, only now and then raised and put forward, to strengthen the emphasis upon some burning thought, or some flooring argument. I have somewhere seen — it is in Combe's Phrenology — a masterly delineation of a powerful debater's mind, whose 'words fall, like minute-guns, upon the ear'; his faculties acting, at first, 'slowly, but deeply, like the first heave of a mountain-wave.' But Mr. Calhoun's first onset is the storm itself: at once deep, strong, impetuous, overwhelming. Instead of minute guns, a running broadside would best typify the rapidity of his utterance: gun succeeding gun, as fast as thought, till one side is discharged; and then after a moment's pause, the other side brought to bear with equally fatal effect. Each word — at least each sentence — is a twenty-four pounder, and each paragraph a broadside. He looked mostly, not at the presiding officer, whom Order requires him to address, — but at Mr. Webster, whose arguments he was answering. His lofty port, his mind-quelling eye, his self-assured look of conscious truth and conscious power, and his resistless argumentation, held him forth incontestably the master-spirit of the assembly. — Van! little Van! — he is not to be named in the same day — I am ashamed of bringing him into the same page — with Calhoun. Yet there is no denying that he bids fair to reach the highest place first. Animals that crawl as well as those which fly, attain the loftiest elevations: and it may well happen, if the eagle's wing be crippled, or if unworthy obstacles retard him, that he may be outstript by the caterpillar.

"isaac hill is diminutive in person, as in morals; and limps in his gait, from some accident, or natural deformity. He has always been writing, when I have seen him in the Senate; commonly, letters — in a large, engrossing hand — so large, that I have read several words of one, from the gallery over his head. To-day, he was correcting the proof of a newspaper. Wonder if it was the N. H. Patriot, or a speech of his own, or one of his editorials in the Globe? — isaac has a strongly marked physiognomy, — a large and not ill formed forehead, black eyes, and an expression of countenance intelligent enough, but ominous of nothing good.

"The colossal bronze statue, meant for Mr. Jefferson, brought by Lt. Levy from Paris, and given to Congress, stands in the great Rotunda of the Capitol. Not a good likeness, by any means. Too broad-shouldered, and too stout every way. The color, nearly black, conveys unpleasing associations. Some Southerner the other day swore, that it ought to be tossed out of the Capitol; for, said he, "by G . . it makes old Tom a negro!"

Some pictures were exhibiting in the Rotunda: said to be master-pieces, of eminent artists. I could not understand the plots, or discern the merits, of most. — Col. Crockett and some ladies were looking at them, and at the statue. The Col. played the tame bear very quietly, for the ladies; and seemed to be a pet. I was disappointed at finding him so tame. He should always appear in character — i. e. with hunting shirt and tomahawk — moccasins and leggings of deerskin with the hair on. As it is, he looks like any Christian: you would never suppose him to be the man what can wade the Mississippi, tote a steamboat, whip his weight in wildcats, grin the bark off an oak-knot, — swim further, dive deeper,

and come out drier, than any other man in the Western Deestrict.

"In the H. of R. a debate of no consequence was going forward, in which C. Fenton Mercer, and Mr. Marshall of Kentucky, spoke. The latter is a young man — fluent and bold, as what Kentuckian is not? The former — oh, what a falling off, since I heard him in the Va. Convention, 1829! It is impossible now not to be struck with the slight attention paid him. His silver voice and pretty oratory, once so admired, could not command a quorum of listeners, tho' the House was full. His voice, formerly all music, verges upon a cracked treble. But his weight of character has chiefly gone, from his being reputed a visionary. — The yeas and nays chancing to be called, the clerk, Franklin, ran them over with such incredible speed, that I could not catch more than one in three — though reasonably familiar with them. How the owners could recognize each his own, when thus rattled off, is hard to say.

"Adjourned before the House. On the way home, saw several beggars — would not give them 'a single *sous*.' Called on Mr. Moncure Robinson (Engineer) at Brown's Hotel. We walked out: and on returning, whom should we meet at the Hotel door but Mr. W. Pope of Powhatan — Uncle Billy! he 'of infinite jest' — whose gibes, whose gambols, whose 'songs, whose flashes of merriment' so 'wont to set the table in a roar,' I have so often roared at with the rest! — But this evening he seems lifeless.

"Have removed to Mrs. McDaniel's boarding house, where Messrs. Patton and Gordon stay, and where the latter had arranged for my lodging, before I came. Miss G., and the Miss McD.'s — the latter, Catholics. Gov. Tyler, Moore of Rockbridge, and Col. Davenport of Pittsylvania, are also of the mess. Had a two hours' confab with Patton. Verily, he seems to me the most rational and independent man in Washington. — He thinks that Mr. Clay's friends give plain tokens of a design to cease maintaining the constitutionality of Internal Improvements. And now I bethink me, something like it was manifested by Mr. Marshall, in his speech to-day. Whether principle or policy be the motive, the change will be a good one for state-rights.

"To bed at 12.

"Friday, June 20.

"Up at 5. — On my walk along Pennsa. Avenue, met Mr. Calhoun. Gen. G. was with me. While we were talking, Campbell P. White came up — the Irish representative from the city of N. Y. He is a merchant — said to be an adept in the mysteries of commerce, exchange, Banking, &c. Next to Cambreleng, he is the foremost administration-member from the city. Stoutly built, with a broad, English face, but Irish mouth and accent.

"At ½ past 8, off for Baltimore. Mr. Calvert's estate, 4 or 5 miles from Washington: mansion house, and porter's lodges at outer gate — All symptomatic of great wealth. Descendant of Calvert, Ld. Baltimore. Remarkable, that so much hereditary wealth should have descended to the 3d or 4th generation. Primogeniture abolished in Md. 1786.

"Bladensburg — miserable, decayed village, on the Eastern Branch. The Battle ground is much flatter than I had supposed. The driver — I sit outside always, when it is practicable — shewed me where our militia valiantly awaited the enemy, till they came within little more than a quarter of a mile; and then — the Bladensburg races began. The Bridge, defended by Barney and his marines, does not look like an advantageous post. There seem several far more defensible, within a mile, than either that, or the militia station. — Country onward from Bladensburg to Baltimore, old Virginia over again. Gullies, red hillsides, bare of soil — broom-sedge — persimmon, sassafras, and stunted oak — rickety, ineffectual worm-fences — blue-birds, bee-martins, and red-headed woodpeckers — gave me a vivid reminiscence of my poor, good old commonwealth.

"Several sections of the Balt. and Washn. RlRoad lay in sight as we drove along; its route now and then crossing ours. Several hundred Irish and Dutch laborers on it, at various points; mostly Irish. The Dutch perfectly steady and well disposed. All the turbulence is among the Irish. The scene of their great affray 3 days ago, in which 6 or 7 were killed, is close to the road. The ashes and fragments of the burned and torn down shanties are yet fresh. The rioters are not yet all taken. The militia are out to catch them, and repress apprehended riots. We passed 20 or 30 (militia) in uniform, drilling in a shady wood: and about as many more, refreshing themselves at a tavern by the wayside — their guns not stacked, but leaning at random (quite militia fashion) against the sides of house and porch.

"Crossed the two branches of the Patuxent — both, trifling streams. 10 or 15 miles from Balt., passed the site of iron mines, once copious and deeply wrought — their ore still discoloring the ground far around. The Frederick railroad — and a long train of cars moving on it — the first I ever saw.

"Thunder-cloud impending, 5 or 6 miles from Balt., but some kindly current of air divided it, just as it seemed ready to burst upon our heads; so that scarcely a drop touched us.

"The first view of Baltimore very imposing, though bewildering and unsatisfactory. Three shot towers of immense height, the Washington Monument as high, church steeples God knows how many, and the gas-works smoking like a mountain-sized tar-kiln, — are the objects my eye singled out. Could make nothing of the general plan of the city. Streets, surprisingly narrow. Some, traversed hundreds of yards by the Fredk railway, and its ramifications.

Stopt at Barnum's Hotel. First face on entering was Henry Quarles, just out of the Philada. steamboat, after a stay of some weeks in N. Y. Very glad to see him. At dinner a gentleman (English, I think) bound to Washington, chancing to learn that I was just thence, asked me to take a drink of wine (which I declined) and then was very inquiring. Told him whatever he asked about things at Washington — Mr. Stevenson's nomination as Minister to England — his probable rejection by the Senate — his probable death thereupon — and so forth. No letter here for me yet. Miss —— promised me one to Cambridge.

"In an area just before the Hotel, is the Battle-monument, in memory of the slain on the — of Sept. 1814. White marble.

"Went with H. Q. to the Washington monument — ascended it, by a corkscrew staircase within. 187 feet high. W.'s statue on the top is 16½ feet high, and weighs 16½ tons. Keeper gave us a lamp to ascend by, which went out about half way up — leaving us in perfect darkness — such as I never saw before. Hands, even a white handkerchief, invisible within 4 inches of our eyes. At the stairs' head, is a platform where visitors stop. It is edged around by a parapet, 3 or 3½ feet high, so as to be safe — affording a level space 5 or 6 feet within the parapet, for standing, and walking round the trunk of the monument which rises 8 or 10 feet higher from the platform's centre, to serve as pedestal to the statue. Looking down over the parapet tries the nerves. We had been up only a few minutes, writing our names on the pedestal, and gazing over the immense panorama below and around, when 2 gentlemen and 2 ladies ascended also. One of the ladies, on emerging from the stairway upon the platform, was so struck with unaffected terror at the dizzying prospect, that she shrunk back, almost fainting: and could not be induced again to go out of the stairs' door, which was 5 or 6 feet from the parapet. She lost a magnificent prospect by her weakness — the whole city, the Patapsco down to the Bay, Fort McHenry, many a jutting promontory, headland, and swelling hill, the country for many miles round, with countless beautiful farms and dwellings.

"Then to the Catholic Cathedral, large, but not strikingly well planned, or elegant. A sorry plank inclosure and sorrier plank steps, greatly hurt the imposing air of the building, and give token of unprosperous times for the Church. Over each door is a solemn text inscribed, legible from the street. The interior is splendid — gorgeous. Some fine pictures — especially (say connoisseurs) one, representing the taking down of Christ's body from the cross. Two others — visions of saints Nicholas and Augustine — were not bad imbodyings of the phantasies which may be supposed to possess the brain of a saint, ancient or modern. Our cicerone was an old Irish woman, brogued and glib-tongued. She showed and explained the pictures — the descent from the cross most minutely: and took occasion thence to harangue the company (several ladies and gentlemen, besides us two) upon gospel truth — especially catholic. I hardly ever heard such fluency. — She would not tolerate the slightest semblance of disrespect to the holy place where we were. She stepped up to a gentleman of the party, and said something I could not hear: but his hat instantly came off. I was stupid enough not to take the hint. She presently drew near to me, and in a soft, low voice said, 'Will you take off your hat, if you please, sir?' Of course, it was off, directly. One of the company seemed an Episcopalian or Presbyterian minister: and one of the ladies at least was a Presbyterian. The blended marvel, pity, and contempt with which they listened and looked at the old woman as she preached, was very amusing.

"Idle till bedtime, except a chapter or two of Miss E.'s Helen."

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

III. — The Evening.

"WELL, where is the lost child?" repeats Frank, desperately. "Where have you got him?"

"In the kitchen."

"Why in the kitchen?"

"How 's baby?" demands Mrs. Sallie, with the incoherent suddenness of her sex, and running half-way down the steps to meet the nurse. "Um, um, um-m-m-m," sounds, which may stand for smothered kisses of rapture and thanksgiving that baby is not a lost child. "Has he been good, Lucy? Take him off and give him some cocoa, Mrs. O'Gonegal," she adds in her business-like way, and with a little push to the combined nurse and baby, while Lucy answers, "O beautiful!" and from that moment, being warned through all her being by something in the other's tone, casts aside the matronly manner which she has worn during the day, and lapses into the comfortable irresponsibility of young-ladyhood.

"What kind of a time did you have?"

"Splendid!" answers Lucy. "Delightful, *I* think," she adds, as if she thought others might not think so.

"I suppose you found Gloucester a quaint old place."

"O," says Frank, "we did n't go to Gloucester; we found that the City Fathers had chartered the boat for the day, so we thought we 'd go to Nahant."

"Then you 've seen your favorite Gardens of Maolis! What in the world *are* they like?"

"Well; we did n't see the Gardens of Maolis; the Nahant boat was so crowded that we could n't think of going on her, and so we decided we 'd drive over to the Liverpool Wharf and go down to Nantasket Beach."

"That was nice. I 'm so glad on Aunt Melissa's account. It 's much better to see the ocean from a long beach than from those Nahant rocks."

"That 's what *I* said. But, you know, when we got to the wharf the boat had just left."

"You *don't* mean it! Well, then, what under the canopy *did* you do?"

"Why, we sat down in the wharf-house, and waited from nine o'clock till half past two for the next boat."

"Well, I'm glad you did n't back out, at any rate. You did show pluck, you poor things! I hope you enjoyed the beach after you *did* get there."

"Why," says Frank, looking down, "we never got there."

"Never got there!" gasps Mrs. Sallie. "Did n't you go down on the afternoon boat?"

"Yes."

"Why did n't you get to the beach, then?"

"We did n't go ashore."

"Well, that 's *like* you, Frank."

"It 's a great deal more like Aunt Melissa," answers Frank. "The air felt so raw and chilly by the time we reached the pier, that she declared the baby would perish if it was taken to the beach. Besides, nothing would persuade her that Nantasket Beach was at all different from Liverpool Wharf."

"Never mind, never mind!" says Mrs. Sallie. "I don't wish to hear anything more. That 's your idea of a day's pleasure, is it? I call it a day's disgrace, a day's miserable giving-up. There, go in, go in; I 'm ashamed of you all. Don't let the neighbors see you, for pity's sake. — We keep him in the kitchen," she continues, recurring to Frank's long-unanswered question concerning the lost child, "because he prefers it as being the room nearest to the closet where the cookies are. He 's taken advantage of our sympathies to refuse everything but cookies."

"I suppose that 's one of the rights of lost childhood," comments Frank, languidly; "there 's no law that can compel him to touch even cracker."

"Well, you 'd better go down and see what *you* can make of him. He 's driven *us* all wild."

So Frank descends to the region now redolent of the preparing tea, and finds upon a chair, in the middle of the kitchen floor, a very forlorn little figure of a boy, mutely munching a sweet-cake, while now and then a tear steals down his cheeks and moistens the grimy traces of former tears. He and baby are in the mean time regarding each other with a steadfast glare, the cook and the nurse supporting baby in this rite of hospitality.

"Well, my little man," says his host, "how did you get here?"

The little man, perhaps because he is heartily sick of the question, is somewhat slow to answer that there was a fire; and that he ran after the steamer; and a girl found him, and brought him up here.

"And that 's all the blessed thing you can get out of him," says cook; and the lost boy looks as if he felt cook to be perfectly right.

In spite of the well-meant endeavors of the household to wash him and brush him, he is still a dreadfully travel-stained little boy, and he is powdered in every secret crease and wrinkle by that dust of Old Charlesbridge, of which we always speak with an air of affected disgust, and a feeling of ill-concealed pride in an abomination so strikingly and peculiarly our own. He looks very much as if he had been following fire-engines about the streets of our learned and pulverous suburb ever since he could walk, and he certainly seems to feel himself in trouble to a certain degree; but there is easily imaginable in his bearing a conviction that after all the chief care is with others, and that though unhappy, he is not responsible. The principal victim of his sorrows is also penetrated by this opinion, and after gazing forlornly upon him for a while, asks mechanically, "What 's your name?"

"Freddy," is the laconic answer.

"Freddy . . . ?" trying with an artful inflection to lead him on to his surname.

"Freddy," decidedly and conclusively.

"O, bless me! What 's the name of the street your papa lives on?"

This problem is far too deep for Freddy, and he takes a bite of sweet-cake in sign that he does not think of solving it. Frank looks at him gloom-

ily for a moment, and then determines that he can grapple with the difficulty more successfully after he has had tea. "Send up the supper, Bridget. I think, my dear," he says, after they have sat down, "we 'd better all question our lost child when we 've finished."

So, when they have finished, they have him up in the sitting-room, and the inquisition begins.

"Now, Freddy," his host says, with a cheerful air of lifelong friendship and confidence, "you know that everybody has got two names. Of course your first name is Freddy, and it 's a very pretty name. Well, I want you to think real hard, and then tell me what your other name is, so I can take you back to your mamma."

At this allusion the child looks round on the circle of eager and compassionate faces, and begins to shed tears and to wring all hearts.

"What 's your name?" asks Frank, cheerfully, — "your *other* name, you know?"

"Freddy," sobbed the forlorn creature.

"O good heaven! this 'll never do," groaned the chief inquisitor. "Now, Freddy, try not to cry. What is your papa's name, — Mr. . . . ?" with the leading inflection as before.

"Papa," says Freddy.

"O, that 'll never do! Not Mr. Papa?"

"Yes," persists Freddy.

"But, Freddy," interposes Mrs. Sallie, as her husband falls back baffled, "when ladies come to see your mamma, what do they call her? Mrs. . . . ?" adopting Frank's alluring inflection.

"Mrs. Mamma," answers Freddy, confirmed in his error by this course; and a secret dismay possesses his questioners. They skirmish about him with all sorts of queries; they try to entrap him into some kind of revelation by apparently irrelevant remarks; they plan ambuscades and surprises; but Freddy looks vigilantly round upon them, and guards his personal history from every approach, and seems in every way so to have the best of it, that it is almost exasperating.

"Kindness has proved futile," observes Frank, "and I think we ought as a last resort, before yielding ourselves to despair, to use intimidation. Now, Fred," he says, with sudden and terrible severity, "what 's your father's name?"

The hapless little soul is really moved to an effort of memory by this, and blubbers out something that proves in the end to resemble the family name, though for the present it is merely a puzzle of unintelligible sounds."

"Blackman?" cries Aunt Melissa, catching desperately at these sounds.

On this, all the man and brother is roused in Freddy's bosom, and he roars fiercely, "No! he ain't a black man! He 's white!"

"I give it up," says Frank, who has been looking for his hat. "I 'm afraid we can't make anything out of him; and I 'll have to go and report the case to the police. But, put him to bed do, Sallie; he 's dropping with sleep."

So he went out, of course supported morally by a sense of duty, but I am afraid also by a sense of adventure in some degree. It is not every day that, in so quiet a place as Charlesbridge, you can have a lost child cast upon your sympathies; and I believe that when an appeal is not really agonizing, we like so well to have our sympathies touched, we favorites of the prosperous commonplace, that most of us would enter eagerly into a pathetic case of this kind, even after a day's pleasure. Such was certainly the mood of my friend, and he unconsciously prepared himself for an equal interest on the part of the police; but this was an error. The police heard his statement with all proper attention, and wrote it in full upon the station-slate, but they showed no feeling whatever, and behaved as if they valued a lost child no more than a child snug at home in his own crib. They said that no doubt his parents would be asking at the police-stations for him during the night, and, as if my friend would otherwise have thought of putting him

into the street, they suggested that he should just keep the lost child till he was sent for. Modestly enough Frank proposed that they should make some inquiry for his parents, and was answered by the question whether they could take a man off his beat for that purpose; and remembering that beats in Charlesbridge were of such vastness that during his whole residence there he had never yet seen a policeman on his street, he was obliged to own to himself that his proposal was absurd. He felt the need of reinstating himself by something more sensible, and so he said he thought he would go down to the Port and leave word at the station there; and the police tacitly assenting to this he went.

I who have sometimes hinted that the Square is not a centre of gayety, or a scene of the greatest activity by day, feel it right to say that it has some modest charms of its own on a summer's night, about the hour when Frank passed through it, and when the different groups that haunt the place in front of the closing shops have dwindled to the loungers fit though few who will keep it well into the night, and may there be found, by the passenger on the last horse-car out from Boston, wrapt in a kind of social silence, and honorably attended by the policeman whose favored beat is in that neighborhood. They seem a feature of the bygone village life of Charlesbridge, and accord pleasantly with the town-pump and the public horse-trough, and the noble elm that gives the Square a perpetual benediction of shade, and by night droops its boughs more pensively, and probably dreams of its happy younger days when there were no canker-worms in the world. Sometimes this choice company sits on the curbing that goes round the terrace at the elm-tree's foot, and then I envy every soul in it, — so tranquil it seems, so cool, so careless, so morrowless. I cannot see the faces of that luxurious society, but there I imagine is the local albino, and a certain blind man, who resorts thither much by day, and makes a strange kind of jest of his own, with a flicker of humor upon his sightless face, and a faith that others less unkindly treated by nature will be able to see the point apparently not always discernible to himself. Late at night I have a fancy that the darkness puts him on an equality with other wits, and that he enjoys his own brilliancy as well as any one.

At the Port station Frank was pleased and soothed by the tranquil air of the policeman, who sat in his shirt-sleeves outside the door, and seemed to announce, by his attitude of final disoccupation, that crimes and misdemeanors were no more. This officer at once showed a desirable interest in the case. He put on his blue coat that he might listen to the whole story in a proper figure, and then he took down the main points on the slate, and said that they would send word round to all the other stations in the city, and the boy's parents could hardly help hearing of him that night.

Returned home, Frank gave his news, and then he and Mrs. Sallie went up to look at the lost child as he slept. The sumptuous diet to which he had confined himself from the first seemed to agree with him perfectly, for he slept unbrokenly, and apparently without a consciousness of his woes. On a chair lay his clothes, in a dusty little pathetic heap; they were well-kept clothes, except for the wrong his wanderings had done them, and they showed a motherly care here and there, which it was not easy to look at with composure. The spectators of his sleep both thought of the curious chance that had thrown this little one into their charge, and considered that he was almost as complete a gift of the Unknown as if he had been following a steamer in another planet, and had thence dropped into their yard. His helplessness in accounting for himself was as affecting as that of the sublimest metaphysician; and no learned man, no superior intellect, no subtle inquirer among us lost children of the divine, forgotten home, could have been less

able to say how or whence he came to be just where he found himself. We wander away and away; the dust of the roadside gathers upon us; and when some strange shelter receives us, we lie down to our sleep, inarticulate, and haunted with dreams of memory, or the memories of dreams, knowing scarcely more of the past than of the future.

"What a strange world!" sighed Mrs. Sallie; and then, as this was a mood far too speculative for her, she recalled herself to practical life suddenly. "If we should have to adopt this child, Frank —"

"Why, bless my soul, we're not obliged to adopt him! Even a lost child can't demand that."

"We shall adopt him, if they don't come for him. And now, I want to know" (Mrs. Sallie spoke as if the adoption had been effected) "whether we shall give him our name, or some other?"

"Well, I don't know. It's the first child I've ever adopted," said Frank; "and upon my word, I can't say whether you have to give him a new name or not. In fact, if I'd thought of this affair of a name, I'd never have adopted him. It's the greatest part of the burden, and if his father will only come for him, I'll give him up without a murmur."

In the interval that followed the proposal of this alarming difficulty, and while he sat and waited vaguely for whatever should be going to happen next, Frank was not able to repress a sense of personal resentment towards the little vagrant sleeping so carelessly there, though at the bottom of his heart there was all imaginable tenderness for him. In the fantastic character which, to his weariness, the day's pleasure took on, it seemed an extraordinary unkindness of fate that this lost child should have been kept in reserve for him after all the rest; and he had so small consciousness of bestowing shelter and charity, and so profound a feeling of having himself been turned out of house and home by some surprising and potent agency, that if the lost child had been a regiment of Fenians billeted upon him, it could not have been any worse. While he remained perplexed in this perverse sentiment of invasion and dispossession, "Hark!" said Mrs. Sallie, "what's that?"

It was a noise of dragging and shuffling on the walk in front of the house, and a low, hoarse whispering.

"I don't know," said Frank, "but from the kind of pleasure I've got out of it so far, I should say that this holiday was capable of an earthquake before midnight."

"Listen!"

They listened, as they must, and heard the outer darkness rehearse a raucous dialogue between an unseen Bill and Jim, who were all the more terrible to the imagination from being so realistically named, and who seemed to have in charge some nameless third person, a mute actor in the invisible scene. There was doubt, which he uttered, in the mind of Jim, whether they could get this silent comrade along much farther without carrying him; and there was a growling assent from Bill that he *was* pretty far gone, that was a fact, and that maybe Jim *had* better go for the wagon; then there were quick, retreating steps; and then there was a profound silence, in which the audience of this strange drama sat thrilled and speechless. The effect was not less dreadful when there rose a dull sound, as of a helpless body rubbing against the fence, and at last lowered heavily to the ground.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Sallie. "Do go out and help. He's dying!"

But even as she spoke the noise of wheels was heard. A wagon stopped before the door; there came a tugging and lifting, with a sound as of crunching gravel, and then a "There!" of great relief.

"Frank!" said Mrs. Sallie very solemnly, "if you don't go out and help those men, I'll never forgive you."

Really, the drama had grown very impressive; it was a mystery, to say the least, and so it must remain for-

ever, for when Frank, infected at last by Mrs. Sallie's faith in tragedy, opened the door and offered his tardy services, the wagon was driven rapidly away without reply. They never learned what it had all been; and I think that if one actually respects mysteries, it is best not to look into them. How much finer, after all, if you have such a thing as this happen before your door at midnight, not to throw any light upon it! Then your probable tipsy man cannot be proved other than a tragical presence, which you can match with any inscrutable creation of fiction; and if you should ever come to write a romance, as one is very liable to do in this age, there is your unknown, a figure of strange and fearful interest, made to your hand, and capable of being used, in or out of the body, with a very gloomy effect.

While our friends yet trembled with this sensation, quick steps ascended to their door, and then followed a sharp, anxious tug at the bell.

"Ah!" cried Frank, prophetically, "here 's the father of our adopted son"; and he opened the door.

The gentleman who appeared there could scarcely frame the question to which Frank replied so cheerfully: "O yes; he 's here, and snug in bed, and fast asleep. Come up stairs and look at him. Better let him be till morning, and then come after him," he added, as they looked down a moment on the little sleeper.

"O no, I could n't," said the father, *con espressione;* and then he told how he had heard of the child's whereabouts at the Port station, and had hurried to get him, and how his mother did not know he was found yet, and was almost wild about him. They had no idea how he had got lost, and his own blind story was the only tale of his adventure that ever became known.

By this time his father had got the child partly awake, and the two men were dressing him in men's clumsy fashion; and finally they gave it up, and rolled him in a shawl. The father lifted the slight burden, and two small arms fell about his neck. The weary child slept again.

"How has he behaved?" asked the father.

"Like a little hero," said Frank, "but he 's been a cormorant for cookies. I think it right to tell you, in case he should n't be very brilliant to-morrow, that he would n't eat a bite of anything else."

The father said he was the life of their house; and Frank said he knew how that was, that he had a life of the house of his own; and then the father thanked him very simply and touchingly, and with the decent New England self-restraint, which is doubtless so much better than any sort of effusion. "Say good night to the gentleman, Freddy," he said at the door; and Freddy with closed eyes murmured a good-night from far within the land of dreams, and then was borne away to the house out of which the life had wandered with his little feet.

"I don't know, Sallie," said Frank, when he had given all the eagerly demanded particulars about the child's father, — "I don't know whether I should want many such holidays as this, in the course of the summer. On the whole, I think I 'd better overwork myself and not take any relaxation, if I mean to live long. And yet, I 'm not sure that the day 's been altogether a failure, though all our purposes of enjoyment have miscarried. I did n't plan to find a lost child here, when I got home, and I 'm afraid I have n't had always the most Christian feeling towards him; but he 's really the saving grace of the affair; and if this were a little comedy I had been playing, I should turn him to account with the jaded audience, and advancing to the foot-lights, should say, with my hand on my waistcoat, and a neat bow, that although every hope of the day had been disappointed, and nothing I had meant to do had been done, yet the man who had ended at midnight by restoring a lost child to the arms of its father, must own that, in spite of adverse fortune, he had enjoyed A Day's Pleasure."

W. D. Howells.

HALF-WAY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

RELATES TO THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR AT HALF-WAY.

THE day operator of the telegraph at Half-Way was a young girl, eighteen or nineteen more or less, with dark eyes of no particular color that I have ever been able to discover, but very bright good-looking eyes nevertheless. That she was somewhat delicate might have been inferred from her slender figure and thin but not sallow countenance. Of ill health there was no particular evidence, however. It is true that her nose looked a little pinched, while the thin nostrils sometimes worked nervously when she became perplexed with some mental labor. She was neither tall nor short, neither queenly nor the reverse, and, not to be too tedious over a description that in all probability will never be read, she was simply a very womanly woman, whose figure and deportment were calculated to interest and attract one, and whose good-nature and vivacity kept, as they had the appearance of keeping, her in good health, in spite of constitutional defects.

Her chief employment was to report the trains, and generally to do all the railway telegraphing for that place which might be required during office hours, with occasionally a private message whenever such were offered. The business was very light, although sometimes very tedious; she could read and sew and knit, but of these she became tired. The hot sun of the long summer days pouring down upon the lonely silent depot, which for hours and hours was tenanted only by herself, no company but the noisy machines, and all day long a prisoner, it was no wonder that she sometimes wearied of the necessity of her position too. Really it was a great relaxation when some one came, and little matter also if it was only some one, to relieve the tediousness of those long silent sleepy hours. The old landlord sitting afar off in the doorway of the Metropolitan was a comfort, for he looked as lonely as she sometimes felt, and misery they say likes company. Those, too, were days to engender loneliness; when butterflies gather about damp places with the pigs, if such damp places may be found; when grasshoppers and locusts hop about in the dust like bats in daylight; when bees are almost too lazy to sip honey from the drooping flowers; when all the houses are darkened, and when in country places two P. M. is more silent and desolate than midnight.

Half-Way was revelling in the silence of one of these summer afternoons, and about the most silent portion of the afternoon too, when a gentlemanly dressed individual of twenty-five quitted the Metropolitan, and sauntered leisurely toward the depot. As he walked slowly along by the side of the roadway, he struck furious blows with his cane at the adjacent thistle-heads, as if they had been so many foes opposing the march of a conqueror. Really he was a strange-looking figure for those parts, in his white clothing, his broad-brimmed straw hat with fluttering ribbon, his patent-leather shoes and kid gloves, and the only individual to be seen out of doors too. No wonder the landlord of the Metropolitan watched him with curious eye, and ceased not to keep his aforementioned curious eye upon the door of the depot long after the stranger had disappeared within it. But the curious eye became a weary eye, and the weary eye a sleepy eye; but neither the curious eye nor the weary eye nor the sleepy eye looked beyond that doorway the livelong afternoon. Yet the hours flew by, nevertheless, and what with speculating and

smoking and dozing and dreaming the little landlord was watching the spruce young gentleman when he came out of the depot again, and of course he did n't imagine the strange individual had passed so many long hours to no profit. Indeed, had the little landlord been such a consummate blockhead as to imagine such nonsense, the appearance of the pretty operator of Half-Way at the identical moment would have confronted him with a visible evidence of his blockheadedness. Having been a witness to so much, the little landlord was about to close the curious eye; but when he saw the two walk away together, he opened it again, thinking he would just see which way they went. And now as they came near he opened a curious ear and tried hard to catch a word or two of the conversation; but he only heard the laughter and a kind of subdued chatting, which gave those engaged much more pleasure apparently than it did him.

How ungratefully the little operator repaid him whose chubby form, as seated on the veranda of the Metropolitan, had been not only company but comfort; not once did she even look toward him, not once toward the Metropolitan. It was in another direction she looked now, because the little landlord was in an eclipse. Ah! how very much interested in the young gentleman she appeared! How wistfully she looked at him! How musically she laughed! How fast she talked! How pretty and interesting she was, to be sure! And so she went over the hill with the strange gentleman, and the landlord of the Metropolitan saw no more of them for a time, but noticed how late the fine young gentleman came back to the Metropolitan that night.

He had arrived the night before, but had engaged no room; now, however, the landlord shook his head just a little when he proposed to engage the best rooms in the house for a week. But when that week was gone and he engaged them for another week, the landlord shook his head outright. And at the end of another week, when he engaged them for one week more, it required all the mental exertion of the aforementioned landlord to resist an impulse to ejaculate "whew!" without further palaver, and so have the whole business of the interloper settled on the spot. But one day the stranger sat down and wrote a very short letter to his attorney, which, after giving certain instructions in regard to business matters, went on as follows: —

". . . . And now, Mr. Joe, about this trip of mine. I came here, as you know, to head off that sly old fox. But I 've given that up for the present. I don't hear anything, and I don't know that I care anything now about losing the Bolton estate. This is the most delightful little place I was ever in, and I can't tell when I shall be home. If I am needed, write or telegraph to your client,

"WEYMAN."

"Ah!" said the lawyer, when that letter came, "there is better hunting than fox-hunting."

But another week having gone by, Mr. Weyman sat down and wrote another letter, which, after a very few words regarding business, read thus: —

"We have excellent fishing here, and such good times generally that I shall not go to any of the watering-places this season. Please communicate with me at this place until further notice.

"WEYMAN."

When this letter came, the lawyer longed to cast a fly in Weyman's stream. But after a week's longing another letter came, which was shorter than all the rest and whose burden was: —

"Business is all out of the question. I 'm out of the mood. Please ask my opinion no more. Do just as you like for your client,

"WEYMAN."

At which last letter the attorney said his client was in the hands of the Philistines, and if he meant by that, that

his client was deeply in love, the attorney was right.

Mr. Weyman had mailed his last letter and was walking to join the pretty operator at the depot, and was very thoughtful. "It will never do," he said to himself; "no, no, no, it will *not* do." Then he felt sorely perplexed, and then he became angry with himself and struck spitefully at the thistleheads until he got around to the depot, where the pretty operator was found waiting as usual.

"I must go home soon," said Mr. Weyman that night, in a tone he meant should sound feelingly, but which was indifferent.

"Go home!" said his companion, with surprise.

"Why not?" he asked, looking down.

"Sure enough, Mr. Weyman," she answered with an effort that Mr. Weyman was not sharp enough to detect. "I shall be very sorry to lose you, though."

"I have had much pleasure here, and shall be sorry to lose you, too," said Mr. Weyman; "but you know the world is full of farewells."

"Yes," she answered, smiling, "and more 's the pity; but how soon must you go?"

"Within a day or two," he answered.

Then there was a long, long silence, and after that a hasty "good night" at the gate, because *he* feared that he might yield to a temptation his pride told him to resist, and *she*, because she did not dare to show her woman's weakness. But their hands did not separate that night till their backs were turned upon each other; and even then the finger tips parted with reluctance.

After he had gone, however, the pretty operator came out of the house again and stood at the gate a long time, looking up at the stars bonnetless. Then after a while she wiped away certain little drops that twinkled in her eyelashes, and went inside again, and then, O fortuitous circumstance! back came Mr. Weyman just to look up at the house which sheltered her, and bless it because it did shelter her. As he walked by he looked up at the window which he knew to be her window, and felt sick at heart, for "what," he asked himself, "are all my possessions compared with this woman?" So the man who came out of the city to plot and discover had been shorn of his locks, and as he went on his way his pride yielded, for he spoke again unto himself and said, "I will see her tomorrow."

But at that moment a little man was sitting very quietly in the shadow across the way, twirling a gold-headed cane between his fingers, and looking up at the window too, but nevertheless looking at Mr. Weyman as well. Now this little man it seems did not look so favorably upon Mr. Weyman, if one may be permitted to judge from his subsequent behavior; for Mr. Weyman was no sooner out of sight than he got upon his feet and crossed over with about as many peculiar motions as they make when going through that figure of a quadrille, which motion he did not discontinue until he stood on the stoop, ringing the door-bell violently. Presently he made his entry in the same manner, the door banging heavily behind him.

Mr. Weyman, after "tossing" himself from side to side upon his suffocating bed, in the suffocating air of his room at the Metropolitan for a long time, during which he worked himself up to a fearful pitch of excitement and then worked himself down again, fell asleep, and dreamt innumerable dreams, not one of which, however, had anything to do with the hasty packing of trunks that night at the little brick house over the hill.

"Come, Georgie," said the little man, "hurry up, we have n't a moment to spare."

"Why can't we wait, uncle, until morning?" asked the pretty operator, hard at work.

"Because we must not, my dear."

"What will Mr. Dyke, the superintendent say, if I go away without notice?"

"Let him say what he pleases. He

'll ask your pardon for whatever he says against you, that 's all. So hurry up, Georgie, *and* don't trouble yourself about that."

But the more she hurried the more perplexed she got and the less she accomplished. Then the little man began to lend a helping hand; but the more he tried to do the more he did n't do, with doing everything wrong, so that he put his niece out of patience and then got out of patience himself.

"Come, hurry up," said he, when Georgie's expostulations had driven him off. "Don't I say we have n't a moment to lose. Stuff 'em in, stuff 'em in any way."

"Well, uncle, you might have given me notice, I think. I can't spoil all these things because you 're in a fidget."

"I 'll buy new for all you spoil; you need n't be afraid of spoiling 'em. So hurry up."

"I am hurrying, uncle, as fast as I can."

"You need n't fold your dresses that way. It won't hurt to stuff 'em in, I know it won't."

"But they won't go in unless I fold them, uncle."

"Well, well then, hurry up, that 's all," said the little man when he saw the flushed cheeks and the trembling hands; for he was a kind-hearted little man and would not willingly give pain.

"I don't like to go away, uncle, so in the night, without thanking those who have been kind to me here."

"Leave that to me, Georgie. You shall come back and thank them some day."

"May I not write a note, uncle, before I go?"

"To whom?" demanded the little man, arbitrarily.

"To Mr. Weyman," she replied, with a little spice of defiance.

"If we have time, yes," said the little man, thoughtfully; "but not until after we reach the depot. But come, come," he added, "I know we shall be left."

The trunk being ready by this time, the little man seized it frantically and dragged it down the stairs, bumping and thumping all the way to the street, where he placed it on a wheelbarrow brought for the occasion; then he went back again and found the pretty operator settling her accounts, and bidding farewell to everybody, and leaving kind words for her friends which he thought were as innumerable as the sands of the sea. But the last word did come finally, and the little man seizing his vehicle set out for the depot, followed by the pretty operator.

"Hurry," said he, panting with his burden, — "hurry, Georgie, the train 's coming." Whereupon he so hurried himself that he dropped his cane, and came within an ace of falling over it.

"Give me the cane, uncle," said his niece, feeling better for a good laugh.

But as they journeyed on they came to the Metropolitan, and up at this dearly beloved structure, which she had never been inside of, she looked so earnestly, that her laughter ended with a sigh. "The dear, dingy old hotel, containing so much sunshine"; and she blessed the old, old building because it sheltered him. 'T is thus that blessings as curses follow each other, shaded howbeit from human ken.

The little man, upon his arrival at the depot, found that it would take all his time to get his trunk, self, and niece aboard the train, which had just arrived. "No time to be lost in love-letters, Georgie," he said, taking that young lady's arm. "Come, come, my dear"; and he hurried her aboard, much against her will. So much, in fact, did he hurry her, that she left behind her pretty little gauntleted gloves, to say nothing of a little crimson-colored shawl. Having seated the pretty operator, however, he got out again and ran into the depot.

"Where 's the night operator?" he asked of nobody in particular but everybody in general; and then, as his eyes fell on that gentleman, "Here, you, sir. Here 's twenty dollars. Take the place of the day hand on account of that for a few days."

Of course he had no thought about the night operator's ability to run day and night together, not he. On the contrary, it was with a very peculiar satisfaction that he said, when on the train at last, "Well, Georgie, we 're here all right notwithstanding, ain't we, my dear?"

But Georgie sighed as if they were all wrong. And the iron horse, regardless alike of congratulations and regrets, whistled "Off breaks" and went rushing through the night.

About ten o'clock the next morning Davy Dolder, the night operator at Half-Way, sat grinning in his office, while Walter Weyman was walking leisurely that way, still striking at the thistle-heads with his cane.

"O my eye!" said Davy Dolder, rolling about on his high stool, as if he would twist himself off with his convulsive laughter. "O my eye! O my eye!" and rolling and drawing himself together, and expanding and stretching and stamping and squealing and shouting and holding his sides, Davy Dolder gave evidence of his great and marvellous delight, because Mr. Weyman for many weeks had been an offence to the eye he alluded to.

"Good morning, Dolder," said Mr. Weyman to that gentleman's back, which still revealed the owner's delight, — "good morning, Dolder. Where 's Miss Wilton this morning?"

"Don't know," answered Davy, with an evident struggle with his feelings.

"Don't know?" echoed Mr. Weyman, growing pale suddenly.

"No! I don't know," answered the gentleman appealed to turning around with a jerk and an angry look.

"What are you doing here, then?" demanded Mr. Weyman, a little excitedly.

"Tending to business. Which you 're not," answered Davy, pointedly.

"May I ask when you saw Miss Wilton last?"

"I saw her last night at half past eleven, an hour or so after you saw her."

"Where did you see her?" demanded Mr. Weyman.

"Don't yer wish yer knew?" inquired Davy, with a sign like that which Knickerbocker records.

Mr. Weyman griped his cane nervously, and commenced walking back and forth to calm himself. But the more he sought to calm himself the more nervous and furious he got; so he just walked back to his rooms at the Metropolitan, and for two hours kept the depot in sight. But no Miss Wilton making her appearance, he took it into his head to go and make inquiry of the landlady at the little brick house over the hill.

"A strange gentleman fetched her last night, sir," said the landlady, — "a strange gentleman, that called her Georgie, and that she called uncle. So that he could n't have been very strange to her, after all."

"Did she say where she was going?"

"No."

"Was she coming back?"

"Yes."

"Did she leave any word?"

"She wished me to say good by to all her friends, and that she hoped to see them all again. And ever so many other words, too, which I can't exactly understand. And, now I bethink me as how she did say as how I was to say to Mr. Weyman as how, as how, Mr. Weyman was to come somewhere and see her; but we were both so full of tears and the what not, that I disremember all about it!" and the good old woman went to blowing her nose vigorously, and looking very much as if her vision had become suddenly dim.

"Can you describe this individual she called uncle?" asked Mr. Weyman.

"Well, he was short and dumpy-like, and good looking, and wore a eyeglass as would n't fit, somehow."

"Gray whiskers at the sides of his face?"

"A little, sir, I should say."

"A gold-headed cane?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shoes? White stockings?"

"Yes."

"Was he nervous? always uneasy, always in motion?"

"Yes, sir. And he bothered the poor dear girl so with his notions and what not, that —"

"Old Sniffins, by Jove!" said Mr. Weyman, striking the air with his clinched fist emphatically, and he turned without another word, not so much as saying good morning or once looking back at the old house which he had blessed so reverently the night before.

That day he settled his bills with the landlord of the Metropolitan, and repaired to the depot with bag and baggage. Here he found Davy Dolder still in possession of the wires, much to his disgust. Nevertheless, that excitable individual sent a message announcing Mr. Weyman's intention of quitting Half-Way that very day. But while Mr. Dolder was performing the task of sending this despatch, Mr. Weyman's eyes fell upon the little red shawl and gauntleted gloves, and he thought to himself, "I will take these at all events." With the intent of carrying out this thought, he reached over the office counter and had just got them firmly within his grasp, when Mr. Dolder, having just completed the sending of the despatch, caught a sight of Mr. Weyman's arm, and seized it with a kind of demoniac yell. Having made sure of his hold, he next began to shout, "Stop thief! stop thief!" at the top of his voice.

Mr. Weyman, being taken at a disadvantage, could not release himself; and the more he struggled so to do the louder Mr. Dolder roared, "Stop thief!" Very lucky was it for Mr. Weyman that Half-Way was not abroad, as to have been so discovered would have been unpleasant. But Master Dolder was not to be compromised with. This was an opportunity he had long sought. He was in his glory. His revenge was very sweet. If "stop thief" would bring no one, he would shout "murder," whereupon he roared "Murder!" incontinently. Then Mr. Weyman remembered the cane he held in his hand, and with it he began to thump the furious Dolder over the head. But the more he thumped and the harder he thumped, the more and the louder resounded the cries of murder.

"What do you want?" demanded Weyman.

"Murder!" roared Dolder.

"Let go!" said Weyman, fiercely.

"Murder!" was Dolder's only answer.

As he was becoming gradually exhausted, his cries grew feebler, and at length, by a sudden exertion on the part of Mr. Weyman, his hands were wrenched apart, and he fell back upon the floor behind his counter. But the Dolder blood being up, the present representative of that family got upon his feet in a twinkling and rushed headlong after his foe. Unfortunately, however, he met an obstacle half-way and fell back heavily, whereupon Mr. Weyman turned his back and walked away, leaving the unfortunate combatant to get up at his leisure.

But that afternoon, as Walter Weyman was getting aboard the train, he turned and saw Davy at his side.

"What do you want now?" he demanded.

"To shake hands," answered the boy, gloomily. "We 've been hunting and fishing together, Mr. Weyman."

Mr. Weyman extended his hand.

"I wanted to keep something of hers," said the boy, retaining the hand of Mr. Weyman with a pleading look.

"Something of whose?" inquired Weyman.

"Of hers," repeated the boy.

But Mr. Weyman shook him off, and the train had soon left Half-Way far behind.

The next day, at twilight, Mr. Weyman sat in the office of his attorney, gloomily going over the adventures of a few weeks.

"And now, Joe," said he, when he had come to the end of his adventures, "you have hung those pretty crutches

upon your wall for some purpose of your own. Beneath them let me hang these little gloves, and I will come here sometimes to think of their owner, so that we may work while waiting together for the solution of our mutual problem."

CHAPTER III.

RELATES TO THE PRESIDENT, DIRECTORS, AND STOCKHOLDERS OF THE NEWTOWN AND NEW MARKET RAILWAY COMPANY.

It was a stormy night in October. The spring with its promise, the summer with its glory, and the autumn with its abundance, were no more. Fast fell the withered leaves before the blasts, and fast the driving rain and hail beat them down, down, down. It was the earth's great harvest day. What man had refused the earth was garnering, — the dead leaves and the dead stubble, the buried dead and the dead unburied, dust returning to dust, earth reclaiming its own, ah! how relentlessly.

How chilly and damp it was that night! How clammy! Ugh! Every paper one touched seemed mouldy, and everything looked cheerless. The impressions and the influences were all bad. The furious gusts, accompanied by rain and hail, seemed determined to crush the window in as they swept by. The lamps in the street gave but little light in the gloom. Staying in was dismal enough, but going out would have been worse. It was out of the question, too, to think of going out; umbrellas could not be kept right side in, and the omnibuses and cars were as good as not running, the poor drivers being at fault on two dollars per day. Where, besides, could one go to if he should get out? Would he be likely to find company anywhere, except at the home fireside? And would n't the home people think him a fool, or in love, which is about the same thing they say, for turning out on such a night? To be sure he might stumble upon some poor artist or some poor devil of an author, or local editor in search of something new, with whom a pleasant hour might be passed; but that even would be a mere possibility.

Subdued at the thought of such an undertaking, I turned from looking out of my office window and resolved, for one, to stay within doors; and in furtherance of this resolution took off my great-coat and overshoes, built a good fire in the grate, turned down the gas, and, seating myself before the fire, fell into what Tony Weller called a "referee." From my "referee" I was presently aroused by a heavy tramping up my office stairs. Then came the scraping of feet upon the mat without the door, and then in walked Mr. Walter Weyman, shaking himself like a wet Newfoundland dog, and looking more like one than he was ever known to look before.

"What in the name of common sense brings you out to-night, Weyman?" I suggested, when he had taken his seat and had grown somewhat calmer.

"A little consultation on the old matter, Joe," he answered, drawing his chair nearer the fire and blowing his nose. "You know, Joe," he went on, "that an act passed the Legislature last winter, incorporating the Newtown and New Market Railway Company?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, they have just organized, and whom do you think they have made president?"

"Judging from your manner, I should say old Sniffins, of course."

"Of course. You heard of it before. I could n't prevent it. He 's a heavy stockholder, you know, and owns the Bolton estate, through which they design to run. Of course he 's the president. Of course."

"Well?"

"Well, he 's outwinded me again. He 's an old sneak, Joe."

"Did you come to tell me that, Weyman?" I inquired.

"No. I came to make a proposition. I 've a notion to have it out with him.

I 've a notion to see him face to face. And, as for the company, I shall get rid of every cent of my stock before he shall control a penny of it."

"Weyman," I answered, "don't be hasty. At a great bargain pause awhile. You 're just a little too sensitive. I know the old cove cut you out of the Bolton estate, and ran away with your sweetheart, and disappointed you in allowing himself to be made president of the Newtown and New Market Railroad Company; but these things would n't save you from getting angry with the old gentleman. Wait, Mr. Weyman, I still have faith in the little crutches."

Mr. Weyman got up and tramped back and forth nervously.

"He 's a meddlesome old scoundrel. I hate his very virtues."

"Sit down, Mr. Weyman. You have just cause of complaint, but you have no reason to work yourself into a passion."

"Work myself into a passion!" he exclaimed. "Hain't I been in a passion for months? Joe, you don't sympathize with me. You don't know me."

"But what do you propose to do about it?" I inquired.

"I propose to demand an explanation. I shall not be bamboozled any longer."

"Bosh! Mr. Weyman. You 'll do no such thing. I 'm better acquainted with Mr. Sniffins than you are. He would n't hurt a fly."

"You may call it what you please, but it is n't bosh to me, and I 'm determined. Why, look here, Joe, here 's a letter from that pig-headed ninny at the station, and he has sense enough to see that Miss Wilton's uncle is an old tyrant she don't dare to cross. A veritable old hypocrite. 'You must n't ask me where I live, Davy. I 've promised, and it would n't do to tell.' That 's what she says to him when she came back to the station. Who is it she 's promised, and why don't she dare to tell? 'I asked her,' he goes on, 'if the young gentleman that was a visiting of her in the summer had anything to do with her daring not to tell, and she said, 'Don't ask any more questions, Davy.' Now this old hypocrite is setting her up to all this. Not that I care about her, Joe, but I do hate to be led by the nose."

"I don't see any danger of that, Weyman," said I, carelessly.

"And you don't care, I sometimes think."

"O yes, I do, Mr. Weyman."

"Tell me what I shall do then, and debit me for it."

"As a lawyer, Mr. Weyman," I answered, "I can give no advice regarding matters of the heart; but as a practical man, as I trust I am, I would advise you to imitate poor Micawber a little. In a word, I would advise you to sit down and wait patiently for something to turn up. This affair will see the light some day, in spite of Mr. Sniffins and all the Bastiles ever dreamt of."

So Mr. Weyman sat down moodily, and looked at the red fire in the grate despondingly; and then we both sat looking and thinking while the shadows deepened on the wall, exactly as if we were really waiting for something to turn up at any moment. But we were both immensely surprised when something did turn up. It was a light step upon the stair, a scraping of shoes upon the mat, a gentle tap at the door, and Mr. Sniffins himself standing there before us with raised umbrella. His pants were rolled up at the ankle, and his shoes and stockings bespattered with mud. About his throat he had tied a white handkerchief to keep the cold out, while in his hand he still held the gold-headed cane which was his inseparable companion in storm and shine.

"May I come in?" he inquired, somewhat deprecatingly, before I had recovered from my astonishment sufficiently to salute him.

"Certainly, sir," I replied, at length. "Walk in, sir, and be seated"; and I got up politely, handing a chair by the fire.

Having lowered his umbrella and removed the handkerchief from his throat, the old gentleman came in and sat down with a jerk. Whereupon Mr. Weyman turned his back upon him. Drawing nearer the fire, he stretched out his hands to warm them; and when they were thoroughly warmed, he proceeded to rub his knees in a most energetic manner.

"You 're a great stranger," feeling that I must say something at all hazards.

"I have been much engaged," he answered, "and, to tell the truth, have had little encouragement for familiarity. But that 's neither here nor there, sir. I 've called on an errand."

"Ah!" said I, no doubt in a tone of relief.

"I thought I should find you alone," nodding toward Mr. Weyman, whereupon that gentleman arose.

"O, it 's Mr. Weyman, is it?" continued the little man; "pray don't let me disturb you, sir, pray don't."

"No disturbance whatever," said Mr. Weyman, surlily. "I esteem it a privilege to be permitted to be where you are not."

"Ah, just as you like, Mr. Weyman. Just as you like, sir." And the little man rubbed his knees with great rapidity.

"It has generally been just as *you* like, I should say, if I may be allowed an opinion," retorted Mr. Weyman.

"Ah! not always, sir. But I beg of you to be seated, Mr. Weyman. My business with Mr. Joe here is applicable to you as well."

"I prefer to stand, Mr. Sniffins, until you have satisfactorily explained certain matters which have been of a deep interest to me, and until you have done so I shall hold no intercourse with you."

"Very good, Mr. Weyman, you will please proceed with the specifications."

"You know to what I refer. You have cheated me out of property. You have stolen from me what is better than property. You have maligned me to gain a position of honor and trust for yourself. You —"

"Weyman, you 're a great fool," broke in the little man; and I must confess I duly echoed the sentiment.

"Will you explain away these charges?" he demanded.

"No, I cannot now.'

Weyman would have answered fiercely, but the melancholy tone of the usually brisk old gentleman made him pause, after which he soon became his calmer and better self.

So for a moment or two we sat still, looking at my old friend, whose eyes were on the floor, while his hands rubbed his knees more slowly; and as we looked, a tear gathered on his eyelashes, and fell thence upon my office floor. We both saw it, and I dare say both felt guilty. I know *I* did, because I sought to smother my guilty feeling with a cigar. Weyman took one too, and began to smoke furiously.

"Mr. Joe," said Mr. Sniffins at length, "and you, Mr. Weyman, are both invited to attend the meeting of the directors and stockholders of the Newtown and New Market Railway Company, to be held at my house Wednesday evening next, at nine precisely. Mr. Joe, we shall make you our attorney; and, Mr. Weyman, you must be present to cast your votes for your friend. This is what I came out in this storm to see you about. Will you accept?"

Of course I would accept, with more thanks than I could express. Really, so thankful was I that I forgot all about the pretty crutches, so that when the kind old gentleman presently departed, I shook his hand with gratitude and delight. Mr. Weyman, too, vouchsafed to extend the tips of his fingers, and promised attendance upon the meeting for my sake, if not for any other reason.

After he had departed, however, we sat stock still for several minutes, I dare say dumfoundered.

"Joe!" Mr. Weyman was the first to break the silence, — "Joe! can you give me the composition of that man?"

"Really, Weyman, I cannot."

"Is he a hypocrite, a saint, or a devil?"

"I think he is neither, Mr. Weyman. I believe we shall both know more of him some day; and the more we know of him the better we shall like him."

Weyman sighed heavily, and presently left me alone without another word, so wrapped up was he in his own peculiar thoughts. Before he went out, however, he looked up at the little gloves on the wall. Of course I cannot vouch for his dreams that night; as for myself, I dreamt all night of railroads and presidents and directors and stockholders and fat clients and still fatter fees, until the morning dawned clear and cold. But for all my dreaming, the evening for the meeting at Mr. Sniffins's residence came, and Weyman calling around at my office, we walked together up town.

"What a place to call a meeting!" said Weyman, in a tone of disgust. "Way up town at a private residence. Just like him, though." And upon this remark he seemed to be biting until we stood upon Mr. Sniffins's front stoop, ringing the bell.

After getting so far, however, we were surprised to hear the confused jabbering of not only masculine but feminine voices, a veritable intermingling, as it seemed, of a great host. We should have made a hasty retreat, I imagine, had not the door at that moment been opened, not by a servant, but by Mr. Sniffins himself, fashionably dressed in a suit of black, his cheeks rosier, his eye-glass more troublesome, and his stockings, I doubt not, whiter than ever. Before we could offer excuses he had pulled us inside and slammed the door.

"Here, Tom," said he, "show these gentlemen up. Quick! boy, quick! Up stairs, gentlemen, Tom will show you." And Mr. Sniffins disappeared before we had time to slip a word in edgewise.

Tom, who was a colored boy wearing a white stand-up collar and a blue jacket with brass buttons, forthwith conducted us to a dressing-room on the second floor; which feat having been accomplished, he stood looking at us from crown to heel in a very comprehensive manner.

"Anything wanted, gemmen?" he inquired at length.

Weyman having shaken his head, the questioner departed. We were not prepared for such a gathering; but, nevertheless, I induced Mr. Weyman, after a great effort, to descend to the reception-room, where we were presented to Mrs. Sniffins with due formality. Mrs. Sniffins was a tall, bony-looking lady of fifty or sixty, who had a very shrill voice, which voice introduced us to ladies and gentlemen generally, to our great annoyance; for these ladies and gentlemen, being all in full dress, looked wonderingly at our plain business suits. Mr. Weyman, however, tried and perhaps did set the matter right by roaring his excuses at Mrs. Sniffins, as if that lady had been nearly as deaf as an adder, for the purpose, as he afterwards explained, of making not only Mrs. Sniffins but everybody else hear.

"Just like him. Just exactly like him," said she, when the excuses had been rendered.

But for all its being just like him, Mr. Weyman and myself felt better when we got together in a corner, where for a little while we ceased to attract attention. Mr. Sniffins, when he found us there, however, would not let us rest. He brought all the ladies and all the gentlemen to us, as if we were especial guests, and he was determined to keep us busy. I tried hard to be sociable with the directors and stockholders, but it was no go. As for Weyman he was sociable with no one, so we drove them all away again, and took courage. But we had scarcely reached this comfortable stage, when up came Tom, saying, "Mr. Snuffin wants you two gemmen in de libry."

"Botheration!" ejaculated Weyman, "I 'll stay here."

"O no, Mr. Weyman, the question may be put to vote at this very meeting, after all, and I may need your assistance."

So he got up reluctantly, and we followed the African.

"In here, gemmen," said he, "sixpence a sight now."

He opened the "libry" door, and we walked in, I dare say looking very much like the stupid people who think they see the world for that amount of money in a raree-show.

"My nieces, gentlemen," said Mr. Sniffins.

"Georgie," "Walter," "Julie," and "Joe" were names that somehow or another in the great hurry and rush got wonderfully mixed up with the rustling of silks and the shaking of hands, and I thought Mr. Weyman stooped to kiss somebody; but that 's immaterial and irrelevant.

I do believe, however, that I never saw a poor fellow so taken aback as Weyman was. He looked like, — well, I don't know what he did look like, unless it was like his old, old self again, which he had n't been ever since he came back from Half-Way. He was looking down at Georgie and smiling, with his eyes full of tears, and "old Sniffins" and "Julie" and I stood looking at him there, and he did n't know anything about it. But I had my own surprise, too; and when I turned about and saw the lovely and graceful girl beside me, and when she turned about too, and looked straight at me with her deep blue eyes so full of delight, I thought of the crutches and forgot all about the directors and stockholders. Then Mr. Sniffins, standing by his centre-table, and smiling, and looking the happiest of men, made a little speech after this fashion: —

"Mr. Joe, and you, Mr. Weyman, will listen to the explanation I have tried hard not to make before now. It has cost me much pain to lose your friendship, but I knew it would some time come back again, and that has been my consolation. It has been painful to bear without anger charges of dishonesty and fraud, but, conscious of my innocence, I have controlled myself. Marvel not, then, that upon this night which I have chosen wherein to right the wrong I should have prepared a feast and called together my friends. You think I fraudulently acquired the Bolton estate, or fraudulently deprived you of acquiring it. I admit it. But, gentlemen, these orphan nieces of mine, beloved and respected, if I do say it to their faces, were the cause. They, too, were the real owners of that estate, at the time of the sale of which, under mortgage, Mr. Weyman and myself were the only persons likely to appreciate its value. If I could keep Mr. Weyman away, I knew I could save it for my nieces, and otherwise not. Mr. Weyman was rich. They were poor. My interest became very great, and by myself I planned the device which Julie, bless her heart, carried out so admirably. It was mean, I admit; but this property had made them poor, and I was determined it should make them rich. One should no longer be a telegraph-operator, notwithstanding it was an honorable and suitable labor, and the other should no longer copy papers for a lawyer. And so this property has made them rich, richer, Mr. Weyman, than either you or myself. As for you, Mr. Joe, you left your travelling companion that night snugly cared for at her sister's boarding-house; but the girls will tell you all about the particulars. I thought myself justified then, and I think so now. I may have carried the affair too far since, but I had my own plans to perfect and my own object to gratify. For a portion of the time you must thank yourselves. When you would not speak to me, I could not speak to you. As for you, Mr. Weyman, I sought the office I now hold, that I might the better insure the value of the property I held in trust. I am now ready to resign it. And as for you, Mr. Joe, you are already elected to the attorneyship I mentioned. That was merely a dodge to get you here. And now, Mr. Weyman, and you, Mr. Joe,

give me your hands if I am found blameless, for my dear girls will tell you all the rest."

Who could resist such disinterestedness? Mr. Weyman could not, more than myself. Wherefore we both seized the proffered hand with avidity; and, had it been a lady's hand, I think poor Weyman, in the exuberance of his joy, would have covered it with kisses. But after a little private conversation with the pretty operator, as we will still call her, that gentleman approached the revered uncle, and with a trembling voice took us all aback after this fashion: —

"I have wronged you, sir, in act and in thought many, many times, but my love for your niece has been a great motive. For this reason I hope to meet your favor. I have long known and freely associated with — with — with her. And, sir, we love one another so well, that I beg I may be permitted to make amends for my misdeeds in a nearer relationship."

"Georgie!" exclaimed the old gentleman, looking at that blushing young lady with astonishment depicted on his face.

"Yes, uncle," she answered, in the gentlest and sweetest of voices, which the old gentleman seemed to understand by a kind of instinct, and proceeded at once to give the desired consent. But, strangest of all strange things, everybody's eyes were full of tears, some even to the running over.

"Missus says you 'se wanted in de parlor, Mr. Snuffin," was the greeting of Tom, which broke the spell.

"I fear my guests have missed me," said Mr. Sniffins, blowing his nose. After which he wiped his spectacles and disappeared.

It was a painful duty that brought us to mingle that night with the directors and stockholders, but, nevertheless, it was a duty we performed quite to our own satisfaction. And if Mr. Sniffins's nieces were the belles on that occasion, I think it is proper to say that Weyman and myself were, at least, the happiest-looking single gentlemen.

Quite late in the evening my attention was called to the appearance of a singular-looking individual I had somewhere seen before, dogging the steps of Mr. Weyman with a kind of desperation which was heightened by Weyman's persistent manner of keeping just out of his reach. So I called to Mr. Weyman to look about.

"Why, that is Davy Dolder," said he, shaking that individual by the hand. "How do you do, Davy?"

"Fust-rate, sir."

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Weyman, feeling charitable toward all men.

"Perhaps," said the boy. "You might have got through with the red shawl, sir."

"Whose red shawl, Davy?"

"Hers!" he answered, throwing his head over his shoulder.

"I will ask her, Davy; and if she says you may have it, you shall."

"No, no, sir, please don't. Don't ask her. Don't."

"Well, well, Davy, you shall have the red shawl if I can find it," said Weyman; and he swept away among the directors and stockholders, some inches taller than in the morning.

Davy had come down, at Georgie's request, to share in the general good feeling; and from what I saw of him afterwards, I thought he had availed himself of more than his share, as did some others that I wot of.

And now, as it would be unsatisfactory to close this narrative without the usual last words, I am induced to part with very private information. It was about Christmas that I was sitting with Julie Wilton in that identical library of Mr. Sniffins's, when she handed me a paper whereon I had long before written a promise that I would never be angry with "Miss Julie," however great a burden she might become to me or however great an injury she might do me, and much more beside.

"You did get angry with me, after all, did n't you, Joe?"

"No, Julie, I think I was never angry with you. But I can't say that I might not have been just a little, but

for this little note." And I handed her the little slip on which she had written: —

"Mr. Joe must journey from hence alone. That he may live to forgive a great injury is the wish of his sincere but very unfortunate friend,

"JULIE."

"Have you lived to forgive me, Joe?"

"Yes, yes, dear Julie, long, long ago I forgave you, and long, long ago I loved you. Say then, dear Julie, that henceforth I shall not journey alone."

"Yes, I do, dear Joe. And Julie is no more unfortunate."

"Ah, Julie!" said I then, for the first time touching the rosy lips, "in that day I little thought you were to prove so great a blessing."

We have been married three, yes, three long years, and little Joe is the sweetest little fellow on the face of the earth. If he lives, as I trust and pray he may, he will inherit one half of the Bolton estate, or, what is better, one half of the avails thereof invested in government securities, to say nothing of the pretty crutches, and for all this good fortune he will be taught to reverence the name of his dear great-uncle.

George Barrow.

A HANDFUL OF TRANSLATIONS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CONSOLATION.

TO M. DU PERRIER, GENTLEMAN OF AIX IN PROVENCE, ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

WILL then, Du Perrier, thy sorrow be eternal?
And shall the sad discourse
Whispered within thy heart, by tenderness paternal,
Only augment its force?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into the tomb descending
By death's frequented ways,
Has it become to thee a labyrinth never ending,
Where thy lost reason strays?

I know the charms that made her youth a benediction:
Nor should I be content,
As a censorious friend, to solace thine affliction,
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which fairest things exposes
To fates the most forlorn;
A rose, she too hath lived as long as live the roses,
The space of one brief morn.

. . . . .

Death has his rigorous laws, unparalleled, unfeeling;
All prayers to him are vain;
Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf to our appealing,
He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, with only thatch for cover,
Unto these laws must bend;
The sentinel that guards the barriers of the Louvre
Cannot our Kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petulant defiance,
Is never for the best;
To will what God doth will, that is the only science,
That gives us any rest.

FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

AN angel with a radiant face,
Above a cradle bent to look,
Seemed his own image there to trace,
As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so,"
It whispered, "come, O come with me!
Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee!

"Here none to perfect bliss attain;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies:
Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And even the happiest hours their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock;
Never a day serene and pure
From the o'ershadowing tempest's shock
Hath made the morrow's dawn secure.

"What, then, shall sorrows and shall fears
Come to disturb so pure a brow?
And with the bitterness of tears
These eyes of azure troubled grow?

"Ah no! into the fields of space,
Away shalt thou escape with me;
And Providence will grant thee grace
Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower
In sombre vestments draped and veiled;
But let them welcome thy last hour,
As thy first moments once they hailed.

"Without a cloud be there each brow;
There let the grave no shadow cast;
When one is pure as thou art now,
The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,
The angel, at these words, had sped
Towards the eternal realms of light! —
Poor mother! see, thy son is dead.

JEAN REBOUL.

MY SECRET.

My soul its secret hath, my life too hath its mystery,
A love eternal in a moment's space conceived;
Hopeless the evil is, I have not told its history,
And she who was the cause nor knew it nor believed.
Alas! I shall have passed close by her unperceived,
Forever at her side, and yet forever lonely,
I shall unto the end have made life's journey, only
Daring to ask for naught, and having naught received.

For her, though God hath made her gentle and endearing,
She will go on her way distraught and without hearing
These murmurings of love that round her steps ascend,
Piously faithful still unto her austere duty,
Will say, when she shall read these lines full of her beauty,
"Who can this woman be?" and will not comprehend.

FÉLIX ARVERS.

REMORSE.

How I started up in the night, in the night,
Drawn on without rest or reprieval!
The streets, with their watchmen, were lost to my sight,
As I wandered so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the gate with the arch mediæval.

The mill-brook rushed through the rocky height,
I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearning;
Deep under me watched I the waves in their flight,
As they glided so light
In the night, in the night,
Yet backward not one was returning.

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright,
The stars in melodious existence;
And with them the moon, more serenely bedight; —
They sparkled so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the magical, measureless distance.

And upward I gazed, in the night, in the night,
And again on the waves in their fleeting;
Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy days in delight,
Now silence thou light,
In the night, in the night,
The Remorse in thy heart that is beating.

GRAF VON PLATEN.

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS.

I.

THOU that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending!
Why this rapture and unrest?
Peace descending
Come, ah, come into my breast!

II.

O'er all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait; soon like these
Thou too shalt rest.

GOETHE.

A REMINISCENCE OF BENTON.

IN the autumn of 1856, the writer, wishing to secure the success of a course of lyceum lectures by some celebrated names, it occurred to him, as one of the managers of the course, to apply to Colonel Benton, who was personally almost unknown in New England. He replied as follows: "I have meditated delivering a lecture this winter in different places, intended for practical effect in the present distracted state of the Union. I believe there is danger of disunion, and that the first step towards averting that danger is to face it and to fathom it. After the depth and nature of the disease are known, the remedy can be considered, which must be conciliation, an application to all the feelings of patriotism, national pride, and mutual interest, which certainly animate the great majority in both sections of the Union, and an attempt to unite them in a course of conduct which should have harmony and reconciliation for its object. The subject is a large one, and, besides requiring care and knowledge in the preparation of the lecture, would require double the usual time in delivery, — say two hours. If I go into it at all, it will be to produce effect, and therefore to be delivered in many places and to thinking audiences, such as a literary institution and moderate-priced tickets would collect. I have never received anything for lectures, leaving all the proceeds to the institutions whose invitations I have accepted; but if I go into the business for a winter's work, I should expect the interest to be mutual," etc. Without giving a definite answer, he invited further correspondence.

I replied to him that such a lecture would be very acceptable to us, and, coming from a statesman of his age and long public services, must have a

marked effect. Mr. Everett had gone from city to city delivering his lecture on Washington, but the Union was a far nobler theme than even the "Father of his Country." After a little negotiation Mr. Benton decided to come, and the details as to terms and time were arranged.

I met him at the Tremont House, in Boston, as previously agreed upon. Sending in my card, though early in the morning, he requested me to come to his room, where I found him not yet dressed, in a loose wrapper, with a cap on his head, sitting at a table, writing. And this was my first interview with "Old Bullion," the "Great Expunger," the friend of Jackson, the man for years so cordially hated and hating, almost the only survivor of that long list of able men clustering around Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, who was better acquainted with our legislation, and had more participated in it, than any other living individual. He spoke with pleasure of the attention he was receiving in Boston. Mr. Everett, Mr. Winthrop, and others had immediately called upon him. He said he had agreed to favor a photograph artist, adding, "We must gratify these people, you know." And after some general conversation, informing him when I must call for him, I took my leave.

For several days after this I was much in his company, and was naturally anxious to hear his views of men and things, and to study a man who had been so prominent. He was very communicative and social, never hesitating to speak with the utmost freedom of any individual, living or dead, or of any measure. He used strong language, not always refined, accompanied frequently with that emphasis of tone and manner for which he had been noted in the Senate; and he not rarely, as is also well known of General Jackson, introduced expletives not approved by our Pilgrim fathers.

The lecture which he came to deliver, as above stated, was on the subject of the Union. It was in the November following the exciting Presidential election between Buchanan and Fremont, in which the two parties occupied substantially the same position as in 1860, and which, had it resulted in Fremont's election, would probably have brought on the Rebellion four years earlier, and under circumstances far less favorable to the North. He urged that the agitation of the slavery question should cease, both North and South. He blamed both sections for the alienation and bitterness that had sprung up, and thought we should endeavor to cultivate the harmony and forbearance of former days. He depicted in forcible language the blessings of the Union, and the evils of disunion, to North and South; showed how closely our interests were interwoven, how connected with our prosperity was the Union, and how as two nations we could never live in peace. Slavery, revenue laws, the navigation of the Mississippi, and other elements of discord, would continually excite ill will, if not war.

The address contained nothing original, but was carefully prepared and able, and evidently spoke the earnest convictions of the author. His elocution was not particularly attractive. He used few gestures, and showed no animation, except occasionally a few words or sentences would be marked by strong emphasis. At times his voice would sink to a whisper, or rather his words would be *hissed* out. He spoke for about two hours, and the reputation of the man caused him to be listened to with attention, though not with enthusiasm, for he had never been a favorite in Massachusetts. The fear of disunion did not generally prevail at that time in New England, but was regarded as the dream of croakers and timid women. It had been so long threatened that our ears had become familiar with it. Though the audience respected the views of so aged and honored a statesman, the fact that he should be so disturbed by such forebodings seemed to them an indication of his mental decay, and they did not know, they could not know, that he was depicting what was to be fulfilled in their

own time with horrors of which no imagination could then have conceived.

He was much pleased with his reception, and said to me afterwards: "They sat like statues. I could have heard a pin drop. The sacredness of the place" (it was in a church) "did not restrain their applause."

The next day was Thanksgiving, and he expressed much pleasure at the opportunity to celebrate with us our time-honored festival. In the afternoon he rode with a party of gentlemen to Plum Island, and from that fine beach gazed long and much absorbed on the rolling waves, and the ships in the distance. I understood him to say it was his first visit to the seaside.

During the time that I spent with him I noted down many of his remarks, which have lost none of their interest, as the persons and events are still so fresh in our minds. They are given in a disconnected manner, and many of them were in reply to questions.

"Tyler was a trifling man, and to this characteristic he owed his preservation at the bursting of the big gun on board the Princeton. Word had been given that a song was to be sung in the cabin, and he rushed down to hear it. I was also saved by my characteristic habit of inquiry and investigation. I had been going round all day looking into everything, and as a compliment to the interest I took in the working of the ship I was invited to witness the firing, and had just before been requested to change my position that the smoke might not prevent my observation, by which I was removed from the point of danger. Tyler was a man of great good luck. It was a common saying in Virginia, that whoever stood in his way would die, and so they predicted the early death of Harrison."

Speaking of Mr. Clay, he said: "He once retorted terribly on a South Carolina man. Mr. Clay had censured severely some disunion sentiments recently expressed by a person from that State, when this man rose and stated that the author of the remarks was a relative of his. Mr. Clay straightened himself to his full height, his eyes flashed fire, and in a voice of thunder he cried out: 'I care not whose relation he is, he is a TRAITOR who utters such sentiments.' Good God! it sunk him to the earth, sir; he was never heard from afterwards.

"Mr. Cass is very timid, poor man! afraid to take a decided stand. Mr. Wright" (referring to Silas Wright) "truly said of him, 'He is an amiable man, but afraid of his own shadow.' Though very peaceful in his private relations, never quarrelling with any one, in the Senate he is always for a war with England. He uttered so often in his speeches, 'War is inevitable,' that it became a by-word. I once turned it on him very much to the amusement of the Senate. After one of his war-speeches I rose, and, speaking of the little danger of war, ended with his words changed, 'Peace is inevitable.'

"Douglas was driven into the Kansas-Nebraska Bill by Atchison and others, the fire-eaters of the South. They threatened to drop him if he would not yield to all their demands.

"To advocate disunion is to gain the favor of this administration" (that of Pierce). "The last foreign appointment was an editor from Mobile to Mexico, whose last editorial was in favor of disunion. Those disunion dogs, vulgar fellows, get the appointments. One wrote that nasty, stinking letter from Turin. As soon as it was known there they dropped him, sir; would not notice him as a man at all in that refined circle; paid him only the attention due a representative from the United States; made a distinction between the *man* and the *representative*, you understand, sir."

I remarked to him that his vigor surprised me, and his erect and youthful appearance, so different from what I had anticipated in one of his age. He replied: "That reminds me of what occurred in Missouri last summer, when I was stumping the State. Two anti-Benton men wished to get a look at me for the first time, but would not come into the room, and so peeped in at the door. I was standing up, engaged

in an animated conversation with some friends, and suppose I looked more vigorous than usual, and one turned to the other and said, 'Good God! we shall have to fight him these twenty years!' I keep my health by horseback riding. I might be taken by a foreigner for General Pelissier, on my black horse. But few ride so well as I ride. I was once, when riding on my black horse, with my little grandson on his white pony, taken for a riding-master. Few public men have kept horses to ride. Mr. Randolph, who rode much on horseback, was an exception.

"Contrary to the general opinion, Mr. Randolph was a very industrious man, and labored much in the committee-room. My seal" (exhibiting it) "was given me by him, after his duel with Clay. You will see all about it in my 'Thirty Years' View.' He ordered it for me in London, searching out the coat-of-arms of the Benton family. He said the motto should be *Factis et verbis*, instead of *Factis non verbis*."

In speaking of the industry of public men, he remarked: "John Quincy Adams was the most industrious man I ever knew. I have been often compared with him in this respect, though I cannot compliment myself so highly. I am now engaged on my 'Abridgment of the Debates of Congress,' in about sixteen volumes, which will occupy me two years. I hope to live till 1860, and the remaining two years I intend to devote to a history of Pierce's administration."

He evidently did not have a very exalted opinion of Mr. Pierce, though he said they were always very polite to each other. "I have no favors, however, to ask of this administration, none, sir. Mr. Pierce had the high honor to come in almost unanimously, and he will go out with as great unanimity. At the Cincinnati Convention he did not know that Douglas had withdrawn, and was presented in the pitiable condition of holding on to the last for a nomination, after his chances had become hopeless." I asked him what influences determined the result at that convention. "An outside pressure," he replied, with a manner indicating that he referred to himself, "decided the nomination."

In reply to a remark that Mr. Buchanan did not seem to have much decision, he observed: "It is too true, he is not a firm, decided man; he is too apt to be swayed by others." I asked him if he had any idea who would constitute his Cabinet. "God Almighty knows, I don't. I am not in his confidence."

Alluding to the statesmen then living, he said: "I am much younger than Cass, Van Buren, and the other statesmen of my own age, much more vigorous than Buchanan. Last summer, in my electioneering campaign in Missouri, I made forty addresses of two or three hours each, to acres of people, under a solstitial sun, successive days, and travelled twelve hundred miles over rough roads, much unlike yours in New England. I have ever been temperate, and careful of my health."

I alluded to Silas Wright as an able debater, and asked how he compared with Mr. Webster. "They were very unlike. Mr. Webster was more labored and rhetorical. The arguments of Mr. Wright always seemed to be evolved naturally from the subject. He was very simple in his manner and habits, and a most amiable man."

In riding through Wenham, I pointed out to him the old farm-house of Timothy Pickering, calling his attention to the row of fine larch-trees planted by his hand. "I remember," he remarked, "reading in a letter of Mr. Pickering's, where he spoke of his fondness for baked apples, — the apples taken from trees planted by himself. I knew he must be a man of simple tastes, for no one who has pampered his stomach by rich food could relish so plain a diet as baked apples."

A gentleman observed to him that many here were very much attached to his son-in-law, Mr. Fremont. "I shall not quarrel with them for that. I did not support him for President, because his party was a sectional party, and I

could not then have delivered this address. They told many lies about him. The assertion that he was a Catholic was designed to act against him doubly; if believed, it would alienate the Protestants, if denied, the Catholics."

It was remarked to him, that he had been very kindly received in New England, yet he had always shown himself hostile to us and our interests; while were one of us opposed to slavery to go South, we should be in danger of personal violence. "It is true," he said, warmly; "I wish I had spoken of it in my address."

I alluded to the squatter-sovereignty views of Mr. Douglas, then much discussed, when he dropped the pen he held in his hand, threw back his head, and extended both arms, to give emphasis to his words: "Squatter-sovereignty! It is an insane, demagogical idea, as unreasonable as for a child to be independent of its father. I am utterly opposed to the further extension of slavery in any manner."

To the observation that he had often acted "solitary and alone," he remarked: "If I had always consulted others, I should never have done anything. There are ever timid people to hold one back."

I again spoke of his hostility to New England years ago, especially as manifested in the great debate between Webster and Hayne. "My feelings were at that time all Southern, and I did not believe Southerners entertained disunion sentiments. I supposed they merely meant nullification in the Virginia sense, which was simply remonstrance. I do not think Hayne was a disunionist at that time, though he became so a few years after; but Calhoun was. Webster saw through their disunion schemes before I did.

"The thirty years I was in the Senate will stand as the most momentous in our country's history." (How differently he would think now!)

"I have known intimately all the Presidents since Jefferson, and him to some extent.

"Douglas is now further from the Presidency than ever. The South will ruin him.

"The abolition of the Missouri Compromise killed poor old Cass.

"Mr. Clayton was a very indolent man. He was accustomed to take off his clothes and go to bed at two o'clock in the afternoon. His soft-looking flesh indicated his habits."

He asked me if Taunton, from which he had an invitation to lecture, was not the home of the man who, after so many trials, was at last elected Governor by one vote; and he wished to know where the man lived who wheeled the barrel of apples so many miles to Boston, as the result of an election bet.

In compliance with my request to write his name in my autograph-book, he wrote as follows: —

"Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, Senator in the Congress of the United States for thirty years, and all that time devoted to the harmony, the stability, and the perpetuity of the Union."

I introduced to him the captain of a Newburyport privateersman during the war of 1812, who by his bravery had captured twenty-seven English vessels. He appeared much gratified with this interview, expressing his warm approval of the whole system of privateering. He requested me to write out and send him an account of the exploits of this captain, which I did, and received the following reply: —

"I am much obliged to you for the letter giving me an account of the vessels which he captured during the war of 1812. His name and exploits shall appear in the notes of the 'Abridgment of the Debates of Congress,' which I am drawing up, and will constitute a part of the answer to the suicidal policy of the late administration to give up privateering, which I consider as cutting off our right arm in naval warfare."

The lecture, which he came so far to give, he delivered in many different places in New England, and everywhere he was well received, as it was

generally understood that he was inclining more and more to the free sentiment of the North. Every favorable notice of himself or of his lecture gratified him much, and he requested me to cut out all such as met my eye in the journals, and send to the editor of a friendly paper in Missouri for republication.

Two years after the close of his lecturing tour, April 10, 1858, Colonel Benton died from a lingering disease, laboring and retaining his mental faculties and interest in public affairs to the last. His "Abridgment" he finished in a whisper on his death-bed; the other work, the history of Mr. Pierce's administration, which he had planned, he did not live to accomplish, and it is just as well, for the judgment of the community has long been definitely formed on the subject he would have treated. He was never so much respected by the country at large as during his last years, when by his independence he had lost political influence in his own State and with the national administration. He was a devoted husband; and from 1844, when his wife was struck by paralysis, to her death in 1854, he spent all the time he could spare from public duties in the sick-room, writing by her side. He died poor, though through government influence he could easily have become rich. Courteous and gentlemanly when in good humor, he was easily provoked, and shrank from no personal contest, of whatever nature. Under no circumstances did he despond. Able, industrious, surpassed by but few of the statesmen of his day in historical and political information, fearless, wilful, passionate, egotistical, true to his friends, never forgetting his enemies, his memory will long remain in the minds of the present generation, and keep its place in the history of the country.

A DAY WITH THE SHOVEL-MAKERS.

ONE fine October morning we found ourselves in North Easton, where, as the smoke of the departing train cleared away, we saw before us, incongruously set in the very heart of the rural landscape, the metropolitan proportions and bustle of the most extensive shovel-works in the world.

The time-worn ledger of Captain John Ames, the stanch old blacksmith of Bridgewater, shows that as early as 1776 he had entered on this line of manufacture; and though the few hand-shaped and cumbrous articles he made were probably little known outside the limits of the Old Colony, the enterprise of his son, Oliver Ames, the water-power of the heads of Taunton River, and the midway location between the markets of Newport and Boston, established here in 1812 the works "whose trade-mark has become a key to the markets of the world."

The business has passed from father to son, and we met, on leaving the depot for our tour of inspection, a grandson of the old founder, who became our *cicerone;* and as we walked over to the works our attention was attracted by the numerous cars freighted with coal, iron, steel, or handles just arrived, or with manufactured goods ready for departure, which stood upon the "sidings." Here was one from Michigan with handles, that had not broken bulk since leaving their manufactory, and there another that, loaded with mining shovels, would not be unladen till it reached the Golden Gate. The early days of the business knew no such facility of transportation, but both raw and manufactured stock were laboriously carted to and from Newport, Providence, or Boston, and the first shovels Oliver Ames made were carried to Newport in his one-horse wag-

on. With the progress of the business the means of transit improved, and the one-horse wagon gave place to the six-horse team, and this in turn to the power of "the iron horse," whose roadway terminated at the manufacturers' doors. The buildings are all of stone quarried in the vicinity, constructed in the most substantial manner; and beside the central works there are scattered throughout the town shops for grinding, forging, etc., and at Bridgewater, Braintree, and Canton adjunct shops of very considerable proportions.

The building where the handles of the shovels are received and prepared for fitting to the blade is the initial one of the chain, and with it we commenced our tour. These handles are exclusively of ash, and for the most part are from Michigan and Maine, though many come from Canada; the latter, together with foreign steel, etc., being used entirely in orders from abroad, the entire customs "drawback" being thus obtained. Orders from Australia, South America, the Sandwich Islands, and the coast of Africa are the daily rule; and while we were there a large one, by no means the first, was received from China.

The handles come to the works in the perfectly straight and crude shape in which they leave their several manufactories, which, being situated near the ash-growing sections, can more easily and cheaply produce them than could be done at the works; with the exception of a patent variety, which has several advantages over the older styles, and which is made here from the stock furnished by the handle manufactories in a partially prepared state. The destruction of the ash forests of the country, and the fear that an adequate supply might fail, caused the manufacturers to consider how a retrenchment in the prodigal use of stock might be effected, and a handle equally serviceable with the old style produced; and the handle here made is the result of that consideration.

The width of the block required to admit of the old style hand-hole was considerably in excess, as will readily be seen, of that required for the shaft or cylinder of the handle alone; and thus a large amount of wood that could not be rendered serviceable was thrown away in the making. To obviate this difficulty, a straight staff of the required length and calibre of the handle is turned out, and forwarded to the works at Easton, where, in a shop exclusively for that purpose, it is shaped by beautiful machinery into a handle possessing all the advantages of the old style, minus the clumsiness and plus a peculiar beauty and strength. The stick is first sawed at its head, or handle end, through the exact centre longitudinally for about six inches, and is then thoroughly boiled, after which the split is opened by a machine to the proper width for the hand, and at the same instant a block of exactly the size and shape the opening is desired to take is introduced, and retained till the shape is secure. A turned cross-piece is placed between the heads of the sides thus separated and riveted in; the whole is then trimmed up, and a tasteful, durable handle, with every requirement met, is thus produced, at the very considerable saving in stock of over sixty per cent.

When the handles are received at the works they are damp, green, and liable to shrink, and require, before being fit for the operation of "bending," to be thoroughly dried. For this purpose they are conveyed to the drying-room, where they are placed on raised platforms underlaid with steam-pipes, and hung up by thousands to the ceiling, so that on entering one might readily imagine himself in a cave overhung with a new species of stalactite. The temperature is maintained at 110° Fahrenheit, and here they remain as long as their condition requires, and are then removed to the bending-machines. So common an article as a shovel-handle would hardly attract a passing thought in every-day life; but here are evidences that years of toil and experiment have been spent to make only one of its features the complete fulfilment of its requirements.

To attain the proper, short, double curvature near the blade, which is a necessity in every ordinary shovel-handle, more time and thought have perhaps been given than to any other part of it, and it is only in the present year that this process has reached its greatest stage of improvement.

On one side of the bending-room are two low, curious machines, suggestive of Inquisitorial racks; their victims escaping, however, rather more quickly than those of old were wont to do, though with equally affected backs. Behind the operative of each machine is a tank of boiling water, in which a supply of handles is continually undergoing the softening process; for, being straight and brittle when they come in, unless thus rendered pliable they would split in every direction during the operation of being forced into conformity with the contour of the mould. As it is, a large percentage is somewhat damaged.

The mould is of the exact shape the blade end of the handle is desired to assume, and is composed of two pieces, an upper and lower, the upper embracing slightly more than half the calibre of the handle. This mould is laid upon the bed-plate of the machine, the lower segment in a groove, the upper being firmly keyed down upon it. The operative, seizing a handle from the tank, introduces its end to the mouth of the mould, laying it upon its edge on the bed-plate, and fastens it quickly and immovably in its place by a clasp, an ever-revolving arm coming up behind the mould, forcing it in its groove along up the shaft of the handle, and conforming it to its curvature. The key of the upper segment is then withdrawn, the clasp relaxed, and the now bent handle removed, the upper section of the mould being left upon it to keep it in shape until thoroughly dried. A new upper section is put on for each handle, and so on until the stock of uppers is all employed, when the operative knocks one from the earliest bent handle, and so continues the repetition. Each machine is double, that is, has the same apparatus on both sides, and until recently has required a man to each side; but late improvements bring it within the ability of one man to tend both, and a saving of labor is thus made. The two machines can thus bend four hundred and fifty dozens per day. On the opposite side of the room are the machines for boring the rivet-holes through the handle-heads; and successive improvements have converted what was originally one of the most painful and laborious operations in the manufacture into one of the lightest and most pleasurable of them all. In general oversight of the handle shop is the oldest man in the employ, both as to his own age and his time of service. Over sixty years in the manufacture, old John Bisbee has known every turn of its progressive wheel, and his recollections of the history and methods of shovel-making as it was before it approached the dignity of an art interestingly contrast with the narration of what it is. For seventeen years all the boring mentioned above was done by him with the common bit-stock, until the drain on his energies provoked his inventive genius and led him to water-power for relief; and when his first water-bit was set up and found to work successfully it was believed that the greatest possible improvement had been achieved; but one advance led to another in this as in the other departments of manufacture, and the neat little machine that now bores a dozen handles in the time we have been writing about it is complete in its way. A workman, powdered like a miller with the flying dust, places the handle-head in a rest designed for it, and moving a foot-lever, brings four smart little drills to bear; two on each side, one for the upper rivet-hole and one for the lower. In the old style of boring from one side only, the drill, when it broke through on the opposite side of the wood, was apt to make unsightly splintering; but here this is avoided by the bits entering from each side, and by the cam motion on which the machine works, it is so arranged that as one re-

treats, having penetrated nearly to the middle of the handle, the opposite one follows it just far enough entirely to clean out the remaining substance. The riveting through these holes was formerly done by heading one end of a nail-rod and driving it through the handle, filing it off just far enough from the wood to admit of a bur being riveted on. The cutting of the rivets to the proper length from rods, and heading one end by means of a bur, is now neatly and rapidly done by dexterous little machines worked by lads; and the operation of driving the rivets through and heading the other end with another bur, both burs being nicely countersunk, is quickly performed by one man. The upper part of the handle shops is occupied for storage, and by a small circular saw, with which such handles as have been split at the blade end, either in bending, as mentioned, or otherwise, are sawed off square above the split, and, thus shortened, are used for tunnelling shovels, principally in the Australian mines.

Next in order of manufacture to the handle shop come the "hammer shops," where begins that chain of processes which converts the bar of iron, the rough product of the rolling-mill, into the complete and attractive utensil ready for market and for use. Here on solid bases of timber and stone is ranged the thundering row of mighty maple helves with massive iron heads, and these with the fiercely glowing furnaces, and the swarthy forgemen hurrying to and fro, half hid in smoke, half bathed in the red light, make so weird a picture, that a stranger to the ceaseless stamp of the ponderous hammers, the fiery glow of the blasts, and the hissing shower of scintillating sparks, might well believe he had stumbled on the armory of Vulcan.

There are but three grand divisions of manufacture here, so far as metal is concerned, all tools being either "steel edge," i. e. of iron with a steel-service edge; "cast steel," i. e. a blade of steel with iron handle-straps riveted on; or "Antrim Patent," so called from having been invented at Antrim, N. H., being a cast-steel plate with the iron handle-straps *welded* on, in which welding the patent process consists. The "steel edge" claimed our attention first; it is the cheapest tool made at the works and the one most largely in demand for the grosser work, as railroad and highway construction, cost being a consideration, and a fair serviceable article the requirement. To each shovel made here a definite number of pounds of metal is allowed, and each bar of iron after being weighed is marked off into such lengths as will be consumed to the best advantage in the different patterns made, and passes from the experienced workmen whose charge it is thus to apportion it to the heavy shears by which it is cut into the designated lengths with as much facility as a lady's scissors snip a thread.

Here, then, in this little cake of Norway iron, about as long as a man's hand and not quite as broad, we have the prospective shovel whose destiny it may be to turn up the "biggest nugget" the world ever saw, or break ground for the grandest enterprise man ever conceived. These cakes of iron are thrown into the furnaces, brought to welding heat, and then subjected to the hammers, upon whose polished surfaces a stream of water constantly plays and washes away the scale their steady stamp throws from the iron in the "necking down." By the process to which this term is applied, the middle of the red-hot piece of iron is lengthened and narrowed, and the whole beaten out, until we have two plates connected by a strap or "neck"; a depression being made in each plate by the pointed hammer close to the neck, which depression ultimately becomes the handle-socket. A few strokes at the hands of the hammers-man's assistant bends over this neck as it lies upon an anvil, and we have, as it were, two thin and narrow shovels, lying one upon the other united by the bent strap. Having again passed through the fire, the shoulders of these twin shovels are welded together by a hand-hammer,

and, coming a third time from the furnace, a strip of steel the width of the shovel is inserted between the open lower edges, and thoroughly welded in, giving the "steel edge." The shoulders and lower edges have now been united, and before welding the bodies of the two plates perfectly together, it is necessary that the small opening between the shoulders made by the hammer-point should be preserved in some way for the handle-socket. For this purpose a handful of earth is introduced into the cavity and the iron flattened, to retain it, by a light blow of the hammer. The shovel-form is then re-heated and thoroughly welded, during which process the earth becomes so much oxidized and beaten out as to suffer the walls of the socket sometimes partially to unite, and require opening by the driving in of a mandrel by the welder. These crude shovel-blades are now removed to another shop, the largest of the hammer shops, and here undergo the "plating and smoothing": the first consisting in repeated passage of the form through the fire, and under the hammer, until the desired size and thickness are attained; the "smoothing" being the evening of the surfaces and the finish work of the hammers. The deftness with which the forms are turned and manipulated between the quick and heavy blows of the hammers, and the action of these is brought upon any desired spot, is surprising and fascinating to a looker-on, and might well confirm Goulding's Jack Tar in his opinion, that "there are smart men in the world beside sailors." Bidding adieu to the heavy hammers, the now smooth and even-surfaced plates pass to an operative who stands before a machine, that on inspection we find to be a heavy pair of shears, the cutting parts of which consist of an upper strong steel knife just the shape the shovel-blade is intended to be, and a lower knife of the same shape, but a line larger. The upper knife barely works by the lower, — as one blade of a pair of scissors works by the other, — moved up and down in a groove by immense power, beautifully shearing the hitherto wavy-edged plates, which are laid upon the lower knife, to true and uniform blades, cutting off the "neck" at its bend, so as to leave two pointed straps. Then the plates drop to the floor and are conveyed to the punches. The scraps of iron and steel which come from these shears as the trimmings of the various styles of blades, with all other scraps resulting from the different operations, are carried to the rolling-mills of the establishment at Canton. They return thence as sheets and bars from which the handle-straps for the cast-steel shovels and the caps of the spades are cut by operations to be hereafter described. The "punches" pierce two holes through the front and back handle-straps for the rivets which are to pass through the handle, and the blades are then thrown into the furnace to be heated for the action of the "drop-press," which is to give the surface contour of the shovel; for up to the time of reaching this press we have had only a perfectly flat blade, briefly serviceable perhaps as a weak snow-shovel, but without the curved-up rims and back imparting stiffness and forming the hollow which retains and conveys the material shovelled. The "drop-press" is a miniature pile-driver; the weight being of just the shape the shovel-blade is desired to assume, and instead of the pile we have the red-hot plate lying upon a die hollowed to conformity with the convexity of the weight, which is the upper die, and this, being forced down, presses the plate between itself and the lower and into similarity with the contours of both. To insure that the handle-socket already mentioned be not closed up, a triangular indentation is made in both the upper and lower die, of the precise shape the socket should maintain; and before the plate is removed from the press a mandrel is driven in, spreading the walls of the socket to the full extent of the indentation. The plate edges are next filed to the proper degree of sharpness and smoothness, and

the punching of the remaining strap rivet-holes ensues. The hardening process follows, and from this the blades pass to their final "setting," as it is called, which is performed by hand-hammers on common anvils, and is simply the complete evening and straightening of all irregularities of the surface and edges; and the row of men and boys engaged in this division of the labor creates not a little of both noise and interest.

The fitting of the handles to the blades follows the "setting," and consists of three operations, of which number one is shaving off the end of the handle obliquely to fit snugly into the point of the socket; number two is fitting the handle between the straps, and boring the holes for the rivets with a bit-stock, for which no substitute in the shape of a machine has yet been devised; and number three is riveting the handles and blades together.

The straps have, of course, remained perfectly flat throughout these operations, but must now be bent to conform with the rotundity of the handle and made to lie smoothly and closely upon it, that the hands of the shoveller may not be lacerated in using. To effect this the handle is passed through an ingenious pair of rollers, which bring the straps into close contiguity with the wood, but their edges require further depressing, and are therefore "set down," as it is termed, by hand-hammers, that is, beaten into the wood; for without this, when the straps were brought into contact with the emery-wheel in polishing, these edges would be worn off thin, weak, and jagged. We have seen that the socket in the blade was shaped by a triangular depression in both dies of the drop-press into a cavity with a diamond-shaped orifice, which it is plain the round shovel handle would not completely fill, and the stopping of the interstices constitutes the "wedging." This is done by boys who drive in wedges of cedar, cut by a sort of lever chopping-knife from long strips of the wood sawed in the neighborhood. From the lads who wedge them, the shovels — and having now got their integral parts together, we may dignify them by the name — pass up stairs to a room in the great building of the chain, which is itself seven hundred feet long, where a row of spark-emitting emery-wheels are putting a beautiful polish on all the utensils subjected to their touch; fifty tons of emery and one hundred and twenty barrels of glue being used per annum in their construction and repair. The metal having received its polish the handle comes in for its share of "company dress," and under the action of swiftly revolving bands, covered with pulverized quartz, puts on a clean face at the same time that it covers the observers with the shower of dust removed. After this belting, the polished shovels are varnished, and all undergo careful inspection. So thoroughly systematized is the minutest item of the manufacture, that an imperfection in workmanship or stock is traceable at once to its author; for every tool made in the works bears on it the individual mark of every operative through whose hands it passed, — the steel shows its maker, and a comparative record keeps even the quality of the emery always under review.

The cast-steel implements next engage our attention, and the processes of their manufacture differ from those of the "steel edge" in many essential particulars. The steel arrives at the works in sheets of the required width and thickness, and is cut into "moulds," as they are termed, of the desired dimensions, the width of the sheet being the length of the shovel or spade. By a cutting-die the shoulders and points are sheared to the rotundity always observable in these tools, and the moulds then pass to the grinders, by whom the scale is removed from their surfaces. The slightly rough points and edges are smoothed and sharpened on a grindstone, and the plates then go to an operative, who passes them rapidly through a "punch," by one movement of which eight holes for the rivets of the handle-straps are made; and, hav-

ing been brought to proper heat in the furnace, they are placed in the drop-press, whose action here is similar to that witnessed upon steel-edged shovels. They are then "set," or trued by an air-hammer making four hundred and eighty strokes per minute, afterwards re-trued by hand-hammers, and are then placed in a bath of diluted sulphuric acid, in which they remain long enough to remove all remaining scale, that their polishing may be more perfect. From this they are transferred to a lime-water bath, which negatives further effect of the acid, and from this they pass to the emery-wheels to be polished. They are then smoothed with finer emery, oiled, and inspected, when they are ready for the riveting on of the handle-straps. These straps, cut from the sheets of re-rolled scrap iron, are stamped out by cutting-dies in two ways; by the first of which a large back strap is punched from the centre of the sheet, consisting of a triangle, with slightly bulging sides and a straight base, with a long strap running from the centre of the base: the triangular part to be riveted to the blade, and the strap to the handle. This, having been stamped from the centre of the sheet, there is left on each side of the cut whence it was taken a narrow piece from which an oval-headed front strap is stamped; thus completely using up the stock, a large strap and then two small ones being cut, until the sheet is exhausted. But by this means twice as many front as back straps are obtained, and to equalize, some of the sheets are cut into back patterns only, an alternation obliquely of the broad and narrow parts equally well utilizing the stock. The straps are then rolled out to proper length and tapering thickness by a wonderfully ingenious machine, in which the action of the rolls is so graduated as to exercise their force in increasing degree, so that the iron is left thick where most strength is required, and reduced to thinness where this is less requisite and clumsiness is to be avoided. The edges of the straps are "swedged," i.e. in effect bevelled off; they are then annealed, shaped to conform to the blade-surfaces, their rivet-holes punched, their square ends pointed, and both are ready to be riveted on, in which process the front strap is first, and, both being secured, the point of the socket is riveted, and the shovel-blades pass to their handling, the processes of which are identical in all varieties, and have been witnessed already.

We come now to the shop of the "Antrim Patent," the pet of the works, and, beyond doubt, the best shovel in the world. As its main point of difference from the cast-steel implement lies in the *welding* on of the straps, we need not describe its manufacture much further than that. The "moulds" of steel are placed *seriatim*, under a pony hammer just adapted to scarf the plate at the point on its edge where the strap is to be joined; in other words, beating out a little lip, on to which the back strap may be welded. The straps of this shovel, unlike those of the other varieties, are not cut from the re-rolled scrap-iron, but from the best "Swedes," and it is designed that all the advantages of the patent handle, the improved method of manufacture, and all new approved devices shall unite in this, and sustain the reputation it now holds unchallenged as the *ne plus ultra* of shovels. The back strap is welded to the scarfed edge by a pony hammer, two holes are then punched in the "mould," and the front strap, which has been previously stamped out into much the shape of the back strap of the cast-steel shovel, is riveted on, simply that it may be firmly held in the proper position for welding. They are then re-heated in a furnace especially designed for the purpose. As it is necessary to have only that part of the plate to which the triangle of the strap is attached brought to welding heat, an opening of just its shape and size is made through the bed of fire-brick on which the plate is laid. Through this the concentrated heat of the furnace is forced, by a blast upon the

surface thus circumscribed, quickly bringing it to proper condition for the action of the hammer, the face of which is so formed as to bear only on the edges of the triangle, leaving the socket undisturbed when the weld is made. This being completed, the further processes are those used with the other shovels.

Every description of shovel is made at the works, from the toy for the children to the great grain-scoops used at the elevators; and orders for particular patterns are of daily occurrence. The long and short handled square and round point shovels of common use form the bulk of the manufacture, and to these succeed the spades, mining shovels, grain and coal scoops, Benham's army shovel, "hedgers," — narrow spades used in setting out the Osage hedge, — and a score of others, which, in their processes of manufacture, are all nearly identical with one or the other of the divisions we have described.

We have thus traced to their completion the now brilliantly polished implements, that, though destined for the arts of peace, make the grand wareroom of the works to glitter like an arsenal, and stand silently suggestive of labor to be done and enterprises to be accomplished. The march of improvement has here been unfaltering, not alone in the ever-increasing manufacture that gave, as the product of 1845, twenty thousand dozen shovels, and of 1869 one hundred and twenty thousand dozens, but also in the measure of employment given and the quality of the work produced. A thousand tons of iron, two thousand tons of steel, and five thousand tons of coal pass yearly through the hands of the five hundred workmen into the great works, and reappear as those humble but invaluable implements.

When the old founder had in great measure given over to his sons and grandsons the active charge of affairs, he one day complained — as old men are apt to do — that the quality of the work was not equal to that he had turned out in his more active days. It happened that, not long after, the Governor sold the unused arms of the State, lying in its arsenal, and with them half a dozen shovels of the old gentleman's early make, which his son secured and sent home; but when the old manufacturer came to see them, and found, honest and solid as they were, how far inferior they were to those then being produced, he declared he "never made them."

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Private Life of Galileo. Compiled principally from his Correspondence and that of his eldest Daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, Nun in the Franciscan Convent of St. Matthew, in Arcetri. Boston: Nichols and Noyes.

WHILE we shall never, we hope, lack a proper spirit of thankfulness towards any writer who, having to compose a personal history, forbears to make us familiar with the past by such impertinences with it as mark the picturesque and gossiping school, we must own that we do not think the author of this "Life of Galileo" has made the most attractive use of the materials. It is well enough not to trick out one's people with the Hepworth-Dixonian adjectives, or to expend much time upon conjectural descriptions of their appearance, clothes, and attitudes, and what they would have done if things had turned out differently, or what even under the circumstances they may be supposed to have done; but this self-restraint is not the whole of art. The book is written with good sense and good taste, but it is not vivacious at any time, and it is often sluggish. Yet we can imagine no opportunity for an entertaining history more flattering than that afforded by such a life as Galileo's, lived when and where it was. Of course, even the dullest book could not obscure the lesson of such a life; but then the world had already a pretty clear idea of the character of the man whose speculative daring was bounded by nothing, but who narrowly conformed his practical life to the political and theological conditions of his day; and in order to live in doubt and abhorrence of such a system, no one need read again the melancholy story of the cruelty with which thought and truth were punished in former times by the church which now lacks the power to repeat those terrors. In more ways than one Rome opposed the movement of the world, and still makes believe that all the heavenly bodies wheel round the Vatican.

As for the part that Galileo himself played in that atrocious drama, it is difficult to conceive how he, being the man of schools and courts that he was, should have acted differently. Nature works by a subdivision of forces, and the scientific inquirer and the martyr are oftener in two persons than in one; and it seems as if it would even be a pity if either were devoted to the function of the other. Galileo's martyrdom could not have served science better than his abjuration, though doubtless he is not to be praised for the fact.

Sister Maria Celeste was his daughter Polissena, whom, with two other children, he had by his Venetian mistress; and she alone showed him a filial love. According to the thinking of this time and country, none of his children really owed him such love; but in Italy, two hundred and fifty years ago, notions were very different. The mother of these children, when Galileo left Padua, married very happily a man of her own class, who cherished a great regard and esteem for her former lover; Galileo's son was legitimated by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and his two daughters, who had no legal claim upon him, were glad to be acknowledged and protected by him; and Sister Maria Celeste's letters are in a strain of oddly mingled pride in her father's greatness and lowly thankfulness for his goodness. He was very good to her, and to all his family, who by no means showed her gratitude in return, but lived upon him without recognition of his bounty. He seems to have been a very amiable and benevolent man, of a type never uncommon in Italy. He was beloved by all manner of men, and even the Pope who persecuted him so pitilessly had been his personal friend, while the Grand Duke of Tuscany always remained so, and no doubt caused the mitigation of his sufferings. Galileo was a good enough man, according to the finite means of judgment, to dispense with the glory of martyrdom, — if any one may righteously forego that.

In this book one grows almost as much interested in the daughter as in the father. Neither she nor her sister entered the convent because they had a vocation, but merely for an establishment in life, or for the home for which women marry in Protestant countries. They were both sickly, as were nearly all the other nuns living in the poverty and hardness of their order, and the younger sister was querulous and bad-tem-

pered. The pictures of convent life which Sister Maria Celeste gives her father in her letters are descriptions of squalor and privation, and otherwise they often remind one of those in Manzoni's famous romance. All is borne by Galileo's daughter with patience, though she freely declares that she does not love the life. Now and then one of the nuns goes mad ; yet this does not cast any doubt upon the excellence of the system, in the mind of either father or daughter ; and Galileo prepares to immure his granddaughter in the same prison where his children drag out their sick and discontented days. The reader may learn somewhat of their existence from the following passages out of one of Sister Maria Celeste's letters. The Sister Arcangela mentioned is Galileo's younger daughter : —

"'Your lordship partly knows to what inconvenience I have been put ever since I first came here, because of the scarcity of cells. Now, I must explain that the small cell for which (according to the custom among the nuns) we paid the mistress thirty-six crowns, two or three years ago, I have been obliged to give up entirely to Sister Arcangela, in order that she may be, as much as possible, separated from the said mistress ; for I feared that, owing to the extraordinary eccentricities of the latter, her constant society would prove most detrimental to Sister Arcangela. Besides, as Sister Arcangela's disposition is very different to mine, being rather odd and whimsical, it is better for me to give up to her in many things, in order to preserve that peace and unity which accords with the exceeding love we bear each other. Wherefore I find myself by night in the tiresome company of the mistress. Nevertheless, by the Lord's help, by whom doubtless these trials are permitted for my good, I get through it most joyfully ; and by day I am quite a pilgrim, having no corner of my own wherein to pass a quiet hour. . . . . I explain my wants to your lordship with filial security and without ceremony, that I may not offend that kindness which I have so often experienced. . . . . You might say that the sum I ask is large, and that I might content myself with the thirty crowns (6*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.*) which the convent still has of yours. To this I answer that, besides its being impossible for me to get that money paid back at this moment, and the nun who wants to sell being in great want, you promised the Mother Abbess that you would not ask for the money unless the convent happened to receive relief from some quarter, and that only if such an occasion arose was it to be paid down at once. But I do not think that for the sake of these thirty crowns you will hesitate to do me this great kindness, which I ask for the love of God. For indeed I belong to the number of those poor wretches laid in prison. And I may call myself not only poor, but also ashamed ; for, indeed, I should not dare express my wants so openly in your presence, or Vincenzio's either. I only venture on writing this letter, having full assurance that you can and will help me. In fine, I recommend myself affectionately to you, as well as to Vincenzio and his bride. May the Lord give you length of days and happiness.'

"Galileo gave the thirty crowns, but Sister Maria Celeste was no better off. The community was large, and the Abbess at her wits' ends to make both ends meet. From the nun's letter of the 22d of November, 1629, we gain an impression that Galileo was a very easy man to deal with in regard to money matters. Such at least seems to have been the impression of the Lady Abbess of St. Matthew. Sister Maria Celeste tries to keep the matter to herself, and for some weeks only discourses of such trifles as a pattern of a new collar, of which she is making a set for her father, or of cinnamon-water, or of the Brescian thread which she wanted for embroidering her sister-in-law's handkerchief, or of the phial containing scorpions preserved in oil, which Galileo had sent as a present to her and Sister Luisa, probably to adorn a shelf in the pharmacy. But the concealment weighs on her, and at length she resolves to make a clean breast of it.

"'Now that the tempest of our many troubles is somewhat abated, I will no longer delay telling you all about them ; hoping thereby to lighten the burden on my own mind, and desiring also to excuse myself for writing twice in such a hurry, and not with the respect I owe you. The fact was, that I was half out of my senses with fear (and so were the other nuns) at the furious behavior of our mistress, who during these last few days has twice endeavored to kill herself. The first time she knocked her head against the floor with such violence that her features became quite monstrous and deformed. The second time she gave herself thirteen wounds, of which two were in the throat. You may imagine our con-

sternation on finding her all over blood and wounded in this manner. But the strangest thing of all was, that at the time that she inflicted these injuries upon herself, she made a noise to attract somebody to her cell, and then she asked for the confessor. In confession she gave up to him the instrument with which she had cut herself, in order that nobody might see it (though, as far as we can guess, it was a penknife). It seems that, though mad, she is cunning. And we must conclude that this is some dark judgment upon her from God, who lets her live when according to human judgment she ought to die, her wounds being all dangerous in the surgeon's opinion. In consequence, she has been watched day and night. At present we are all well, thank God, and she is tied down in her bed, but has just the same frenzy as ever, so that we are in constant terror of something dangerous happening.

"'Now I have told you of our trouble, I want to tell you another which weighs me down. Some time ago you were so kind as to give the thirty crowns I asked for (I did not venture to tell you my mind freely when you asked me the other day whether I had got the cell). I went with the money in my hand to find the nun to whom the cell belonged. She, being in great distress, would willingly have taken the money, but she loved her cell so dearly that she could not bear to give it up. This being the case, we could not agree; so the matter fell to the ground, as I for my part only wished for the cell in order to have a little place to myself. . . . . I should like to know how you feel now the weather is milder. Having nothing better, I send you a little quince marmalade, made poor man's fashion; that is, mixed with apples. If you do not care for it, perhaps others will. If you have a fancy for any dish made by us nuns, please let us know, for we shall be glad to do something to your liking. I have not forgotten my obligation to Porzia (Galileo's housekeeper), but for the present I can do nothing for her. If you have any more scraps (of cloth), I should be glad of them, as I have been waiting for them to begin working with what I have already.

"'While writing the above, I hear that the sick nun has had such a fit that it is thought she cannot live long. If this be the case, I shall have to give the rest of the money for the burial expenses.

"'I have a chaplet of agate which you gave me long ago, which is quite useless to me; but I think it would do nicely for our sister-in-law. I send it for you to look at, and if you like it, would you take it back, and send me a little money for my present wants? I hope, please God, this will be the last time I shall trouble you for such a large sum; but in truth I have none to turn to for assistance, except your lordship and my most faithful Sister Luisa, who does all she can to assist me; but we are shut up here, and, in short, have not that power to act which ofttimes we want. Blessed be the Lord, who never forgets us! For his sake I pray your lordship to pardon me if I weary you. I trust that he will not leave unrepaid the many benefits which you have conferred and still confer upon us.'"

From these extracts the reader perceives that Sister Maria Celeste is not only a simple and loving daughter (though a little selfish in an ignorant, unworldly way), but a lady of intelligence and some refinement. She sent her father constantly little tokens of her handiwork and her culinary art, and she also assisted him in his literary work, copying manuscripts for him, and the like. Even after his book had been condemned and prohibited, she was eager to get it and read it. Probably no educated person in Italy regarded the action of the Church as a religious action, or as any other than a political one performed for the greater security and honor of the Jesuits and the Papacy. Therein lay its danger for that time, and for ours.

In Spain and a Visit to Portugal. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Author's Edition. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

PRETTY nearly what sort of book Herr Andersen would write about Spain any one could tell from a general knowledge of his other books; and no one having this acquaintance need be surprised to find the present volume entertainingly sentimental and quaint, with a current of real or well-affected simplicity, and touches of delicate poetry — in the prose parts. We wish to be careful in regard to the locality, for Herr Andersen has seen fit to intersperse the account of his travels in the Peninsula with many copies of verses, which we suspect not to have been poetry in the original Danish, and which in the translation are made out very melancholy doggerel.

For example, here is a pretty sketch in prose, and the usual metrical appendage, which will illustrate what we have been saying in praise and blame of the author; but it is to be noted that the verse is rather better than it commonly is. An awkwardness in the versification of these undesirable lyrical bursts, and more than occasionally in the prose expression, forbids us to believe the translator's work quite well done, though we think he renders the author spirit well; and at any rate, we enjoy the characteristic Andersen flavor in the book.

"Here you come out again upon the Alameda, and if you continue straight up the river Guadalmedina you find yourself in that part of Malaga where the life of the lower classes is the most stirring; and that is not on the Plaza above but down below, nearly in the river's bed. The river has been almost for a year entirely without water, and now, in its dried-up state it had been converted into a market-place. Horses and asses stood in it bound in pairs; viands were being cooked in pots and pans over blazing fires; tables and plates were laid, — it would have made a good sketch! . . . . Collin and I drove for at least a mile in the empty bed of the river. One of the rich merchants of Malaga, M. Delius, to whom I had brought an introduction, had invited us to make this excursion. He wished to take us to his villa and his beautiful garden. An impenetrable hedge of gigantic cacti crowding the sides of the hill fenced it in. The garden, laid out in the form of terraces, was rich in trees of every variety; there was a grateful shade under the orange-trees and the bananas. Tall pepper-trees, with their reddish-colored berries, like strings of beads, were drooping as willows do their boughs over the clear greenish water in the basins. Here stood lofty palm-trees and rarer pines. Here also were citro-trees and high-blossoming geraniums; passion-flowers hung in masses like the honeysuckle on our village hedges. Here flourished in the sunshine extraordinary lily-shaped flowers, — I thought I recognized them from the arabesque designs of gold and silver I had seen in the old story-books. The most expensive plant here, I was told, was the green grass. A couple of large fields looked so fresh and were kept in such beautiful order that it seemed as if each blade were trimmed and washed. The air was cool, almost too cool, for us, who had come from the deep, hot valley beneath, and had now ascended on foot to the highest terrace in the garden. Malaga lay below us; the immense cathedral looked like an ark upon a petrified foam-white sea. We visited another villa on our way home. It had been forsaken by its owner; he had ruined himself by speculating in water, — that is to say, he had spent his whole fortune in constructing in his garden enormous stone basins in which to collect the rain-water from the hills, intending to distribute it widely for consumption. The garden was now overgrown with weeds, the water stood stagnant and green in the deep cisterns, as if it knew its importance, and yet it was not fit to drink. Reptiles were in abundance, but not a bird was heard to sing. The sunbeams were scorching here, but they were still more scorching as we drove through the dry, stony river-bed; we were devoured by thirst. It was very refreshing to get a cactus-fruit, — *chumbos* it was called. I vowed, in gratitude for its cooling drink, that I should put it into song, — it whose flowers and fruit bear the colors of Spain.

> Yes, yellow and red are the colors of Spain;
> In banners and flags they are waving on high;
> And the cactus-flower has adopted them too.
> In the warm sunshine, to dazzle the eye,
> Thou symbol of Spain, thou flower of the sun,
> When the Moors of old were driven away,
> Thou didst not with them abandon thy home,
> But stayed with thy fruit and thy blossoms gay.
> The thousand daggers that hide in thy leaves
> Cannot rescue thee from the love of gain;
> Too often it is thy fate to be sold,
> Thou sunny fruit with the colors of Spain."

Our poet (for such he is when he writes prose) travels partly by railway through Spain, yet he finds it full of romance and quite the Spain of most people's castles. In fact, it would probably be hard to destroy the world of fantasy in which he lives by any excess of modern conveniences; and in Spain the railway has really adapted itself to the national humor, and trains arrive and depart with Castilian gravity and deliberation. Nobody, we dare say, will expect much information, strictly speaking, from such a traveller as Herr Andersen, but abundance of bright and happy pictures of the outside of life, done in the spirit of that we have given, he will expect and will get. Here is one from the chapter on Granada: —

"The following morning the scene of the fray appeared in its usual beauty and tranquillity. The sunbeams played through the branches of the trees; the fountains splashed; the clear water in the ditches streamed onward, bearing with it freshly

plucked roses. Castanets sounded ; a handsome young lad, clad in velvet, with well-combed hair, danced in the middle of the dusty road, with a little girl, scarcely twelve years of age, poorly but neatly dressed ; she wore a corn-flower blue frock, a rose-red apron, and a yellow dahlia drooped in her black hair. The dance was graceful, and as it proceeded full of passion. . . . . There passed, too, a band of gypsies in holiday attire, probably a whole family, the women equipped in violent colors, and with fiery red flowers in their shining black hair. Even the tiny children, who were being carried, had each stuck a blossom into its hair."

This family the author later saw figuring in a part of the Alhambra which was being photographed.

"They stood and lay in groups round the court ; some of the smallest children were perfectly naked ; two young girls with dahlias in their hair stood in a dancing position holding castanets ; an old, fearfully ugly gypsy, with long gray hair, was leaning against a slender marble column, as he played the *zambomba*, a sort of kettle-drum ; a stout but extremely pretty woman, in a tucked-up embroidered dress, struck the tambourine."

Wherever he goes, in Africa, in Portugal, in Castile, as well as in Andalusia, he finds the picturesque and the sentimental, and his volume is really a series of sketches of the surface of life in those parts. Generally, a photograph goes as deep as these ; the study of the people, when there is any, is entirely subjective, and whatever is below the surface is Andersenish rather than Spanish. Yet it is an agreeable book, not certainly to be read unbrokenly, but to be resorted to again and again, as the impression of each successive picture and sentimentalization fades away. Of course the verses are not to be read at all, under any circumstances.

Selections from the Prose and Poetry of ALFRED DE MUSSET. New York : Hurd and Houghton.

MRS. OWEN WISTER has made a commendable effort to introduce a much-loved French poet to the English-reading public, and the measure of her success is much larger, it strikes us, than that of the ordinary translator from the same difficult language. If Alfred de Musset is greatest as a lyric poet, — and he certainly seems so to the Anglo-Saxon critic, — Mrs. Wister has done wisely in making her "Selections" with a kind of lyric purpose even as to the prose. However startling it might sound in Gallic ears, very little is hazarded in the remark that the present translator has done her readers greater service, and the poet too, by giving them *Mimi Pinson* and "The White Black Bird" than she would have done by serving up to them the whole of *La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*. That unequal performance of his younger years may seem De Musset's masterpiece to those who can understand all of his more sober poetry, but the English reader, we venture to say, will see more to admire and to be thankful for in the portrayal of Mimi Pinson's exquisite French human nature than in all the raptures of Octave and Madame Brigitte, or the calmer sentimentalities of the "honnête Smith." It is to be feared that Mrs. Bridget would be as prosaically unromantic as her name, if translated into our literature, and that the triumphant Smith would be only a plain Mr. Smith in English garments.

Of the two other pieces of prose with which Mrs. Wister has favored us, the little two-act comedy of "Fantasio" perhaps reads the better. Her rendering of *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour* ("No trifling with Love") does not fall short so much from any lack in her ; it is as well done as the former ; but the fault may be said to lie in the charming little comedy itself. Those who have seen it played as only French actors can play such pieces will understand why any reading of it in English or French must seem unsatisfactory. Published twenty-seven years before it was thought worth while to represent it, scarcely ever was there a play that shows so much better on the stage than it does in print. Indeed, after an evening of *On ne badine pas avec l'Amour* at the Théâtre Français, in Paris, De Musset's original language reads like a translation.

If Mrs. Wister's success in the rendering of the nine poems which conclude her volume is not quite equal, it is certainly striking in some instances. All things considered, the poem in which the translator has best caught and conveyed the spirit of the original is perhaps that entitled "Advice to a Gay Lady" (*Conseils à une Parisienne*). Here Mrs. Wister has, in our opinion, wisely made up for what she may have lost in the movement of the French verse, by changing the succession of the rhymes : —

"Yes, were I a woman, charming and pretty,
I think I should do,
Fair Julia, as you;
Without fear or favor, distinction or pity,
Smile and make eyes
At all 'neath the skies."

"Oui, si j'étais femme, aimable et jolie,
Je voudrais, Julie,
Faire comme vous;
Sans peur ni pitié, sans choix ni mystère,
A toute la terre
Faire les yeux doux."

This, we think, is very happily turned. It is, indeed, more within the possibilities of translation than the more heroic or the most vivacious of French poetry. The following from Mimi Pinson's song is less successful, though it is so perhaps because perfect success there would have been almost impossible. It is very doubtful whether Mimi's elfin gayety could be got into English words. Her exquisite vivacity is at least taken off here with her solitary dress: —

"Mimi Pinson is a blonde of renown;
But one gown and cap has she;
The Grand Turk has surely more!
Heaven gave her small store,
Meaning her discreet to be.
None can pawn Mimi Pinson's only gown."

"Mimi Pinson est une blonde,
Une blonde que l'on connaît,
Elle n'a qu'une robe au monde,
Landerirette!
Et qu'un bonnet.
Le Grand Turc en a davantage.
Dieu voulut de cette façon
La rendre sage.
On ne peut pas la mettre en gage,
La robe de Mimi Pinson."

The next morning after the student banquet at which Mimi Pinson had sung her song she proved that it was not true, and in a way which illustrates the winning, contradictory nature of the lively grisette. The passage in which this is related gives a fair sample of the manner of Mrs. Wister's translation from De Musset's prose: —

"'Mademoiselle has gone to church,' said the woman who answered the door, to the two students, when they reached Mademoiselle Pinson's lodgings.

"'To church!' repeated Eugene with surprise.

"'To church!' echoed Marcel. 'That is impossible; she is not out. Let us in, we are old friends.'

"'I assure you, sir,' said the woman, 'that she went to church about three quarters of an hour ago.'

"'To what church did she go?'

"'To St. Sulpice, as usual; she never misses a morning.'

"'Yes, yes, I know that she says her prayers, but it seems odd that she should be out to-day.'

"'There she comes, sir; she is turning the corner; you can see her for yourself.'

"It really was Mademoiselle Pinson coming home from church. Marcel no sooner caught sight of her than he rushed toward her, impatient to examine her toilet. She had on, in lieu of a gown, a petticoat of dark calico, half hidden by a green serge curtain, of which she had contrived to make herself a sort of shawl. From this singular costume, which, however, owing to its dark tone, did not attract attention, peeped her graceful head in its white cap, and her little feet in gaiter-boots. She had wrapped herself in her curtain with so much art and care that it really looked like an old shawl, and the border could hardly be seen. In short, she contrived to be charming even in this toggery, and to prove, for the thousandth time, that a pretty woman is always pretty.

"'How do I look?' said she to the young men, opening her curtain a little and giving them a glimpse of her slender waist.

"'You look charming!' cried Marcel. 'Upon my soul, I never would have believed anybody could look so well in a window-curtain.'

"'Do you really think so?' returned Mademoiselle Pinson. 'I look a little bunchy, though.'

"'Like a bunch of roses!' replied Marcel. 'I am almost sorry now that I brought you back your dress.'

"'My dress? Where did you find it?'

"'Where you left it, most likely.'

"'And have you rescued it from captivity?'

"'Yes, by Jove, I paid its ransom. Do you resent the liberty?'

"'No indeed! provided you will let me do as much for you some day. I'm glad enough to see my dress again, for, to tell the truth, we have lived together for a long while, and I have insensibly become attached to it.'

"As she spoke, Mademoiselle Pinson ran briskly up the five flights of stairs which led to her little room, which the two friends entered with her.

"'But I can only give you back the dress upon one condition,' said Marcel.

"'Fie!' exclaimed the grisette. 'For shame! Conditions? I won't have it.'

"'I have a wager,' continued Marcel. 'And you must tell us honestly why you pawned your gown.'"

Then it comes out that Mimi has pawned her only dress to save from starvation another grisette, with whom she had feasted sumptuously a week before, and with whom two days afterward she was feasting more sumptuously and expensively than ever, — on probably the last franc sent to their relief by sympathizing friends.

In the poem "On Three Steps of Rose-colored Marble," which as a whole is very well rendered, we notice that the name of the Greek painter Praxiteles is used with the penult improperly long; and in the very next poem, and on the next page but one, the same word is given with its proper quantity, the antepenult long. Here and there, too, is a word or phrase which does not exactly convey De Musset's meaning, but there are many more in which it is hit off in an idiomatic way truly admirable. Indeed, it is hardly fair to dwell on the few minor blemishes which, after all, it is much easier to pick out than to have avoided in a work so difficult.

If, as Sainte-Beuve has said, Alfred de Musset entered the lyric sanctuary through the window, "Spécialité d'absinthe" must have been inscribed on the back door through which he went out. George Sand by her scandalous portrayal, and his brother Paul equally by his scathing denial, have made the failings of the unfortunate poet only too well known to the world; and no small measure of gratitude, we take it, is due to the American lady who has so well contributed her share toward doing what Madame Sand and his brother would both better have done, namely, let Alfred de Musset speak for himself.

The Lady of the Ice. A Novel. By JAMES DE MILLE, with Illustrations by C. G. BUSH. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MR. DE MILLE has already made a great many people laugh with good reason by his "Dodge Club in Italy," and we think he has as neat a turn for story-telling as any American, — if we may claim him for our nationality. Not trying to go very deep into our poor human nature, which has perhaps already been sufficiently probed, he is free to pay greater attention to the surface, and he usually presents a lively and artistic picture of that; and many intense and profound young writers might profitably leave off touching our hearts and analyzing our emotions, and take a lesson from him in the pleasant study of manners and characteristics. We are not going to say that Mr. De Mille's plots involve any great degree of probability, or that he has any special fineness of touch, but we confess that we like this "Lady of the Ice," and other things of his, quite as well as more probable and more subtle matters. The scene is in Quebec, and principally in what may be called garrison society, the two most prominent persons being young officers, handsome, good-humored, and not too intellectual, who are both very much and very intricately in love. They are managed so as to make an impression of reality, in spite of the improbabilities, and one likes them, as, in fact, one does all the people of the cheerful little novel. Of course, there are the ladies with whom these admirable warriors are in love, and an amusing old Irish gentleman, father to one of the half-dozen heroines. We do not know but Jack Randolph's extrication from his three engagements by the wise action of the highly consolable betrothed, who one after another throw him over, on hearing of his complicated relations, is as interesting as Macrorie's rescue of the lady of the ice, and subsequent wooing of her. She alone of the young ladies appears a little shadowy and intangible; all the rest are like the delightful young ladies of actual life, allowing for a difference between Canadian and American girls. This difference we imagine Mr. De Mille to have noted very nicely, for his people seem a middle type between the American and the English; yet we are not sure of this, and may, in ignorance of provincial character, be doing him more than justice.

No one can help thinking well of Mr. O'Halloran, the Irish gentleman, who perfectly forgives Macrorie's mistake in making love to his wife, and yet obliges him to fight a duel out of respect to the code, and then takes it as a mark of the greatest kindness when Macrorie consents to fire first. The whole transaction is deliciously Irish; and the novel has only the best-tempered and charming catastrophes in every respect. We must say for Mr. Bush, that he has illustrated it with the most lovely young ladies and handsome young fellows, and has come as near the ideal of light and agreeable art in one way as Mr. De Mille has in another.

Carlino. By the Author of "Doctor Antonio," "Lorenzo Benoni," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THIS is nothing but the story of how a simple and affectionate young Italian, in the quality of servant subdues the ferocious pride of an aristocratic master, and becomes, in the Baron's despite, his sole support and most loved and valued friend. There ought to be some kindlier and fairer word than servile for a character which is so nicely and truthfully sketched here: "Carlino was born a servant, by which we mean that nature had intended and constituted him for one. All the instincts, energies, and bent of his being lay in that direction, and once having reached it found full scope and satisfaction in that condition. He could conceive nothing within his range which he should prefer. To be dependent on some one in a position above his own, to have some one to please, to make comfortable, to look up to, to attach himself to, was a constitutional want with Carlino. Was his new master likely to satisfy this need?" His new master was the Baron de Kerdiat, ex-soldier, with theories of military strictness added to the instincts of the aristocrat. He "belonged to the same school as that lady of the old *régime*, who dressed in the presence of her footman, on the assumption that a valet was not a man. Servants, in this gentleman's eyes, were not men, but useful flesh-and-blood machines to be paid for hire, and so long as he paid them that hire, he considered himself quits with them." Such being the Baron, the reader will imagine the life he leads Carlino, and will not be surprised that, abhorring zeal above all things, he should discharge the excellent fellow for the impudence of clandestinely watching beside him during a sickness. When the Baron is thrown from his horse and made a cripple for life, he remembers with meekness and longing this despised friend, and for the rest the story is the account of their affectionate association. But it is full of charming sketches of French and Italian characters and manners; and though it is very brief, yet if it is really the business of an author to make his reader happier and desirous of being better, — which, in defiance of much imbecile wickedness about the sufficiency of art in and for itself, we suspect to be the case, — then Mr. Ruffini has here achieved success not surpassed by that of any other of his very delightful books. We do not mean to hint that the little story is artistically defective; on the contrary it is the best literature, and of a kind of fiction, — simple, direct, and confident, like that of Auerbach, Björnson, and Erckmann-Chatrian, — which no one born to speak English has yet had the courage to attempt, though it is evident that nothing pleases English readers better.

The History of Hortense, Daughter of Josephine, Queen of Holland, Mother of Napoleon III. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE Rev. Mr. Abbott, who has so often taught the art of holy living from the example of the Bonaparte family, here holds up a connection of that blameless and beneficent race for the emulation of American youth. His sort of soft-soap is a highly erasive compound, and the reputation of Hortense comes like snow from his manipulation; and by a like process the blood-spots are removed from the history of her son, while the stains of license and excess are skilfully transferred from the imperial character to that of Pierre Bonaparte. The Emperor was elected to the throne of France by a loving people, and there was not, to Mr. Abbott's knowledge, any *coup d'état*. Thus are American youth instructed in history and morals, and prepared for the Parisian career in which they do their country so much honor.

The reader familiar with Mr. Abbott's former histories will readily conceive of the general method of this book; but we do not think that the author sufficiently improves an opportunity given him of defending Napoleon for the divorce of Josephine. It may yet turn out that this act was wholly justifiable as a measure of self-defence, for from the letters of Josephine here quoted we are vividly impressed anew that she must have been one of the most tiresome people that ever lived. One platitude follows another in her correspondence, and her glib rhetoricalities are so abundant, that it seems impossible she could have felt deeply any of the things she said. Imagine a mother writing thus to a daughter living unhappily with her husband, as Hortense does with Louis: —

"You wish that he resembled his brother. *But he must first have his brother's temperament.* You have not failed to remark that

almost our entire existence depends upon our health, and health upon digestion. *If poor Louis's digestion were better, you would find him much more amiable.*"

It is like Mrs. Nickleby. No one but the saint Napoleon really was could have stood this sort of thing fifteen years, and then voluntarily continued a correspondence with Josephine after the divorce.

O. T. A Danish Romance. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

IT is a great pleasure which the publishers place within common reach by printing in neat and handsome shape a uniform edition of the works of Hans Christian Andersen. Whatever else one may say of him, there is no denying that he is a man of delicate and poetical mind, and he has been so long the eminent representative of Scandinavian literature, that his complete works would be expected in any accumulation of classics. But they are not only to be expected; they are to be welcomed, and very heartily. He is not a writer of strong imagination, and we are tempted to give his creative faculty no better name than fancy; yet he has somehow lodged himself securely in the hearts of old and young, where he holds a place that men of much greater power could not attain. Children perhaps know him best from "The Ugly Duckling," a subtle allegory so lovely that, whether you understand it perfectly or not, it is still exquisitely charming; and maturer readers think of him first as the author of "The Improvisatore," a story that, with many faults and imperfections, is always fascinating. And judging from the other works published by Messrs. Hurd and Houghton, we think that both the children and their elders know him at his best in these. He never reaches, in any other of the "Wonder-Stories told for Children," so high an effect as that attained in "The Ugly Duckling"; his fancy is apt to run wild, and his emotionality is so abundant that he too often indulges himself in the luxury of wringing his little readers' hearts upon no just occasion whatever. (There is a tale in the "Wonder-Stories" of the sufferings of an ambitious little fir-tree which longed to leave its native forest, and which became a Christmas-tree, and then after its brief glory entered upon a long period of neglect and final destruction; and this tale is so pathetically and carefully told, that it is wickedly and uselessly affecting in a world where there is possible and actual human sorrow enough to make children wretched with, if they must be tormented before their time.) The same exuberance makes the author a superficial observer, as we have already hinted in a notice of his travels in Spain and Portugal. In his romances he is better. "The Improvisatore" is on the whole generally faithful to the spirit of Italian life; and "The Two Baronesses," though the plot is violent and extravagant to the point of offence, has many characters and pictures of Danish life which convey their own assurance of truth.

The present novel, "O. T.," is not so good as the former of these, but seems to us better than the latter. The scene is entirely in Denmark; and though the conception is theatrical, the story is wrought out with simplicity and reality. It is burdened, like the others, with overmuch episode, and the conversation is often indirect and trivial, not advancing the narrative, nor developing character. The story is that of Otto Thorstrup, a young student, whose mother had not only been betrayed by his father, but had confessed herself guilty of two robberies committed by him, and had borne his punishment. The seducer was the son of Colonel Thorstrup, an old soldier and magistrate; and when the hapless young mother died in the workhouse, after bringing into the world a fatherless boy and girl, Colonel Thorstrup took the boy home, and reared him in ignorance of his origin. But a worthless German mountebank, who had some knowledge of this, pursued the young man with dark hints of it, and pretended to know his sister; and so at last prevailed on Otto to release from durance a depraved and thievish girl, whom he declared to be this sister. The burden of his secret, shared by this wretch, darkens and embitters Otto's life, which is chiefly brightened by the friendship of a young nobleman, Wilhelm, who is in love with a beautiful girl of low condition. It turns out that this is Otto's real sister; she dies before her marriage with Wilhelm; and that gay and pretty sister of Wilhelm, with whom Otto is at first in love, marries a Kammerjunker, and then Otto finds that really it is another sister of Wilhelm's, Louise, namely, that he is in love with, and they are wed. The story straggles over much detail, as we have suggested,

but it is all very interesting, and parts of it are absorbing. The course of Otto's love for Sophie is very naturally and finely traced through all the turns by which he deceives himself in regard to her feeling; and his friendship with Wilhelm, if it seems a somewhat florid affair to men of our race, is still very charming. Doubtless the most affecting and forcible chapter of all is that in which the author goes back to depict the scenes of the punishment and self-sacrifice of Otto's poor young mother. The character of Rosalie, the old Swiss housekeeper, who will not return to her country in the ease and affluence of her old age, because all her friends, whom she can believe alive at a distance, she will find to be dead, is very nicely and feelingly portrayed, and the reader is everywhere conscious of admirable painting of local and individual life.

It is an odd fact worth noting, that an amusement in which Wilhelm and other young noblemen indulge on a certain occasion is that of masquerading in women's clothes, as those rich and idle gentlemen of London have lately been doing, to the dismay of many real old ladies of both sexes.

Robert Greathouse. An American Novel. By JOHN FRANKLIN SWIFT, Author of "Going to Jericho; or, Sketches of Travel in Spain and the East." New York: Carleton.

FROM Mr. Swift we think we had some right to expect better things than this novel; for "Going to Jericho," though it was rather more than sufficiently flippant, was yet a lively book, and showed a literary feeling and power which "Robert Greathouse" lacks. "Robert Greathouse" is, in fact, an awkwardly managed novel of an old fashion, which was a second-rate fashion when it was new; and though the scene is in the fresh localities of California, and the strong, novel life there might have been effectively drawn upon for character and incident, we have nothing but a stock company playing standard melodrama. Good, bad, and indifferent, they are curiously dreary people, all of them; and the reader who cares to know what becomes of them must be the prey of a very morbid and unhealthy inquisitiveness.

We indulge a hope that this is an earlier work than "Going to Jericho," and that Mr. Swift, who can do better, will be sorry for "Robert Greathouse," when he has done better.

Breezie Langton. A Story of Fifty-two to Fifty-five. By HAWLEY SMART, Author of "A Race for a Wife." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

As it seems possible for any one, through the native brilliancy of the language, to be epigrammatic in the French tongue, so the structure of English society, and the vast mass of extant English fictions, enables any one to write novels. In fact, a great part of the contemporary English romance seems to be the effect of a kind of spontaneous generation. Upon this principle we account for the existence of "Breezie Langton." But even if such novels were written from an authentic and individual impulse, we should decline to praise them, and should advise people to do any not positively bad thing rather than read them; for utter waste of time *is* a sin, though the young ladies may not all think so.

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OUR ISRAELITISH BRETHREN.

DID the reader ever try to compute what it has cost our Israelitish brethren to keep two Sundays a week, and four sets of holidays a year? Besides their own religious and national festivals, they have been compelled, generally under ruinous penalties, to abstain from business on those of the countries in which they have dwelt. Thus in Catholic countries, for several centuries, they were obliged to be idle: 1. Fifty-two Sundays; 2. Thirty holidays of obligation; 3. Fifty-two Saturdays or Sabbaths; 4. An average of twelve other holidays of their own: total, one hundred and forty-six days per annum, or about two days in every five! In Protestant countries, the usual number of idle days, including their fifty-two Saturdays and twelve festivals and fasts, has been one hundred and ten, or about two days in every six. In other words, the Jews in Catholic countries have been obliged, by law and conscience, to abstain from business nearly three days a week, and in Protestant countries a little more than two. Of late years, since Catholics have become much less strict in the observance of Sundays and holidays, the Jews suffer more inconvenience in Protestant than in Catholic lands. The rigor of the Scotch and the Puritan Sunday is especially grievous to them, even to the present hour; while in Paris, Hamburg, and Vienna Sunday is, in some branches of business, the best day of the week.

This fact of the double set of holidays would alone have sufficed to exclude them from agriculture. A ripe harvest will not wait from Friday till Monday for any of our scruples; and two good planting days lost in a late, wet spring would often make the difference between a crop and no crop. Fancy a market-gardener in strawberry time, or a florist in May, obliged to cease work half an hour before sunset Friday afternoon, and unable to offer anything for sale till Monday morning! Even the thirty Catholic holidays of obligation placed the farmers of Catholic countries under a disadvantage that was obvious to all who lived near the line dividing a Catholic from a Protestant country. Voltaire, who lived for thirty years close to the frontier of France,

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within two miles of Protestant Geneva, dwells upon this in many a passage of exquisite satire. Readers remember the scene in which the priest rushes from the tap-room, "red with wrath and wine," to rebuke the yeoman who had "the insolence and impiety" to plough his field on a Saint's day, "instead of going to the tavern and drinking like the rest of the parish. The poor gentleman was ruined: he left the country with his family and servants, went to a foreign land, turned Lutheran, and his lands remained uncultivated for many years." If thirty extra holidays were a serious injury to French farmers, it will not be questioned that ninety-four made agriculture an impossible pursuit to Israelites.

Except where Jews lived together in large numbers, as in Poland and some parts of Germany, the same fatality of their lot sufficed to exclude them from most workshops, counting-rooms, and stores. Who could take an apprentice with the understanding that he was to be always absent on Saturdays? Who, a clerk, on the condition of not having him on the busiest day of the week? Even here, in these free cities of America, where Jewish merchants and bankers are often obliged to employ Christian clerks, they labor under the disadvantage of having to pay salaries for three hundred and nine days' work per annum, while only getting two hundred and fifty-seven days' attendance. In short, if the reader will take the trouble to trace all the consequences of the conscientious adherence of our Israelitish brethren to their holy days, he will discover that during many centuries of their dispersion among Christian nations, that adherence would have been enough of itself to confine their able men to the trade in money and jewels, and their ordinary men to petty traffic and hard bargaining. Money at interest keeps no holy day. Like the trees of the Scotch laird in the novel, it grows while the owner sleeps. It earns revenue both while the lender prays in the synagogue and while the borrower worships in the cathedral. On Good Friday as on the Day of Atonement, through merry Christmas and joyous Purim, on the days of Passover, the fourth of July, the fifth of November, still it yields its increase. Hence strong Israelites usually deal in money; and as to the rank and file, we must allow, if we would be just, that the trader who has to keep his shutters closed two or three days a week must, as a general thing, carry on business at small expense, and make the most of every transaction.

But if, a thousand years ago, the Jews had reached that point of development which would have enabled them with a good conscience to give up their seventh-day Sabbath, and rest only on ours, it would not have availed to give them a choice of occupations. In the night of superstition, no Jew could own or hold land on endurable conditions in any country of Christendom. Nor could he belong to any guild of mechanics; and hence he could not be himself a mechanic, nor apprentice his son to a mechanic. He could not lawfully hire a Christian servant in some countries. He could not enter a university or a preparatory school in any country; and so the liberal professions were closed to him. He could not be an artist, even if any Christian prince would have bought pictures of him, because, in the black ages, there were only two kinds of pictures that yielded much revenue or renown, — New Testament scenes, and indecent pictures from the Greek and Roman poets. The former a Jew could not paint; the latter he would not, for the Jews have preserved, through all vicissitudes, a certain chastity of mind and taste, which makes such subjects abhorrent to them. A good Jew knows better than most men the unutterable preciousness of an unprurient soul and an uncontaminated body; for there is nothing which his religion inculcates so sedulously and in so many ways. At the present hour they are probably the chastest seven millions of people under the sun.

The tory Carlyle, with the baser instinct of his party, — which is, to grovel before the strong and trample on the weak, — makes this exclusion of the Jews from all the more honorable and expanding pursuits the occasion of a most bitter taunt. The celestial powers, he says, when a people have become hopelessly debased, sometimes toss them in utter contempt a great bag of money, as if to say, "Take *that!* Be *that* your portion!" How cruelly unjust is this! The Encyclopædia Britannica, an invaluable work, but uniformly narrow and reactionary on religious subjects, while admitting that, in the dark ages, Jews had no choice but to be money-lenders, while allowing that they had no means either of revenge or self-defence, except in extorting usurious interest from their plundering oppressors, stamps with reprobation their "meanness and injustice" in so doing. But the same writer on the same page (Vol. XII. p. 778) has no word of encomium for those heroic Jews, who he says presented their breasts to the sword rather than violate their conscience; nor for those high-minded Jewish maidens and wives, who fastened stones to their bodies and sought refuge in the river from the polluting touch of Christian soldiers. In one of our best periodicals, while I am writing these paragraphs, I read an impatient paragraph, complaining of the "obstinacy" of the Russian Jews in avoiding agriculture and sticking to petty traffic. As if, in all the empire of Russia, until very recently, an Israelite could own an acre of land, or till a farm to advantage, while forced to observe the numerous festivals of the Greek Church!

The Jews are, in truth, singularly adapted by natural disposition to agriculture, their skill in which once made Palestine a garden. At the present moment the attention of benevolent and public-spirited Jews is directed to the return of their people to agricultural pursuits, and the scene of the first experiment is Palestine itself. There are now thirteen thousand Israelites in that country, nine thousand of whom live in or near Jerusalem; and there is no reason in the laws or customs of the land why they should not cultivate the soil. But hardly a Jew in the world knows how to plough and reap, and the Jews in Palestine — pilgrims and descendants of pilgrims — have been steadily demoralized by the alms sent to them from orthodox synagogues in every part of the world. M. Netter, the agent of the Israelitish Alliance, who was sent to Palestine to inquire into the condition of the Israelites there, reports that this unwise, sentimental almsgiving paralyzes the arms and corrupts the hearts of his people. "As the elders," he remarks, "get a double portion of the alms, and as they themselves distribute whatever little may be left of it, the indigent and lowly get but a very small portion of it. We therefore see parents allowing their children to marry early, in order that the offspring of these marriages may share in these charities and increase the resources of the family. Children are also made to study the Talmud, a knowledge of which brings in an additional income. The weak and powerless are held in abject subjection by their superiors, and frequently seek relief from the English missionaries, who are always ready in such cases."

Here is another example of the pernicious consequences of ill-directed benevolence, from which the future is to suffer so much. The remedy M. Netter suggests is agriculture; although at present not a Jew in Palestine cultivates the soil. A few of them have tried gardening, and failed, as Christian amateurs generally fail, from ignorance. An agricultural school and experimental farm, in aid of which money has been subscribed in New York and other capitals, is about to be started in Palestine. All things must have a beginning, and the disuse of eighteen centuries cannot be overcome in a year or two, but there is reason to believe that the people who once made their land a proverb for its abundant harvests are about to recover

their skill in the cultivation of the soil. In reading Jewish periodicals and in conversing with enlightened Jews, I perceive an impulse in this direction which will produce results where Sunday laws do not hinder.

Who can estimate the reparation which Christendom owes this interesting and unoffending people? How abundant, how untiring, should be our charity in judging the faults of character which our own superstition has created or developed!

Of the giant wrongs to which they have been subjected for the last ten centuries, — the huge Andersonville outrages, — few readers need to be reminded. In the slaughter of the Jews of Seville, in 1391, thirty-five hundred *families* were murdered. In 1492, under Ferdinand and Isabella, three hundred thousand heroic Israelites preferred exile to apostasy. Many of them found a resting-place only in the grave or in the depths of the sea; for neither Portugal nor Italy nor Mohammedan Morocco would tolerate the presence of a people who would not comply with their superstitions, and who, by their frugality, continence, temperance, and industry, absorbed the wealth of every country in which they lived. Those who remained in the Peninsula suffered baptism, and were obliged to conform to the outward observances of the reigning church. Far more enviable was the lot of those who had accepted banishment. The favorite office of the Spanish Inquisition for two centuries was to "question" the sincerity of those two hundred thousand Jewish converts; and the national amusement was to witness the burning of Jewish Rabbis and Jewish maidens. Similar atrocities were committed, as we all know, in England, Germany, and France.

Nor can we claim that Protestants have been guiltless toward them. Since I have been interested in this subject, I have found nothing more savage against the Jews than a passage from Martin Luther, in which he offers for the consideration of the Christian public seven propositions: 1. "That we should set fire to their synagogues and schools, and what cannot be burnt should be covered over with earth, that no man may ever discover a stone or brick of it; we are to do this for the glory of our Lord and Christianity." 2. Burn all their houses, and lodge them in stables like gypsies, "in order that they may know they are not lords in this land, but in captivity and misery." 3. Burn all their prayer-books and Talmuds. 4. Forbid the Rabbis, under pain of death, to give instruction. 5. Deny Jews the right of protection on the highways; "for they have no business with the land." 6. "Being neither lords, farmers, nor merchants, nor anything of the kind, they are to remain at home." "You lords shall not, and cannot, protect them, unless you would take part in their abominations." 7. Put a flail, axe, mattock, or spindle into the hands of every "young and strong Jew and Jewess," and compel them to manual labor. This was Luther's idea of the treatment due to the only body of religious people in Europe who could be in sympathy with him in his struggle with superstition. But Luther himself was only half emancipated: for he clung to that fatal, fatal root of bitterness, the belief that human souls can be eternally lost by erroneous opinions.

But we have done worse to these people than murder and torture them. Wrongs like these are occasional; the rack palls at last; and the most infuriate mob of Christians that ever hunted down an innocent people grows weary of massacre at last, and a long period of peace usually succeeds. In our own day I have seen Protestants in Philadelphia pursuing in blind fury harmless Catholics, burning their churches, and insulting their priests; and I have seen, in New York, Catholics rioting in the massacre of the most inoffensive laboring people in the world. In three days the fit passes; reason returns; and the very men who inflicted the wounds are ready to assist in healing them. But there is a wrong which all Chris-

tians, for many hundreds of years, have done to all Jews, all the time, — *we have despised them.* Having excluded them from the occupations most favorable to the development of human nature's better side, we have added to this giant wrong the crueller sting of despising them for not having their better side developed. Having kept them styed in Ghettos and in Jews' streets age after age, we loathe them because they are not all clean.

Human beings are so constituted and related, that among the most precious possessions any of us can have is the respect and good-will of our community. Happily, few are aware of this truth, because, like good digestion, the value of such a possession is not known until it is lost. Those quadroon and octoroon gentlemen of New Orleans knew it, who said to General Butler with so much passion: "We care not on which side we fight; we will fight as long as we can, and spend all we have, if only our boys may stand in the street equal to white boys when the war is over!" If the reader has ever happened to have his eye upon the face of a well-dressed person at the moment a policeman touched his arm, and he felt that he was *arrested*, no longer one of the passing throng, no longer a member of the community, no longer a man among men, but a detected thief, whom any boy might make faces at, a thing abhorred and despised, upon whom no countenance could cast a benignant nor even an indifferent look, — if the reader has ever noted the awful shadow that falls upon a human countenance at such a moment, he can perhaps form some idea of what it must be to feel always the contempt of men. Or, still better, if the reader can look back to his school-days and call to mind moments or hours when, for some peculiarity of dress, person, or conduct, he was the object of general derision, either in schoolroom or playground, and can feel still the scorch of the old blush in his cheeks, he cannot be quite ignorant of the value of that unexpressed good-will which usually invests us like the air we unconsciously breathe.

And the Jews were never allowed to forget that they were a despised people. Contempt of the Israelite was embedded in law and exhibited in daily custom. In Protestant Holland, down nearly to the days of Louis Bonaparte, Jewish paupers were compelled to say their prayers bareheaded, and to work all day Saturday, although they begged the privilege of doing in five days their whole week's work. It was not till 1790 that this poor boon was granted them. Some of the watering-places in Germany could show, among their chartered privileges, the right to exclude Jews. At Strasburg, within the recollection of living persons, a Jew had to pay three francs a day merely for the privilege of staying in the town. In Switzerland, as late as 1851, the contemptuous law was re-enacted, imposing a fine of three hundred francs upon every Christian who gave a Jew employment. In Russia, at the present hour, the government presumes to prescribe what shall be the garb of a Jew. In New York, London, Paris, and other cities there is an alliance, or society for the sole object of promoting the emancipation of the Jews from the remaining disabilities which the aversion of Christendom has imposed. Without troubling the reader with a catalogue of similar facts, I can convey some idea of the scorn in which Jews were once held in a more convenient manner by showing how they are now treated in the city of Rome, — Rome being a fragment of the Past preserved, like an Elgin marble, for the inspection of the moderns. In 1860, when there was talk of a congress of European powers for the settlement of international questions, the Jews of Rome prepared a petition for presentation to it, in which some of their grievances were stated. From this paper we learn that no Jew in Rome can be an artist, nor be a pupil in a school of art, nor frequent a public gallery for practice in art. No college, medical school, law school, or scientific institution can re-

ceive a Jewish student. No Jew can exercise a mechanical trade, except cobbling shoes. Cruellest and absurdest of all, no Jew, fond as he is of music, and gifted as his race is in music, can sing in public or play on an instrument. "Woe to the Hebrew," says the petition, "who dares sing or play in public; for the police and the Holy Office immediately pounce upon him and punish the offence with severe penalties." This is the more abominable, because nature has signalized this people, not so much by superiority of understanding, as by talent. The gifted among them are formed to sing, to play, to compose, to carve, to paint, to personate, to excel in all those arts by which human nature is enchanted and exalted by being exhibited to itself.

Edmond About's report of the condition of the Jews in Rome is fresh in the recollection of many. He glances backward at the time, not remote, when every evening at the hour Christians go to the theatre the gates of the Jews' quarter were locked for the night; when on days of holy festival Jews were made to run races for the amusement of Christians; when every year a city official gave them a representative kick, an honor for which they had to pay four thousand francs; when they were compelled to present publicly to every new Pope a Bible; when they were obliged to pay the salary of a Christian priest employed to preach a sermon to them every Saturday, and they could only avoid attending this service by paying a fine; when their Ghetto bred such deadly pestilence, that some of them almost lost the semblance of humanity, and "they might have been mistaken for beasts, if one had not known them to be intelligent beings, apt for business, resigned to their lot, simple in their requirements, kind-hearted, devoted to their families, and irreproachable in their conduct." Such *was* their condition in Rome. M. About tells us what it *is*. The present Pope, he reminds us, has indeed taken away the gates of the Ghetto, so that Jews can go about the city after dark; he has dispensed them from the annual kick and its annual price, and he has closed the church to which they were required to go on Saturdays to be converted.

But the author adds: "I secretly questioned two well-known inhabitants of the Ghetto. When they understood why I concerned myself with their affairs, the poor men exclaimed: 'For Heaven's sake, do not publish that we are wretched; that the Pope *actively* regrets his concessions of 1847; that doors invisible, but impassable, close the Ghetto, and that our condition is worse than ever. All that you might say in our behalf would be visited upon us, and instead of benefiting you would injure us.'" The inquirer visited the Ghetto, in the low ground near the Tiber, and found it "the most horrible and neglected quarter of the town," in which not the humblest of the thousand prelates about Rome would set his foot, any more than an Indian Brahmin would cross the threshold of a Pariah's hovel. "I learned," says this author, "that the most humble employment in the most humble office would as soon be given to a beast as to a Jew; that for a child of Israel to ask in Rome to be employed as a commissary, would be more absurd than for the giraffe of the Jardin des Plantes to ask for an under-prefectship in Paris." No Jew can own a foot of land in the papal dominions, nor cultivate one, unless in the name of a Christian; and if a Jew, using this artifice, ventures to cultivate a garden or a farm, his harvest is safe from pillage only so long as the legal device remains a secret. Let but the Christians around learn that the harvest is the property of an Israelite, and "a rage for plunder" seizes them, which leaves the hapless proprietor with desolated fields.

This is the testimony of a witness who is prejudiced, as all modernized minds are prejudiced, against government by priests. Let me summon another witness, a Christian who writes to *L'Ami d'Israel* an account of his

visit to the Roman Ghetto: "It is situated on the borders of the Tiber, in a place subject to inundations; the population is confined in narrow, dirty streets; and although the Jews are much too numerous for this small quarter, they are not allowed to take up their abode beyond the limits of the Ghetto. The closing of the gates is discontinued, but the prohibition as to residence remains the same. I was struck with the activity and industry of the Jews; for while one sees a great many idlers and crowds of beggars in Rome itself, in the Ghetto every one is at work, and there is not a beggar visible." The struggle for life, this writer remarks, is so severe, that out of a population of more than four thousand, two thousand five hundred are extremely poor, and in part dependent upon the charity of their neighbors.

As Israelites are now looked upon and treated in Rome, so were they once regarded and treated in every capital of Europe; and their partial emancipation is a thing too recent to have more than begun to obliterate the effects of fifteen centuries of outrage and contempt. For the faults which we see in them, and which clearly result from the contracted Ghetto and the exclusion from the broadening employments, we should blame ourselves, not them; and when a Jew plays upon us a scurvy trick, let us go out straightway and kick a Christian for it.

In conversing upon this subject with the enlightened and accomplished Israelites now to be found in all our cities, I am amazed at the absence of everything like rancor and fury from their hearts when they dwell upon the wrongs of their race. A decent Christian boils with anger as he reads of the indignities they have suffered; but they, the victims of our insensate aversion, speak of these indignities with such calmness and good temper, that I have been ready to exclaim: The Jews are the only Christians! And certainly, if the peculiar virtue of Christianity *is* the patient endurance of outrage, then we must admit that they have excelled all known people in practising the religion which Christians have preached. But of course the patient endurance of outrage is *not* the great Christian virtue, nor is it a virtue at all, unless the outrage is irredressable. But that has been precisely their case. Usually a small number in the midst of a hostile population, they have been obliged to endure or perish; they have had such a training in some portions of the Sermon on the Mount as no other race has ever had.

If a Christian would know these people aright, that is, if he would know their best, he must observe their home life; for the great secret of Jewish persistence is the strength of that mingled affection and pride which binds families together. The family, the Sabbath, — in those two words are hidden the secret of Jewish history since their dispersion. Let us accompany a good orthodox Jewish family through their calm and cheerful Sabbath, and see how they keep it and enjoy it. I select an orthodox family, instead of a "Reformed," merely because the orthodox Jew is an historical person; as he keeps his Sabbath, his fathers have kept it for many centuries.

The Jewish Sabbath begins on Friday evening half an hour before sunset, and ends on Saturday evening half an hour after sunset, or when a star is visible in the sky. On Friday, the day of preparation, the women and girls of the family are busy in providing for the morrow the best food of the week; for whatever is eaten or drank during the joyous sacred hours must be the very best the family can afford. Poor Jews will pinch all the week in order that their wives and children may have something delicious to eat on the Sabbath. But that savory food must be cooked or prepared for cooking before the Sabbath begins; for our Israelitish brethren observe with just strictness the law which gives rest on the Day of Rest to their servants. They shame us in this particular. They will not use even their horses on their

Sabbath. On a Sunday, about twelve, M., you may see in front of Dr. Adams's fashionable Presbyterian church in Madison Square, New York, or around Dr. Tyng's fashionable Episcopal church, in St. George's Square of the same city, from twenty to forty well-appointed equipages waiting for the last hymn to be finished; but you will never see a vehicle before the superb Temple Immanuel, a Jewish synagogue in the Fifth Avenue, although there are many families within who could ride home, if they would, in their own carriages. I do not say that the Christians are wrong or the Jews right in this. It is no one's business but their own. But if we borrow the Hebrew's word "Sabbath," and adopt, verbally, their Sabbatical law, our practice perhaps ought to conform in some degree to our profession. It probably does not severely tax those coachmen and footmen to show off their gay turnouts and brilliant liveries on a fine Sunday morning in the Fifth Avenue. But for the heavy-laden drudges of the boarding-house kitchen, and the maid-of-all work in average families, I could wish we were all Jews from Saturday night till Monday morning. It is a dastardly shame to compel or permit women, who have faithfully toiled for us from Monday's tub to Saturday's scrub, to work hard all through the best hours of Sunday merely that we may gorge ourselves with dainty food. The Jews avoid this barbarous meanness. Their servants rest on their Sabbath.

As early as possible on Friday afternoon the father comes home. As sunset draws near the family put on their best clothes, and father and sons go to the synagogue for the short Sabbath-eve service. His wife and daughters usually remain at home, where pleasing duties still detain them, though their arduous work is done.

The Jewish religion is a monotone; it is a religion of one idea, and that idea is GOD. Do you wish the most enlightening of all commentaries on the Bible? do you wish to know the original meaning of hackneyed Christian phrases? would you taste the savor and inhale the fragrance of celebrated texts? do you desire to see living descendants of the characters sketched in the New Testament? Then frequent orthodox synagogues, and observe the ways of those who attend them. The Jew "walks with God"; the Jew, "in everything, gives thanks"; the Jew "makes melody in his heart to the Lord"; the Jew "prays without ceasing."

A pious Jew of the old school utters in the course of every twenty-four hours as many as a hundred benedictions, ascriptions, and prayers. On waking in the morning he says: "I thank thee, ever-living, ever-enduring King, that thou hast restored me unto life, through thy great mercy and truth." Whenever he enjoys, whenever he suffers, whenever he gains, whenever he loses, he has a form of Hebrew words ready in his memory in which to call upon his God. If he eats a fine peach he says: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast caused us to be preserved, and permitted us to enjoy this season." But if he were about to eat strawberries, the ascription would slightly vary; as it would also for bread, cakes, melons, vegetables, wine, water, oil. If he enjoys the fragrance of flowers, he will say: "Blessed art thou, O Lord God, King of the Universe, who createst aromatic herbs"; and he has also a form for sweet-scented woods, fruit, gums, spice. On passing a synagogue in ruins, or one flourishing and handsome; on meeting Hebrew sages, and on meeting Gentile sages; when he hears thunder, music, rain, or wind, or sees a rainbow, a fine tree, a mountain, a river, the ocean, a handsome creature; on hearing good news or bad news; at the birth or at the death of a child; upon leaving and returning home; — he utters his short thanksgiving in Hebrew. It is so, Mr. Hepworth Dixon assures us, with the Oriental religions generally; which at the present hour, as three thousand years ago, have a strong family likeness. "An

Oriental is a man of prayer," says Mr. Dixon. "If he rises from his couch, a prayer is on his lips; if he sits down to rest, a blessing is in his heart. When he buys and when he sells, when he eats and when he drinks, he remembers that the Holy One is nigh. If poor in purse, he may be rich in grace; his cabin a sanctuary, his craft a service, his daily life an act of prayer." These words describe the pious Jews of our modern capitals. They "walk with God." "God is in all their thought."

The father and his boys enter the synagogue, sometimes pausing in the vestibule, if they have touched uncleanness on the way, to wash their hands, conveniences for which are placed there. As they enter, they are required to bow to the ark containing the scrolls of the Law, and to say: "In the greatness of thy benevolence will I enter thy house: in reverence of thee will I bow down toward the temple of thy holiness." The "ark" is a closet at the eastern end of the synagogue, usually made of costly woods, closed with sliding doors, and approached by stairs. Within are scrolls of parchment, each of which contains one book of the Pentateuch, written with perfect correctness in Hebrew, by men whose profession it is to write them. One error, no matter how insignificant, condemns a scroll; for the examiners subject it to tests from which no error can escape. The letters of every line, division, and book are counted. In the exact middle of the synagogue is a somewhat spacious platform, raised four or five feet from the floor, and provided with a broad desk and a sofa. Most of the pews face this platform, but there are a few "chief seats of the synagogue," for the trustees and other officers. On the ground floor are men and boys only, all with their hats on; the women and girls being in the gallery. Israelites say that this exclusion of women from the floor of the synagogue — that is, from the synagogue proper — is an homage to their delicacy. Their law requires that, at various periods, women should not enter the sanctuary at all; and the subterfuge of the gallery was invented to avoid the necessity of asking disagreeable questions. In some countries women, for the same reason, assemble in an adjoining apartment, with a door opening into the synagogue, through which the voices of the reader and preacher can be heard.

The Friday-evening service, which lasts an hour and a quarter, consists of the chanting of prayers and psalms in the Hebrew tongue. Sometimes the Rabbi, seated on his sofa, with his hat on, clad in a black silk gown and a white silk tunic over it, intones a portion solo, the people responding with an occasional amen. Then the whole congregation will repeat a psalm; sometimes standing, sometimes sitting, bowing now and then and occasionally bowing very low. At intervals a highly trained choir of men and boys, from a gallery where they cannot be seen, burst into a song or breathe out a most melodious soft chant. No organ smothers the voices; for the orthodox Jew feels that the harp of his people still hangs upon the willow, and must not be heard again till the Temple is rebuilt. But *this* choir (Nineteenth Street, New York) needs no organ; it is itself one beautifully attuned instrument. As the service approaches a conclusion there is more responding and more simultaneous recitation, which sometimes swells into a loud chorus. In less polite congregations than this it is said some of the members become almost vociferous.

When the service is ended, while the men are shaking hands and cheerfully conversing, all the boys crowd upon the platform and gather round the Rabbi, who places his hand upon each little cap, and pronounces a word or two of benediction. To those who have had the profound misfortune of being reared in one of those creeds which repel the young soul, and make it loathe what its elders revere, this sweet spectacle reveals much of the

Jewish mystery. They have known how to associate religion with the *pleasing* recollections of childhood.

Upon returning home, after the service, the father and his sons find their abode decked in its brightest attire, the table set in its goodliest array, the ladies in handsome Sabbath costume, and on the mantel-piece of the principal room the two wax-candles lighted, to symbolize the light and warmth shed on Israel by the Sabbath. In some families the old-fashioned "Sabbath lamp," with seven burners, is retained, and lighted only on this joyous evening. The family being now all assembled, the father places his hand upon the heads of each of his children, and invokes upon them the blessing of Jacob. Then they kiss one another, and each wishes the others "Good Sabbath," as we say "Merry Christmas." All join in a Sabbath hymn; after which the father pays honor to his wife by chanting the fine description in Proverbs of a Virtuous Woman, whose price is above rubies, in whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust, who looketh well to the ways of her household and doth not eat the bread of idleness. Next he takes a small silver cup, kept for the purpose, and pours into it some pure home-made wine, of grapes or raisins, and pronounces a blessing on the wine; after which he breaks a piece of bread, and utters the prescribed blessing upon the bread. A formal and longer grace is said for the meal, and then the family take their places at the table.

All this ceremonial, which seems long when it is related, occupies but a few minutes, for the Hebrew is a compact language, and our Israelitish brethren have little conception of what we understand by the word *solemnity*. There is something off-hand in the usual religious acts of the orthodox Jews. When the meal is ended, the family rise and remain standing about the table while a thanksgiving is pronounced and a hymn sung. In many families the father relates to his children on Friday evening some legend of their race, of which the stock is inexhaustible; for there are fifteen centuries of persecution to draw from, without counting the ages during which Israel had a national existence and a recorded history. Hence the collection of Jewish stories, recently republished in New York from the columns of the Jewish Messenger, was happily entitled "Friday Evening." During the Sabbath no musical instrument is heard in the house of an orthodox Jew, nor does he entertain any company beyond the circle of his relations and nearest friends. But this seclusion of families has nothing in common with Sabbatarian gloom and isolation. It is more like a Christmas reunion, when families are happy enough without other friends, than a Sabbatarian withdrawal from cheerful society.

On Saturday morning the service at the orthodox synagogue begins at eight and lasts till twelve. It differs little in character from the service of the evening before, except that toward the close the minister, accompanied by two of the congregation, descends from the platform and walks slowly to the chanting of the choir to the closet where the scrolls of the Law are kept, the doors of which have been previously opened by two of the members. The scroll containing the portion of the Law to be read that day is taken from its place and carried slowly to the platform, where its gay covering is removed and the scroll laid out flat upon the broad desk. After the portion has been read, one of the gentlemen who has assisted in its conveyance from the "ark" lifts it by the ends of its two rollers, and holds it up, open, as high as he can reach, and turns it in various directions, so that all the congregation can see the Hebrew characters written upon it. It was perhaps this holding aloft of the Sacred Object which suggested the elevation of the Host in the celebration of the Mass. Indeed, there is many a rite, ceremony, and usage, of both Protestant and Catholic worship, the idea of which was furnished by the people whom Protestants and

Catholics have agreed to revile and torment. Little boys, for example, assist in unrolling and rolling up again the scroll of the Law; and one boy stands upon the platform, in the course of the morning service, and pipes with his shrill tenor a few Hebrew sentences. Doubtless it was this usage of the Israelites, this habit of associating their *boys* with them in every religious act and ceremonial, that suggested the employment of boys in the altars of Christian churches.

The sermon is not regarded by orthodox Jews as a very important part of the Sabbath service. In some synagogues no sermon is preached; in others a short one is delivered in the German language; but it is rare indeed that a sermon in English is heard; for, to the present hour, no Rabbi lives in the United States who was not born and educated on the Continent of Europe.

Four hours seem to us impatient mortals a long time to spend in a religious service; but only a small part of the congregation attends during the first hour; the synagogue does not fill up before ten o'clock; and some leave soon after the service has reached its climax in the elevation of the scroll. A few sturdy old gentlemen are punctually in their places at eight, and go through the whole, — rising and sitting down, responding and reciting, bowing and standing erect, never faltering or shrinking, to the last amen. The secret of this persistence is, that the congregation take an active part in the worship. They do not sit passive more than four or five minutes at a time. At the conclusion of the services the assembly breaks into groups of cheerful talkers, and so drifts down stairs through the vestibule into the street, where there is abundant handshaking and friendly merriment. There is a short afternoon service, which is not more numerously attended than that of Christian churches; for after the bountiful Sabbath dinner, our Israelitish brethren are apt to abandon themselves, as we do, to the noble work of digestion.

The Sabbath to the Jews is *wholly* joyous! In all the tales, essays, treatises, catechisms, of this interesting people, which lie heaped up before me at this moment, I can find no hint of that strange institution which the Puritans called Sabbath. To the good Jew the Sabbath means rest, mental improvement, domestic happiness, cheerful conversation, triumphal worship. From a tract recently issued, entitled "The Sabbath, an Appeal to the Israelites of New York," I copy a short passage, to show how pious Jews regard their sacred day, and why they urge its observance.

"The family," says this writer, "in which the Sabbath is a stranger, — as it is, alas! the case with such a large number of our co-religionists, — is bereft of those beautiful ties which make *the Jewish home a paradise to the poorest of its professors*, is a desert with no oasis, an ocean of ever-contending waves, with no haven of shelter. O ye who yet remember the Sabbath eve in the old European home, — and there are many of you, — conjure up before your vision the little chamber with the seven-armed candelabra lit in honor of the Sabbath bride; the table spread, the spotless linen, your father coming home from the synagogue, his eyes beaming with satisfaction, his countenance expressing happiness and contentment, not a ruffle on his forehead which would indicate that care had ever dwelt in that soul, placing his hand on your head, blessing you, and then singing songs of welcome to the regular returning guest, the bride beloved so well! Did ever happiness enter your soul so unmeasured since you gave up all for a heap of gold? Will your children ever feel as happy as you did on that Sabbath eve, will your wife ever know the beatitude your mother felt, when she saw her husband joyous and happy?"

Here we have all that was good in the old Puritan Sunday, without its gloom, restraint, and terror. There is *no* terror in the religion of the Hebrews, no eternal perdition. They are all Universalists. The Puritanism of

two hundred years ago, as we find it in the works of the Mathers, was Judaism plus the doctrine of eternal perdition.

That was a happy touch of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's, the other week, in his newspaper, The Christian Union, where, after having given the news of the various Christian denominations, he concluded by a few paragraphs, headed thus : —

"Other Religions."

Whether we regard this as a mere stroke of journalism, or as a recognition of the claims of other religions to the regard and respect of Christians, it was worthy of the intelligence of the editor. Nothing is more startling to a student of religions than their likeness to one another, and the similarity of their effects upon the various minds. Men who have lived in the Eastern world, in Japan, Siam, India, China, and in the great islands of the Archipelago, have often remarked that the religions of those lands, however they may differ in name, usages, rites, costumes, traditions, have much more in common than they have of difference ; and under them all can be found the same varieties of religious and irreligious character : the sincere and lowly worshipper ; the man who expects to be heard for his much speaking ; he who affects devotion, and he who affects indifference ; the rogue who uses religion as a cloak, and the politician who employs it as capital ; the dealer in religious merchandise, who believes in religion as the servants of the Cataract House believe in the sublimity of Niagara ; — all these characters, we are assured, can be found under all the religions of the Oriental world.

And, what is more interesting, it seems as if the religions of the world were in the same state of transition, and at about the same stage of progress. They are all anxious, all excited, all in movement. Orthodox, heterodox, ritualists, infidels, — we find them at Calcutta, in Japan, in China, in Barbary, as we do at London, Berlin, Paris, New York, and Boston. English residents in India tell us that in the higher society of Calcutta there are native young men who take precisely the same tone with regard to the Brahmins and the Hindoo sacred books as many of our young pagans do at Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, London, Boston, when the Christian religion is the subject of discourse, — a tone not of contempt, by any means ; they are beyond and above that. They speak of the religion of their fathers as the son of an ancient house might descant upon the old family coach, which was excellent in its day, but is now done with, and kept as an interesting relic. Nor are there wanting, in those remoter capitals of the world, young men who surprise their companions, as some of our young ritualists do, by a sedulous imitation or revival of ancient methods and forgotten rites.

Mr. Beecher may well tell us, then, of "Other Religions" ; for they are all in a similar critical condition. To the careless looker-on it seems as if they were all dissolving ; but, in reality, they are only shedding their non-essentials, which is a painful and demoralizing process. When in the Arctic seas the sun gains power to soften the ice and melt the snows, the first effects upon the ice-bound fleets of fishermen and navigators are disagreeable, if not injurious. Everything is soft, damp, unstable ; the snug snow-packing, which had protected and warmed the imprisoned mariners so long, becomes a source of discomfort ; and the ice-roads which had borne them stiffly up are safe no longer. But the thaw is about to set them FREE, and send them careering over the boundless deep.

Our Israelitish brethren, besides sharing in the influences which are mitigating all creeds and liberalizing all minds, are now subjected to a trial peculiar to themselves. From being persecuted everywhere, they are beginning to be honored and sought. The grand example of the youngest of the nations in protecting all religions equally, while recognizing none, has had its effect in improving the condition of the

Jews throughout the greater part of Christendom and beyond Christendom. Within the recollection of men still young, Jews have been admitted to the British Parliament, where, I am informed by a distinguished Rabbi, who gloried in the fact, no Jew has ever sided with the party of reaction, except one, and he a renegade. The Jews to-day in the House of Commons vote on important measures with John Bright. The professor of Hebrew in the London University *is* a Hebrew; and among the Jewish students last year at Oxford and Cambridge, one was a senior wrangler and another the crack oarsman of his college. In London one of the noted clubs is Jewish, and there are so many Jews in the city government that they may almost be said to have the controlling influence. Happily, the Jews are not proselyters, and can be aldermen without using their office to get a sly advantage for their synagogue. Among the seventy-five thousand Jews in London, there are many business men who, despite the double Sunday, hold their own against Christian competitors, to say nothing of the much greater number who have no Sunday at all. There is one Jewish clothing-house in London that has thirteen stores and employs eleven thousand people.

In France the Jews are fortunate in the free Sunday permitted both by law and custom; and as a consequence there is less poverty among them than elsewhere. The Rabbis are paid from the public treasury, as the ministers of the various Christian denominations are, and the government courts their good-will. The Jewish newspaper in Paris describes in glowing words the manner in which "the Emperor's fête" was celebrated at the principal synagogue. A detachment of chasseurs, commanded by an officer, was stationed in the temple opposite the choir, and while the "Halel" was chanted the edifice resounded with the blast of trumpets from a military band. At the moment when the scroll of the Law was taken out of its sacred enclosure the troops presented arms, the trumpets sounded, and the organ pealed its melodious thunder. Thus the host is saluted on festive days at Notre Dame. In Paris, among a large number of other charitable organizations of Israelites, I find two designed to aid parents who desire to apprentice their children to trades. These are societies for paying the premiums required in Europe when apprentices are taken.

Throughout Germany Jews at length stand upon an equality before the law with Christians, — even in Austria, so long the citadel of conservatism. Austria has abolished all Sunday laws that would prevent Jews from cultivating land, and the Emperor has sought to compliment his Israelitish subjects by appointing two young Hebrew gentlemen to positions on his personal staff. This in Austria, where until 1860 a Jew could not exercise many of the most usual avocations, — could not be a farmer, miller, apothecary, brewer; and in some wide regions and populous places of the empire could not reside at all! In Frankfort, where the Rothschilds originated, the Jews are masters of everything. Those great bankers, as all the world knows, live in luxury more than regal; but all the world does not know that several members of this family are persons of genuine liberality of mind as well as bountifully liberal in charitable gifts. It is a pity the head of so conspicuous a house should not set a better example to Christians, by living more simply.* But all things in their

* "Not far from Ferney one of the Rothschilds has his magnificent palace, in sight of the lake and Mont Blanc. This chateau, and that of the king of Prussia at Babelsberg, are the finest that I have yet seen in Europe; yet the banker's is more costly and imperial than the king's, without, however, the least dash of vulgar extravagance in its splendor. I was assured that the interior is in keeping with the charming grounds; and a lady who was a frequent guest there told me that crowned heads were sometimes at the table, and the banquet was as stately as the company, so much so that the different courses were served by different bands of servants, each band with its own dress.

"I got a different impression of another branch of the Rothschild family from travelling awhile with some of them in Switzerland, and having consider-

time. When the time comes for general reaction against the burdensome and immoral splendors of modern life, — such as are described in Lothair, — the Jews will not be the last to adopt a style of elegant and rational simplicity.

Spain, wonderful to relate, joins the nations in restoring to the Jews the rights of man, of which she despoiled them four centuries ago. The Israelites of the world are now joining in a dollar subscription to build in Madrid a temple, worthy by its magnitude and splendor to commemorate the abrogation of the edict of 1492, which silenced Hebrew worship throughout Spain, and dismantled every synagogue. Within these few weeks Sweden has swept from her law books every remaining statute which made a distinction between Jews and Christians; and now, except in Russia and the Papal States, there is, I believe, no part of Europe where an Israelite has not the essential rights of a citizen, so far as they are enjoyed by the rest of the people.

If any one desires to revive his detestation of caste, the oppression of class by class, of color by color, of race by race, let him mark in the history of this people how *uniformly* they rise and expand and ennoble when the stigma is removed and the repressive laws are abolished. Always complying with the fundamental conditions of prosperous existence, that is, being always as a people chaste, temperate, industrious, and frugal, they have only needed a fair chance to develop more shining qualities. Americans need not recur to history to learn this. We need only to walk down Broadway as far as Castle Garden (where all the histories of all the nations come to a focus and show their net results), and compare Israelites fresh from the countries where they have been oppressed and despised for many centuries with Israelites who have lived in the United States for one or two generations. America can boast no better citizens, nor more refined circles, than the good Jewish families of New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Philadelphia.

Not that the repression of ages can be overcome in a few years. We must expect that many Jews will long continue to exhibit unpleasing traits peculiar to themselves; and in some instances we shall observe that those traits, subdued in a parent, will reappear in his children. We have a highly interesting example in the author of Lothair. The elder D'Israeli, though descended from a line of moneyed men, was curiously devoid of the commercial spirit, caring for nothing but his books and his collections of literary curiosities, — a guileless, unaspiring student. His gifted son revels in the external. After fifty years of familiarity with the sumptuous life of very rich people, he writes of jewels in the manner of a dealer, and of nobles in the spirit of a footman.

One of the happy effects of light and liberty upon a religious body is to divide it. It is only people who do not think at all that value themselves upon thinking alike. Black night is uniform: daylight shows a thousand hues. Ignorance is a unit: knowledge is manifold. As long as the Jews were persecuted, they clung to ancient usage and doctrine with thoughtless tenacity; their whole strength being employed in the mere clutch. But when the repressive and restrictive laws were relaxed, the *mind* of the Jews resumed its office; divisions arose among them; and the world began to hear of the Orthodox and the Reformed. Women, for example, are profoundly honored by the men of Israel, as they are by all the chaste races (and by no others); yet they retained in their morning service that insulting thanksgiving: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God,

able conversation with the ladies. They were accomplished, elegant, and unpretending, with no outward mark of station but attendant servants; and I was not a little surprised and instructed to find that the courtly mother was at once so zealous a daughter of Israel as to change her plans of journeying in order to keep some of the great days of the synagogue, and at the same time so much of a liberal as to delight greatly in the writings of Theodore Parker." — *Rev. Samuel Osgood, in New York Evening Post.*

King of the Universe, who hast not made me a heathen; who hast not made me a slave; who hast not made me a WOMAN!" While the men were uttering these offensive words, the women were required to accept their hard destiny by thanking God for having "made them according to his will," and imploring him to deliver them from "impudent faces," "a bad man," "an evil eye," "an oppressive lawsuit," "an implacable opponent," and other evils. All this had become unsuitable, but it was retained. Then, in ancient times when almanacs were not, the festivals (all regulated by the moon) were required to be kept for two days, instead of one, lest the time of the new moon should not have been exactly ascertained. This inconvenient custom was maintained in rigor, although the moment of the birth of the new moon was known to every family. In Palestine the eating of shell-fish and pork was forbidden, because in that country those articles were thought to induce leprosy; and so in New York and London not a Jew would eat an oyster or a sausage. For similar reasons, minute directions were given by the ancient lawgivers respecting the mode of killing animals, all of which were, doubtless, necessary or humane at the time; and down to a recent period every Jewish community had its butcher, and no man would kill a chicken except in the authorized way. The service of four hours on the Sabbath was much too long; but on high days the pious Israelites were engaged in public worship for eight hours without a pause. Veritable rams' horns were blown in the temple; and every Jew who built a house left some visible part of it unfinished to denote that the Temple was still in ruins. All life was overlaid with minute observances, and religion was to many families almost as much a burden as a solace.

In one of the stories published in "Friday Evening," there is a scene which illustrates the ruthless tyranny of ancient custom when it has acquired the sanction of religion. A poor family of Jews had just seated themselves at the table to enjoy the Sabbath dinner, for which the father, in the midst of cruel misfortunes, had ventured to provide a fine, fat goose. The eagerly expected moment arrives; the children gaze breathless as the majestic bird is placed upon the table; and the happy father, with beaming countenance, begins to use the carving-knife.

"The goose was at length completely carved, and still rested in delicious morsels on the plate before him, when, suddenly, little Schimmele cried out: 'Look, look, there is a nail driven in the goose!'

"'Where? where?' demanded at the same time both father and mother. The child pointed to the place, and there, indeed, the nail was revealed.

"The knife dropped quickly from our Anschel's hand, who stood transfixed, his face paler than the cloth before him on the table. Esther at once removed the bird, and ordered Schimmele to hasten to the Rabbi's house, and inquire of him if it were unclean or not. The boy seized the dish, covered it with a napkin, and staggered away under his tempting load as fast as legs could bear him.

"Meanwhile, gloomy and melancholy silence reigned throughout the house. The children gazed on with an expression of disappointment and dismay. Anschel lowered his eyes, whilst Esther sat immovably in her seat without uttering a word.

"A few minutes afterwards Schimmele returned, but his countenance foreboded no good; tears were in his eyes.

"'Well?' demanded Esther, as he stood irresolutely on the threshold.

"'The goose — the goose is unclean,' replied the boy, after a desperate effort, sobbing."

It was all over with the Sabbath banquet! No one thought of eating a morsel of the goose.

I have before me a curious narrative of a young Jewish lady in Southern Russia, venturing to carry a parasol in the streets on the Sabbath. Her

mother, reproached by the stricter Israelites for allowing her daughter thus to transgress traditional law, forbade the young lady ever again on the sacred day to interpose a human invention between her fair countenance and the sun's rays. The daughter, offended, refused to go out at all on the Sabbath, and after four months the mother relented, saying: "I am not so strict as my mother is, and you will not be so strict as I am. You may, therefore, just as well begin now to practise your laxer principles; it is of no use trying to make you what I am myself." The grandmother, in fact, was a pilgrim in the Holy Land, whither she had gone to end her days; the mother was merely a good orthodox Jewess; the daughter was willing to carry a parasol on Saturday!

The recent movement among our Israelitish brethren toward Reform is merely the revolt of emancipated intelligence against the rites, usages, and doctrines which had become unsuitable and obstructive. It is a reassertion of the supreme authority of human reason. The reformers, while clinging with the tenacity of their race to the two essentials, — God and the Sabbath, — demand and concede in all minor matters perfect liberty! Nor do they adhere to the weekly day of rest so much because it is commanded, as because it is best. The most advanced statement of the reformed ideas is a little work published a few weeks ago, "What is Judaism?" by Rev. Rafael D. C. Lewin of New York. Mr. Lewin, in discoursing upon the laws and rites ordained by Moses, asserts that they are obligatory only so long as they answer the end intended. "As soon," he remarks, "as reason has decided that the time for their observance has passed, that they no longer effect their purpose, that according to the age in which we live the religious Idea, if requiring an outer covering at all, needs one of different materials, then the observance of them has forever passed, and a continuance of them is but a violation of those grand eternal principles which constitute pure Judaism."

Sacrifices, according to this bold writer, were permitted only in condescension to the barbarism of primitive tribes, and he ventures upon the tremendous audacity of saying, that even the venerated rite of circumcision must give way before advancing intelligence! He evidently regards it as the merest relic of barbarism, and speaks of the coming abrogation of all such usages as "a glorious event." Again and again he holds language like this: "Judaism is religion, and religion is life, spirit; it is neither letter nor law. The Bible is the word of God only when it is construed from its spiritual signification. There is nothing supernatural about the Bible. It is not a revelation of God's will imparted to any certain man under mysterious circumstances, nor is it a direct communication from God to man. It is a book, and only a book; a book written by mortal hands, a book containing ideas, sentiments, and doctrines emanating from the brain of man." But, he adds, although the Bible is man's work, wherever in it the true spirit of religion is expressed, there, but only there, is it "the true inspired word of God."

Few of our Israelitish brethren are yet prepared to receive such advanced heresy as this. Perhaps one third of all the Jews in the United States are still orthodox; another third neglect religion except on the greatest days of the religious year, and are indifferent on the disputed questions; another third are in various stages of Reform, a few even going beyond Mr. Lewin. A very small number, both in Germany and America, are prepared, for reasons of convenience, to adopt the first day of the week instead of their Sabbath. They say truly that the essential thing is to rescue *a* day from business for the higher interests of man; and, that great boon being secured, the only other point of importance is, that we should all have the same day. This idea, however, is held in aversion by a vast majority of the Jewish people, and

it will be many years in making its way to general acceptance. Meanwhile they employ our Sunday in holding their religious schools and in transacting the business of synagogue and charity.

The difference of opinion between the Orthodox and the Reformed does not create visible division among them, because the Jews are congregationalists. Each synagogue is independent in all respects. There is no ecclesiastical body nor Chief Rabbi in the United States, to interfere in the concerns, to criticise the ritual, or censure the belief of any congregation. If a congregation is in need of a minister, a preacher, a reader, a sexton, it simply advertises for one, stating the salary to be given, and usually whether the congregation is Orthodox or Reformed. In almost any of our Jewish papers we can find a long string of advertisements like the following: —

WANTED. — The Cong. *Anshe Chesed*, of this city, desire to engage a minister for the term of five years from August next, at the yearly salary of three thousand dollars. He is expected to deliver sermons in German, and to superintend the congregational school.

Applications and testimonials to be handed before the 8th of April next.

THE Congregation *Anshe Chesed*, of Vicksburg, Miss., desire to engage a gentleman to take charge of their new temple. It is requisite that he be able to lecture in the English as well as in the German language, and perform the functions of Chazan, leader and instructor of a choir.

A salary of $ 3,000 per annum will be paid.

Competent men are invited to correspond with the undersigned on the subject, and enclose references and testimonials.

TO CONGREGATIONS. — A gentleman, who has for a number of years filled the position of Chazan, Baal Korah, and teacher of Hebrew and German in a rather large congregation, but on account of religious principles has given up his situation, is anxious to meet with a similar position in an Orthodox congregation, in either city or country. He is a well-qualified Shochet and practical Mohel,* and, though not a professional preacher, able to lecture in both German and English languages.

The best of references can be given.

WANTED. — A CHAZAN and SHOCHET, (Orthodox) by Congregation K. Keneseth Israel, of Richmond, Va., within sixty days from date. Salary, $ 1,000. Applicants must have the best of recommendations, and must be able to deliver a discourse. No travelling expenses allowed.

* Circumciser.

WANTED. — A SHOCHET and CHAZAN (Orthodox) by the Congregation Beth Ee, of Buffalo, N. Y. Election to take place Sunday in Chalamood Pesach (April). Applicants must have the best of recommendations. No travelling expenses allowed.

In every congregation there is, of course, a party inclined to reform, and a party of sticklers for "the good old ways of our fathers." The occasional election of a minister furnishes an opportunity for measuring the strength of the two; and each member has always the resource of joining another congregation more in accord with his own disposition. Nor can there be very bitter contentions in a religious body that never thinks of winning proselytes, and has only a faint and vague belief in retribution beyond the grave. Among the thirty-two congregations in New York, the two most conspicuous represent the extremes of Orthodoxy and Reform, but there appears to be good-will between them, and they unite in the support of charitable institutions.

The most costly and picturesque edifice in the Fifth Avenue, New York, if we except the unfinished Roman Catholic cathedral, is the new Temple Immanuel, belonging to a reformed congregation. The interior, which is bright with gilding and many-hued fresco, is arranged so much like one of our churches, that no one would suspect its Oriental character. Men and women sit together; the men are uncovered and wear no scarf; there is an organ; the Saturday morning service lasts but two hours; some of the prayers are read in English, others in German, others in Hebrew; the scroll of the Law is solemnly taken from the ark, laid upon the desk and a portion read, but it is not elevated; and there is always a sermon, one week by the minister, Dr. Adler, in German, and the next, by the English preacher, Dr. Gutheim, in English. The service, in general, is extremely like that of the Episcopal church when the prayers are intoned and the psalms and responses are chanted. A stranger coming in by chance, and seeing the read-

er, the minister, and the English preacher dressed in ample gowns of black silk and wearing university caps, might suppose he had strayed into an Episcopal church where three professors from Oxford were conducting the service in a style recently introduced in England, but not yet known in America.

The Sunday school of this spacious and magnificent temple exhibits two novelties worthy of consideration: 1. Every class has its own room; 2. The teachers are *paid* at the rate of five dollars for each Sunday. Instead, therefore, of the Sunday school presenting a scene of chaos with Babel accompaniment, it is as quiet, efficient, and orderly as a well-arranged week-day school. At ten, the pupils assemble in a large room in the basement of the temple. The stroke of a bell calls them to order; one of the pupils — perhaps a little girl — is called to the platform, and the school rises and remains standing, while she says a very short prayer; all responding with a loud AMEN! When the school is seated again, another child is invited to the piano, and, as she plays a lively march, the classes, each in its turn, march to their rooms, where they remain two hours under instruction; at noon they march back to the music of the piano, into the large apartment, where another little prayer is said by one of the children, a hymn is sung, and the school is dismissed.

To an outside barbarian it is sorrowful to see such bright young intelligences fed upon lists of ancient kings, Hebrew roots, and innutritious catechism; but we have to steel ourselves against emotions of that kind whenever we look upon such a gathering. The world is full of minds whose growth was early arrested by mere lack of nutrition.

In all New York there is no ecclesiastical establishment more vigorously alive than this Temple Immanuel. Free from debt, and even possessing a handsome surplus in the form of unsold pews, it expends annually about forty thousand dollars in salaries, repairs, and insurance, and gives away an average of thirty thousand dollars in charity. On one occasion recently it raised sixteen thousand dollars for a hospital, to which patients of all religions or of none are equally welcome. In this congregation, as in all others, there are societies for ministering to the sick, burying the dead, assisting the poor, and aiding oppressed Israelites in other lands. The ancient festivals are not neglected; but if you converse much with the fathers and mothers, you will suspect that the day of the year which really interests and kindles the people most is the one on which, in the presence of the greatest congregation of the year, the children are confirmed.

The Jews are happy in the United States. There are now two hundred congregations of them here, half of whom have arrived within the last twelve years. They are good citizens, firmly attached to those liberal principles to which they owe their deliverance from degrading and oppressive laws, and are rising in the esteem of the people among whom they dwell. Their attachment to the system of universal education is hereditary; it dates back three thousand years; and though their religious feelings are wounded by the opening exercises of many public schools, they would not for that reason destroy them. They prefer rather to rally warmly to their support, trusting to the magnanimity and growing good sense of their fellow-citizens to spare their children, at length, the pain of taking part in exercises which they regard as idolatrous. For this they are willing to wait. They hope, also, to see the day when the thanksgiving proclamations of governors and presidents will be so worded that they, too, can comply with them; though of late they have viewed with needless alarm the attempts, on the part of a few well-intentioned persons, to break the silence of the Constitution respecting religion.

Our Israelitish brethren object, and with reason, to a thoughtless habit of some reporters in speaking of a person

arrested for an infamous crime as "a Jew." They say that, before the law, Jews are citizens merely; the word *Jew* being now descriptive, not of their nationality, but of their religion. Why not, they ask, report that Patrick O'Mulligan, a Roman Catholic, was arrested for drunkenness, or John Smith, a Presbyterian, was tried for forgery?

But nothing irritates this good-tempered people so much as the societies maintained for the purpose of converting them to the faith which for so many centuries made their lives shameful and bitter. Amiable as they are, they really resent this effort with some warmth. They point with derision to the fact that the society in London expends fifty thousand pounds sterling per annum in converting a dozen or two poverty-stricken wretches, and sending abroad, on highly interesting tours, a few plausible renegades. The very organ of this society confesses that poor Jews in London are morally superior to poor Christians. "As to their moral qualities," says the editor of Jewish Intelligence, in the number for November, 1862, "the evidence seems to show that the lower class of Jews are *decidedly superior* to the same class among ourselves. They are far less given to drinking; their religious customs enforce a certain amount of cleanliness, both personal and in their dwellings; and two families are never found inhabiting the same apartment!" We can hardly be surprised at the Jews for regarding the maintenance of such societies as a standing menace and insult. Fifty thousand pounds a year, drawn from the limited benevolence fund of Christendom, is too much to waste upon such missionaries as write the reports in the magazine of the London Society for converting the Jews.

Our Israelitish brethren in the United States have their own battle to fight. It is substantially the same as ours. They, too, have to deal with overwhelming masses of ignorance and poverty, just able to get across the ocean, and arriving helpless at Castle Garden. They, too, have to save morality, decency, civilization, while the old bondage of doctrine and habit is gradually loosened. In this struggle Jews and Christians should be allies; and allies are equals.

James Parton.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"IT cannot be!" cried Joseph, looking at the doctor with an agonized face; "it is too dreadful!"

"There is no room for doubt in relation to the cause. I suspect that her nervous system has been subjected to a steady and severe tension, probably for years past. This may have induced a condition, or at least a temporary paroxysm, during which she was — you understand me — not wholly responsible for her actions. You must have noticed whether such a condition preceded this catastrophe."

Lucy looked from one to the other, and back to the livid face on the pillow, unable to ask a question, and not yet comprehending that the end had come. Joseph arose at the doctor's words.

"That is my guilt," he said. "I was excited and angry, for I had been bitterly deceived. I warned her that her life must henceforth conform to mine: my words were harsh and violent. I told her that we had at last ascertained each other's true natures, and proposed a serious discussion for the purpose of arranging our common future, this afternoon. Can she have

misunderstood my meaning? It was not separation, not divorce: I only meant to avoid the miserable strife of the last few weeks. Who could imagine that this would follow?"

Even as he spoke the words Joseph remembered the tempting fancy which had passed through his own mind, — and the fear of Philip, — as he stood on the brink of the rock, above the dark, sliding water. He covered his face with his hands and sat down. What right had he to condemn her, to pronounce her mad? Grant that she had been blinded by her own unbalanced, excitable nature rather than consciously false; grant that she had really loved him, that the love survived under all her vain and masterful ambition, — and how could he doubt it after the dying words and looks, — it was then easy to guess how sorely she had been wounded, how despair should follow her fierce excitement! Her words, "Go away! *you* have killed me!" were now explained. He groaned in the bitterness of his self-accusation. What were all the trials he had endured to this? How light seemed the burden from which he was now free! how gladly would he bear it, if the day's words and deeds could be unsaid and undone!

The doctor, meanwhile, had explained the manner of Julia's death to Lucy Henderson. She, almost overcome with this last horror, could only agree with his conjecture, for her own evidence confirmed it. Joseph had forborne to mention her presence in the garden, and she saw no need of repeating his words to her; but she described Julia's convulsive excitement, and her refusal to admit her to her room, half an hour before the first attack of the poison. The case seemed entirely clear to both.

"For the present," said the doctor, "let us say nothing about the suicide. There is no necessity for a *post mortem* examination: the symptoms, and the presence of arsenic in the glass, are quite sufficient to establish the cause of death. You know what a foolish idea of disgrace is attached to families here in the country when such a thing happens, and Mr. Asten is not now in a state to bear much more. At least, we must save him from painful questions until after the funeral is over. Say as little as possible to him: he is not in a condition to listen to reason: he believes himself guilty of her death."

"What shall I do?" cried Lucy: "will you not stay until the man, Dennis, returns? Mr. Asten's aunt must be fetched immediately."

It was not a quarter of an hour before Dennis arrived, followed by Philip and Madeline Held.

Lucy, who had already despatched Dennis, with a fresh horse, to Magnolia, took Philip and Madeline into the dining-room, and hurriedly communicated to them the intelligence of Julia's death. Philip's heart gave a single leap of joy; then he compelled himself to think of Joseph and the exigencies of the situation.

"You cannot stay here alone," he said. "Madeline must keep you company. I will go up and take care of Joseph: we must think of both the living and the dead."

No face could have been half so comforting in the chamber of death as Philip's. The physician had, in the mean time, repeated to Joseph the words he had spoken to Lucy, and now Joseph said, pointing to Philip, "Tell *him* everything!"

Philip, startled as he was, at once comprehended the situation. He begged Dr. Hartman to leave all further arrangements to him, and to summon Mrs. Bishop, the wife of one of Joseph's near neighbors, on his way home. Then, taking Joseph by the arm, he said: —

"Now come with me. We will leave this room awhile to Lucy and Madeline; but neither must you be alone. If I am anything to you, Joseph, now is the time when my presence should be some slight comfort. We need not speak, but we will keep together."

Joseph clung the closer to his friend's arm, without speaking, and they passed out of the house. Philip led him, mechanically, towards the garden, but as

they drew near the avenue of box-trees Joseph started back, crying out: —

"Not there! — O, not there!"

Philip turned in silence, conducted him past the barn into the grass-field, and mounted the hill towards the pin-oak on its summit. From this point the house was scarcely visible, behind the fir-trees and the huge weeping-willow, but the fair hills around seemed happy under the tender sky, and the melting, vapory distance, seen through the southern opening of the valley, hinted of still happier landscapes beyond. As Joseph contemplated the scene, the long strain upon his nerves relaxed: he leaned upon Philip's shoulder, as they sat side by side, and wept passionately.

"If she had not died!" he murmured, at last.

Philip was hardly prepared for this exclamation, and he did not immediately answer.

"Perhaps it is better for me to talk," Joseph continued. "You do not know the whole truth, Philip. You have heard of her madness, but not of my guilt. What was it I said when we last met? I cannot recall it now; but I know that I feared to call my punishment unjust. Since then I have deserved it all, and more. If I am a child, why should I dare to handle fire? If I do not understand life, why should I dare to set death in motion?"

He began, and related everything that had passed since they parted on the banks of the stream. He repeated the words that had been spoken in the house and in the garden, and the last broken sentences that came from Julia's lips. Philip listened with breathless surprise and attention. The greater part of the narrative made itself clear to his mind; his instinctive knowledge of Julia's nature enabled him to read much further than was then possible to Joseph; but there was a mystery connected with the suicide which he could not fathom. Her rage he could easily understand; her apparent submission to Joseph's request, however, — her manifest desire to live, on overhearing the physician's fears, — her last incomplete sentence, "I — did — not — mean —" indicated no such fatal intention, but the reverse. Moreover, she was too inherently selfish, even in the fiercest paroxysm of disappointment, to take her own life, he believed. All the evidence justified him in this view of her nature, yet at the same time rendered her death more inexplicable.

It was no time to mention these doubts to Joseph. His only duty was to console and encourage.

"There is no guilt in accident," he said. "It was a crisis which must have come, and you took the only course possible to a man. If she felt that she was defeated, and her mad act was the consequence, think of your fate had she felt herself victorious!"

"It could have been no worse than it was," Joseph answered. "And she might have changed: I did not give her time. I have accused my own mistaken education, but I had no charity, no pity for hers!"

When they descended the hill Mrs. Bishop had arrived, and the startled household was reduced to a kind of dreary order. Dennis, who had driven with speed, brought Rachel Miller at dusk, and Philip and Madeline then departed, taking Lucy Henderson with them. Rachel was tearful, but composed; she said little to her nephew, but there was a quiet, considerate tenderness in her manner, which soothed him more than any words.

The reaction from so much fatigue and excitement almost prostrated him. When he went to bed in his own guest-room, feeling like a stranger in a strange house, he lay for a long time between sleep and waking, haunted by all the scenes and personages of his past life. His mother's face, so faded in memory, came clear and fresh from the shadows; a boy whom he had loved in his school-days floated with fair, pale features just before his closed eyes; and around and between them there was woven a web of twilights and moonlights and sweet, sunny days,

each linked to some grief or pleasure of the buried years. It was a keen, bitter joy, a fascinating torment, from which he could not escape. He was caught and helplessly ensnared by the phantoms, until, late in the night, the strong claim of nature drove them away and left him in a dead, motionless, dreamless slumber.

Philip returned in the morning, and devoted the day not less to the arrangements which must necessarily be made for the funeral than to standing between Joseph and the awkward and inquisitive sympathy of the neighbors. Joseph's continued weariness favored Philip's exertions, while at the same time it blunted the edge of his own feelings, and helped him over that cold, bewildering, dismal period, during which a corpse is lord of the mansion and controls the life of its inmates.

Towards evening Mr. and Mrs. Blessing, who had been summoned by telegraph, made their appearance. Clementina did not accompany them. They were both dressed in mourning: Mrs. Blessing was grave and rigid, Mr. Blessing flushed and lachrymose. Philip conducted them first to the chamber of the dead and then to Joseph.

"It is so sudden, so shocking!" Mrs. Blessing sobbed; "and Julia always seemed so healthy! What have you done to her, Mr. Asten, that she should be cut off in the bloom of her youth?"

"Eliza!" exclaimed her husband, with his handkerchief to his eyes; "do not say anything which might sound like a reproach to our heart-broken son! There are many foes in the citadel of life: they may be undermining our — our foundations, at this very moment!"

"No," said Joseph; "you, her father and mother, must hear the truth. I would give all I have in the world if I were not obliged to tell it."

It was, at the best, a painful task; but it was made doubly so by exclamations, questions, intimations, which he was forced to hear. Finally Mrs. Blessing asked, in a tone of alarm: —

"How many persons know of this?"

"Only the physician and three of my friends," Joseph answered.

"They must be silent! It might ruin Clementina's prospects if it were generally known. To lose one daughter and to have the life of another blasted would be too much."

"Eliza," said her husband, "we must try to accept whatever is inevitable. It seems to me that I no more recognize Julia's usually admirable intellect in her — yes, I must steel myself to say the word! — her suicide, than I recognized her features just now; unless Decay's effacing fingers have already swept the lines where beauty lingers. I warned her of the experiment, for such I felt it to be; yet in this last trying experience I do not complain of Joseph's disappointment, and his temporary — I trust it is only temporary — suspicion. We must not forget that he has lost more than we have."

"Where is — " Joseph began, endeavoring to turn the conversation from this point.

"Clementina? I knew you would find her absence unaccountable. We instantly forwarded a telegram to Long Branch: the answer said, 'My grief is great, but it is quite impossible to come.' Why impossible she did not particularize, and we can only conjecture. When I consider her age and lost opportunities, and the importance which a single day, even a fortunate situation, may possess for her at present, it seems to remove some of the sharpness of the serpent's tooth. Neither she nor we are responsible for Julia's rash taking off; yet it is always felt as a cloud which lowers upon the family. There was a similar case among the De Belsains, during the Huguenot times, but we never mention it. For your sake silence is rigidly imposed upon us; since the preliminary — what shall I call it? — dis-harmony of views? — would probably become a part of the narrative."

"Pray do not speak of that now!" Joseph groaned.

"Pardon me; I will not do so again.

Our minds naturally become discursive under the pressure of grief. It is easier for me to talk at such times than to be silent and think. My power of recuperation seems to be spiritual as well as physical; it is congenital, and therefore exposes me to misconceptions. But we can close over the great abyss of our sorrow, and hide it from view in the depth of our natures, without dancing on the platform which covers it."

Philip turned away to hide a smile, and even Mrs. Blessing exclaimed: "Really, Benjamin, you are talking heartlessly!"

"I do not mean it so," he said, melting into tears, "but so much has come upon me all at once! If I lose my buoyancy, I shall go to the bottom like a foundered ship! I was never cut out for the tragic parts of life; but there are characters who smile on the stage and weep behind the scenes. And, you know, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

He was so touched by the last words he spoke, that he leaned his head upon his arms and wept bitterly.

Then Mrs. Blessing, weeping also, exclaimed: "O, don't take on so, Benjamin!"

Philip put an end to the scene, which was fast becoming a torment to Joseph. But, later in the evening, Mr. Blessing again sought the latter, softly apologizing for the intrusion, but declaring that he was compelled, then and there, to make a slight explanation.

"When you called, the other evening," he said, "I was worn out, and not competent to grapple with such an unexpected revelation of villany. I had been as ignorant of Kanuck's real character as you were. All our experience of the world is sometimes at fault; but where the Reverend Dr. Lellifant was first deceived, my own case does not seem so flagrant. Your early information, however, enabled me (through third parties) to secure a partial sale of the stock held by yourself and me, — at something of a sacrifice, it is true; but I prefer not to dissociate myself entirely from the enterprise. I do not pretend to be more than the merest tyro in geology; nevertheless, as I lay awake last night, — being, of course, unable to sleep after the shock of the telegram, — I sought relief in random scientific fancies. It occurred to me that since the main Chowder wells are 'spouting,' their source or reservoir must be considerably higher than the surface. Why might not that source be found under the hills of the Amaranth? If so, the Chowder would be tapped at the fountain-head and the flow of Pactolean grease would be ours! When I return to the city I shall need instantly — after the fearful revelations of to-day — some violently absorbing occupation; and what could be more appropriate? If anything could give repose to Julia's unhappy shade, it would be the knowledge that her faith in the Amaranth was at last justified! I do not presume to awaken your confidence: it has been too deeply shaken; all I ask is, that I may have the charge of your shares, in order — without calling upon you for the expenditure of another cent, you understand — to rig a jury-mast on the wreck, and, D. V., float safely into port!"

"Why should I refuse to trust you with what is already worthless?" said Joseph.

"I will admit even *that*, if you desire. '*Exitus acta probat*,' was Washington's motto; but I don't consider that we have yet reached the *exitus!* Thank you, Joseph! Your question has hardly the air of returning confidence, but I will force myself to consider it as such, and my labor will be to deserve it."

He wrung Joseph's hand, shed a few more tears, and betook himself to his wife's chamber. "Eliza, let us be calm: we never know our strength until it has been tried," he said to her, as he opened his portmanteau and took from it the wicker-covered flask.

Then came the weariest and dreariest day of all, — when the house must be thrown open to the world; when in one room the corpse must be displayed for solemn stares and whispered comments, while in another the prepara-

tion of the funeral meats absorbs all the interest of half a dozen busy women; when the nearest relatives of the dead sit together in a room up stairs, hungering only for the consolations of loneliness and silence; when all talk under their voices, and uncomfortably fulfil what they believe to be their solemn duty; and when even Nature is changed to all eyes, and the mysterious gloom of an eclipse seems to fall from the most unclouded sun.

There was a general gathering of the neighbors from far and near. The impression seemed to be — and Philip was ready to substantiate it — that Julia had died in consequence of a violent convulsive spasm, which some attributed to one cause and some to another.

The Rev. Mr. Chaffinch made his way, as by right, to the chamber of the mourners. Rachel Miller was comforted in seeing him, Mr. and Mrs. Blessing sadly courteous, and Joseph strengthened himself to endure with patience what might follow. After a few introductory words, and a long prayer, the clergyman addressed himself to each, in turn, with questions or remarks which indicated a fierce necessity of resignation.

"I feel for you, brother," he said, as he reached Joseph and bent over his chair. "It is an inscrutable visitation, but I trust you submit, in all obedience?"

Joseph bowed silently.

"He has many ways of searching the heart," Mr. Chaffinch continued. "Your one precious comfort must be that *she* believed, and that she is now in glory. O, if you would but resolve to follow in her footsteps! He shows His love, in that he chastens you: it is a stretching out of His hand, a visible offer of acceptance, this on one side, and the lesson of our perishing mortality on the other! Do you not feel your heart awfully and tenderly moved to approach Him?"

Joseph sat, with bowed head, listening to the smooth, unctuous, dismal voice at his ear, until the tension of his nerves became a positive physical pain. He longed to cry aloud, to spring up and rush away; his heart was moved, but not awfully and tenderly. It had been yearning towards the pure Divine Light in which all confusions of the soul are disentangled; but now some opaque foreign substance intervened, and drove him back upon himself. How long the torture lasted he did not know. He spake no word, and made no further sign.

Then Philip took him and Rachel Miller down, for the last conventional look at the stony, sunken face. He was seated here and led there; he was dimly conscious of a crowd, of murmurs and steadfast faces; he heard some one whisper, "How dreadfully pale he looks!" and wondered whether the words could possibly refer to him. Then there was the welcome air and the sunshine, and Dennis driving them slowly down the lane, following a gloomy vehicle, in which *something* — not surely the Julia whom he knew — was carried.

He recalled but one other such stupor of the senses: it was during the performance of the marriage ceremony.

But the longest day wears out at last; and when night came only Philip was beside him. The Blessings had been sent to Oakland Station for the evening train to the city, and Joseph's shares in the Amaranth Company were in their portmanteau.

CHAPTER XXV.

For a few days it almost seemed to Joseph that the old order of his existence had been suddenly restored, and the year of his betrothal and marriage had somehow been intercalated into his life simply as a test and trial. Rachel Miller was back again, in her old capacity, and he did not yet see — what would have been plain to any other eyes — that her manner towards him was far more respectful and considerate than formerly. But, in fact, she made a wide distinction between the "boy" that he had been and the man and

widower which he had come to be. At first, she had refused to see the dividing line: having crossed it, her new course soon became as natural and fixed as the old. She was the very type of a mechanically developed old maid, — inflexibly stern towards male youth, devotedly obedient to male maturity.

Joseph had been too profoundly moved to lose at once the sense of horror which the manner of Julia's death had left in his heart. He could not forgive himself for having, though never so ignorantly, driven her to madness. He was troubled, restless, unhappy; and the mention of his loss was so painful that he made every effort to avoid hearing it. Some of his neighbors, he imagined, were improperly curious in their inquiries. He felt bound, since the doctor had suggested it, since Philip and Lucy had acquiesced, and Mrs. Blessing had expressed so much alarm lest it might become known, to keep the suicide a secret; but he was driven so closely by questions and remarks that his task became more and more difficult.

Had the people taken offence at his reticence? It seemed so; for their manner towards him was certainly changed. Something in the look and voice; an indefinable uneasiness at meeting him; an awkward haste and lame excuses for it, — all these things forced themselves upon his mind. Elwood Withers, alone, met him as of old, with even a tenderer though a more delicately veiled affection; yet in Elwood's face he detected the signs of a grave trouble. It could not be possible, he thought, that Elwood had heard some surmise, or distorted echo, of his words to Lucy in the garden, — that there had been another listener besides Julia!

There were times, again, when he doubted all these signs, when he ascribed them to his own disturbed mind, and decided to banish them from his memory. He would stay quietly at home, he resolved, and grow into a healthier mood: he would avoid the society of men, until he should cease to wrong them by his suspicions.

First, however, he would see Philip; but on reaching the Forge he found Philip absent. Madeline received him with a subdued kindness in which he felt her sympathy; but it was also deeper, he acknowledged to himself, than he had any right to claim.

"You do not see much of your neighbors, I think, Mr. Asten?" she asked. The tone of her voice indicated a slight embarrassment.

"No," he answered; "I have no wish to see any but my friends."

"Lucy Henderson has just left us. Philip took her to her father's, and was intending to call at your place on his way home. I hope you will not miss him. That is," she added, while a sudden flush of color spread over her face, "I want you to see him to-day. I beg you won't take my words as intended for a dismissal."

"Not now, certainly," said Joseph. But he rose from his seat as he spoke.

Madeline looked both confused and pained. "I know that I spoke awkwardly," she said, "but indeed I was very anxious. It was also Lucy's wish. We have been talking about you this morning."

"You are very kind. And yet — I ought to wish you a more cheerful subject."

What was it in Madeline's face that haunted Joseph on his way home? The lightsome spirit was gone from her eyes, and they were troubled as if by the pressure of tears, held back by a strong effort. Her assumed calmness at parting seemed to cover a secret anxiety; he had never before seen her bright, free nature so clouded.

Philip, meanwhile, had reached the farm, where he was received by Rachel Miller.

"I am glad to find that Joseph is not at home," he said; "there are some things which I need to discuss with you, before I see him. Can you guess what they are? Have you heard nothing, — no stories?"

Rachel's face grew pale, yet there was a strong fire of indignation in her eyes. "Dennis told me an outrageous

report he had heard in the village," she said; "if you mean the same thing, you did well to see me first. You can help me to keep this insult from Joseph's knowledge."

"If I could I would, Miss Rachel. I share your feeling about it; but suppose the report were now so extended — and of course in a more exaggerated form the further it goes — that we cannot avoid its probable consequences? This is not like a mere slander, which can be suffered to die of itself. It is equivalent to a criminal charge, and must be faced."

She clasped her hands, and stared at him in terror.

"But why," she faltered, — "why does any one *dare* to make such a charge? And against the best, the most innocent — "

"The fact of the poisoning cannot be concealed," said Philip. "It appears, moreover, that one of the women who was in the house on the day of Julia's death heard her cry out to Joseph: 'Go away, — you have killed me!' I need not take up the reports any further; there is enough in these two circumstances to excite the suspicions of those who do not know Joseph as we do. It is better, therefore, to meet those suspicions before they come to us in a legal form."

"What can we do?" cried Rachel; "it is terrible!"

"One course is clear, if it is possible. We must try to discover not only the cause of Julia's suicide, but the place where she procured the poison, and her design in procuring it. She must have had it already in the house."

"I never thought of that. And her ways were so quiet and sly! How shall we ever find it out? O, to think that, dead and gone as she is, she can yet bring all this upon Joseph!"

"Try to be calm, Miss Rachel," said Philip. "I want your help, and you must have all your wits about you. First, you must make a very careful examination of her clothing and effects, even to the merest scrap of paper. A man's good name — a man's life, sometimes — hangs upon a thread, in the most literal sense. There is no doubt that Julia meant to keep a secret, and she must have had a strong reason; but we have a stronger one, now, to discover it. First, as to the poison; was there any arsenic in the house when Julia came?"

"Not a speck! I never kept it, even for rats."

"Then we shall begin with ascertaining where she bought it. Let us make our investigations secretly, and as speedily as possible. Joseph need not know, at present, what we have undertaken, but he must know the charge that hangs over him. Unless I tell him, he may learn it in a more violent way. I sent Elwood Withers to Magnolia yesterday, and his report leaves me no choice of action."

Rachel Miller felt, from the stern gravity of Philip's manner, that he had not exaggerated Joseph's danger. She consented to be guided by him in all things; and, this point being settled, they arranged a plan of action and communication, which was tolerably complete by the time Joseph returned.

As gently as possible Philip broke the unwelcome news; but, lightly as he pretended to consider it, Joseph's instinct saw at once what might be the consequences. The circumstances were all burned upon his consciousness, and it needed no reflection to show him how completely he was entangled in them.

"There is no alternative," he said, at last. "It was a mistake to conceal the cause of her death from the public: it is easy to misunderstand her exclamation, and make my crime out of her madness. I see the whole connection! This suspicion will not stop where it is. It will go further; and therefore I must anticipate it. I must demand a legal inquiry, before the law forces one upon me. If it is not my only method of defence, it is certainly my best!"

"You are right!" Philip exclaimed. "I knew this would be your decision; I said so to Madeline this morning."

Now Madeline's confused manner

became intelligible to Joseph. Yet a doubt still lingered in his mind. "Did she, did Madeline question it?" he asked.

"Neither she, nor Lucy Henderson. If you do this, I cannot see how it will terminate without a trial. Lucy may then happen to be an important witness."

Joseph started. "*Must* that be!" he cried. "Has not Lucy been already forced to endure enough, for my sake? Advise me, Philip! Is there any other way than I have proposed?"

"I see no other. But your necessity is far greater than that for Lucy's endurance. She is a friend, and there can be no sacrifice in so serving you. What are we all good for, if not to serve you in such a strait?"

"I would like to spare her, nevertheless," said Joseph, gloomily. "I meant so well towards all my friends, and my friendship seems to bring only disgrace and sorrow."

"Joseph!" Philip exclaimed, "you have saved one friend from more than disgrace and sorrow! I do not know what might have come, but you called me back from the brink of an awful, doubtful eternity! You have given me an infinite loss and an infinite gain! I only ask you, in return, to obey your first true, proud instinct of innocence, and let me, and Lucy, and Elwood be glad to take its consequences, for your sake!"

"I cannot help myself," Joseph answered. "My rash impatience and injustice will come to light, and that may be the atonement I owe. If Lucy will spare herself, and report me truly, as I must have appeared to her, she will serve me best."

"Leave that, now! The first step is what most concerns us. When will you be ready to demand a legal investigation?"

"At once! — to-morrow!"

"Then we will go together to Magnolia. I fear we cannot change the ordinary forms of procedure, and there must be bail for your appearance at the proper time."

"Already on the footing of a criminal?" Joseph murmured, with a sinking of the heart. He had hardly comprehended, up to this moment, what his position would be.

The next day they drove to the county town. The step had not been taken a moment too soon, for such representations had been made that a warrant for Joseph's arrest was in the hands of the constable, and would have been served in a few hours. Philip and Mr. Hopeton, who also happened to be in the town by a fortunate chance (though Philip knew how the chance came), offered to accept whatever amount of bail might be demanded. The matter was arranged as privately as possible, but it leaked out in some way, and Philip was seriously concerned lest the curiosity — perhaps, even, the ill-will — of a few persons might be manifested towards Joseph. He visited the offices of the county papers, and took care that the voluntary act should be stated in such a manner as to set its character properly before the people. Everything, he felt, depended on securing a fair and unprejudiced judgment of the case.

This, indeed, was far more important than even he suspected. In a country where the press is so entirely free, and where, owing to the lazy, indifferent habit of thought — or, rather, habit of *no* thought — of the people, the editorial views are accepted without scrutiny, a man's good name or life may depend on the coloring given to his acts by a few individual minds, it is especially necessary to keep the balance even, to offset one statement by another, and prevent a partial presentation of the case from turning the scales in advance. The same phenomena were as likely to present themselves here, before a small public, as in the large cities, where the whole population of the country become a more or less interested public. The result might hinge, not upon Joseph's personal character as his friends knew it, but upon the political party with which he was affiliated, the church to which he belonged,

— nay, even upon the accordance of his personal sentiments with the public sentiment of the community in which he lived. If he had dared to defy the latter, asserting the sacred right of his own mind to the largest liberty, he was already a marked man. Philip did not understand the extent and power of the external influences which control what we complacently call "justice," but he knew something of the world, and acted in reality more prudently than he supposed.

He was calm and cheerful for Joseph's sake; yet, now that the matter was irrevocably committed to the decision of a new, uninterested tribunal, he began to feel the gravity of his friend's position.

"I almost wish," Joseph said, as they drove homewards, "that no bail had been granted. Since the court meets in October, a few weeks of seclusion would do me no harm; whereas now I am a suspected person to nearly all whom I may meet."

"It is not agreeable," Philip answered, "but the discipline may be useful. The bail terminates when the trial commences, you understand, and you will have a few nights alone, as it is, — quite enough, I imagine, to make you satisfied with liberty under suspicion. However, I have one demand to make, Joseph! I have thought over all possible lines of defence; I have secured legal assistance for you, and we are agreed as to the course to be adopted. I do not think you can help us at all. If we find that you can, we will call upon you; in the mean time, wait and hope!"

"Why should I not?" Joseph asked. "I have nothing to fear, Philip."

"No!" But Philip's emphatic answer was intended to deceive. He was purposely false, knew himself to be so, and yet his conscience never troubled him less!

When they reached the farm, Philip saw by Rachel Miller's face that she had a communication to make. It required a little management to secure an interview with her without Joseph's knowledge; but some necessity for his presence at the barn favored his friend. No sooner were they alone than Rachel approached Philip hastily and said, in a hurried whisper: —

"Here! I have found something, at last! It took a mighty search: I thought I never *should* come upon the least bit that we could make anything of: but *this* was in the upper part of a box where she kept her rings and chains, and such likes! Take it, — it makes me uncomfortable to hold it in my fingers!"

She thrust a small paper into his hand.

It was folded very neatly, and there was an apothecary's label on the back. Philip read: "Ziba Linthicum's Drug store, No. 77 Main St., Magnolia." Under this printed address was written in large letters the word "Arsenic." On unfolding the paper he saw that a little white dust remained in the creases; quite enough to identify the character of the drug.

"I shall go back to-morrow!" he said. "Thank Heaven, we have got one clew to the mystery! Joseph must know nothing of this until all is explained; but while I am gone make another and more thorough search! Leave no corner unexplored: I am sure we shall find something more."

"I 'd rip up her dresses!" was Rachel's emphatic reply. "That is, if it would do any good. But perhaps feeling of the lining and the hems might be enough. I 'll take every drawer out, and move the furniture! But I must wait for daylight: I 'm not generally afeared, but there is some things, you know, which a body would as lief not do by night, with cracks and creaks all around you, which you don't seem to hear at other times."

Bayard Taylor.

REGRET.

SOFTLY Death touched her and she passed away
Out of this glad, bright world she made more fair,
Sweet as the apple-blossoms, when in May
The orchards flush, of summer grown aware.

All that fresh delicate beauty gone from sight,
That gentle, gracious presence felt no more!
How must the house be emptied of delight,
What shadows on the threshold she passed o'er!

She loved me. Surely I was grateful, yet
I could not give her back all she gave me, —
Ever I think of it with vain regret,
Musing upon a summer by the sea;

Remembering troops of merry girls who pressed
About me, — clinging arms and tender eyes,
And love, like scent of roses. With the rest
She came to fill my heart with new surprise.

The day I left them all and sailed away,
While o'er the calm sea, 'neath the soft gray sky
They waved farewell, she followed me, to say
Yet once again her wistful, sweet "good by."

At the boat's bow she drooped; her light green dress
Swept o'er the skiff in many a graceful fold,
Her glowing face, bright with a mute caress,
Crowned with her lovely hair of shadowy gold:

And tears she dropped into the crystal brine
For me, unworthy, as we slowly swung
Free of the mooring. Her last look was mine,
Seeking me still the motley crowd among.

O tender memory of the dead I hold
So precious through the fret and change of years!
Were I to live till Time itself grew old,
The sad sea would be sadder for those tears.

Celia Thaxter.

IRONY.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, reviving a doctrine of Origen, professed to have discovered in the sacred writings of the Hebrews this peculiarity, distinguishing it from other literatures, that, beside what the authors seem to say, — above or beneath the obvious meaning of the terms employed, — they say something else, and very different. If the Swedish theosopher is right in this view of them, the Hebrew Scriptures excel in the quality of irony. Not that the writers themselves "palter with us in a double sense." The writers themselves are supposed to be unconscious of the trailing mystery accompanying their earnest speech. But a spirit more subtile than the writer, lurking behind the pen, plays hide-and-seek with the reader. It sounds odd to speak of the Bible as the literature of irony, but, according to this view, it possesses that quality in an eminent degree. For the essence of literary irony consists in the "something behind," a spirit, a meaning, not wholly expressed in the literal sense of the writing. "Irony of the spirit" we may term this species.

The Irony of Passion.

The principle of irony must have a deep foundation in human nature, so universal is its manifestation, so diverse and opposite the moods of mind that in it find their fit expression. Joy, sorrow, love, hate, — all ironize. It is the native idiom of all passion which thus ekes out its imperfect utterance by drawing on its opposite. Excessive joy, no less than grief, finds vent in tears, and is ready to die of its own fulness. "If it were now to die," says Othello,

> "'T were now to be most happy; for I fear,
> My soul hath her content so absolute,
> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate."

On the other hand, overwhelming sorrow, no less than joy, disposes to mirth. Hamlet, stunned with grief and rage by the recent revelations of his father's ghost, summons his companions with the "Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come," of the falconer, and confides to Horatio, on promise of the strictest secrecy, the astounding fact that "there 's ne'er a villain in all Denmark but he 's an arrant knave." The backwoodsman, when, returning from his day's work, he finds that his whole family have been murdered by the Indians, says, "It 's too ridiculous," and laughs and dies.

Love delights in minifying and even disparaging terms of endearment, and often teases by way of blandishment: "Excellent *wretch!* . . . . but I do love thee." And often intense hatred borrows the vocabulary of praise.

Irony as Satire.

Irony, as commonly understood, is criticism by contraries. Emphasis is given to the real thought of the speaker by contrast with the thought professed; as when, in answer to Dalila's complaint that

> "In argument with men a woman ever
> Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause,"

Samson Agonistes retorts,

> "For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath."

A favorite kind of rhetorical irony is that of warning cloaked as pretended recommendation. Hoffmann's serious admonition to stage-managers and scene-shifters, after the model of Swift's advice to servants, is a happy instance. The writer warns them that poets and actors have complotted to deceive honest people, and make them believe that what they witness on the stage is actual events and persons, much to the prejudice of their understandings and their peace of mind; that consequently they, the managers and scene-shifters, are in duty bound, so far as in them lies, to frustrate this nefarious design, and to counteract the intended illusion.

"To this end, let them occasionally insert the wrong scene or drop the wrong curtain. In a scene representing a gloomy cave, let a little piece of the saloon behind appear, so that when the *prima donna* bewails in touching strains her cruel imprisonment, the spectator may listen undisturbed, knowing that the machinist has only to ring the bell, and the gloomy prison will disappear and the friendly saloon take its place. A very good device is, suddenly, in the midst of a lugubrious chorus, at the very moment of intensest interest, to let fall, as if by accident, a drop scene, separating the actors, so that a portion of those in the background shall be cut off from their interlocutors in the proscenium. . . . . I remember," he says, "seeing this measure employed with great effect, although with some incorrectness in the application, in a ballet. The *prima ballerina* was executing a beautiful *sola*. Just as she was pausing for a moment in a splendid attitude, and while the spectators, crazy with delight, were shouting and clapping, the machinist suddenly let fall a drop scene which shut her off from public view. But unfortunately the drop scene was a drawing-room with a great door in the middle, and before one was aware the resolute *danseuse* came hopping through the door, and continued her *sola*. See to it, therefore, that your drop scene on such occasions has no door."*

English literature, second to none in humorous satire, has many choice bits of rhetorical irony. The following is from Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry: —

"When I consider, my dear countrymen, the extent, fertility, and populousness of our Lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our trade, and the plenty of our manufactures, there are two reflections which administer great occasion of surprise: the one that all dignities and honors should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other that our own province should have arrived to that greatness it now possesses, without any regular system of laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure that I have observed of late the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require that we should labor, with infinite pains, to come up to the taste of these mountaineers, when they, without any, may condescend to ours. But as we now have an unquestionable majority on our side, I doubt not but we shall be shortly able to level these highlanders, and procure a further vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain. . . . . Furthermore, it were great cruelty if all such authors as cannot write in the other way were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical maxim, that poetry is a natural or morbid secretion of the brain. As I would not suddenly stop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbor's issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth that there is hardly any human creature past childhood but at one time or other has had some poetical evacuation, and no doubt was much the better for it in his health. . . . . I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully easy, lightsome, and cheerful upon the discharge of the peccant humor, in exceeding purulent metre. . . . . From hence it follows that a suppression of the very worst poetry is of dangerous consequence to the state. . . . . It is, therefore, manifest that mediocrity ought to be allowed, yea, indulged, to the good subjects of England."

Irony as a mode of satire describes a wide and rich province of letters, — a province embracing not a few of the choicest spirits and some of the most genial compositions of all time. Here shine the names of Lucian, Erasmus, Cervantes, Rabelais, Butler, Voltaire, Swift, Heine.

* *Der Volkommener Maschinist*, in Hoffmann's *Fantasiestücke*.

But literature has other ironies than that of satire. Writers of loftier aim and graver tone than those I have named have found their advantage in this fascinating element. Bishop Thirlwall, in a paper contributed to the Philological Museum, discusses the irony he professes to find where certainly one would not suspect it, — in the tragedies of Sophocles. But the irony in that case is not a trait of the poet's mind; it inheres in the subject-matter of his fables. It is the irony of Fate in the fortunes of Ajax, of Œdipus, and Philoctetes, which he depicts. The irony I have in view is purely subjective. But how shall I define, how discriminate from satire on the one hand, and superficial badinage on the other; how identify, under forms so various, the subtile spirit which I seem to detect in writers who else have scarce anything in common? I select for examples two poets as remote from each other in the bent of their genius as can well be found, — Milton and Goethe.

In Milton's prose, though largely satirical, the element of irony is not conspicuous. His poetry, which is not satirical, is steeped in it. It constitutes, I think, the peculiar charm of his verse. Take the Hymn to the Nativity. The poet treats the Gentile divinities as actually existing personages, and that, not in the way of poetic machinery, as other Christian poets have sometimes done, but because the position he assumes in this poem is properly outside of all religions. He looks upon their conflict as Homer's gods behold the conflict of the Greeks and Trojans, not indeed with indifference, for he is celebrating the triumph of the Christian cause, yet not exactly as a Christian believer. His position is that of an outsider. He sings the victory, but not as personally concerned in it, except as his sympathy goes with the victor. The Gentile divinities are as real to him as the new-born God who puts them to flight; but they have had their day, they must yield to the incoming era of the new dispensation.

> "Nor all the Gods beside
> Longer dare abide;
> Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine,
> Our Babe to show his Godhead true
> Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew."

The irony here consists in the poet's aloofness from his theme, suggesting an *arrière-pensée*, and leaving a gap between it and the thought expressed, of which the reader must supply the missing link. In conversing with works of genius, we feel the difference between those in which the writer is sunk in his theme and goes wholly out in it, and those in which he seems to stand apart from his own creations, as if toying with them and with us. The difference is no test of poetic merit; the creative power may be greater in the former case than in the latter. It is only a difference of intellectual reaction, a difference in the reach of conscious thought, — a fuller waking, albeit the waking of a genius less robust.

The charm of that something beyond, that circumfused *aura* of reserve which constitutes the essence of irony, I find in the greatest perfection in Goethe. Of all writers he impresses me most with the feeling of a double self. He is not, like most of his contemporaries, subjective, but objective in his creations. His individuality is not put forward as in Byron, in Schiller, in Richter, even in Wordsworth, but studiously kept in the background. But the reader is made conscious of that background, of a thought in reserve, which is the real Goethe, behind the thought expressed, which is also the real Goethe as well. Even in his autobiography, where the topic is self, he contrives to get behind that self; now object, now subject, now both. The very title is a stroke of irony, — "Fiction and Truth." In the opening chapter he gravely recounts the astrological aspects which auspicated his nativity; he gives us his horoscope as if it were an essential part of the history. Did Goethe, then, believe in astrology? No. Did he mean to satirize that belief? No. Is he jesting? Yes, and no. Is he in earnest?

No, and yes. The reader may take it as he pleases. This is what another, reflecting on that birth, might find, astrologically expressed, in the fortunes awaiting the man child who was dropped upon this earth-ball in Frankfort on the Main, on the 28th of August, 1749.

In the "Conversations of German Emigrants" the "Old Man," who had previously narrated two moral stories of the deepest practical significance, promises the company a tale that shall "remind them of nothing and of everything," and thus introduces that wonderful composition which German critics have denominated "The Tale," distinguishing it from everything else in that line. Here, the ironical in Goethe's genius reaches its climax. The thing remains to this day an unsolved problem, and in all likelihood will ever remain so. Whether the author really meant anything more by it than to entertain the reader with a magic-lantern of incongruous images, and, if so, what that meaning is, are matters of conjecture. The sphinx is dumb and gives no sign. Carlyle, who tried his teeth on it, calls it "one of the notablest performances produced for the last thousand years, wherein more meaning lies than in all the literature of our century." Novalis doubtless had Goethe in his mind when he wrote that "the genuine *Mährchen* is prophetic, an absolutely necessary presentation, and the author of such a one a seer of the future." It seems to be taken for granted by those who have studied it, that in some way it figures the past and future of humanity; but as to the import of separate parts, there is no agreement and can be no certainty. It was meant that there should be none. Irony throned on that monument smiles an eternal smile in the face of Hermeneutic.

In the Faust, where the subject-matter itself is the irony of life, the irony in the treatment is less apparent; scarcely at all in the first part, and only here and there, as in the visit to the "Mothers," in the second.

Goethe, like Milton in the "Nativity," assumes, in some of his pieces, a position external to religion, but with this distinction, that Milton, though standing poetically aloof, pays reverent tribute to the Christian faith whose fervent disciple he is, whilst Goethe's attitude is sometimes that of poetic indifference, and sometimes leans to heathen views.

In the lines addressed to his noble and devout friend, the Fräulein von Klettenberg, he makes use of the expression, referring to a picture of the Saviour in her room, "The God who suffered for you." "When," he says in his autobiography, — "when in these stanzas, as sometimes on other occasions, I represented myself as an outsider, a stranger, or even a heathen, she did not object; on the contrary, she assured me that she liked me better so than when I made use of Christian terminology, in the application of which, she said, I never succeeded. Indeed, it was a common thing for me, when I read to her the missionary reports, which she always enjoyed hearing, to take the part of the Gentiles against the missionaries, and to venture to prefer their former estate. She remained ever friendly and gentle, and seemed to have no anxiety on my account, nor to be at all concerned about my salvation."

In the poem inscribed "To Coachman Kronos," in which he likens his ideal of life to a day's drive in a stage-coach, finding nothing in Christian imagery that suited his mood, he draws on pagan ideas to celebrate a glorious ending: —

> "Drunk with the sun's last ray, —
> A sea of fire in my foaming eye, —
> Whirl me dazzled and reeling
> Into Hell's nocturnal gate.
> . . . . .
> Sound, O coachman, thy horn!
> With clatter and echoing tramp
> Let Orcus know we are coming,
> That the host may be at the door
> To give us friendly reception."

In the piece entitled "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," he takes part with the silversmith against the Apostle. He describes with artistic sympathy an aged goldsmith at work in his *atelier*, fashioning with pious care, as taught by

his father, figures for the girdle of the loved goddess : —

" When all at once he hears so loud,
Like a rushing wind, in the street a crowd
And a talk there is of a God unseen —
Behind man's foolish brow they ween —
More worthy far than the Being here
In whose breadth the Godhead we revere,
The master listens, nor listens long,
His boys may run to see the throng,
He files away, nor heeds the sound,
His goddess adorning with deer and hound,
And trusts that his fortune it may be
To represent her worthily.
. . . . .
If any one think otherwise,
Let him do as seemeth good in his eyes.
But to injure our craft if he presume,
A shameful end shall be his doom."

In that most weird and tragic of all ballads, ancient or modern, " The Bride of Corinth," where recent Christianity and expiring polytheism are brought into conflict, he enlists our sympathies in favor of the ancient faith. The spectre bride complains that she is left desolate ; all her family have turned Christian : —

" All the gods, the gay, withdrew their blessing,
Fled the house, nor longer here abide ;
One alone in heaven unseen confessing,
And a Saviour on the cross who died.
We no longer here
Offer lamb nor steer,
Human victims have their place supplied."

One must not infer from such utterances that the wise and poised seer had any sympathy with disorganizing radicalism. The contrary is evident from the piece entitled " The Neologians " : —

" I met a young man and I asked his trade.
It is my endeavor and hope, he said,
To earn enough before I die
A snug little yeoman's farm to buy.
I praised his intent and bade him God speed !
And much I hoped he might succeed,
When I learned that he had from his dear papa,
And also from madam, his mamma,
Baronial estates of the amplest kind.
. . . . .
That is what I call an original mind."

Goethe's irony is due in part to his social position, to reaction against conventional limitations, and in part to hatred of philistinism and pedantry.

Suspicious of systems, in an age of philosophical and political *doctrinaires ;* appealed to on this hand and that for a verdict on things human and divine ; a disbeliever in violent revolutions, yet living in the midst of them ; charged with indifference to human weal because he chose to promote it by doing his own work in his own way and refused to lend himself to any faction, he found in irony his sure palladium against the assaults of those who could neither convince nor comprehend him. His " Coptic Song " is an indication of the method he sometimes saw fit to adopt : —

" COPTIC SONG.

" Leave to the learned their vain disputations,
Strict and sedate let the pedagogues be ;
Ever the wise of all ages and nations
Nod to each other and smile and agree :
Vain the attempt to cure fools of their folly,
Children of wisdom abandon it wholly ;
Fool them and rule them, for so it must be.

" Merlin the old in his tomb ever shining,
Where as a youngling I heard him divining,
Similar counsel confided to me :
Vain the attempt to cure fools of their folly,
Children of wisdom abandon it wholly ;
Fool them and rule them, since fools they will be.

" Mountains frequented by Indian adorers,
Crypts the resort of Egyptian explorers,
All that is sacred confirms the decree ;
Vain the attempt to cure fools of their folly,
Children of wisdom abandon it wholly ;
Fool them and rule them, for so it should be."

One sees how the irony so marked in Goethe as a writer had its root in an inborn or inbred irony of character. And this suggests a separate branch of our subject.

Irony in Character.

There are characters in history in whom this trait predominates to such an extent as to constitute them a class by themselves. Socrates, whose εἰρωνεία, so baffling to Thrasymachus and the Sophists, perhaps originated our use of the term ; Diogenes rolling his tub in mockery of the preparations for the Sicilian war ; Augustus choosing a sphinx for his seal ; Julian the Apostate, Frederick the Second of the Hohenstauffen, Abelard, Leo the Tenth ; among writers, Machiavelli, Erasmus, Gibbon, are different types of this wide variety.

Such characters are apt to appear at the meeting-point of the old and the new, when faith in an old religion or institution or custom is on the decline, and numbers are arrayed against it, as in the beginning of the Christian

era against polytheism, and in the sixteenth century against the Church of Rome. Such periods develop three distinct types of character in relation to old and new: first, the destructive radical, who wishes to abolish the old, the sooner and more completely the better; second, the believing and conscientious conservative, who clings to it with unswerving devotion; and third, between these two a class of men, embracing often the best culture and largest thought of the time, (of men I say, not often of women, — they are usually affianced to one or the other side,) who are not in full sympathy with either direction. They see bigotry, stupidity, antiquated error, on one side, and they also see vulgar adventure, pruriency, and shallowness on the other. They fully apprehend whatever is true in the new ideas, and do them full justice in their private thought; but they also find meanings in the old, which those who renounce it do not perceive, and which give it a right to be. At the same time they feel that the forms which embody those meanings are outgrown, that much in the old is obsolete and will not ally itself with a vigorous future. They are nominally in it, but cannot heartily embrace it. As little can they lend themselves to the turbulent and vulgar new. They fancy they see all there is in both interests, and a good deal more besides. Now, whether it is native irony of character that dictates this position, or whether the position develops the irony, it is here that irony is most at home. An ironical treatment of the claims of both parties is the natural resource of one who feels himself raised above either, and is equally indifferent to both. The author of the essay on the "Irony of Sophocles," already referred to, remarks: "There is always a slight cast of irony in the grave, calm, respectful attention impartially bestowed by an intelligent judge on two contending parties who are pleading their causes before him with all the earnestness of deep conviction and excited feeling." He sees "that the right and the truth lie on neither side exclusively; . . . . both have plausible claims and specious reasons to allege, though each is too much blinded by prejudice and passion to do justice to the views of his adversary." This is the position I have in view. The ironist speaks sometimes in the spirit of one party and sometimes of the other, but always with that mental reserve, that *arrière-pensée* in which the essence of irony consists. From which it appears that irony of character is the negative and polar antithesis of moral enthusiasm. All the advantages are wanting to it which moral enthusiasm gives. The ironist is not an eloquent man. Eloquence supposes earnest advocacy, but earnest advocacy is denied to him. He is not advocate, but judge. That man will never powerfully sway the popular mind who sees both sides. On the other hand, the earnest advocate can never move him, the ironist. There is no intellectual *rapport* between him and the popular speaker in whom is no reserve. He comes to despise eloquence, seeing behind the fervid outpouring nothing more than the sentiment of the hour, and noting how the cup is emptied with the speech.

From want of moral enthusiasm it would not be always safe to infer want of faith in humanity, or want of interest in human weal. The ironist may believe that natural growth, not violent change, is the way to accomplish that end, and that every attempt to anticipate the natural course of events retards the growth of good. You may carry your pet measure, but what if you lose more than you gain by it? Abolish one evil and you start another. Luther, when he saw what a wide door of abuse the Reformation had opened, said, with a sigh, that attempting to reform mankind was like trying to seat a drunken man on horseback; you help him on one side and he tumbles on the other. Moreover, the ironist may think that human destiny follows a prescribed course which all our fussing, our conventions and legislation

cannot further or change, but only perhaps embarrass and delay. By shaking the tree you do not ripen the fruit, but may cause it to fall untimely to the ground. Goethe thought that Luther had put back for centuries the cause of human progress. The error here lies in not perceiving that these very agitations are a part of the prescribed course; that Luther and Protestantism were not a wilful interpolation, but a necessary product of the time; that whatever was put back by it was put back divinely; that you cannot break the continuity of history, being yourself but one of the links.

The ironies thus far discussed are intellectual and moral traits; their common element is reserve or the thought behind. By a subtile association, not easily defined, the term is applied to phases of life in which this element does not appear, and where the irony is not in the thought, but in the fact.

Irony in Religion.

The history of religion exhibits ironies whose point consists in a glaring contradiction of theory and practice, or a conflict of faith and will. When the Emperor Frederick the Second visited Jerusalem, after a treaty with the Sultan Kameel, which gave that city, under certain conditions, to the Christians, the emir Schems-Eddin was charged to see that no offence was given to the Christian sovereign by the Moslem in the practice of their religion. It chanced that the Muezzin who called the faithful to prayer was, during that visit, to have read, as the lesson for the day, a verse of the Koran which denied the divinity of Christ. To meet the difficulty the emir suppressed the ceremony altogether. The Emperor, who cared little for the dogma, was more disappointed at missing an observance he was curious to witness than gratified with the compliment paid to his religion; which compliment, however, he returned by sharply rebuking a Christian soldier who had just entered the mosque of Omar with a copy of the Gospels. And thus the two religions, in theory bound to urge their own doctrine, denied it in the persons of their chief representatives, bandying compliments with reciprocal disclaimers, and exemplifying what may be called the irony of faith.

Ancient polytheism sometimes betrayed its hollowness by ludicrous revulsions of distrust or ill-will.

The Emperor Augustus had lost two fleets in two successive naval engagements. To signalize his displeasure with the god of the sea, he forbade the image of Neptune to be borne with those of other gods in the next triumphal procession.

Suetonius relates that when the people of Rome heard of the death of their favorite Germanicus, they rushed into the temples and punished the gods with stoning. This putting of your god on his good behavior, treating him according to the good or evil fortune experienced by the worshipper, is a part of that profound insincerity, or, rather, of that latent fetishism, which characterizes the vulgar religion under all dispensations. The principle of fetishism is the practice of religion as a charm to secure good fortune.

Plutarch reports of the infamous Sulla, that, being in imminent danger of defeat in a battle before the gates of Rome, he took from his bosom a little golden image of Pythian Apollo, and, kissing it, said, "O Pythian Apollo, who hast given Cornelius Sulla the victory in so many engagements, hast thou at last brought him to the gates of Rome, there to perish ignominiously with his fellow-citizens?" The petulance of this heathen prayer is paralleled by many a Christian remonstrance addressed to the Christian's God, in like emergencies. Robert the Monk, the chronicler of the first Crusade, relates that Guy, the brother of Bohemond, in the terrible disaster which befell the army of Godfrey at Antioch, cried, "Almighty God, where is your virtue? If you are omnipotent, why do you permit

these things? Who will ever be a soldier of yours or a pilgrim again?"

The irony which mixes belief with unbelief, calculation with devotion, in religion, seems to have reached its perfection in Louis the Eleventh of France, whose devout intercourse with his favorite saints, or rather with their images stuck in his hat, Sir Walter Scott has so effectively portrayed.

Another sort of religious irony is the well-known travesty indulged by the Church of the Middle Age of her own most solemn rites. This enormity prevailed in various forms, in all of which mocking of religion was the leading idea. There was the Feast of Asses, in which an ass covered with sacerdotal robes was led into the church, and a mass performed before him, with burlesque ceremonies and hideous music. There was the Glutton Mass, when the people went to church to cram themselves with meat and drink. Another variety of sacrilegious pastime was the election and installation of the "Pope of Fools," or "Lord of Misrule." On these occasions the rioters would disguise themselves in grotesque costumes, turn the church into a hunting-ground, play at dice upon the altars, and commit every conceivable extravagance. The clergy, it would seem, not only tolerated but encouraged these fooleries. In fact, it was the irony of the Church herself, the Nemesis of faith, religion resenting its own sanctities.

The Irony of Fate.

In a different and not altogether legitimate sense, the word "irony" is used to characterize certain disasters and tragedies of life. We speak of the irony of fate. The phrase is applied to events which have a retributory character, and in which the retribution, from its fitness and unexpected congruity, looks like design; events in which, independently of any relation of cause and effect, a conscious Nemesis appears to have adjusted the occurrence to the person concerned. Saul, in Hebrew history, having driven out the witches from Israel, is constrained at last to consult one himself, and from her conjuration learns his doom; Julius Cæsar, having conquered Pompey at Pharsalus, falls at the base of Pompey's statue; Dion, who

> "Overleaped the eternal bars,
> And following guides whose craft holds no consent
> With aught that breathes the ethereal element,"

caused the assassination of Heraclides, perishes by the hands of assassins; Boniface the Eighth meets his fate through the instrumentality of Sciarra Colonna, whose house he had spoiled; Robespierre ends his career with the guillotine, to which he had sent so many of his fellow-citizens; Napoleon the First, who tried so hard to shut up England in her own island, is shut up by England in an island himself; South Carolina, to make slavery sure, and plant her foot more firmly on the neck of the negro, breaks with the Union, and by that means loses her slaves, and has negroes for her legislators.

The Irony of Nature.

We began with the irony of spirit; let us round the swift synopsis with a glance at the ironies of nature.

As such I reckon, for one thing, the close reserve with which Nature baffles the scrutiny of science, and hides from curious eyes the final secret of her births. From time immemorial the inscrutable mother has been playing a game of inverted blind-man's-buff with her inquisitive children. She bandages their eyes and bids them catch her if they can. Her explorers chase her hither and thither, but their eyes are holden that should not know her. When any one thinks he has caught her, it is only a part of her drapery which she yields to his clutches, never herself. "Science," says the Persian mystic, "puts her finger in her mouth and cries because the mystery of being will not reveal itself." The physiologist searches for the secret of life. What is it that discriminates animated from inanimate being? Function. In the lowest as in the highest, in the rhizopod as in the angel, it is function that distinguishes life from death. But

where is the functionary? Where sits the performer who plays the many-stringed or the one-stringed instrument? No dissection could ever show. What becomes of him when the instrument stops? No observation could ever report. Performer and performance are indistinguishably one. Between the instrument played and the instrument suddenly stopped there is no perceptible difference, except the fact of ability or inability still to perform. Yet is the difference infinite between life and death. The ontologist searches for the primal substance. Behind all the wrappers that envelop it, beneath all the acts that represent it, he would stand face to face with the ultimate fact. Is it matter? With microscope and knife and crucible he interrogates sensible forms. Is it spirit? With unsparing analysis he interrogates consciousness; and finds himself at last, in whatever direction he seeks, after all his probing, face to face with — nothing. And "nothing" is the answer with which the irony of nature responds alike to physicist and metaphysician, when the search transcends the prescribed bound. The Ixion of Greek mythology is an ever-fit symbol of all endeavors to lay hold of the absolute. Ixion is in love with Juno, the queen of the empyrean; he thinks to embrace her, and embraces a cloud. Transcendentalism experiences the same illusion, and experiences something of Ixion's penalty of endless rotation, forever traversing the same cycle, from spirit to matter, and round to spirit again, on the wheel to which her serpentine subtleties have bound her.

"Tortos Ixionis angues
Immanemque rotam."

Philosophy chases, nature hides, forever inviting, forever baffling investigation. "Nature," wrote Goethe, in the midst of his researches, "we are surrounded and clasped by her, unable to step out of her, and unable to go farther into her. Unbidden and unwarned, she takes us up into her circling dance and whirls herself forth with us until we are exhausted, and sink from her arms..... We live in the midst of her, and are strangers to her; she converses with us unceasingly, and never betrays her secret. We act upon her continually, and yet have no power over her. She lives altogether in her children; and the mother, where is she?"

A deeper irony lurks in the swift termination with which nature limits all beauty, satisfaction, life.

All beauty resides in surfaces merely; it is constituted by lines and angles, of which the least disturbance dissipates the vision. All natural beauty is a phantasmagory, an unreal mockery, to which a sentiment in the soul of the beholder gives all its effect. The glories of sunset, the witchery of rose and gold that lures like the gates of heaven, what is it but vibrations of an invisible ether struggling through moisture and made visible by impediment? Obstruction in the object, abstraction in the subject, explains the whole secret of the gorgeous cheat. The moon-silvered expanse of ocean seen from your balcony at Newport or Nahant, a vision that draws the soul from the body and laps it in elysium; what is it but a remnant of that setting sun received second-hand and mixed with unsavory brine?

The moon on the wave is beautiful, and beautiful the landscape bathed in its light. But encounter that orb at dead of night on a desolate road when past the full, just risen above the horizon and level with your eye, gibbous, lurid, portentous, — what irony glares in it! what a tale it tells of a blasted, worn-out, ruined world!

All human beauty is but skin deep, and scarcely that. A little roughening of the cuticle will mar the fairest face and change beauty to hideousness. What fearful irony leers upon us from the human skull! This was the head, this the divine countenance of some Helen, some Aspasia or Cleopatra, some Agnes of Meran or Mary of Scotland, on whose eyelids hung the destinies of nations, for whose lips the lords of the earth thought the world well lost, from whose lineaments painters drew

their presentment of the Queen of Heaven. How was this cruel metamorphosis wrought? Simply by stripping off the surface. The miraculous bulb was peeled, a layer of tissue removed, and behold the grinning horror! "Get you to my lady's chamber; tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come."

The saying of the poet, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," is true only when predicated of the image in the mind and of intellectual contemplation. The beauty of *things* is a phantom; the enjoyment the senses have of it a slippery illusion. A beautiful phenomenon is actually seen but for a moment. A little while, and though present to the eye it is seen no more, as a strain of music ceases to be heard when unduly prolonged. Only the thought survives the image in the mind. As mere sensation the enjoyment of beauty is fleeting like all our enjoyments; the more intense, the more evanescent. It is a bitter irony of nature, that, whilst grief may last for days and months, all pleasure is momentary. The best that life yields in that kind is an equilibrium of mild content, a poise between joy and pain. Disturb that equilibrium by dropping a sorrow into the scale, and long time is required to restore the balance. Disturb the equilibrium by adding a new joy, and how soon the beam is straight. We get used and indifferent to our joys; we do not get used to our pains. And yet nature can bear a greater accession of sorrow than of pleasure. Strange to say, the heart will sooner break with joy than grief. On the plane of physical experience there are painful sensations which beyond a certain point of aggravation are fatal, as the strain of the rack has sometimes proved. And there are pleasurable sensations which would be fatal if greatly intensified or prolonged. But note this curious fact, that before the limit of endurance in the latter case is reached the pleasure turns to pain, which shows how limited is physical enjoyment. Bodily pain, on the contrary, never breaks into any falsetto of pleasure, but keeps "due on" its dolorous road till anguish deepens into death.

Of mental emotions, joy in itself is more fatal than sorrow; the only reason why men oftener pine to death than rejoice to death is because occasions of extreme grief are more frequent than occasions of excessive joy.

"If ever," says Faust, in his bargain with Mephistopheles, — "if ever I shall say to the passing moment, 'Tarry, thou art so beautiful,' then you may lay fetters on me and I will gladly go to perdition."

"Le bonheur," says Voltaire, "n'est qu'un rêve, et la douleur est réelle; il-y-a quatre-vingts ans que je l'éprouve."

Meanwhile, nature pursues her course, regardless alike of joy and grief. No sympathy has she with sad or gay, no care to adjust her aspects with our experience, her seasons with our need, or to match with her sky the weather in the soul. She smiles her blandest on the recent battle-field where the hopes of a thousand homes lie withered, and she smites with her tornadoes the ungathered harvest in which the bread of a thousand homes has ripened. She refuses a glint of her sunlight to the ship befogged on a lee shore, and pours it in full splendor on the finished, irreparable wreck. Prodigal of life, she is every moment teeming with births innumerable, and still the drift of death accumulates on the planet. This earth of our abode is all compact of extinct creations, every creature on it a sarcophagus of perished lives, every existence purchased and maintained by sumless deaths. The outstretched landscape refulgent in the bright June morning, dew-gemmed, vocal with the ecstasies of welcoming birds, suggestive of eternal youth, is a funeral pageant, a part of the fatal procession which takes us with it as we gaze. The fresh enamel laid on by the laughing hours, the festive sheen, the universal face of joy, "the bridal of the earth and sky," when analyzed turns to a thin varnish spread over mould and corruption. And amid the myriad-voiced psalm of life

that makes the outgoings of the morning glad, is heard, if we listen, the sullen ground-tone of mortality with which Nature accompanies all her music.

Out of these glooms into which we have strayed, and out of the ironies of nature and life, there is no escape by the avenues of thought, but only by turning from thought to deed. The social and moral activities for those who live in them neutralize or else compensate these intellectual sorrows and keep the importunities of Momus in check. It belongs to the moral sentiment, or rather it belongs to the morally regenerate will, to create for itself a world into which no irony can enter but the blessed irony of God, the reserve which is not limitation and negation and death, but yea behind yea, and life upon life. Love is the anointing of the eyes which transfigures Erebus itself into yea, or makes it invisible. Every really good deed, every genuine act of self-sacrifice is immortal, a birth from the heart of the Divine. The everlasting morning is in it, the gates of hell are powerless, and Mephistopheles leers in vain.

F. H. Hedge.

OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES.

COLONEL EPH'S SHOE-BUCKLES.

"YES, this 'ere 's Tekawampait's grave," said Sam Lawson, sitting leisurely down on an ancient grass-grown mound, ornamented by a mossy, black slate-stone slab, with a rudely carved cherub head and wings on top.

"And who was Tekawampait?"

"I wanter know, now, if your granny hain't told you who Tekawampait was?" said Sam, pushing back his torn straw hat, and leaning against the old slanting gravestone.

"No, she never told us."

"Wal, ye see Tekawampait he was the fust Christian Indian minister of the Gospel there was in Oldtown. He was a full-blooded Indian, but he was as good a Christian as there was goin'; and he was settled here over the church in Oldtown afore Parson Peabody; and Parson Peabody he come afore Parson Lothrop; and a very good minister Tekawampait was too. Folks hes said that there could n't nothin' be made o' Indians; that they was nothin' but sort o' bears and tigers a walkin' round on their hind legs, a seekin' whom they might devour; but Parson Eliot he did n't think so. 'Christ died for them as wal as for me,' says he; 'and jist give 'em the Gospel,' says he, 'and the rest 'll come along of itself.' And so he come here to Oldtown, and sot up a sort o' log-hut right on the spot where the old Captain Brown house is now. Them two great elm-trees that 's a grown now each side o' the front gate was two little switches then that two Indians brought up over their shoulders, and planted there for friendship trees, as they called 'em; and now look what trees they be! He used to stand under that are big oak there and preach to the Indians, long before there was any meetin'-house to speak in here in Oldtown.

"Wal, now, I tell you, it took putty good courage in Parson Eliot to do that are. I tell you, in them days it took putty consid'able faith to see anything in an Indian but jist a wild beast. Folks can't tell by seein' on 'em now days what they was in the old times, when all the settlements was new, and the Indians was stark, starin' wild, a rarin' and tarin' round in the woods, and a fightin' each other and a fightin' the white folks. Lordy massy, the stories I 've heard women tell in their chimbley-corners about the things that

use to happen when they was little was enough to scare the very life out of ye."

"O do, do tell us some of them!" said Henry and I.

"Lordy massy, boys; why, ye would n't sleep for a week. Why, ye don't know. Why, the Indians in them days wa' n't like no crittur ye ever did see. They was jist the horridest, paintedest, screechin'est, cussedest critturs you ever heard on. They was jist as artful as sarpents, and crueller than any tigers. Good Dr. Cotton Mather calls 'em divils, and he was a meek, good man, Dr. Cotton was; but they cut up so in his days it 's no wonder he thought they was divils, and not folks. Why, they kep' the whole country in a broil for years and years. Nobody knowed when they was safe, for they was so sly and cunning, and always watching behind fences and bushes, and ready when a body was a least thinkin' on 't to be down on 'em. I 've heard Abiel Jones tell how his father's house was burnt down at the time the Indians burnt Deerfield. About every house in the settlement was burnt to the ground; and then another time they burnt thirty-two houses in Springfield, — the minister's house and all, with all his library (and books was sca'ce in them days); but the Indians made a clean sweep on 't. They burnt all the houses in Wendham down to the ground, and they came down in Lancaster and burnt ever so many houses and carried off forty or fifty people with 'em into the woods.

"There was Mr. Rolandson, the minister, they burnt his house and carried off Mis' Rolandson and all the children. There was Jerushy Pierce used to work in his family and do washin' and chores, she 's told me about it. Jerushy she was away to her uncle's that night, so she wa' n't took. Ye see the Lancaster folks had been afeard the Indians 'd be down on 'em, and so Parson Rolandson he 'd gone on to Boston to get help for 'em; and when he come back the mischief was all done. Jerushy said in all her life she never see nothin' so pitiful as that are poor man's face when she met him, jist as he come to the place where the house stood. At fust he did n't say a word, she said, but he looked kind o' dazed. Then he sort o' put his hand to his forehead, and says he, 'My God, my God, help me!' Then he tried to ask her about it, but he could n't but jist speak. 'Jerushy,' says he, 'can't you tell me, — where be they?' 'Wal,' says Jerushy, 'they 've been carried off.' And with that he fell right down and moaned and groaned. 'O,' says he, 'I 'd rather heard that they were at peace with the Lord.' And then he 'd wring his hands: 'What shall I do? what shall I do?'

"Wal, 't wa' n't long after this that the Indians was down on Medford, and burnt half the houses in town and killed fifty or sixty people there. Then they came down on Northampton, but got driv' back; but then they burnt up five houses, and killed four or five of the folks afore they got the better of 'em there. Then they burnt all the houses in Groton, meetin'-house and all; and the pisen critturs they hollared and triumphed over the people, and called out to 'em: 'What will you do for a house to pray in now? we 've burnt your meetin'-house.' The fightin' was goin' on all over the country at the same time. The Indians set Marlborough afire, and it was all blazin' at once, the same day that some others of 'em was down on Springfield, and the same day Captain Pierce, with forty-nine white men and twenty-six Christian Indians, got drawn into an ambush, and every one of 'em killed. Then a few days after this they burnt forty houses at Rehoboth, and a little while after they burnt thirty more at Providence. And then when good Captain Wadsworth went with seventy men to help the people in Sudbury, the Indians came pouring round 'em in the woods like so many wolves, and killed all but four or five of 'em; and those poor fellows had better have been killed, for the cruel critturs jist tormented 'em to death, and mocked and jeered at their screeches and screams

like so many divils. Then they went and broke loose on Andover, and they was so cruel they could n't even let the dumb critturs alone. They cut out the tongues of oxen and cows, and left 'em bleedin', and some they fastened up in barns and burnt alive. There wa' n't no sort o' diviltry they wa' n't up to. Why, it got to be so in them days that folks could n't go to bed in peace without startin' every time they turned over, for fear of the Indians. Ef they heard a noise in the night, or ef the wind squealed and howled, as the wind will, they 'd think sure enough there was that horrid yell a comin' down chimbley.

"There was Delily Severence; she says to me, speakin' about them times, says she, 'Why, Mr. Lawson, you 've no idee! Why, that ar screech,' says she, 'wa' n't like no other noise in heaven above, or earth beneath, or waters under the earth,' says she. 'When it started ye out o' bed between two or three o'clock in the mornin', and all your children a cryin', and the Indians a screechin' and yellin' and a tossin' up firebrands, fust at one window and then at another, why,' says she, 'Mr. Lawson, it was more like hell upon earth than anything I ever heard on.'

"Ye see they come down on Delily's house when she was but just up after her third baby. That are woman had a handsome head o' hair as ever ye see, black as a crow's wing, and it turned jist as white as a tablecloth, with nothin' but the fright o' that night."

"What did they do with her?"

"O, they took her and her poor little gal and boy, that wa' n't no older than you be, and went off with 'em to Canada. The troubles them poor critturs went through! Her husband he was away that night; and well he was, else they 'd a tied him to a tree and stuck pine slivers into him and sot 'em afire, and cut gret pieces out o' his flesh and filled the places with hot coals and ashes, and all sich kind o' things they did to them men prisoners, when they catched 'em. Delily was thankful enough he was away; but they took her and the children off through the ice and snow, jist half clothed and shiverin'; and when her baby cried and worried, as it nat'rally would, the old Indian jist took it by its heels and dashed its brains out ag'in a tree, and threw it into the crotch of a tree, and left it dangling there; and then they would mock and laugh at her, and mimic her baby's crying, and try every way they could to aggravate her. They used to beat and torment her children right before her eyes, and pull their hair out, and make believe that they was goin' to burn 'em alive, jist for nothin' but to frighten and worry her."

"I wonder," said I, "she ever got back alive."

"Wal, the wimmen in them times had a sight o' wear in 'em. They was resolute, strong, hard-workin' wimmen. They could all tackle a hoss, or load and fire a gun. They was brought up hard, and they was used to troubles and dangers. It 's jist as folks gets used to things how they takes 'em. In them days folks was brought up to spect trouble; they did n't look for no less. Why, in them days the men allers took their guns into the field when they went to hoe corn, and took their guns with 'em to meetin' Sundays; and the wimmen they kep' a gun loaded where they knew where to find it; and when trouble come it was jist what they spected, and they was up even with it. That 's the sort o' wimmen they was. Wal, Delily and her children was brought safe through at last, but they had a hard time on 't."

"Tell us some more stories about Indians, Sam," we said, with the usual hungry impatience of boys for a story.

"Wal, let me see," said Sam, with his hat pushed back and his eyes fixed dreamily on the top of Eliot's oak, which was now yellow with the sunset glory, — "let me see. I hain't never told ye about Colonel Eph Miller, have I?"

"No indeed. What about him?"

"Wal, he was took prisoner by the

Indians, and they was goin' to roast him alive after their fashion, and he gin 'em the slip."

"Do tell us all about it."

"Wal, you see Deliverance Scranton over to Sherburne, she 's Colonel Eph's daughter, and she used to hear her father tell about that, and she 's told me time and ag'in about it. It was this way: —

"You see there had n't ben no alarm about Indians for some time, and folks had got to feelin' kind o' easy, as folks will. When there don't nothin' happen for a good while, and it keeps a goin' on so, why, you think finally there won't nothin' happen; and so it was with Colonel Eph and his wife. She told Deliverance that the day before she reely had forgot all about that there was any Indians in the country; and she 'd been out after spruce and wintergreen and hemlock, and got over her brass kettle to bile for beer, and the child'n they brought in lots o' wild grapes that they gathered out in the woods; and they said when they came home that they thought they see an Indian a lyin' all along squirmin' through the bushes, and peekin' out at 'em like a snake, but they wa'n't quite sure. Faith, the oldest gal, she was sure she see him quite plain; but Bijah (he was Colonel Eph's oldest boy) he wa' n't so sure.

"Any way, they did n't think no more about it, and that night they had prayers and went off to bed.

"Afterwards, Colonel Eph he said he remembered the passage o' Scriptur' he read that night: it was 'the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.' He did n't notice it much when he read it, but he allers spoke of it afterwards as a remarkable providence that that are passage should have come jest so that night.

"Wal, atween twelve and one o'clock they was waked up by the most awful screechin' that ever you heard, as if twenty thousand devils was upon 'em. Mis' Miller she was out o' bed in a minit, all standin'. 'O husband, husband, the Indians are on us!' says she; and sure enough they was. The children, Bijah and Faith, come a runnin' in. 'O father, father, what shall we do?'

"Colonel Eph was a man that allers knew in a minit what to do, and he kep' quite cool. 'My dear,' says he to his wife, 'you take the children and jist run with 'em right out the buttery door through the high corn, and run as fast as you can over to your father Stebbins and tell him to rouse the town; and Bije,' says he to the boy, 'you jist get into the belfry window and ring the bell with all your might,' says he. 'And I 'll stay and fight 'em off till the folks come.'

"All this while the Indians was a yellin' and screechin' and a waving firebrands front of the house. Colonel Eph he stood a lookin' through a hole in the shutter and a sightin' his gun while he was a talkin'. He see that they 'd been a pilin' up a great pile o' dry wood ag'in the door. But the fust Indian that came up to put fire to 't was shot right down while he was a speakin'.

"Wal, Mis' Miller and Faith and Bije wa' n't long a dressin', you may believe; and they jist put on dark cloaks, and they jist streaked it out through the buttery door! There was thick pole-beans quite up to the buttery door, and then a field o' high corn, so that they was hid, and the way they run was n't slow, I tell you.

"But Colonel Eph he had to stop so to load that they got the pile o' brush afire, though he shot down three or four on 'em, and that was some comfort. But the long and the short o' the matter was, that they drove the door in at last, and came a whoopin' and yellin' into the house.

"Wal, they took Colonel Eph, and then went searchin' round to find somebody else; but jist then the meetin'-house bell begun to ring, and that scart 'em, and they took Colonel Eph and made off with him. He had n't but jist time to get into his clothes and get his shoes on, when they hurried him of. They did n't do nothin'

to him jist then, you see, these Indians was so cur'ous. If a man made a good fight and killed three or four on 'em afore they could take him, they sot great store by him, and called him a brave man. And so they was 'mazin' careful of Colonel Eph, and treated him quite polite for Indians; but he knew the ways on 'em well enough to know what it was all for. They wanted a real brave man to burn alive and stick slivers into and torment, and Colonel Eph was jist the pattern for 'em, and his fightin' so brave made him all the better for what they wanted.

"Wal, he was in hopes the town would be roused in time for some of 'em to come after him, but the Indians got the start of 'em, and got 'way off in the woods afore people had fairly come together and found out what the matter was. There was Colonel Eph's house a blazin' and a lightin' up all the country for miles round, and the Colonel he said it come ruther hard on him to be lighted on his way through the woods by such a bonfire.

"Wal, by mornin' they come to one o' their camps, and there they had a great rejoicin' over him. They was going to have a great feast, and a good time a burnin' on him, and they tied him to a tree and sot an Indian to watch him while they went out to cut pine knots and slivers to do him with.

"Wal, as I said, Colonel Eph was a brave man, and a man that always kep' his thoughts about him, and so he kep' a workin' and a workin' with the withs that was round his hands, and a prayin' in his heart to the Lord, till he got his right hand free. Wal, he did n't make no move, but kep' a loosenin' and a loosenin' little by little, keepin' his eye on the Indian who sot there on the ground by him.

"Now Colonel Eph had slipped his feet into his Sunday shoes that stood there by the bed and had great silver shoe-buckles, and there was a providence in his doing so, for ye see Indians are 'mazin' fond o' shiny things, and the old Indian he was took with the shine o' these shoe-buckles, and he thought he might as well have 'em as anybody, so he jist laid down his tommyhawk and got down on his knees and was workin' away as earnest as could be to get off the buckles, and Colonel Eph he jist made a dart forward and picked up the tommyhawk and split open the Indian's skull with one blow, then he cut the withs that was round his legs, and in a minute he was off on the run with the tommyhawk in his hand. There was three Indians give chase to him, but Colonel Eph he kep' ahead of 'em. He said while he was a runnin' he was cryin' and callin' on the Lord with all his might, and the words come into his mind he read at prayers the night afore, 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.'

"At last he see the Indians gained on him, and he faced round suddenly and struck the nighest one smack on the head with his tommyhawk. Then when the next one come up he cut him down too; and the third one, when he see both the others cut down, and Colonel Eph comin' full blaze towards him with his tommyhawk a swingin', he jist turned and run for dear life. Then Colonel Eph he turned and cut for the settlement. He run, and he run, and he run, he did n't well know how long, till, finally, he was clear tuckered out, and he jist dropped down under a tree and slept, and he lay there all the rest of that day, and all night, and never woke till the next day about sundown.

"Then he woke up, and found he was close by home, and John Stebbins, his wife's father, and a whole party, was out lookin' for him.

"Old Colonel Eph used to tell the story as long as he lived, and the tears used to run down his cheeks when he told it.

"'There 's a providence in everything,' he used to say, 'even down to shoe-buckles. Ef my Sunday shoes had n't happened to 'a' set there so I could 'a' slipped into 'em, I could n't 'a' killed that Indian, and I should n't 'a

been here to-day.' Wal, boys, he was in the right on 't. Some seem to think the Lord don't look out only for gret things; but ye see little things is kind o' hinges that gret ones turns on. They say, take care o' pennies and dollars 'l take care o' themselves. It 's jest so in everything, and ef the Lord don't look arter little things he a'n't so nice as they say, anyway.

"Wal, wal," said Sam, in conclusion, "now who 'd 'a' thought that anybody could 'a' made anything out o' Indians? Yet there 't was. All them Martha's Vineyard islands turned Christians, and there was Indian preachers and Indian teachers, and they reely did settle down, and get to be quite like folks. But I tell you, boys, it took faith to start with."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

SPECKLED TROUT.

IN the number of this magazine for July, 1869, under the head of "Birch Browsings," I gave some account of a region that lies about the head-waters of the Delaware, in the State of New York, the second tract in the State of any considerable size where one can get a glimpse of genuine backwoods life, and as fresh an article in the way of camping out as can be had anywhere.

Since the expedition to Thomas Lake, described in that paper, I have made another excursion to those woods, this time dipping well into them, — indeed taking the core fairly out of them; and were it not for the speckled trout, which are always a standing invitation, and a deer or two, which I expect to shoot in them one of these days, — yes, and I may add, a black bear or two also, — I should be looking round for new worlds to conquer.

Aaron, one of my companions, a six-foot-in-his-stockings youth from Ohio, had never seen a speckled trout, though he had seen game equally slippery, and had been a constant and sometimes an unwilling camper-out for over four years; and when I had the pleasure of showing him some noble specimens of the fish in a spring, at the house of a friend where we stopped before reaching the woods, I knew his curiosity was only half satisfied. It was not enough that they came up and took food from his hand; he had a soldier's desire to see them smoking over the coals.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when the stage set us down at a little country store and post-office amid the mountains of Shandaken, where the Esopus emerges from Big Ingin Hollow, and takes its eastward course to the Hudson. We expected to join another party at this point, who were to come across the mountains from a different direction, and we experienced our first disappointment of the trip when no familiar faces came out to greet us; but we proceeded to get ready for the march just the same. While delayed here, a half-dozen or more young fellows, stained and sweaty and with their coats on their arms, came in from the backwoods on the Neversink, where they had been at work since spring. They were on their way out to get jobs in haying, and were brawny and well seasoned. They had come by the route we wished to take; and on questioning them closely, I found that the rude draft I had made of the section from the county map was in its main features reliable. Just as we were ready to start our friends arrived, much to our joy; and after exchanging congratulations all round, we set out, in fine spirits, for the head of the Big Ingin, about ten miles distant. On our way up the Hollow we met another party of men and boys, who had just come across the

mountains; they had a rifle and some game, — a wild pigeon, a ruffed grouse, and a gray squirrel.

"Are there wild pigeons in these woods?" I asked.

"Not many; now and then you see one."

"Did they nest here this year?"

"No, sir; two years ago they nested on the Neversink in great numbers, but a cold spell with deep snows came on in April and broke them up, and they have not been back since. A great many froze to death on their nests, and a great many died from hunger."

The passenger pigeon is attracted to this section of country by the vast quantities of beech-nuts that usually abound; they come when the March rains first begin to lay bare the ground, and in places make the woods blue with their numbers; but though the crop of nuts seldom fails, the visits of the pigeons, for some cause or other, occur at longer and longer intervals, and may soon be expected to cease altogether.

The account of the freezing of the pigeons, and the breaking up of their nests by the snow, was confirmed by all of whom we made inquiry. When we reached the Neversink we saw vast numbers of their nests filling the trees for miles, but not a pigeon anywhere.

Big Ingin Hollow was not a very big Ingin after all. It had reached the second stage of growth as a settlement, — the stage when the log-houses are going out and the framed ones coming in; though as we neared its head, the little stumpy clearings, with their one-roomed log-dwellings, and a "smudge" near the door to keep off the midges or gnats, looked primitive enough. People certainly lived close to the bone here, and no doubt gnawed it hard and I hope found the meat sweet, though there must have been precious little of it. We satisfied ourselves that there was precious little in the streams; for after tramping up and down the main branch and penetrating into the mountains where the smaller tributaries came down, we barely caught enough trout to afford a good smell for all.

My chief reason for remembering the locality is the novel experience I had that night of trying to go to sleep on a hay-mow beneath which four horses were stabled. A horse, it seems, never sleeps, at least as long as there is any hay in the rack. One of the animals was much disturbed by our proximity, and about every five minutes would prick up his ears and snort threateningly. Then at regular intervals would come the heavy stamping of the beasts changing their positions. Then if all grew still for a few moments, and the big jaws paused from very weariness, some sleeper would turn uneasily in the hay or set up a rival snoring, and thus arouse the suspicious animal beneath, who would wake up his companions, and the snorting and crunching and stamping would recommence as briskly as ever. To add to my discomfiture, the hay was musty, and the fine particles of dust choked me so whenever I stirred, that I more than half suspected I had the heaves. I endured it till after midnight, when I slid down on the floor, and, thoroughly regretting that I had not accepted the pressing invitation of the good woman to occupy one of her spare beds, I picked my way through the murky darkness, over logs and rocks, down to our camp-fire, where, rolled in my blanket at the foot of a sugar-maple, I found some sleep at last.

The morning dawned rainy as the night had foreboded, and, after giving the trout another trial, without any better success, we took refuge in a saw-mill, kindling a fire in its huge box stove, and drying ourselves and making our coffee at the same time. Then we looked disconsolately out into the wild, dripping scene. Toward noon the rain slackened or degenerated into a fine drizzle, when we slung knapsacks and set out for the Neversink, which headed on the other side of the mountain, about five miles distant. The atmosphere was "muggy" and hot, and our tramp was a heavy one, relieved from time to

time by brief halts beside the delicious spring runs that here and there crossed our route. On the side of the mountain, in a small sapling, I found the nest of the rose-breasted grossbeak, a rare nest in this State, and the first I had ever seen. My attention was attracted to it by the moaning cry of the parent bird; it was a strange sound which I did not recognize.

We struck the Neversink quite unexpectedly about the middle of the afternoon, at a point where it was a good-sized trout-stream. It had a gamy look, and with boyish eagerness I undid my fishing-tackle and wet my first fly in its waters. But the trees were too thick and their branches too near for fly-fishing, so I took in line and tried a worm, and found the trout small, but plenty and eager. On this hint other fishing-tackle was soon rigged, and the sport commenced in earnest, most of the fishers going down stream; but the prospect up stream was so inviting that a youth and myself concluded to go thither. It was one of those black mountain brooks born of innumerable ice-cold springs, nourished in the shade, and shod, as it were, with thick-matted moss, that every camper-out remembers. The fish are as black as the stream and very wild. They dart from beneath the fringed rocks, or dive with the hook into the dusky depths, — an integral part of the silence and the shadows. The spell of the moss is over all. The fisherman's tread is noiseless, as he leaps from stone to stone and from ledge to ledge along the bed of the stream. How cool it is! He looks up the dark, silent defile, hears the solitary voice of the water, sees the decayed trunks of fallen trees bridging the stream, and all he has dreamed, when a boy, of the haunts of beasts of prey — the crouching feline tribes, especially if it be near nightfall and the gloom already deepening in the woods — comes freshly to mind, and he presses on, wary and alert, and speaking to his companions in low tones.

After an hour or so the trout became less abundant, and with nearly a hundred of the black sprites in our basket we turned back. Here and there I saw the abandoned nests of the pigeons, sometimes half a dozen in one tree. In a yellow-birch which the floods had uprooted a number of nests were still in place, each consisting of a handful of small twigs arranged with very little show of art, and affording little or no protection to the eggs or the young birds against inclement weather.

Before we had reached our companions the rain set in again and forced us to take shelter under a balsam. When it slackened we moved on, and soon came up with Aaron, who had caught his first trout, and, considerably drenched, was making his way toward camp, which one of the party had gone forward to build. After travelling less than a mile, we saw a smoke struggling up through the dripping trees, and in a few moments were all standing round a blazing fire. But the rain now commenced again, and fairly poured down through the trees, rendering the prospect of cooking and eating our supper there in the woods, and of passing the night on the ground without tent or cover of any kind, rather disheartening. We had been told of a bark shanty, a couple of miles farther down the creek, and thitherward we speedily took up our line of march. When we were on the point of discontinuing the search, thinking we had been misinformed or had passed it by, we came in sight of a bark-peeling, in the midst of which a small log-house lifted its naked rafters toward the now breaking sky. It had neither floor nor roof, and was less inviting on first sight than the open woods. But a board partition was still standing, out of which we built a rude porch on the east side of the house, large enough for us all to sleep under, if well packed, and eat under, if we stood up. There was plenty of well-seasoned timber lying about, and a fire was soon burning in front of our quarters, that made the scene social and picturesque, especially when the frying-pans were brought into requisition, and the coffee, in charge of Aaron,

who was artist in this line, mingled its aroma with the wild-wood air. At dusk a balsam was felled, and the tips of the branches used to make a bed, which was more fragrant than soft; hemlock is better, because its needles are finer and its branches more elastic. We were two in the bed and five in the middle, and counterfeited sleep very well; but if my own experience be a safe one to go by, I should say that not more than twenty-five per cent of the snoring was genuine. One tries to cheat himself and his fellows, under such circumstances, into the notion that he is asleep, by breathing hard and by lying supine, when most of the time he feels every midge that bites and notes every stage of the fire by its effect upon his feet.

This is the most serious drawback I meet with in my expeditions to the woods, — my inability to get anything more than a thin dilution of sleep the first three or four nights. Sleep, it seems, is a coy and fitful goddess, and the more you woo her at times, the more you may. Sometimes you cannot fight her off, and again she will not touch her fingers to your eyelids, beseech her never so patiently and long. The main, disturbing cause on the present occasion was the huge fire blazing away there in such proximity to my feet. Some kind of brute instinct seemed to take possession of my body; and no sooner would my mind begin to loosen its rational hold upon things, than this instinct would cry "Fire," and I would rouse up, expecting to find my feet wrapped in flame. And I remember it did get pretty warm when those green beech-logs got thoroughly agoing. The gnats, or "no-see-ems," had to leave, and I found their power of endurance was about equal to my own, for I had to change my position soon afterward.

Aaron's nasal asseverations were no doubt sincere. It was no longer Aaron the citizen, but Aaron the soldier that lay there wrapped in his gray blanket. While the rest of us threw ourselves down without so much as removing our coats, I noticed that he prepared himself elaborately, took off his shoes (to rest his feet, he said) and hung them up to dry, removed most of his outer clothing, and, rolling himself from top to toe in his blanket, lay down with the utmost matter-of-course air.

There was a spirt or two of rain during the night, but not enough to find out the leaks in our roof. It took the shower or series of showers of next day to do that. They commenced about two o'clock in the afternoon. The forenoon had been fine, and we had brought into camp nearly three hundred trout; but before they were half dressed or the first panfuls fried, the rain set in. First came short, sharp dashes, then a gleam of treacherous sunshine, followed by more and heavier dashes. The wind was in the southwest, and to rain seemed the easiest thing in the world. From fitful dashes to a steady pour the transition was natural. We stood huddled together, stark and grim, under our cover, like hens under a cart. The fire fought bravely for a time, and retaliated with sparks and spiteful tongues of flame; but gradually its spirit was broken, only a heavy body of coal and half-consumed logs in the centre holding out against all odds. The simmering fish were soon floating about in a yellow liquid that did not look in the least appetizing. Point after point gave way in our cover, till standing between the drops was no longer possible. The water coursed down the underside of the boards, and dripped in our necks and formed puddles on our hat-brims. We shifted our guns and traps and viands, till there was no longer any choice of position, when the loaves and the fishes, the salt and the sugar, the pork and the butter, shared the same watery fate. The whiskey was water-proof, else we should have had to drink it up to keep it dry. The fire was gasping its last. Little rivulets coursed about it, and bore away the quenched but steaming coals on their bosoms. The spring run

in the rear of our camp swelled so rapidly, that part of the trout that had been hastily left lying on its banks again found themselves quite at home. For over two hours the floods came down. About four o'clock, Orville, who had not yet come from the day's sport, appeared, — Orville the stubborn, who worried the trout in a faded linen coat and white hat, sticking to them till they grew familiar with his bleached appearance, and nibbled his hook in confidence. To say Orville was wet is not much; he was better than that, — he had been washed and rinsed in at least half a dozen waters, and the trout that he bore dangling at the end of a string had hardly been out of their proper element.

But he brought welcome news. He had been two or three miles down the creek, and had seen a log-building, — whether house or stable he did not know, but it had the appearance of having a good roof, which was inducement enough for us instantly to leave our present quarters. Our course lay along an old wood road, and much of the time we were to our knees in water. The woods were literally flooded everywhere. Every little rill and springlet ran like a mill-tail, while the main stream rushed and roared, foaming, leaping, lashing, its volume increased fifty-fold. The water was not roily, but of a rich coffee-color, from the leechings of the woods. No more trout for the next three days! we thought, as we looked upon the rampant stream.

After we had labored and floundered along for about an hour, the road turned to the left, and in a little stumpy clearing near the creek a gable uprose on our view. It did not prove to be just such a place as poets love to contemplate. It required a greater effort of the imagination than any of us were then capable of, to believe it had ever been a favorite resort of wood-nymphs or sylvan deities. It savored rather of the equine and the bovine. The bark-men had kept their teams there, horses on the one side and oxen on the other, and no Hercules had ever done duty in cleansing the stables. My first impulse was to take to the woods again. I trust I am a lover of horses and cattle, and the savor of the stall with its occupant, and of the barn with long rows of patient cows, is agreeable to me; but the prospect then before me of boarding in a musty manger, and treading the ooze beneath was not specially inviting. But there was a dry loft overhead with some straw, where we might get some sleep, in spite of the rain and the midges; a double layer of boards, standing at a very acute angle, would keep off the former, while the mingled refuse hay and muck beneath would nurse a smoke that would prove a thorough protection against the latter. And then, when Jim, the two-handed, mounting the trunk of a prostrate maple near by, had severed it thrice with easy and familiar stroke, and, rolling the logs in front of the shanty, had kindled a fire, which, getting the better of the dampness, soon cast a bright glow over all, shedding warmth and light even into the dingy stable, I consented to unsling my knapsack and accept the situation. The rain had ceased and the sun shone out behind the woods. We had trout sufficient for present needs; and after my first meal in an ox stall, I strolled out on the rude log-bridge to watch the angry Neversink rush by. Its waters fell quite as rapidly as they rose, and before sundown it looked as if we might have fishing again on the morrow. We had better sleep that night than either night before, though there were two disturbing causes, — the smoke in the early part of it, and the cold in the latter. The "no-see-ems" left in disgust; and though disgusted myself, I swallowed the smoke, and hugged my pallet of straw the closer. In the morning I felt much like a sugar-cured ham, minus the sugar. But the day dawned bright, and a plunge in the Neversink set me all right again. The creek, to our surprise and gratification, was only a little higher than before the rain, and some of the finest trout we had yet seen we caught that morning near camp.

Our friends here reached the end of their tether, and after breakfast, with feelings of sadness and regret, we saw them turn their faces homeward, leaving the original trio to finish their campaign, the plan of which embraced a farther traversing of the Neversink, a crossing of the mountains by an unknown way into the Beaverkill, thence to Balsam Lake, thence across the mountains again to the Mill Brook, and thence home, — in all a tramp of upwards of forty miles in the woods.

We tarried yet another day and night at the old stable, but taking our meals outside, squatted on the ground, which had now become quite dry. Part of the day I spent strolling about the woods, looking up old acquaintances among the birds, and, as always, half expectant of making some new ones. Curiously enough, the most abundant species were among those I had found rare in most other localities, viz. the small water wagtail (*Seiurus noveboracensis*), the mourning ground warbler, and the yellow-bellied woodpecker. The latter seems to be the prevailing woodpecker through the woods of this region.

I do not like to confess that I had the heart to shoot a robin which alighted on a tall tree near camp, but only that I began to tire of a diet of all fish and no flesh; and had a "fat wren" happened to show himself in my vicinity, it is highly probable he would have been roasting over our coals in less than five minutes afterward.

That night the midges, those motes that sting, held high carnival. We learned afterward, in the settlement below and from the bark-peelers, that it was the worst night ever experienced in that valley. We had done no fishing during the day, but had anticipated some fine sport about sundown. Accordingly Aaron and I started off between six and seven o'clock, one going up stream and the other down. The scene was charming. The sun shot up great spokes of light from behind the woods, and beauty, like a presence, pervaded the atmosphere. But torment, multiplied as the sands of the sea-shore, lurked in every tangle and thicket. In a thoughtless moment I removed my shoes and socks, and waded in the water to secure a fine trout that had accidentally slipped from my string and was helplessly floating with the current. This caused some delay and gave the gnats time to accumulate. Before I had got one foot half dressed, I was enveloped in a black mist that settled upon my hands and neck and face, filling my ears with infinitesimal pipings and covering my flesh with infinitesimal bitings. I thought I should have to flee to the friendly fumes of the old stable, with "one stocking off and one stocking on"; but I got my shoe on at last, though not without many amusing interruptions and digressions.

In a few moments after this adventure I was in rapid retreat toward camp. Just as I reached the path leading from the shanty to the creek, my companion, in the same ignoble plight, reached it also, his hat broken and rumpled, and his sanguine countenance looking more sanguinary than I had ever before seen it, and his speech, also, in the highest degree inflammatory. His face and forehead were as blotched and swollen as if he had just run his head into a hornets' nest, and his manner as precipitate as if the whole swarm was still at his back.

No smoke or smudge which we ourselves could endure was sufficient in the earlier part of that evening to prevent serious annoyance from the same cause; but later a respite was granted us.

About ten o'clock, as we stood round our camp-fire, we were startled by a brief but striking display of the aurora borealis. My imagination had already been excited by talk of legends and of weird shapes and appearances, and when, on looking up toward the sky, I saw those pale, phantasmal waves of magnetic light chasing each other across the little opening above our heads, and at first sight seeming barely to clear the tree-tops, I was as vividly

impressed as if I had caught a glimpse of a veritable spectre of the Neversink.

After we had climbed to our loft and had lain down to sleep, another adventure befell us. This time a new and uninviting customer appears upon the scene, the *genius loci* of the old stable, namely, the "fretful porcupine." We had seen the marks and works of these animals about the shanty, and had been careful each night to hang our traps, guns, etc. beyond their reach, but of the prickly night-walker himself we feared we should not get a view.

We had lain down some half-hour, and I was just on the threshold of sleep, ready, as it were, to pass through the open door into the land of dreams, when I heard outside somewhere that curious sound, — a sound which I had heard every night I spent in these woods, not only on this but on former expeditions, and which I had settled in my mind as proceeding from the porcupine, since I knew the sounds our other common animals were likely to make, — a sound that might be either a gnawing on some hard, dry substance, or a grating of teeth, or a shrill grunting.

Orville heard it also, and, raising up on his elbow, asked, "What is that?"

"What the hunters call a 'porcupig,'" said I.

"Sure?"

"Entirely so."

"Why does he make that noise?"

"It is a way he has of cursing our fire," I replied. "I heard him last night also."

"Where do you suppose he is?" inquired my companion, showing a disposition to look him up.

"Not far of, perhaps fifteen or twenty yards from our fire, where the shadows begin to deepen."

Orville slipped into his trousers, felt for my gun, and in a moment had disappeared down through the scuttle-hole. I had no disposition to follow him, but was rather annoyed than otherwise at the disturbance. Getting the direction of the sound, he went picking his way over the rough, uneven ground, and, when he got where the light failed him, poking every doubtful object with the end of his gun. Presently he poked a light grayish object, like a large round stone, which surprised him by moving off. On this hint he fired, making an incurable wound in the "porcupig," which, nevertheless, tried harder than ever to escape. I lay listening when, close on the heels of the report of the gun, came excited shouts for a revolver. Snatching up my Smith and Westson, I hastened, shoeless and hatless, to the scene of action, wondering what was up. I found my companion struggling to detain, with the end of the gun, an uncertain object that was trying to crawl off into the darkness. "Look out!" said Orville, as he saw my bare feet, "the quills are lying thick around here."

And so they were; he had blown or beaten them nearly all off the poor creature's back, and was in a fair way completely to disable my gun, the ramrod of which was already broken and splintered clubbing his victim. But a couple of shots from the revolver, sighted by a lighted match, at the head of the animal, quickly settled him.

It proved to be an unusually large Canada porcupine, an old patriarch, gray and venerable, with spines three inches long, and weighing, I should say, twenty pounds. The build of this animal is much like that of the woodchuck, that is, heavy and pouchy. The nose is blunter than that of the woodchuck, the limbs stronger, and the tail broader and heavier. Indeed, the latter appendage is quite club-like, and the animal can, no doubt, deal a smart blow with it. An old hunter with whom I talked thought it aided them in climbing. They are inveterate gnawers, and spend much of their time in trees gnawing the bark. In winter one will take up its abode in a hemlock, and continue there till the tree is quite denuded. The carcass emitted a peculiar offensive odor, and, though very fat,

was not in the least inviting as game. If it is part of the economy of nature for one animal to prey upon some other beneath it, then the poor devil has indeed a mouthful that makes a meal off the porcupine. Panthers and lynxes have essayed it, but have invariably left off at the first course, and have afterward been found dead or nearly so, with their heads puffed up like a pincushion, and the quills protruding on all sides. A dog that understands the business will manœuvre round the porcupine till he gets an opportunity to throw it over on its back, when he fastens on its quilless underbody. Aaron was puzzled to know how long-parted friends could embrace, when it was suggested that the quills could be depressed or elevated at pleasure.

The next morning boded rain; but we had become thoroughly sated with the delights of our present quarters, outside and in, and packed up our traps to leave. Before we had reached the clearing, three miles below, the rain set in, keeping up a lazy, monotonous drizzle till the afternoon.

The clearing was quite a recent one, made mostly by bark-peelers, who followed their calling in the mountains round about in summer, and worked in their shops making shingle in winter. The Biscuit Brook came in here from the west, — a fine, rapid trout-stream six or eight miles in length, with plenty of deer in the mountains about its head. On its banks we found the house of an old woodman, to whom we had been directed for information about the section we proposed to traverse.

"Is the way very difficult," said I, "across from the Neversink into the head of the Beaverkill?"

"Not to me; I could go it the darkest night ever was. And I can direct you so you can find the way without any trouble. You go down the Neversink about a mile, when you come to Highfall Brook, the first stream that comes down on the right. Follow up it to Jim Reed's shanty, about three miles. Then cross the stream, and on the left bank, pretty well up on the side of the mountain, you will find a wood road, which was made by a fellow below here who stole some ash logs off the top of the ridge last winter and drew them out on the snow. When the road first begins to tilt over the mountain, strike down to your left, and you can reach the Beaverkill before sundown."

As it was then after two o'clock, and as the distance was six or eight of these terrible hunters' miles, we concluded to take a whole day to it, and wait till next morning. The Beaverkill flowed west, the Neversink south, and I had a mortal dread of getting entangled amid the mountains and valleys that lie in either angle.

Besides, I was glad of another and final opportunity to pay my respects to the finny tribes of the Neversink. At this point it was the finest trout stream I had ever beheld. I have seen many clear, cold streams, but none before so absolutely transparent as that. It was so sparkling, its bed so free from sediment or impurities of any kind, that it had a new look, as if it had just come from the hand of its Creator. I tramped along its margin upwards of a mile that afternoon, part of the time wading to my knees, and casting my hook, baited only with a trout's fin, to the opposite bank. Trout are real cannibals, and make no bones, and break none either, in lunching on each other. A friend of mine had several in his spring, when one day a large female trout gulped down one of her male friends, nearly one third her own size, and went around for two days with the tail of her liege lord protruding from her mouth. A fish's eye will do for bait, though the anal fin is better. One of the natives here told me, that when he wished to catch large trout (and I judged he never fished for any other, — I never do), he used for bait the bullhead or dart, a little fish an inch and a half or two inches long, that rests on the pebbles near shore and darts quickly, when disturbed, from point to point. "Put that on your hook," said he, "and

if there is a big fish in the creek he is bound to have it." But the darts were not easily found; the big fish, I concluded, had cleaned them all out; and then it was easy enough to supply our wants with a fin.

Declining the hospitable offers of the settlers, we spread our blankets that night in a dilapidated shingle-shop on the banks of the Biscuit Brook, first flooring the damp ground with the new shingle that day piled in one corner. The place had a great-throated chimney with a tremendous expanse of fireplace within, that cried "More" at every morsel of wood we gave it.

But I must hasten over this part of the ground, nor let the delicious flavor of the milk we had that morning for breakfast, and that was so delectable after four days of fish, linger on my tongue, nor yet tarry to set down the talk of that honest, weather-worn passer-by who paused before our door, and every moment on the point of resuming his way, yet stood for an hour and recited his adventures hunting deer and bears on these mountains. Having replenished our stock of bread and salt-pork at the house of one of the settlers, midday found us at Reed's shanty, — one of those temporary structures erected by the bark jobber, to lodge and board his "hands" near their work. Jim not being at home, we could gain no information from the "women folks" about the way, nor from the men who had just come in to dinner; so we pushed on, as near as we could, according to the instructions we had previously received. Crossing the creek, we forced our way up the side of the mountain, through a perfect *cheval-de-frise* of fallen and peeled hemlocks, and, entering the dense woods above, began to look anxiously about for the wood-road. My companions at first could see no trace of it; but knowing that a casual wood-road cut in winter, when there was likely to be two or three feet of snow on the ground, would present only the slightest indications to the eye in summer, I looked a little closer, and could make out a mark or two here and there. The larger trees had been avoided, and the axe used only on the small saplings and underbrush, which had been lopped off a couple of feet from the ground. By being constantly on the alert, we followed it till near the top of the mountain; but when looking to see it "tilt" over the other side, it disappeared altogether. Some stumps of the black cherry were found, and a solitary pair of snow-shoes were hanging high and dry on a branch, but no further trace of human hands could we see. While we were resting here a couple of hermit thrushes, one of them with some sad defect in his vocal powers which barred him from uttering more than a few notes of his song, gave voice to the solitude of the place. This was the second instance in which I have observed a song-bird with apparently some organic defect in its instrument. The other case was that of a bobolink, which, hover in midair and inflate its throat as it might, could only force out a few incoherent notes. But the bird in each case presented this striking contrast to human examples of the kind, that it was apparently just as proud of itself and just as well satisfied with its performance as its more successful rivals.

After deliberating some time over a pocket-compass which I carried, we decided upon our course, and held on to the west. The descent was very gradual. Traces of bear and deer were noted at different points, but not a live animal was seen.

About four o'clock, P. M., we reached the bank of a stream flowing west. Hail to the Beaverkill! and we pushed on along its banks. The trout were plenty, and rose quickly to the hook; but we held on our way, designing to go into camp about six o'clock. Many inviting places, first on one bank, then on the other, made us linger, till finally we reached a spot, a smooth, dry place overshadowed by balsam and hemlock, where the creek bent around a little flat, which was so entirely to our fancy that we unslung our knapsacks at once. While my companions were cutting

wood and making other preparations for the night, it fell to my lot, as the most successful angler, to provide the trout for supper and breakfast. How shall I describe that wild, beautiful stream, with features so like those of all other mountain streams? And yet, as I saw it in the deep twilight of those woods on that June afternoon, with its steady, even flow, and its tranquil, many-voiced murmur, it made an impression upon my mind distinct and peculiar, fraught in an eminent degree with the charm of seclusion and remoteness. The solitude was perfect; and I felt that strangeness and insignificance which the civilized man must always feel when opposing himself to such a vast scene of silence and wildness. The trout were quite black, like all wood trout, and took the bait eagerly. I followed the stream till the deepening shadows warned me to turn back. As I neared camp, the fire shone far through the trees, dispelling the gathering gloom, but blinding my eyes to all obstacles at my feet. I was seriously disturbed on arriving to find that one of my companions had cut an ugly gash in his shin with the axe, while felling a tree. As we did not carry a fifth wheel, it was not just the time or place to have any of our members crippled, and I had bodings of evil. But, thanks to the healing virtues of the balsam, which must have adhered to the blade of the axe, and double thanks to the court-plaster with which Orville had supplied himself before leaving home, the wounded leg, by being favored that night and the next day, gave us little trouble.

That night we had our first fair and square camping out, — that is, sleeping on the ground with no shelter over us but the trees, — and it was in many respects the pleasantest night we spent in the woods. The weather was perfect and the place was perfect, and for the first time we were exempt from the midges and smoke; and then we appreciated the clean new page we had to work on. Nothing is so acceptable to the camper-out as a pure article in the way of woods and waters. Any admixture of human relics mars the spirit of the scene. Yet I am willing to confess that, before we were through those woods, the marks of an axe in a tree was a welcome sight. On resuming our march next day we followed the right bank of the Beaverkill, in order to strike a stream which flowed in from the north, and which was the outlet of Balsam Lake, the objective point of that day's march. The distance to the lake from our camp could not have been over six or seven miles; yet travelling as we did, without path or guide, climbing up banks, plunging into ravines, making detours around swampy places, and forcing our way through woods choked up with much fallen and decayed timber, it seemed at least twice that distance, and the mid-afternoon sun was shining when we emerged into what is called the "Quaker Clearing," ground that I had been over nine years before, and that lies about two miles south of the lake. From this point we had a well-worn path that led us up a sharp rise of ground, then through level woods till we saw the bright gleam of the water through the trees.

I am always struck on approaching these little mountain lakes with the extensive preparation that is made for them in the conformation of the ground. I am thinking of a depression, or natural basin in the side of the mountain or on its top, the brink of which I shall reach after a little steep climbing; but instead of that, after I have accomplished the ascent, I find a broad sweep of level or gently undulating woodland that brings me after a half-hour or so to the lake, which lies in this vast lap like a drop of water in the palm of a man's hand.

Balsam Lake was oval shaped, scarcely more than half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, but presented a charming picture, with a group of dark gray hemlocks filling the valley about its head, and the mountains rising above and beyond. We found a cow-house in good repair, also a dug-out and paddle and several floats of logs. In the

dug-out I was soon creeping along the shady side of the lake, where the trout were incessantly jumping for a species of black fly, that, sheltered from the slight breeze, were dancing in swarms just above the surface of the water. The gnats were there in swarms also, and did their best toward balancing the accounts by preying upon me while I preyed upon the trout, which preyed upon the flies. But by dint of keeping my hands, face, and neck constantly wet, I am convinced that the balance of blood was on my side. The trout jumped most within a foot or two of shore, where the water was only a few inches deep. The shallowness of the water perhaps accounted for the inability of the fish to do more than lift their heads above the surface. They came up mouth wide open, and dropped back again in the most impotent manner. Where there is any depth of water, a trout will jump several feet into the air; and where there is a solid, unbroken sheet or column, they will scale falls and dams fifteen feet high.

We had the very cream and flower of our trout-fishing at this lake. For the first time we could use the fly to advantage; and then the contrast between laborious tramping along shore, and sitting in one end of a dug-out and casting your line right and left with no fear of entanglement in brush or branch, while you was gently propelled along, was of the most pleasing character.

There were two varieties of trout in the lake, — what it seems proper to call silver trout and golden trout; the former were the slimmer and seemed to keep apart from the latter. Starting from the outlet and working round on the eastern side toward the head, we invariably caught these first. They glanced in the sun like bars of silver. Their sides and bellies were indeed as white as new silver. As we neared the head, and especially as we came near a space occupied by some kind of water-grass that grew in the deeper part of the lake, the other variety would begin to take the hook, their bellies a bright gold color, which became a deep orange on their fins; and as we returned to the place of departure with the bottom of the boat strewn with these bright forms intermingled, it was a sight not soon to be forgotten. It pleased my eye so, that I would fain linger over them, arranging them in rows and studying the various hues and tints. They were of nearly a uniform size, rarely one over ten or under eight inches in length, and it seemed as if the hues of all the precious metals and stones were reflected from their sides. The flesh was deep salmon-color; that of brook trout is generally much lighter. Some hunters and fishers from the valley of the Mill Brook, whom we met here, told us the trout were much larger in the lake, though far less numerous than they used to be. This, I think, is generally the case; brook-trout do not grow large till they become scarce. It is only in streams that have been long and much fished that I have caught them as much as sixteen inches in length.

The liveliest sport I had on Balsam Lake was during a heavy thunder-shower. How the trout can distinguish the fly when it rains so hard that the surface of the water seems an inch or two deep with bubbles is more than I can tell; yet I know they did, and that very readily. As the rain began to come down pretty briskly, Aaron headed the boat for camp. My fly was dragging, and as we were shooting over the water-grass which waved to and fro beneath the surface, two flame-finned beauties darted from the green depths and were instantly hooked. On this hint we backed water, took up a position with head to the wind, and for nearly an hour, amid the pouring rain and rattling thunder, the sport went on. I had on two flies, and usually both were snapped at the moment they touched the water. But the sport did not degenerate into wanton slaughter, for many were missed and many merely slapped the hook with their tails; and when we were a few short of a hundred, the blue sky shone out, and, drenched to the skin, we rowed leisurely back to camp.

The "porcupigs" were numerous about the lake, and not at all shy. One night the heat became so intolerable in our oven-shaped cow-house, that I was obliged to withdraw from under its cover and lie down a little to one side. Just at daybreak as I lay rolled in my blanket, something awoke me. Lifting up my head, there was a porcupine with his fore-paws on my hips. He was apparently as much surprised as I was; and to my inquiry as to what he at that moment might be looking for, he did not pause to reply, but hitting me a slap with his tail which left three or four quills in my blanket, he scampered off down the hill into the brush.

Being an observer of the birds, of course every curious incident connected with them fell under my notice. Hence as we stood about our campfire one afternoon, looking out over the lake, I was the only one to see a little commotion in the water, half hidden by the near branches, as of some tiny feathered swimmer struggling to reach the shore. Rushing to its rescue in the canoe, I found a yellow-rumped warbler, quite exhausted, clinging to a twig that hung down into the water; I brought the drenched and helpless thing to camp, and, putting it into a basket, hung it up to dry. An hour or two afterward I heard it fluttering in its prison, and cautiously lifting the lid to get a better glimpse of the lucky captive, it darted out and was gone in a twinkling. How came it in the water? That was my wonder, and I can only guess that it was a young bird that had never before flown over a pond of water, and, seeing the clouds and blue sky so perfect down there, thought it was a vast opening or gateway into another summer land, perhaps a short cut to the tropics, and so got itself into trouble. How my eye was delighted also with the red-bird that alighted for a moment on a dry branch above the lake, just where a ray of light from the setting sun fell full upon it. A mere crimson point, and yet how it offset that dark sombre background!

I have thus run over some of the features of an ordinary trouting excursion to the woods. People, inexperienced people, sitting in their rooms and thinking of these things, of all the poets have sung and romancers written, are apt to get sadly taken in when they attempt to realize their dreams. They expect to enter a sylvan paradise of trout, cool retreats, laughing brooks, picturesque views, balsamic couches, etc., instead of which they find hunger, rain, smoke, toil, gnats, mosquitoes, dirt, broken rest, vulgar guides, and salt-pork; and they are very apt not to see where the fun comes in. But he who goes in a right spirit will not be disappointed, and will find the taste of this kind of life better, though bitterer, than the writers have described.

John Burroughs.

MY RETREAT.

ORIOLE and bobolink and butterfly,
A lovely medley to the ear and eye;
A distant sound of seas upon the sand,
And every glory of the bright green land!—

These are my friends, and this my happy home,
A floor of clover and the sky's blue dome;—
Afar the children drop their garments down,
And play like lilies in the salt wave sown.

A GERMAN LANDLADY.

Part I.

IT was by one of those predestinations which men call lucky chances that I came to know the Fräulein Hahlreiner. An idle question put to a railway acquaintance, and in a moment more had been spoken the name which will stand in my memory forever, calling up a picture of the best, dearest, jolliest landlady in all Germany.

Up two such flights of stairs as only victims of monarchies would consent to climb we toiled to find her. There was a breeze of good cheer in the first opening of her door.

"Is the Fräulein Hahlreiner in?"

"I are she," laughed out of the broad red lips and twinkled in the pretty brown eyes. We had not suspected it, for she looked in no wise like the proprietress of an apartment to let, — more like the happiest and best-natured of chambermaids; untidy a little, it must be owned, but so picturesque in every word and motion, that one would not have risked any change, even to additional neatness. The rooms were just what we wanted. Who could have believed that, while we were journeying sadly away from beloved Tyrol, there stood waiting in the heart of Munich just the beds, the sunny windows, the cheerful parlor, that would fit us? The readiness of one's habitations is a perpetual marvel in the traveller's life: it is strange we can be so faithless about accommodations in the next world, when we are so well taken care of in this. It took few words to make our bargain, and few hours to move in; in a day we were at home, and the big, motherly Fräulein understood us as if she had nursed us in our cradles. How her presence pervaded that whole floor! There were thirteen rooms. A German baron with wife and two children, to whom he whistled and sang and shouted twelve hours a day, like a giant bobolink in a meadow, had some of the rooms. Two mysterious Hungarian women, who were secret and stately and still, and gave dinners, lived on the corner; and we had all the rest, except what was kitchen, or cupboard, or the Fräulein's bedroom.

It is wonderful how soon it seems proper to have kitchen opposite parlor, unknown neighbors the other side of your bedroom wall, dishes washed on the hall table, and charcoal and company coming in at same door. When we learn to do this in New York, there will be fewer deaths from breaking of bloodvessels in the effort to be respectable.

No artist has ever yet taken a photograph of the Fräulein Hahlreiner which could be recognized. Neither can I photograph her. I can say that she was five feet seven inches high, and fat to the degree of fatness which Rubens loved to paint; that she was fifty-two years old, and did not look as if she were more than forty; that she had hazel brown eyes, perpetually laughing, a high white forehead, two dimples in her left cheek which were never still, and hair, as free as the dimples, too long to be called short, too short to be called long, always floating back in the air as she came towards you: on great occasions she had it curled by a hair-dresser, — the only weakness I ever discovered in the Fräulein; but it was such a short-lived one, one easily forgave it, for the curl never stayed in more than two hours. I can say that, in spite of her fatness, her step was elastic and light, and her hands and feet delicately shaped; I can say that her broken English was the most deliciously comic and effectively eloquent language I have ever heard spoken; I can say that she cooked our dinner for us at two, went shopping for or with us at five, threw us into fits of laughter at eight by some unexpected bit of

mimicry or droll story, and then tucked us up at bedtime, with an affectionate "Good night. Sleep well!" But after all this is told, I have told only outside truths, and given little suggestion of the charm of atmosphere that there was about our dear Fräulein and everything she did or said.

The Munich days went by too quickly, — days in the Pinakothek, days in the Glyptothek, days in the Art Exposition, with its two thousand pictures. We had climbed into the head of the statue of Bavaria, roamed through the king's chambers at the Nymphenburg, seen one hundred thousand men on the Teresina meadows, and the king giving prizes for the horse-races; and now the day came on which we must leave Munich and each other.

My route lay to the north, — Nuremberg, Rhine, Rotterdam, London. For many days I had been in search of a maid to go with me as far as Rotterdam. The voluble Madame Marksteller, who supports a family of ten children, and keeps them all in kid gloves and poodles by means of an intelligence office, swept daily into my room, accompanied by applicants of all degrees of unsuitability. It grew disheartening. Finally I was reduced to the choice between a pretty and young woman, who would go with me only on condition of being my bosom companion, and an ugly old woman, who was a simpleton. In this crisis I appealed to the Fräulein.

"Dear Fräulein, why could not you go with me to Rotterdam?"

"O my dear lady, you make me go to be like fool, to think of so nice journey," said she, clapping one hand to her head, snapping the fingers of the other, and pirouetting on her fat legs.

But all sorts of lions were in the way: lodgers, whose dinners must be cooked.

"I will pay the wages of a cook to take your place, my Fräulein."

A country cousin was coming to make a visit; a cousin whom she had not seen for twenty-five years. She might stay a week.

"Very well. I will wait till your cousin's visit is over."

"But, my lady, I fear I make stupid thing for you. I knows not how to do on so great journey."

"Ha!" thought I, "I only wish I were as safe from stupidities and blunderings for the rest of my life as I shall be while I am in your charge, you quick-witted, bright-eyed old dear!"

The country cousin, I fear, was hurried off a little sooner than she liked.

"I tell she she must go. My lady cannot wait so long. Six days in Munich are enough for she," said the Fräulein, with a shrug of the shoulders which it would have cut the country cousin to the heart to see.

On a windy noon, such as only Munich knows, we set out for Nuremberg. If I had had any misgivings about the Fräulein's capacity as courier, they would have been set at rest in the first half-hour at the railroad station. It was evident that anything she did not know she would find out by a word and a smile from the nearest person: all were conciliated the minute they looked into her ruddy face. And as for me, never in my life had I felt so well presented as by the affectionate tone in which she said, "My lady."

Trusting to Murray, I had telegraphed to the Würtemberger Hof for rooms. At nine o'clock of a dark night the German crowd in the Nuremberg station lifted up its voice, and said there was no Würtemberger Hof.

"There must be," said I, brandishing my red Murray, with my thumb on the spot. Crowd chuckled, and said there was not.

"O my lady, wait you here while I go and see," said the Fräulein, bundling me into a chair as if I had been a baby. Presently she came back, with, "My lady, she do not exist these now four years, the Würtemberger Hof. We go to the Nuremberger Hof, which are near, and he have our telegram."

Out into the darkness we trudged, following a small boy with a glass of beer, and found, as the Fräulein had said, that the Nuremberger Hof had re-

ceived our telegram, and had prepared for us two of the cleanest of its very dirty rooms. How well I came to know my Fräulein before the end of that rainy day in Nuremberg!

"O my lady, am I to go where you go, and see all?" she exclaimed in the morning, when I told her to be ready at nine to drive with me. "O, never did I think to see so much." She had evidently had in the outset a fear that she would see little except at the railway stations and hotels. She little knew how much pleasure I anticipated in her companionship.

They are cruel who tell you that a day is time enough to see Nuremberg. It is a place to spend two weeks in; to lounge on doorsteps, and peer into shadowy places; to study old stones inch by inch, and grow slowly wonted to all its sombre picturesqueness.

As we stood looking at Peter Vischer's exquisite carvings on the shrine of St. Sebalds, I pointed out to the Fräulein the bass-relief representing St. Sebald's miracle with the icicle. She looked with cold, steady eyes at the finely chiselled fire which was represented curling upward from the little pile of broken icicle, and then said, "Do you believe, my lady?"

"O no, Fräulein," said I; "I can't quite believe that icicles ever made so good a fire as that, even for a saint. But I suppose you believe it, do you not?"

"O no, I not. The Church ask too much to believe. If one would believe all, one cannot do," said she, in a tone of timidity and hesitation quite unusual for her; and a moment later, still more hesitatingly, "Have you read Renan, my lady?"

I started. Was this my German landlady, who spent most of her time over her cooking-stove, asking me if I read Renan? "Yes," I said, "I have read most of his books. Have you?"

"O yes, and I like so much. My confessor he say he no more give me —" (here she halted: the long word "absolution" was too much for her, and she made a sweeping gesture of benediction to indicate it), — "he no more give me — so — if I not put away that book; so I go not to him, now, two year, because I will not make lie."

"But then you are excommunicated, are you not, if you have not been to confession for two years?"

"Yes, I think," cheerily, quite reassured now that I must be as much of a heretic as she, since I too read Renan; "but I will not make lie. I will have my Renan. Then I read, too, the book against Renan; and he say St. Paul say this, and St. Peter say the other, but he go not to my heart. I love the Jesu Christ more by Renan, as in what the Church say for him."

Strange enough it was to walk through the still aisles of these old churches, and, looking up at the dusty stone saints, to whom incense is burned no longer, hear this simple soul repeat over and over, with great emphasis, "I love the Jesu Christ more by Renan as in what the Church say for him."

Then we went down into the old dungeons under the Rathhaus, through chilly winding galleries, into stone chamber after stone chamber, rayless, airless, pitiless, awful. The Fräulein grew white with horror. She had never believed the stories she had read of torture-chambers and dungeons.

"Ach, mein Gott! mein Gott! and this is what might be to-day if Father —— had the way; and they tell us we lose the good old times. I will tell to all peoples I know I have seen the good old times under the ground of this Nürnberg!"

When we came out again into the open air, she was so pale I feared she would be ill. She sat down trembling on the stone stairs, and drew a long breath: "Ach Gott! but I am thanks to see once more the overworld."

It was almost wicked, after this, to take her to the still worse dungeons under the city walls, which are literally hung and set full of instruments of torture, and in the last of which is kept the famous Iron Virgin. In the first chambers were milder instruments for

punishments of common offences, many of which have been used in Nuremberg within seventy years, — grotesque masks to be worn on the street by men and women convicted of slanderous speaking ("Ha, ha!" laughed the Fräulein, "there could not be make enough such masks to be weared in Munich"); and a curious oblong board with a round hole at each end, into which husbands and wives who quarrelled were obliged to put their heads, and live thus yoked for days at a time. This pleased the Fräulein greatly. "Think you, my lady, this would be good?" she said, sticking her fat fist through one of the holes, and opening and shutting it,—"think you they would love theirselves (each other) more?"

But her smiles soon died away, and she was paler than in the Rathhaus dungeons. This great hearty woman, usually ruddy as a frost-bitten apple in December, and stronger than most men, grew white and trembling at the first look at the horrible instruments of torture with which the other chambers were filled. Indeed, it was a sight hard to bear, — racks and wheels and pulleys and weights and thumb-screws, helmets and cradles and chairs set thick with iron spikes, and at last, in the lowest dungeon of all, the Iron Virgin. I held the poor Fräulein's hand. For the minute I was the protector and not she. The woman who was our guide recited her story with such glib professional facility, and pulled out bars, and shoved back the doors, and showed the sharp spikes, all with such a cheery smile, that to me it robbed the cruel stone statue of much of its atmosphere of the horrible. I even felt a morbid impulse to step into the image's embrace and let the spiked doors be partly shut on me; but for the Fräulein's sake I forbore, and hurried her out as quickly as possible into her "overworld."

"O, never would I live in this Nürnberg, my lady," she said; "at each step I see ghost; and see color of that water," she added, pointing to the sluggish river: "it are black with the old sins."

How she laughed the Nuremberg jewellers into selling me oxidized silver cheaper than they meant to! How she persuaded the stolid Nuremberg "cocher" to drive faster, at least ten times faster, than was his wont! And how, most marvellous of all, she convinced the keeper of the Nuremberg cemetery where Albert Dürer was buried, that it could do no harm for me to bring away a big bunch of bright sumac leaves from one of the trees! I should as soon have thought of appealing to one of the carved Baumgartner burghers on their stone slabs to give me permission; but the Fräulein was too much for the keeper. He turned his back, so as not to seem to condone the offence, and satisfied his conscience by calling out, "Enough, enough, you have taken enough," several times before we were ready to stop picking. How quickly she saw and how keenly she felt the best things! Not a line of Adam Kraft's or Peter Vischer's carving was lost on her. Not a single picturesque face or group escaped her. Much more I saw in that one day of Nuremberg, for having her by my side; and very short I found the next day's railroad ride to Mayence, by help of her droll comments on all that happened.

Curled up in one corner were a fat old German and his wife, and opposite them an officer with his young bride. The officer and the burgher talked incessantly with great vehemence. I saw that the Fräulein listened with keenest attention; it was evidently all she could do to keep quiet. At the first opportunity she said to me: —

"O my lady, he are ultramontane, the fat man; he are Senator; they talk always about our government. I like so much to hear what they say; but the fat man, he are such fool."

The Senator's wife looked like a man in woman's clothes, — hard featured, bony, hideous. As night came on she proceeded to make her toilet; she took off her boots, and put on huge worsted shoes, bound with scarlet; on her head

she put a knit cap, of cranberry red; above that, the hood of her gray waterproof; above all this, a white silk handkerchief, tied tight under her chin; on top of all, her round hat. The effect was like nothing in earth but a great woollen gargoyle. The Senator looked on as complacently as if it were the adorning of Venus herself.

"O my lady, have you seen what she make for mouth when she speak?" said the Fräulein. I had not, for we were on the same side of the carriage. "My lady, you must see. I will make that she speak for you," said the malicious Fräulein, drawing nearer to the unsuspecting victim, and asking some question in the friendliest of voices. I forgave the unchristian trick, however, at sight of the mouth in motion.

After the Senator and the officer had both left the carriage, the Fräulein told me the substance of their discussion; political questions seemed familiar to her; she had her own opinion of every candidate; and O, how she did hate the ultramontanes! "O my lady, this Senator he wish to have for president a man who make always his walk backwards. Never he go forwards."

It took me some seconds to comprehend that this was the Fräulein's English for a conservative, the thing she hated with her whole heart.

The sun shone brightly on the fields and woods. She exclaimed with delight at each new mile: "O, how I like to see smoke go up from house!"

"O, find you not the world nice, my lady? I find so nice, I could kiss the world. Always people say, this world are bad world. The world are good world. It are mens that are bad."

Then she would startle me again by farmer-like comments on the country.

"O, here are all such poor wood country; I would cut down such poor wood, and make land for other thing.

"Now begin to be more good stone, here.

"O look, my lady, what nice farm with much meadow for coos." (Never could I persuade the Fräulein to say *cows*.)

At last I said to her: "Fräulien, you talk like a farmer."

"Ach, my lady," and her face grew clouded, "I make farm for eleven year. I am great farmer. That is all what I love. O, I could die, some time, I such hungry have for my beautiful farm."

By this time I was prepared to hear that my Fräulein had at one time or another in her life filled every office for which German towns have an opening, from burgomaster down; but that she had been a farmer I never suspected.

"You must tell me, Fräulein, all about it, when we are on the Rhine. We can talk quietly there."

"Yes, my lady, I tell you. It are like story in book."

For a few moments she looked dreamily and sadly out of the window; but her nature had no room for continued melancholy. Soon she began to laugh again, at sight of the slow, ditch-like Main, on which unwieldy boats and sloops were wriggling along.

"O my lady, this river go all the way as if he think each minute, 'I go no farther.'"

Match that who can for a hit at a sluggish river.

At one of the stations I saw her talking with a conductor on another train bound back to Nuremberg.

"I ask for my cousin. He are ober-conductor on that train. I send him note. He can see me when I come back. He will be in Heaven when he get my note." And her face twinkled more like the face of fifteen than of fifty. I looked inquiringly.

"He are my cousin; but I love he not; but he write me every year, for tirteen year, 'Will you marry me?' and I write to he: 'Thank you, thank you, but I think not to marry you, nor any other man. Live well, live well.' And he speak no more, till come same time next year; but always he say to all peoples, that he will me marry. He wait till I be glad of he. But I think he wait till I die. And his mother she hate me, because she wish that he had wife to take he out of her house. He

make her cry so much, so much. He is so — how do you say, my lady, when peoples is all time like this?" And in an instant she had utterly transformed her face, so that she could have passed any police officer in the world, however he had been searching for her, so cross, so glum, so hateful did she become from eyebrows to chin. Never off the stage, and rarely on it, have I seen such power of mimicry as had this wonderful old Fräulein.

"He are always like that, my lady, all time, morning, noon, night, all year; and he say, every day to his mother, 'Hold tongue! I will not have wife, if I cannot have Caroline.'" This last sentence she pronounced with a slow, sullen, dogged drawl, which would have made the fortune of an actress.

"O Fräulein," I said, "you ought to have been an actress."

"Yes, my lady, I think," she replied, as simply as a child, with no shade of vanity in her manner. "I would be rich woman now. When I was child a great manager in Augsburg, he ask my grandfather to give me to study with his daughter. He say I make good, and be great player; but in those days no people liked artists like to-day, and my grandfather he are so angry, and he say, 'Go away; come no more in my house.'"

Thus laughing and listening, and looking out on the pleasant meadows of the Main, we came to Mayence, and at Mayence took boat to go down the Rhine. This was the Fräulein's first sight of the Rhine. All the tenderness and pride and romance of her true German soul were in her eyes, as the boat swung slowly round from the pier, and began to glide down the river. And now began a new series of surprises. From Mayence to Cologne there was not a ruin of which my Fräulein did not know the story. Baedeker was superseded, except for the names of places; as soon as I mentioned them to her she invariably replied, "O yes, I know; and have you read, my lady, how," etc. The Johannisberg Castle, given to Metternich by his Emperor, the cruel Hatto's Tower, the Devil's Ladder, the Seven Virgins, the Lurley, the Brothers, Rolandseck and Nonnenwerth, — she knew them all by heart; and for the sake of hearing the time-worn old stories, in her delicious broken English, I pretended to have forgotten all the legends. Nothing moved her so much as the sight of the two rocky peaks on which the two brothers had lived, and looked down on the Bornhofen Convent in which their beloved Hildegarde was shut up.

"O, each brother, he could see her if she walk in that garden," she said, with tears in her eyes. "Now, it come no more that a man love so much, so long, so true."

Just beyond the Brothers we passed the great Marienburg water-cure. Reading from Baedeker, I said: "Fräulein, that would be a cheap place to live; only twelve thalers a week for board and lodging and medical attendance."

"O no, my dear lady. It are not cheap, for there be nothing to eat. At end of eight day the man from Wassercure he shall be so thin, so thin, it shall shine the sun through him."

Throughout our whole journey the Fräulein's astonishment was unbounded at the poor fare and the high prices. In her beautiful goodness, she had supposed that all landlords were content, as she, with moderate profits, and anxious, as she, to give to their guests the best food.

"O my lady, find you this chicken good?"

"Not very, Fräulein. What is the matter with it?"

"O, the bad man, the bad man, to ask for this chicken one gulden. He are old chicken, my lady, and he are boiled before he are in oven. O, I know very well. O, I win much money by this journey; never before had I courage to give old chicken. Now I give!"

Much I fear me that from this time henceforth the lodgers in my dear Fräulein's house will not find it such a marvel of cheap comfort as we did.

"O my lady," she said one day, "if

you come again to me, you shall all have as before. But to other peoples, I no more give beefsteak for fifteen kreutzers. I will be more rich, I have been ass."

By dint of the Cologne and Düsseldorf line of steamboats, and the Netherland steamship line, and endless questioning and unlading and lading, the Fräulein and I and the trunks at last came to land at Rotterdam. We had a day at Cologne, a night at Düsseldorf, and one never-to-be-forgotten night on the river. At Düsseldorf we wandered about the streets for an hour and a half seeking where to lay our heads. Here the poor Fräulein had on her hands, besides me, an English barrister and his wife, who could speak no German, and who drifted very naturally into our wake. What a procession we were, at eleven o'clock of the darkest sort of night, nobody knowing just where he was going, each person thinking somebody else was taking the lead. Suddenly the porters ahead of us plumped our trunks down in the middle of the street at the feet of two men with lanterns.

"Really, aw, now this is, aw, the most extraordinary place for a custom-house, aw, 'pon my honor," said the English barrister, whose name was not Dundreary.

"Have you meat or sausages?" said the biggest man, flashing his lantern-light full into our dismayed faces. "O mercy, no!" shouted we with bursts of laughter, and such evident honesty, that he let us go, contenting himself with punching the sides of all the carpet-bags.

"O Fräulein, did you tell that man you had no sausages?" said I sure she could not have eaten up the six I saw her buy at Cologne.

"My dear lady, he say, 'Have you meat or sausage?' and I say, 'No, I have no meat.' I not make lie, I make diplomatique."

From Düsseldorf to Rotterdam it was a day and a night and half a day. The Rhine stretched broader and broader. The shores of Holland seemed slowly going under water, and the wind-mill arms beat the air wildly like struggling arms of drowning monsters. It was as cold as winter in the cabin; and it rained pitilessly on the deck. The poor Fräulein read all the magazines which I had bought for her in Cologne, and an old comic almanac which she borrowed from the steward, and at last curled herself up in a corner and went to sleep in despair. The night differed from the day only in being a little colder and darker, and in the Fräulein's having a red-flannel petticoat over her head. When I waked up and saw her pleasant great face in this ruddy halo of fiery flannel, I felt as comforted as if it had been a noonday sun.

It was at noon of a Thursday that we came, as I said, to land at Rotterdam; but this is hardly the proper phrase in which to describe arriving at a place which is nine parts water. Venice seems high and dry in comparison with it; and the fact that you go about in boats at Venice, and in cabs at Rotterdam, only serves to make the wateriness of Rotterdam more noticeable.

"O my lady, it are all one bridge from one water to another water," said Fräulein, as we drove up and down and across canal after canal, to find the house of Moses Ezekiel, the Jew, who is a money-changer. It rained dismally, but the Dutchwomen were out on all the doorsteps, with pails of water, scrubbing and wiping and brushing and rinsing, with cloths and mops and brooms, as if they were enchanted by some soap-and-watery demon. Windows shone like mirrors; door-handles glittered like jewels.

"O, how they do are clean, these Dutch," said the Fräulein, taking account with a housekeeper's eye of all this spotlessness.

How sorry I grew as the hour came for me to say good by to this dear, honest, droll, loving woman I cannot tell. The last thing she did for me was to look at the sheets in the dreary little berth in which must be spent my one night between Rotterdam and Lon-

don, and to say with great indignation to the surprised stewardess, "Call you those sheets clean, in English? Never my lady sleep in such sheets, from Munich to Rotterdam. O, but I think a steamschiff (boat) are place for bad peoples to be punish for sin!"

Then she cried over me a little, and went away. I watched her till she had shut the cab door, and was being whirled off to take the early train for Munich. Then I too shed a few tears, saying to myself, "God bless the old darling. I shall never see her like again."

The story of the Fräulein's life I feel a hesitancy about telling. It stands out so in my memory in its quaint, picturesque, eloquent broken English, that to try to reproduce it is like trying to describe one of Teniers's pictures of peasant life. But nothing, not even the dulness of grammatical speech, can rob it of all its flavor of romance, and no one but myself will know how much it loses in my hands.

Part II.

Her father was a Suabian hunter, and one of the king's rangers. Her mother was a daughter of a subaltern officer. There were ten children, of which my Fräulein and her twin brother were the youngest. They were poor but gay, living a free life in the woods, with venison for dinner every day. When the little Caroline — for now I must give her her name — was three years old her father died; but she never forgot him, remembering to this day, she says, more vividly than almost anything else in her life, how he used to come home in his ranger's uniform, and taking her on one arm and her twin brother on the other, toss them both up in the air, calling her his little "rusty angel," in affectionate jest at her freckled skin.

One year later the mother died, and the ten children, left with very little money, were scattered here and there, in houses of friends and relatives. Caroline was sent to her paternal grandfather, who was a government advocate in Augsburg. The grandmother had written that she would take the handsomest of the six little girls, and the lot fell on Caroline. O, what a picture it was she drew of her arrival, late at night, at the fine house in Augsburg! She was carried, a poor little frozen bundle of baby, into a great parlor, where her grandparents with a small party of friends were playing whist. The servant set her on the piano while they unrolled her wrappings, one after another, for it was a cold winter night.

"Then at last out come I; and they stand me up on the piano, and my grandmother she say, 'Mein Gott! if this be the handsome, what are the rest?' And one old servant, — and she I hate all my life, — she put both her hands high, and she say, 'Mein Gott, she have red hair and rusty skin!'"

In a few days, however, the little red-haired, rusty-skinned child became the pet of the whole house; and from this time till her grandmother's death Caroline was happy. But before she was six she had become such an unmanageable little hoyden, that her grandparents, in despair, shut her up in a convent school in Augsburg, only allowing her to come home for Saturdays and Sundays and the vacations. In this school she spent seven years, and came out, at thirteen, a full-grown woman, knowing a little of many things, but no one thing well, and too full of animal life to be held with any bonds. That very year came her first lover, asking to marry her.

"My grandfather, he send for me, and I come, like I go always on one foot, jumping like cat for bird; and there sit this man I know not; and my grandfather he point to me, and he say, 'You think to marry that child? Look at her!'" I am sure that the Fräulein was too modest to tell me how beautiful she was as a young girl. But I can easily make the picture for myself. She was above the medium height, and very slender; her cheeks were red, her forehead high and white; her eyes the brightest and wickedest hazel, and her mouth and chin piquant and wil-

ful and tender and strong, altogether. Not often does the world see just such a face as she must have had in her youth.

The next year the grandmother died, and now began dark days for Caroline. Two of her aunts, who had not loved her father, came to keep her grandfather's house. They locked up her piano. They took away the pretty clothes her grandmother had given her. They gave her more and more hard work to do, until in one short year she was like a servant in the house. Then they sent her away to another aunt's house, on pretence of a visit, and kept her there three months; and when she returned, she found that her grandfather, who was now very old and imbecile, had married a new wife.

"Now came for me the worst of all the time. My grandfather's wife, she say, 'You must not stay here, I will not have, you are too fine lady. You can go earn your bread like others.' And I say, 'O, what can I do? I nothing know, where can I go? And, my lady, I are only fifteen when she tell me to go make living for myself."

The grandfather was too old and feeble to interfere, and moreover had been prejudiced against Caroline by his wife and daughters. So the child went out into the world, with a little bundle of clothes, and a few gulden in her pocket. She had about one hundred dollars a year from her father's estate, which luckily was in hands of a trustee, or the cruel aunts would have robbed her of that. A kind neighbor took her in, and tried to cheer her; but her heart was broken. "All day, my lady, I cry and I cry, till I look so ugly nobody would take such ugly girl to live in house for servant. My face get quite another shape."

At last the good neighbor came home one day in great delight, and told Caroline that the Baroness —— had seen her in church, and liked her face so much that she had asked her name, and now sent to know if she would come and live with her as nurse for her three little children.

"This are like help from Heaven, my lady; and when I go to Baroness, she take me by chin, and she say, 'Would you like to live in my house?' And I cry so, I can no more speak, and I say, 'O, I glad of any house, so I have home."

For three years she lived with the Baroness, who proved a kind and wise mistress. The little children were sweet and lovable, and "I think I stay in that house till my time come to be died," said the Fräulein, with tender, wet eyes. But one day came a sharp, authoritative letter from her grandfather, ordering her to return home at once.

"I get great afraid, I think he wish to me kill, and I would not go; but the Baroness say, 'No, he are your grandfather, you must go.' So I go, and my grandfather he look at me with such angry eyes I am sick, I cannot stand up; and he say, 'The Baron love you too much. You are vile, bad girl. You go no more to his house. I will you shut up."

Cruel, idle tongues had done poor Caroline this harm. Probably the scandal rose from the careless jest of some thoughtless man or woman, who had observed the beautiful face of the young nursery-maid in the Baron's house. "I should make lie, my lady," said the Fräulein here, "if I say that the Baron speak ever to me one word not like my father. He good man."

After a few wretched weeks in the grandfather's house Caroline found a second home in the family of the Countess —— of Augsburg. Here she lived for seven years as lady's maid to the old Countess, who loved her much. "But the young Countess, she love me not. She hate me. It are like cat see dog always when we see each other, we so hate; but my old Countess, she say always to me, 'O Caroline, have patient, have patient; for my sake go you not away.'" At last came a day when, for some trifling provocation, the young Countess took Caroline's two ears in her noble hands, and jerked her head violently back and forth, until the girl could hardly see.

"Many time, my lady, I say to her, 'Take your hands away, I will not from any man this bear'; and at last, my lady, I make so," said the Fräulein hitting out from the shoulder with a great thrust which a prize-fighter might admire, "and she go back against the wall; and the old Count, he come flying and scream, 'You kill my daughter, you shall to prison go.' And he put his hand on me, and I make so again, my lady, that he go back against the other wall. O, I was strong like one hundred men! And my poor old Countess she come with her two hands tight, and she cry, 'O Caroline, Caroline, be not like this; go not away from me.' And I say to her, 'My dear lady, I no more can bear. I go away to-night; and I go to my room, and in middle of my angry I stop to laugh, to see the old Count like he pinned to the wall where I put him with my one arm, and the young Countess like she pinned to the other wall, where I put her with my other arm."

In an hour Caroline had packed her boxes, and was ready to leave the house, but she found herself a prisoner in her room. The door was firmly locked, and to all her cries she could get no answer. All night long she walked up and down, with her bonnet and cloak on. At eight in the morning the bell rang as usual for her to go to the Countess. "Ha!" say I, "the old Count he think I go to my lady, for her I so love. But I open my door, I have heard he come like cat and unlock with key; and I go straight to big door of great hall; and at door stand old Count, and he say, 'What mean you? Go to the Countess.' And I say, 'No, I go no more to Countess, I go to burgomaster.' And I look at he so he no more dare move. I think," with a chuckle of delight at the memory, "he no more wish to feel how heavy are my hand, for he are poor little man. I could him kill, like chicken, and so he know very well."

Straight to the burgomaster the excited Caroline went, and told her story. For once a burgomaster was on the side of right; reprimanded the Count severely, and compelled him to give up all Caroline's boxes, and pay her the full sum due of her wages. Now she was, for the first time for many years, thoroughly happy. She had saved money in her seven years' service, and she had become a skilful dress-maker. She hired a little apartment, and sent for an old servant who had been fond of her in her childhood.

Old Monika was only too glad to come and live once more with her young mistress; and as for Caroline, after ten years of serving, to be once more independent, to have an affectionate waiting-woman ready to do her bidding,—"it was like Heaven, my lady. In morning, Monika she bring me my bath, like I lady again; and she say, 'Fräulein, my Fräulein.' And I make my eyes like I sleep, sleep, so that I can hear her say 'my Fräulein' many times, it so me please. Then she be fear that I died; and she come close and take my by shoulder; and then I give jump quick out of bed, and make her great fright and great laugh. But always I eat with my Monika, as if I not lady, for I say, I too have been servant; and I cannot eat by self; I have not hungry; and I love my old Monika very much."

The good Countess sent all her friends to Caroline, and in a short time she had more dress-making than she could do, even with Monika's help; but she would not employ workwomen. She tried the experiment once, and had a seamstress for three months, but she could not endure the trouble and annoyance of it. "O my lady, I get in such great angry with she, she make so stupid things. I send she away. I think I be died with angry, if she not go."

It was, after all, but a bare living that one woman's hands could earn with a needle in Augsburg, in those days. Caroline and her Monika had only about two hundred dollars a year.

"How could you live on so little money, dear Fräulein?" said I.

"O my lady, in those time all are so cheap. I get pound of meat for nine kreutzers, now it are twenty. I get

quart milk for three kreutzers, now it are five. I get nine eggs for four kreutzers, now I must pay two kreutzers for one egg; and in Augsburg then I buy for one kreutzer all vegetable Monika and I eat for two day, and now in my house in Munich I give six kreutzers for what I must give one person at one time."

Even at these low prices they had to live sparingly: one half-pound of meat three times a week; never anything but coffee and bread for breakfast; once a week a glass of wine. But Caroline was happy and content. "Never did I think to ask God for more than I have. I are so glad with my Monika; and I sing at my sew all day."

But fate was spinning a new tint into Caroline's life. In the spring of her third year of dress-making she found herself seized with a sudden ambition to go to Munich and get new fashions.

"It are great journey for me to take alone; and I had not money that Monika go too; I know I need not to go; but I cannot be free night nor day from thinking I will to Munich go, and get fashion for my ladies."

On the fourth day after her arrival in Munich the poor solitary Augsburg dress-maker was taken ill with a terrible fever. In great fright, the lodging-house keeper had her carried to the hospital, and gave herself no further concern about the friendless stranger. There poor Caroline lay in a crowded ward, so delirious with fever that she could not speak intelligently, and yet, by one of those inexplicable mental freaks sometimes seen in such cases, quite aware of all which was passing about her. She heard the doctors pronounce her case hopeless; she knew when they cut off her beautiful hair, but she tried in vain to speak, or to refrain from speaking when the mad raving impulse seized her.

At length one night, the third night, between twelve and one o'clock, she suddenly opened her eyes, and saw a tall man bending over her bed, with a candle in one hand.

"O my lady, never can I tell what I saw in his face; never, my lady, have you seen so beautiful face. I say to myself, 'O, I think I be died, and this are the Jesu Christ; or if I not be died, this are my darling for all my life.' And he smile, and say, 'Are you better?' And I shut my eyes, and I say to myself, 'I will not speak. It are Jesu Christ.'"

This was the young Dr. Anton ——, who had been, from the moment Caroline was brought into the hospital, so untiring a watcher at her bedside, that all his fellow-students persecuted him with raillery.

"But my Anton he say to them: 'I do not know what it are, I think that beautiful girl' (for, my lady, all peoples did call me beautiful; you would not now think, now I am such ugly, thick, old woman),—I think that beautiful girl die. But if she not die, she are my wife. You can laugh, all you; but I have no other wife in this world."

It was in very few words that my Fräulein told me this part of her story. But we were two women, looking into each other's wet eyes, and I knew all she did not say.

They could not be married, Anton and Caroline; for the paternal government of Bavaria, not liking to have too large pauper families left on its hands, forbids men to marry until they can deposit a certain sum in government trust for the support of their families, if they die. Anton had not a cent in the world: neither had Caroline. For four years they worked and waited, he getting slowly but surely into practice; she, laying by a gulden at a time out of her earnings. Once in four weeks he came to Augsburg to see her, sometimes to stay a day, sometimes only a few hours. "It took so much money for journey, he could not more often come. But he say, 'My liebling, I may die before we can marry; I will make sure to kiss you once in four week.'"

There was, perhaps, a prophetic instinct in Anton's heart. Before the end of the fourth year his health failed,

and he was obliged to leave Munich, and go home to his mother's house. For six months Caroline did not see him. Week by week came sadder and sadder letters. Anton was dying of consumption. At last his mother wrote, "If you want to see Anton alive, come."

At sight of Caroline he revived, so much so that the physicians said, if he had no return of hemorrhage, he might possibly live three months; longer than that he could not hold out.

O cruel, paternal government of Bavaria! Here were this man and woman, held apart from each other, even in the valley of the shadow of death, by the humane law providing against pauper children.

The one desire left in Anton's heart was to be moved to Augsburg, and die in Caroline's house. He and his mother were not in sympathy; the family was large and poor; he was in the way. Then Caroline said, "Come."

"O my lady, you think not it was harm. His mother she go on knees to me, and say, 'Take Anton with you.' And I know I can keep him alive many weeks in my house; he will be so glad when he are alone with me, he will not die so soon. No one could speak harm of me, for this man I lead like little child, and lift in my arms, he are so sick."

So Caroline gave up her apartment in Augsburg, hired a little farm-house just out of the city, and took her lover home to die. The farm was just large enough for her to keep two cows and raise a few vegetables. The house had but one good room, and that was fitted up for Anton. Caroline and Monika slept in two little closets which opened from the kitchen. Before daylight Monika went into the city to sell milk and vegetables; while she was gone Caroline took care of the stable and the animals, and worked in the garden. Not one kreutzer's worth of work did they hire. The two women's hands did all.

In the sweet country air and in the sight of Caroline, Anton grew daily stronger, until at the end of three months he could walk a few rods without leaning on her arm, and hope sprang up once more in their hearts.

Then, lured by that illusive dream, which has cost so many dying men and women so dear, they started for Italy to escape the severe winter winds of Augsburg. They went in a little one-horse wagon, journeying a few miles a day, resting at farm-houses, where the brave Caroline took care of her own horse, like a man, and then paid for their lodging by a day's dress-making for the women of the family. In this way they spent two months; but Anton grew feebler instead of better, and when they reached home Caroline lifted him in her arms, and carried him from the wagon to the bed.

"When I lay him down, he look up in my face with such look, and he say: 'Liebling, it are no use. I have spent all my money for nothing. Now I die.'"

The journey, cheaply as they had made it, had used up every kreutzer of the earnings which had been put by towards their marriage. Now they had nothing, except what Caroline could earn, with now and then a little help from Anton's mother. But Caroline's heart never failed her; she thought of but one thing, the keeping Anton alive.

"All day, my lady, it are as if I see Death stand at door; and I look at him in eyes, and I say, 'You go away! I give not Anton to you yet. O Jesu Christ, let me keep my Anton one day the more.'"

And she kept him day by day, until the doctors said his life was a miracle; and Anton himself said to her sometimes: "O liebling, let me go; it is better for you that I die."

At last the day came, but it was nearly at the end of the second year. It was late in the spring. Anton had not left his room for weeks; but one morning he said to her that he thought he would like to sit under the trees once more.

"And O my lady, the minute he say that I know he think it are his last day. So I dress him in warm clothes, and I carry him out in my arms, and

put him in big chair I make myself out of old died tree ; and the sun it shine, shine, O so warm ! and I read to him out of book he like. But I see he no more hear, and very quick he say, 'Come close to me' ; and I go close, and he put his two hands on my face and say : 'Liebling, I think God be always good to you for your good to me.' And then he point with finger that I take him in house ; and Monika and I we have but just get him in bed, when he fall back, and are died in one minute ; and, my lady, I can say true, that in the first minute I was glad for my Anton that he have no more pain."

Soon after Anton was buried came Anton's second cousin, Herr Bridmacher, to see Caroline. The Herr Bridmacher owned a great farm of seven hundred acres near Starnberg. By this time all Anton's friends, far and near, had heard of the faithful and beautiful Caroline, who had so well administered the little farm, and made Anton's last months so comfortable. Herr Bridmacher offered her good wages and absolute control of the farm. It was the very life she most liked, and it offered an escape from Augsburg, the very air of which had become insupportable to her. She accepted the offer immediately, and at the end of a week was walking by Herr Bridmacher's side, up the broad road of Brentonrede farm.

"O my lady, my heart he go down in me when I see that farm. The Herr Bridmacher he have been fool. He have the same thing in the same field all his life, till the ground be no more good ; and he are so mean, he have on that seven hundred acre only seven servant ; he have four coos, three horse, and two pair oxen, and one are lame. And the house, it be shame to see such house ; it let water come in in many place ; and the floor it go up, and it go down, like the cellar are all of hills. And I say to him : 'It are well for you, Herr Bridmacher, that I not see your fine farm before I come. But I have my word given, and I go not back. I stay.' Then he begin to make great compliment to me, how he think I do all well. But I say : 'O, thank you, I not wish to hear. You think to journey, you have me told. The sooner you go the better I like. Good night, sir.' So I go to my bed ; but all night the wind he blow my windows so I cannot to sleep ; but I say to myself, 'Caroline, if only that fool go away, here are splendid farm for you.' So I am quite quiet. And in the morning, Herr Bridmacher he say : 'Good morning, good morning. I start to Italy tomorrow' ; and I say, 'I very glad to hear that. You stay two years, I hope.' And when he go down the road I stand at door, and I snap my two hands after he, and I say, 'Long journey to you, my master.'"

With short intervals of interruption and annoyance from Herr Bridmacher, Caroline had the management of Brentonrede farm for eleven years. At end of that time Brentonrede owned seventy-five cows, eight horses, eight pairs of oxen, twenty-four calves, and two hundred chickens. There were twenty-five work-people, — seventeen men and eight women. The house was in perfect repair, and the place had more than doubled in value. Just before Caroline came to him the poor silly Herr Bridmacher had offered it for sale for sixty thousand gulden (about twenty-five thousand dollars) ; after she left him he sold it for one hundred and forty thousand gulden.

It would be impossible to reproduce the Fräulein's graphic and picturesque story of her life during this time. She had no neighbors, but she was never lonely. Her whole soul was in her work. At three o'clock every morning she rose, and gave the laborers their first meal at four. Five times a day they were fed, the Brentonrede people : at four in the morning, bread, soup, and potatoes ; at eight, bread and milk, or bread and beer ; at eleven, knoedels,* with which they had either meat, pud-

* Knoedels are dumplings made of flour, chopped herbs, and sometimes a little ham. They are the common food of farmers throughout Germany.

ding, or curds; at four, bread and beer; and at six or eight, bread and soup.

One of her greatest troubles in the outset was the religiousness of her work-people: — the number of Paternosters they insisted on saying every morning in the little chapel on the place.

"O my lady," she said, "I wish you could see that chapel. Such a Mother Goddess never did I see in my life. She look so like fool, that when I go first in I make that I drop something on floor I cannot find, so I put my face close to floor, that they not see me laugh. But I make she all clean; and I make chapel all clean; and then I say to men: 'Very well; if you need pray fourteen Paternosters on week-day, you need pray fourteen Paternosters on Sunday. So many as you pray on week-day, it are my order that you pray on Sunday, if you work at Brentonrede.' Then they grumble, and they tell the priest. They like not to take time that are their own time on Sunday to say fourteen Paternosters; but they like better to say Paternosters in my time than to dig in field. So the priest he put on his big hat, and he come to door, and knock, knock; and I go; and he say, 'Are you the Fräulein of Brentonrede?' And I say, 'Yes, Father, I are she.' And then he begin to say, 'Now, my daughter,' with long face; and then he tell me that he are told I have pigs in the chapel, and that I will not let the people to pray. And I say, 'O no, that are not true.' And I take he to chapel, and show how clean it are; and only I have in corner two big bottle of vitriol, which I have afraid to keep in house, because it are such danger; and I tell him I think Holy Mother Goddess will be so good to keep it safe, that it blow not up the house. And he say that are no harm, but why do I not let the people to pray. And I tell him that I say not the people shall not pray. I say they shall pray fourteen Paternoster on Sunday, if they pray fourteen Paternoster on week-day; and since then they pray but one Paternoster on week-day, so that they take not time from their Sunday. And he scratch his head very hard, and know not what to say me to that; and then I give him good bottle wine and a cheese, and I say, 'Now, Father, it cannot be in this world that we believe all what are telled. I do not believe what are telled of you, and do you not believe any more what are telled of me.' And he get so red in the face, for he know all peoples say his housekeeper are wife to he; and so he shake my hand, and he go away. And always I hear after that he say, 'The Fräulein of Brentonrede she are good woman; she are good Catholic.' But he know in his heart I laugh at he."

How she gloated over some of her harvest memories, — of wonderful afternoons in which more loads of hay were piled up in Brentonrede barns than had ever been known to be got in in one afternoon before. One particular wheat harvest, I remember, she mentioned. She had seen at noon that a heavy storm was coming up. Whole acres of wheat were lying cut, ready to be made up into sheaves. "Then I call all the men and women, and I say, 'If all the wheat are in before dark, I give you one cask beer, and two cheese, and all bread you can eat, and a dance.' I think not it could be; but I work with them myself, and I tie up with the straw till my hands they bleed, O so much; but I nothing care. And the wheat it are all in, my lady, before nine o'clock, — twenty-five wagon-loads in one afternoon; and in all the country they tell it for one great story that it was done in Brentonrede."

The Brentonrede farm soon became well known in the whole region about Starnberg. Herr Bridmacher's friends used to make it a stopping-place in their drives; and the Fräulein often entertained parties of them at tea or luncheon. She was very proud of doing the honors of Brentonrede; and to these parties, and to her two years of close intercourse with the invalid Anton, she owed a certain *savoir faire*, which, added to her native graceful-

ness and quickness of comprehension, would prevent her ever being embarrassed, I think, in any situation.

In the tenth year of her Brentonrede life came a burgomaster from a neighboring town to ask her to marry him. By this time her love for Anton had taken the healthful shape of tender, regretful memory, which made no sorrow in her active, useful life, and set no barrier between her and other men. But her heart was wedded to Brentonrede farm. So, like a true diplomatist, she told Herr Bridmacher of this offer, and asked his advice.

"I know very well he not like that I leave farm. He know he cannot make farm by heself. I think he will marry me heself, to keep me for farm. I not love he. O no, my lady, I love no man after my Anton. But I know he go on journey every year, sometimes for two three year, and I think I like very well to be his wife, and stay on farm while he go."

The Herr Bridmacher took the same view of it that Caroline did. Of course he could not have her leave the farm: so he said he would marry her when he came back from Italy, — from a year's journey on which he was about starting. The burgomaster was sent away, and Caroline went contentedly on with her farming for another year. When Herr Bridmacher returned, and their marriage was again discussed, the question of settlements came up, and upon this they fell out. Caroline was firm in her demand that Brentonrede should be settled on her and her children.

"I know very well, my lady, that all his people fine people. They think I am only poor work-girl who can make farm. Never I wish to go as his wife into one of their house. It are only for love of farm that I marry he; if he die, and I not have farm, what I do then?"

But Herr Bridmacher was equally firm. He would settle money on her, but not Brentonrede. Money Caroline would not have, not even if it were enough to buy another farm. It was Brentonrede she loved, and she did not in the least love Herr Bridmacher. "I know all the time he are fool, and like mule, beside," she said; adding with the gravest simplicity, "But I know he have been for ten year the most time away from Brentonrede, and I think when I are his wife he like it not even so much than before."

So Caroline and Herr Bridmacher parted in great anger. With her savings she bought a little house in the suburbs of Munich. But the city air oppressed her. Her occupation was gone. At end of a year she sold the house for two thousand gulden more than she gave for it, and bought another, farther out of the city, with a few acres of ground about it. Here she lived as she had in Augsburg, keeping one servant, three cows, hens and chickens, and working all day in a vegetable and flower garden.

"O my lady, it are like one picture, when I have work there one year. Not one inch in all my place but have a fine green leaf or flower growing on he; all peoples that drive by from Munich, they stop and they look and they look, and I are so proud when I hear them say, 'It are all one woman that do this with her own hands.'"

One afternoon as the Fräulein sat alone in her little sunny parlor, there was a ring at the door.

"I go, and I see, O such nice Englishman. I have he seen before, many times, stands to look in my garden. He are priest I know by his dress, — priest of your church, my lady. Then he say, 'Do you live here alone?' And I say, 'Yes.' And then he try to say more, but he cannot German speak, and I no English understand. So he laugh, and he say, 'I come again with my wife. She can all say in German.'"

The next day he came back with his wife, and the thing they had to say was no more nor less than to tell the Fräulein they were coming to spend the summer in her house. Her face and the face of her garden had been such magnets to them, that their hearts were set on coming to live for

six months where they could see both every day.

"I say, 'But I know not how to do for high people. I cannot make that you have comfortable.' But they say, 'We will you show all. We want little.' And so they come. They take my two rooms up stairs; and they sit all day in my garden; and the lady, she grow so fat, and she say she are never so happy in all her life, as in my house; and they are, now these seven years, my best friends in the world."

These best friends of the Fräulein's were an English clergyman and his wife; and her acquaintance with them was one of the crises in her romantic life. In the autumn when it was necessary for them to go back to Munich, they persuaded her to sell her little farm (which was not so profitable as pretty) and take part of a house in the city, and rent apartments. She entered with many misgivings on this untried experiment; but her shrewd, sagacious nature was as successful here as in remodelling Herr Bridmacher's exhausted farm. She has lived in Munich for seven years. Her apartment has never, for one month, stood empty, and she is only waiting for the opportunity to add to it another whole floor. She has nearly paid for her furniture, which is all thoroughly good and satisfactory, and she says: "If I spare (save) very much and spend not on nothings, I think in six year I have enough money to go live as I like in country, and have garden." She yearns for green fields, and the smell of the earth. I am not sure that the English clergyman did well to transplant her within the city walls.

As for Herr Bridmacher, he came to grief, as might have been predicted, soon after parting with Caroline. After several unsuccessful attempts to find some one to fill her place, he sold his farm for one hundred and forty thousand gulden, put most of the money into a commercial speculation and lost it.

The good Caroline, hearing a short time ago that he was seen in Munich looking very shabby and out at elbows, wrote asking him to come to her house.

"I could not bear, my lady, to think that I so comfortable in this nice house by the money he pay me, and he have not money enough to go like gentleman as he always go before; and now I are old woman, I can ask to my house if I like."

But Herr Bridmacher was too proud to come.

"He hate me. I hear from friend that know, that he hate me, O so much! He say I are reason for all his trouble. But I think he are reason heself. Except for he had been one mule, I are in his house to-day, and Brentonrede are worth three hundred thousand gulden, and he have six children to make that he are no more sorry."

Poor Herr Bridmacher! From my heart I pity him, when I think what he has lost. But I have almost more resentment than pity, when I think that, but for his foolish pride and obstinacy, my Fräulein would have been to-day the loving mother of children and the gracious Lady of Brentonrede.

H. H.

UNDER THE SKYLIGHT.

I HAVE no office with staring sign
Down in the noise of the crowded mart.
A window square to the sky is mine,
In an humble loft, where all apart
I live, with my friends and books and art.

No currents of gold from Wall Street come
To breed the fever of loss and gain;
But the golden southlight warms my home,
Or on my skylight patters the rain,
While I paint or sing my castles in Spain.

No checks that smile for a day, and melt,
The postman brings to my humble door;
But letters from friends, whose love is felt
To be richer than all the golden store
Of the millionnaire whose soul is poor.

Gold is good, but it is not the best.
True love's bank, — can it ever break?
What if it should? — The sun in the west
Sinks and rises again, to make
A long, long banquet of Give and Take.

Time is passing, but Time is renewed.
Life runs over with wealth untold.
Age grows younger in all that is good,
Reaping the fields where Youth stood cold
In the drear bare furrows, and dreamed of gold.

What if the light of our matin prime
Struggles through clouds with a pallid beam!
One ripe day of life's latter time
Is worth a hundred of fitful gleam, —
Is worth long years of an aimless dream.

O misty land of uncertain Youth,
Low-lying swamps of fear and doubt!
We have left you below for the heights of truth,
We have found through the fogs a pathway out.
Below us the youths and maidens shout,

Wandering, careless, through roads unknown,
Wrapped in the warm soft vapory air,
Here, in the clear still upper zone,
We see how wide is life, how fair,
While Age's light gilds Age's care.

What if the snow-wreath crown our heads, —
We gain the electric strength of frost.
We are treading the path each mortal treads;
We are nearing the spring, we have counted the cost;
We trust, ay, know, we shall not be lost!

C. P. Cranch.

SOME ENGLISH WORKINGMEN.

TEN or a dozen years ago a meeting was held in one of the great provincial cities of England, under the presidency of Lord Brougham, whose intellect and mental energy had not yet succumbed to conquering time. One of the peculiarities and special attractions of the meeting was a speech from a workingman, — a genuine workingman, who had only washed the grime of the iron-foundery off his face and hands, in order to mount the platform, and play the orator among philanthropic peers and popular members of Parliament. The workingman spoke well, for a workingman of that time; England has grown half a century, or thereabouts, during the dozen years that have passed since then. There was nothing particular in the speech as a speech. I have a tolerably good memory, but I cannot recollect anything the artisan-orator said, or distinguish his eloquence in my remembrance from that of any of the commonplace members of Parliament, and other such speakers who preceded and followed him. But I remember that Lord Brougham was for a while in ecstasies. He jumped to his feet, when the speech of the iron-worker was over, and with all the frightful gesticulation and hideous, indescribable contortions of countenance he was wont to exhibit when roused to emotion of any kind, he protested that that speech was the very finest he had ever heard. That was something like praise! Lord Brougham had doubtless heard Fox and Pitt; he might possibly have even heard Mirabeau; he must have been familiar with the eloquence of Canning and Plunkett and O'Connell, just as he was with that of Berryer and Montalembert and Gladstone and Bright; and he declared emphatically that this workingman's oration was the very finest he had ever heard in his life. Of course, this was sheer nonsense and extravagance; but it was for the moment sincere; it was not meant for nonsense and extravagance. Brougham was really surprised and delighted to hear a genuine workingman who could talk sensibly as well as fluently, and he exploded into the same kind of natural and pardonable effusiveness as that which is permitted to any of us when we hear an intelligent boy deliver some piece of recitation gracefully and effectively, and we declare in our enthusiasm that Edwin Booth could not have done it any better. After a while, however, Brougham began to repent him of his fury of praise. He seemed to fear that his panegyric might be the means of sending the honest iron-worker into a wrong path for the rest of his life; and he therefore took opportunity, before the meeting separated, to deliver a public admonition to his *protégé* against the fascinations of the platform. In the most earnest tones, and with gestures more fearful to behold than ever, he warned the orator never to be led into adopting the unprofitable calling of a public speaker, — "unprofitable," interjected his Lordship, suddenly remembering his own career, "save to the very, very few," — and always to keep to his honest and manly occupation as a worker in iron. Thus did the venerable statesman and agitator give the sugar first and the pill afterwards.

I have since occasionally seen or heard something of Brougham's iron-worker, and he has not thus far justified the alarms or verified the praises of his illustrious admirer. He speaks occasionally at meetings of workingmen, but he has not given up his original occupation, and he has not made any mark as a public speaker. Nobody any longer wonders to hear a workingman make a decent speech in England; and Brougham's friend is now only one of many who can do as well as he, while there are a few who can do a great deal better. The representative English

workingmn has made an immense advance during the last ten years, — that is to say, he has made an immense advance towards being like everybody else, — like the average Radical members of Parliament, for instance. The rude, fervid, passionate eloquence, born of a deep sense of wrong, and thrilling with the half-poetic exaggeration of the untutored, sincere "one idea," — the sort of eloquence that we used to read about in the pages of "Alton Locke," and which I suppose was really to be heard in the days of the Charter and Feargus O'Connor, — that eloquence is little known now among the representative speakers of the English working-class. Such men now argue well and closely, talk plain facts and good sense, and can only be listened to with respect and answered by substantial reasoning; but they do not try to be orators. Take the highest specimen of the class and bring him to perfection, and he would still be no more of an orator than such a man as Mr. W. E. Forster, for example, is an orator: he would be a ready, clear, and effective speaker, marshalling good arguments and appropriate facts with disciplined skill to a direct purpose. Neither the agitation created in England by the American civil war, nor the yet more intense and personal excitement of the Reform struggle, brought out an orator, among London workingmen. Some of the most influential leaders of the body are not even effective speakers. George Potter, for instance, the leader of the trades-union organizations, is a very indifferent speaker. I fancy that in the English provinces, in the northern counties especially, there is more of fervid eloquence, at meetings of workingmen, than is usually heard in London; but even there I have not heard any hint of the appearance of an orator.

The most prominent representative of workingmen now occupying the attention of the English public is doubtless Mr. Odger, who has for some time past been making ineffectual efforts to get into Parliament, and is, I hope, destined some day to find a seat there. Whenever he becomes a member of Parliament, he will, I venture to think, greatly disappoint the House of Commons; for he will be just as good a speaker as anybody there, with the exception of some five or six, perhaps; and there is nothing whatever of the typical stump orator, or "Alton Locke" workingman about him. He is a gentleman (I do not know why the term should not be applied to him) of good acquirements and information, full of sound sense, able to make a clear, telling, argumentative speech. He will be a member of Parliament *comme un autre*. He will disappoint many of his brother-legislators, just as a lady was disappointed the other day in Washington when she was shown a great Indian chief, who had come up as a delegate from I know not how many warlike tribes, and she saw a personage wearing a frock-coat, gray pantaloons, and a stove-pipe hat. There are London workingmen who look and speak far more effectively in a theatric or artistic sense, as representatives of their class, than sensible and respectable Mr. Odger. There is a man, for example, who lately paid a visit, I believe, to the United States, — Mr. Thomas Conolly, an Irish plasterer, living in London, — who makes the nearest approach to what may be called "artisan eloquence" I have ever heard in England. Conolly is a wonderful speaker in his way, — rough and ready, fluent, boisterous, and witty, mingling up sense and nonsense, shrewd argument and droll buffoonery, in such a manner as to be sometimes almost irresistible. Louis Blanc, I remember, was greatly impressed by Conolly's powers, and even went so far as to style him a genuine orator. But Conolly has practically come to nothing; and this fact of itself is enough to prove that he is no orator. Indeed, I never heard anything from him which suggested to me that he possessed any gleam of that nameless, indefinable, mysterious gift of the gods, which makes a man an orator, and not merely a speaker. During the height of the Reform agitation, I asked an English statesman what would happen

if this or that leader of workingmen, whom I named, were suddenly to turn out a great orator, — an artisan Mirabeau or O'Connell. "Probably a great social revolution," he answered; "at any rate, such a man would be the most powerful personage in England, and might dictate terms to prime ministers." No such man appeared; a tolerably good proof, I think, that he was not in existence, and that the occasion had no need of him.

There was lately in the United States a representative of a certain kind of English workingmen, — a man with a sort of literary and semi-philosophical turn of mind about him; more like, perhaps, to the people in "Alton Locke" than your sensible, gentlemanly Odgers and rough, robust, humorous Conollys. This was a Mr. Robert Coningsby (an odd name for an artisan, some one may say), who is, or was, a working engraver, and who has considerable literary gifts and far greater literary aspirations. Coningsby is one of the class who would bid their working brethren seek their welfare rather in individual culture than in combined political agitation, — a profound mistake in a country like England, where, in order to render individual culture possible to any save a wondrously energetic and persevering few among the working-class, a combined and successful political agitation to remove class privileges and found a national system of education would first be necessary. Coningsby made a bold bid at one time to be the leader of a school of "sweetness and light" dilettanteism among workingmen, and he received the special welcome and patronage of the Times newspaper, in whose columns he published a long letter advising his laboring brethren to give up politics and study Plato. But politics had at that time more hold over workingmen than Plato, and the Reform battle was fought and won, as now the battle for national education is being fought, and Coningsby collapsed. Just then such advice as his, however plausible, however well meant and sincere, was treason to his class. But Coningsby is a man of ability and considerable self-culture, able to handle a pen as well as an average magazinist of professional training, and likely, perhaps, to pass into the ranks of literature altogether. Other London workingmen have already done this, and quite successfully. I could name more than one, who were artisans the other day, but who, having cultivated by self-tuition a natural taste for literary work, made gradual efforts towards opening a way into literature, and, feeling their way prudently as they went, were able at last to give up manual labor altogether, and live as journalists and magazinists. I think the literary profession has much reason to be proud of such accessions.

There is one workingman whom I know in London, who, although he has made quite a distinct success as a writer, and won something of a literary name, still keeps — at least has kept thus far — to his handicraft as a journeyman engineer. He is not at all of the Odger or Coningsby style, but is in manners, talk, and appearance just a rough, blunt, uncouth workingman; only different from most other workingmen in being of remarkably stunted stature and apparently rather feeble frame. This is Mr. Thomas Wright, a working engineer (boiler-maker or something of the kind, I think), who has succeeded, despite of some discouraging and severe physical disadvantages, in qualifying himself for a very honorable position in the ranks of literature. He first became known by some essays which were published in the Cornhill Magazine, describing with the pen of a genuine workingman some phases of life among his class. There was a freshness, a simplicity, above all, an unmistakable truthfulness and realism, about these sketches, which at once attracted attention, and encouraged the author to publish a volume called "Some Habits and Customs of the English Working-Classes, by a Journeyman Engineer." The book had a very decided success, and was reviewed carefully and favorably by all

the great critical journals. The peculiarity of the work which first attracted attention was the absence of all pretence to the style of the professional *littérateur;* it was the genuine, simple, unmistakable production of a workingman, describing in his own way and his own language the life he had himself seen and known. Since then "The Journeyman Engineer," as he always calls himself on his title-pages, has written other books, and a sort of romance dealing with the experiences, the habits, and the sufferings of his class, — works which, whatever their literary merit, have the high and rare value of a simple, faithful realism, and a profound sincerity. They too have been successful; and I doubt not that mere prudence and proper economy alone will gradually compel the journeyman engineer to give up hammering rivets, and make a more profitable living by the writing of books. But in appearance, manner, and ways of thinking and describing, he will ever remain what he now is, an unpretending English workingman.

The Fenian element in London did undoubtedly for a while throw a certain light of fierce picturesqueness over some groups of the working-classes. But even before the London Fenians had estranged themselves by their wild excesses from popular sympathies, they had had hardly any influential representatives of the English working-class on their side; and the old vehemence and hyperbolical eloquence of the Chartist era could scarcely be said to have had even a momentary revival. London workingmen in general cordially sympathized with Irishmen, of whatever class, who claimed justice and good legislation for their country; and throughout the Reform Bill agitation, what time the railings of Hyde Park lay prostrate, the workingmen applauded no one, after the great Beales himself, more cordially than they did The O'Donaghue, the handsome and brilliant young Irish chieftain of polished eloquence, splendid ancestry, and ruined fortunes, — the only Irish member of Parliament who took any active part in the campaign of English reformers. But no Hibernian splendor of diction suffused the downright, direct arguments, the simple, plain speaking of the English workingmen. In fact, the English artisan, even when he devotes himself to political agitation, is becoming above all things respectable. He is no longer a picturesque figure. His tendency is quite as much towards science as towards politics. I think Huxley is at present more popular with him than Bright. Indeed, the latter had somewhat lost popularity among workingmen just before his lamentable illness. He had discouraged the effort to return workingmen to the House of Commons, and more than once had subjected, not very sympathetically, to the analysis of a clear, penetrating, somewhat cold judgment, the impulses of an enthusiasm and an ambition alike natural to, and honorable in, the class. Therefore the typical London workingman of to-day — I mean the typical captain among his class — is hardly to be regarded as a devoted admirer of John Bright. Bright has little or no sympathy with ambition; and the representative workingman is ambitious. Bright is religious rather than scientific; and the workingman tends to be scientific rather than religious. I question whether there are any classes of persons in England, not professional *savans*, who are now more eager for scientific knowledge than the more intelligent workingmen. There is something about Huxley, as there is about Stuart Mill, which workingmen find sympathetic; which attracts them, wins their confidence, and makes them feel that the most rigid scientific teaching may be elevated by a soul, and animated by a light of emotion and enthusiasm. From Feargus O'Connor to Mill and Huxley what a distance has the Alton Locke of the London workshop traversed in the short space of twenty years!

I must say that I attribute much of the improvement which has lately taken place among English artisans to the influence of their trades-union organi-

zations. Whatever the defects of these institutions, they have done much to teach the workingmen independence as a class, and the value of discipline, co-operation, and practical education. They have indeed, to a great extent, educated the workingman. The very remarkable desire for scientific knowledge, of which I have already spoken, may be traced in great measure to the processes of precise reasoning upon facts, and to the observation of social and industrial phenomena, which the whole system of trades-union organization encouraged and indeed required. The English workingman is already as different a being from the agricultural laborer as a New England farmer from one of the "white trash" of the South, under the old system. The fact that the London artisan is becoming less picturesque and more commonplace every day is a very healthy and auspicious sign. I hope the time is not far distant when he may cease to be a distinct type of personage altogether, and when no clearer idea will be conveyed of a man's intellectual or social condition by describing him as an artisan than there would be now by describing him as a Londoner. He seems already to have quite emerged from the condition in which his highest honor and most substantial hope was believed to consist in the patronage of his social superiors. That kind of thing, often done with the best intentions, was almost always enfeebling and degrading. Of course I do not speak of the healthful, manly, sympathetic, systematic efforts of such men as "Tom Hughes" and F. D. Maurice, and others of the same class, to help the artisan to education and to self-help. That kind of assistance and co-operation was neither given nor received as patronage. Lately an idea entered into the minds of some well-meaning and really intelligent young men of the aristocratic class, that a great deal could be done in the way of removing social prejudices and elevating the artisan, by instituting a system of æsthetical and philanthropical tea-parties in one of the public halls of London, at which the workingmen and their wives were to be brought into familiar and friendly acquaintanceship with the sons and nephews, but I suppose not the daughters and nieces, of earls and viscounts. The thing was carried on perseveringly for some time; it may indeed be going on still for aught I know; but I have heard that it was not particularly successful. A very amusing description of one of these gatherings was given to me by a friend who himself belonged not long since to the working-class, but whose remarkable natural gifts and ardent love of literature and culture have now made of him a very rising professional journalist. The efforts of the shy, well-intentioned young aristocrats to be friendly and familiar with the puzzled and diffident workingmen; the iterated struggles to start satisfactory conversations, and to keep them going when started; the almost paralyzing fear on the part of the "swells" lest they should seem to be doing the patrons, and yet the perpetual necessity that they should make the advances and take the initiative, if the whole thing was not to collapse in utter awkwardness, humiliation, and silence; — all these phenomena seemed to my friend delightfully ridiculous, and were described by him with unction and humor. Nothing of that kind comes to any particular good. Of course all rigid class distinctions are everywhere objectionable, and, under certain conditions, fraught with danger; but there is no more necessity for taking trouble to bring an artisan and a lord together at a tea-party than there is for bringing a lawyer's clerk or a haberdasher into formal association with his lordship. The very effort is itself a proclamation of class distinction. Of late years, however, it is only just to say that the dead weight of opposition and obstruction, which the English workingman had to encounter on his way to education and political freedom, arose less from the influence of the aristocracy than from that of the middle class. Now that the workingman of England is in a fair

way to education and to political and intellectual freedom, I hope something may be done for the middle class. The young nobles and the young workmen are alike improving and full of promise; I hope the light of education and the spirit of manhood may next illumine and animate the young philistines of the middle class.

The representative English artisan of to-day may then, I think, be described as a manly, active-minded, self-reliant person, accustomed to discipline and understanding its uses; democratic rather in what is called the "philosophical-radical" style than in the manner of Bright and Cobden; fond of literature, and probably fonder still of science; calmly unorthodox, but assuredly not irreligious. Of course I have been describing the best of the class, but only, if I may use such a phrase, the "average best"; that is to say, I have not had in my mind a few striking and exceptional men; I have been thinking of a great many men, leaders in their own immediate groups, indeed, but who are to be found everywhere without search or trouble of any kind. I know of no class in the English commonwealth of whom better things can be said, no class who in the same time have made anything like the same progress.

Justin McCarthy.

JEREMIAH S. BLACK AND EDWIN M. STANTON.

A FEW days after the death of Mr. Stanton, at the request of the publishers of "The Atlantic" I prepared an article on some of the characteristics of the great Secretary as they revealed themselves to me in the varying phases of the Rebellion. It was not history or biography, nor was it intended to be. It spoke of his tireless industry, indomitable courage, promptness of decision, readiness to assume responsibilities, intense patriotism, and a self-sacrificing devotion to his imperilled country. In illustration of these characteristics, I cited a few of the many facts that had come to my knowledge, either by personal observation or the authentic testimony of others.

Mr. Jeremiah S. Black does not like my portraiture of Mr. Stanton, or my statement of facts. He appears in the June number of "The Galaxy" in a communication addressed to myself, in which my statements are questioned and my conclusions are denied. The article is characteristic of the man; and I am not surprised at the manner or the matter of it. Mr. Black seems to belong to a class of public men who are lingering behind their age, soured, disappointed, and vindictive. He seems specially conscious, — and his consciousness is apparently strengthening with time, — that there are few lawyers, fewer statesmen, and no patriots, who this day approve the advice he gave the President, on the 20th of November, 1860, in the only act which will carry his name to posterity. Contemporaneous history has already pronounced that "his argument gave much aid and comfort to the conspirators," that he "virtually counselled the President to suffer this glorious concrete Republic to become disintegrated by the fires of faction or the blows of actual rebellion, rather than use the force legitimately at his service for the preservation of its integrity." Nor is posterity likely to reverse this judgment. Loyal men, whose words and acts are instinct with patriotism, may perhaps afford to pardon the utterance of one who is passing into history under the irreversible condemnation already pronounced of a people saved in spite of his imbecile counsels and perilous theories.

As vulgar as vituperative, as ill-man-

nered as ill-tempered, with an effrontery as strange and fatuous as it was brazen, his article falsifies history and defames the dead, though the writer must have known that both the living witnesses and the documentary evidence are at hand to rectify the one and vindicate the other. It is not now my purpose to reply to his laudation of President Buchanan; or to his denial that Howell Cobb, while Secretary of the Treasury, by his treasonable utterances at Washington and among the money-lenders of Wall Street, deranged the finances and sunk the national credit; or to his denial that John B. Floyd while Secretary of War, sent muskets where they could be "clutched" by the rising conspirators; or to his apology for Toucey; or to his canonization of Jacob Thompson, the smallest and basest of the Cabinet conspirators. I am mindful that Mr. Black was a mere lawyer when he entered the Cabinet, that he had little association or acquaintance with statesmen. Of course his associates in the Cabinet, who had some experience in public affairs, although they have left little evidence in the records of their country of learning, eloquence, or statesmanship, towered up before his inexperienced eyes. No wonder that to this political neophyte Jacob Thompson seemed a great and illustrious statesman, "so immeasurably far above" the range of ordinary mortals, that they "will never in this life be able to get a horizontal view of his character." My object now is to defend Mr. Stanton from his treacherous friendship and vindicate the truthfulness of my statements, so recklessly assailed, by testimonies which cannot be gainsaid, and which are beyond the reach of cavil and successful contradiction.

In portraying the signal services rendered his country by Mr. Stanton, I referred to the fact that on entering Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet he put himself in communication with leading Republicans in Congress; that so anxious was he for the safety of the Republic, he visited by appointment Mr. Sumner at his lodgings after midnight, to impress upon him the danger which menaced the nation. These facts were stated to illustrate Mr. Stanton's exalted patriotism, which prompted him to rise above the claims and clamors of mere partisanship, and to invoke the aid of loyal men beyond the lines of his own party and outside of the administration of which he was a member, to serve his imperilled country menaced by a foul and wicked revolt. Such patriotism, however, Mr. Jeremiah S. Black does not comprehend. Such action he cannot applaud. He sees in it nothing but "overt acts of treachery." He doubts, questions, denies, and exclaims with holy horror: "Into what unfathomed gulfs of moral degradation must the man have fallen who could have been guilty of this!"

Notwithstanding these doubts, denials, and exclamations, Mr. Stanton, nevertheless, did put himself in communication, while in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, with leading Republicans. Of this fact there is no lack of competent testimony. Mr. Seward, — certainly not a biassed witness, — under date of June 6th writes: —

"You recall the memories of 1860 and 1861; our anxieties for the 4th of March then to come; the conferences we had, and the efforts we made. You ask me to give you my understanding of the position of the lamented Mr. Stanton at that time.

"When the election of 1860 closed, it left in the Executive Department President Buchanan, a Democrat, with an entire Democratic Cabinet, to remain in office until the 4th of March, when Abraham Lincoln was to be inaugurated President with a Republican Cabinet.

"Some of the then members of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet were known to be disloyal. General Cass, eminently loyal, was understood to be dissatisfied with the President.

"The Democratic party had a majority in Congress, and that majority, like the President's Cabinet, included a number of persons who avowed themselves disloyal, and who ultimately joined the seceders in rebellion.

"Many disloyal persons held executive and judicial offices throughout the country, and many of the ministers who represented the United States in foreign countries were disloyal. The Rebels speedily effected an organization, and the administration was known to be holding conferences with their agents with regard to measures bearing upon disaffected States.

"I was, with you, a member of the Senate, and it early became understood that I was to be appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Lincoln. In this manner it happened that I came to be regarded somewhat extensively as a person representing the incoming administration and the Republican party, upon which the preservation of the Union was so soon to be devolved. We apprehended the danger of a factious resistance by the Rebels at the seat of government, and an outbreak of the revolution in Congress; probably on the occasion of counting the electoral votes, or at the inauguration. We were alarmed by plots for the assassination of the President on his way from Illinois.

"There were many suspected officers in the army and the navy; and both those arms of the executive power seemed inadequate to the crisis.

"I arrived in Washington and took up my residence there immediately after the election, and devoted myself thenceforth exclusively to the public service.

"If my memory serves me, I did not personally know Edwin M. Stanton until after he was appointed Attorney-General, in place of Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, who became Secretary of State on the resignation of General Cass.

"Mr. Peter H. Watson, who during Mr. Lincoln's administration became a very devoted and efficient Assistant Secretary of War, was an intimate personal friend of Mr. Stanton as well as of myself. Immediately after Mr. Stanton took office, he put himself into indirect communication with me at my house, employing Mr. Watson for that purpose. Every day thereafter, until the inauguration had passed, I conferred either in the morning or in the evening or both with Mr. Stanton through the same agency, and the question what either of us could or ought to do at the time for the public welfare was discussed and settled. Mr. Watson often brought with him suggestions in writing from Mr. Stanton and returned to Mr. Stanton with mine.

"During all that time I was not in social relations with President Buchanan, and I took care for that and other reasons not to compromise Mr. Stanton, or other loyal members of his Cabinet, by making public the conferences which were held between any of them and myself. In some cases peculiarly perplexing I had Mr. Stanton's permission to refer to him as authority for information I gave some of my Union associates. The holding of the consultations was made known by me, with Mr. Stanton's consent, to President Lincoln and some other political friends. With these exceptions, the consultations between Mr. Stanton and myself were kept by me in entire confidence, and they have remained so.

"One day, as I was riding through F Street from the Capitol, I met Mr. Stanton on foot. We recognized each other, and a hurried explanation concerning our relations, as they were being conducted through the agency of Mr. Watson, took place. We separated quickly, from the motive on my part, and I supposed on his, of avoiding public observation. This was the only occasion, as I remember, on which I met Mr. Stanton until after the expiration of Mr. Buchanan's Presidential term."

While Mr. Seward forbears giving details of the consultations held with Mr. Stanton, he states that whenever they had occasion "to discuss measures it was only the right, fitness, expediency, and sufficiency of these measures that came in question"; and that Mr. Stanton expressed "entire confidence in the loyalty of the President and of the heads of the departments who remained in association with him until the close of that administration."

Concerning the midnight visit which

so excites the incredulity and indignation of Mr. Black Mr. Sumner himself writes:—

"My acquaintance with Mr. Stanton goes back to my first entrance into the Senate, as long ago as 1851, when Mr. Chase said to me one day, 'There is an Ohio friend of mine here who will be glad to know you,' and he introduced me to Mr. Stanton. I was busy in the Senate and he was busy in court, so that we saw little of each other, but whenever we met it was as friends. I remember well how much he was excited, when, in the debate on the Boston petition for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Bill, immediately after the surrender of Anthony Burns, June, 1854, I was set upon by the slave-masters of the Senate, Mr. Mason and Mr. Butler leading in the assault. Mr. Stanton was on the floor of the Senate while I was speaking, and afterwards spoke of the incident with much sympathy for me. On the evening of this debate he was at the house of our excellent friend Dr. Bailey, who did so much against slavery, and there dwelt on the conduct of certain Senators.

"I always understood that Mr. Stanton was a Democrat who hated slavery; and when he went into the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, I felt that the national cause must derive strength from his presence there. You do not forget those anxious days. At last, in the month of January, 1861, while our troops were left to starve in Fort Sumter, I called on him at the Attorney-General's office, relying on his patriotism for information and counsel with regard to the state of the country. He was in the inner room, where he received me kindly, seeming glad to see me. Looking about and seeing somebody in the room, he whispered that we must be alone, and then passed into the anteroom, where was also somebody, and then into the next room, and then into the next, when, finding somebody in each room, he opened the door into the corridor, where he began an earnest conversation, saying that he must see me alone, — that this was impossible at his office, — that he was watched by the traitors of the South, — that my visit would be made known to them at once, — and he concluded by proposing to call on me at my lodgings at one o'clock that night, when he would tell me of the fearful condition of affairs as he saw them. I said in reply that I would expect him at the time named by him.

"He came at one o'clock that night, and was alone with me for an hour. During this time he described to me the determination of the Southern leaders, and developed particularly their plan to obtain possession of the national capital and the national archives, so that they might substitute themselves for the existing government. I was struck, not only by the knowledge he showed of hostile movements, but by his instinctive insight into men and things. His particular object was to make us all watchful and prepared for the traitors. I saw nobody at the time who had so strong a grasp of the whole terrible case. The energies which he displayed afterwards as Secretary of War, and which wore him to death, were already conspicuous; nor can I doubt that, had his spirit prevailed in the beginning, the Rebellion would have been strangled at its birth.

"In the summer that followed, especially during the July session of Congress, I was in the habit of seeing Mr. Stanton at his house in the evening, and conferring with him freely. His standard was high, and he constantly spoke with all his accustomed power of our duties in the suppression of the Rebellion. Nobody was more earnest than himself. Compared with him the President and Congress seemed slow.

"It was his burning patriotism and remarkable vigor of character which determined his selection as Secretary of War; but at this time he was very little known to Senators personally. You may remember that, on the receipt of his nomination by the Senate, I rose at once, and, after stating my acquaintance with him, declared that within my knowledge he was one of us."

This testimony of Mr. Sumner may satisfy Mr. Black that Mr. Stanton's midnight visit was actually made, and may give him some insight into that gentleman's associations and antislavery proclivities. It may perhaps lead him to modify somewhat his bald and unsupported declaration that "he had no affinities whatever with men of your [my] school in morals or politics," and that "his condemnations of the Abolitionists were unsparing for their hypocrisy, their corruption, their enmity to the Constitution, and their lawless disregard for the rights of States and individuals."

Mr. William A. Howard, of Michigan, was for several years a member of the House, and a gentleman of large and commanding influence. In a letter to Attorney-General Hoar, under date of the 7th of February, from which I am permitted to quote, he says: —

"And now commenced a series of efforts most strange, that lasted through two long and fearful months, — so fearful, indeed, that even now at this late day, and when the Republic is safe, I shudder to think of them. If you will refer to the resolutions of the House early in January, 1861, under which the special committee, of which I was chairman, was appointed, you will see that the committee was clothed with very ample powers. That committee was raised at the request of loyal members of the Cabinet. The resolutions came from them and were placed in my hands with a request that I would offer them, and thus become, if they should pass, chairman of the committee. At first I refused to assume so fearful a responsibility. But being urged to do so by members and Senators, I at last consented to do so, on condition that the Speaker would allow me to nominate two members of the committee. I selected Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts and Mr. Reynolds of New York. Mr. Reynolds was elected as a Democrat, but he was true as steel and a good lawyer.

"I do not know that Mr. Stanton wrote the resolutions creating the committee. I did not see him write them. I never heard him say he wrote them. It would be easier, however, to persuade me that Mr. Jefferson did not write the Declaration of Independence than that Mr. Stanton did not write those resolutions. If he did write them, they are a sufficient answer to all that Mr. Black has said or can say. Whoever wrote them and requested the House of Representatives to adopt them would not have occupied any doubtful position. I do not think I saw Mr. Stanton at any time between the 1st of January and the 4th of March, 1861; but I think I heard from him more times than there were days in those two months. The clearest statements of legal rights, defining the boundaries of treason, the most startling facts, when the evidences of treachery could be found, were furnished.

"One of the secretaries had accepted the resignation of officers who had joined the Rebellion, and had dated back the resignations, in one case two days, for the avowed purpose of protecting the scoundrel from trial by naval or military law, for leading the attack on the Pensacola Navy-Yard on the 12th day of January, 1861, while he still held his commission. The letter covering the resignation stated that the resignation was written on the 13th, but dated back to the 11th, the day before the attack, and he wanted the acceptance to be dated from that day, so as to save him from military law. It boasted that they had smashed the civil courts in Florida. The resignation was received at the department on the 22d day of January at eight o'clock in the afternoon; but the acceptance was dated on the 11th as requested. I state dates from memory, and may not be entirely accurate. We were put upon this inquiry by information brought to us by a 'bird' which flew directly from some Cabinet minister to the committee-room. I never suspected Mr. Black or Mr. Toucey of this 'impropriety.' If I suspected Mr. Stanton or Mr. Dix or Mr. Holt, it was

because they were 'suspicious characters.'

"We were more than once told it would probably be necessary to arrest a certain member of the Cabinet for treason. Once we were told it would probably have to be within an hour, but to wait until we could hear a second time. Word came to hold on. Those messages certainly came from some member of the Cabinet. I always supposed something was going on there about that time. If so, probably Mr. Black did not know anything about it; and most likely Mr. Stanton's great modesty prevented his doing or saying anything about it. Mr. Black informs us, too, that Mr. Stanton was at that time a 'Democrat': perhaps that prevented his doing anything about these matters. For obvious reasons personal interviews with Cabinet ministers were avoided during the labors of the committee; but I do know I many times sent inquiries, and always received answers with great promptness, conveying information of great importance. But these communications were indirect and anonymous."

Equally explicit is the testimony of Mr. Dawes, another member of that committee. In an article written immediately after the death of Mr. Stanton and published in the "Congregationalist" of Boston, he stated that some of the most important and secret plans of the conspirators became known and were thwarted by means of communications from Mr. Stanton to the committee. "Once a member of that committee," said Mr. Dawes in this article, "read by the light of the street lamps these words: '*Secretary —— is a traitor, depend upon it. He declared in Cabinet to-day that he did not want to deliver this government intact into the hands of the black Republicans. Arrest him instantly, or all will be lost.*' The paper went back to its hiding-place, but the Secretary, though he walked the streets unmolested, was watched from that hour."

Who can question the truthfulness of these testimonies? Who can doubt the fact that Mr. Stanton, in the extraordinary emergencies of that dark winter, did put himself in communication with Republican members of Congress? Who can resist the belief that the motives which then actuated him were as pure and lofty as ever glowed in a patriot's bosom? Will the naked and unsupported assertions and imputations of Mr. Black, however vehemently and persistently made, shake the faith and confidence of the American people in the loyalty and honor of Edwin M. Stanton?

In my article, I stated, on what I deemed unquestionable authority, that Mr. Stanton had, before entering the Cabinet, advised Mr. Buchanan to incorporate into his message the doctrine that the Federal government had the power, and that it was its duty, to coerce seceding States. Mr. Black positively declares that Mr. Stanton never was consulted on that subject by the President, and that he never gave such advice. Mr. Dawes, in his article in the "Congregationalist," makes this statement in clear and emphatic language.

"It was," he says, "while these plans for a *coup d'état* before the 4th of March were being matured in the very Cabinet itself, and in the presence of a President too feeble to resist them and too blind even to see them, that Mr. Stanton was sent for by Mr. Buchanan, to answer the question, 'Can a State be coerced?' For two hours he battled, and finally scattered for the time being the heresies with which secession had filled the head of that old broken-down man. He was requested to prepare an argument in support of the power, to be inserted in the forthcoming message. He did it in language that neither time nor argument has improved upon, and his statement of the power was adopted by the President and inserted in the message. Had it remained as the doctrine of the administration, its whole attitude towards the Rebellion would have been changed, and the result no one can now state.

"Mr. Stanton left the city immediately, for the trial of an important cause in Pittsburg, and saw no more of the President or men in Washington, until summoned by telegraph to a place in the crumbling Cabinet in the last days of December. Meantime the traitors had overborne the President, and events were rapidly culminating. Two days before the meeting of Congress they had frightened him into expunging from his message the assertion of the power to coerce a State in rebellion, and to insert in its place the contrary doctrine."

This statement was made on the authority of Mr. Stanton himself. In a letter written to me a few weeks since Mr. Dawes says: "When Mr. Washburn and I lived together on Fourteenth Street, near Mr. Stanton's, he used to call and see us occasionally. He stayed very late one night, telling us all about his connections with Mr. Buchanan's administration and the war. At that time he told us the story of Mr. Buchanan's sending for him before his last regular message, as I related it in the 'Congregationalist.'" Perhaps this positive assertion of Mr. Stanton himself to Mr. Dawes and Mr. Washburn will weigh quite as much with the American people as the merely negative statement of Mr. Black.

While admitting that Mr. Stanton had always been a Democrat till he took his place in the Republican party during the war, I stated in my article in "The Atlantic" that he had "early imbibed antislavery sentiments." I referred to his Quaker descent; to his grandfather's emancipation of his slaves; to the fact, which he frequently referred to, that Benjamin Lundy was wont to visit his father's house, and that he had often sat upon his knee and listened to his antislavery teachings; to the statement made me by Mr. Chase himself, that Mr. Stanton accosted him in the streets, nearly thirty years before, and said that he was in entire accord with the antislavery sentiments he had just put forth; and to the well-known fact that he was a frequent guest at Dr. Bailey's house, where he often met and associated with antislavery men. Mr. Black seems shocked at this statement. He emphatically declares that the Democrats gave Mr. Stanton "office, honor, and fortune"; that if my statement be true, "he was the most marvellous impostor that ever lived or died." Perhaps a liberty-loving people will be more charitable towards Mr. Stanton than Mr. Black is. They will hardly join him in declaring it "cold-blooded and deliberate treachery" simply because, though a Democrat, he faintly cherished the antislavery teachings of his youth. They will rather respond to the words recently written to me by the veteran Abolitionists Theodore D. Weld and Samuel May.

"In the early spring of 1835," writes Mr. Weld, "I gave a course of lectures upon slavery in Steubenville, Ohio. In the announcement of the course objections and discussion were invited. Before going to the first lecture I was told that a young lawyer was to reply to me; at the close I called for objections. None were made, and the audience dispersed. At the next there was the same invitation and the same result. On the morning after, a young man, whom I had observed taking notes at the lectures, sought me at my lodgings and introduced himself as Mr. Stanton, saying in substance, 'I meant to fight you, but my guns are spiked, and I have come to say that I see, with you, that all men hold their rights by the same title-deed, that the slaveholder in picking flaws in the slave's title-deed picks the same in his own and in every man's.' A conversation of half an hour followed, during which he greatly impressed me with his hearty frankness, independence, moral insight, and keen mental force. God be thanked that, a quarter of a century later, the nation had such a man to lead its forlorn hope triumphant through its darkest hour."

Mr. May, in a letter recently received, asks: "Did you ever hear Mr. Stanton speak of B. Lundy? Do you remember taking me to his room when I went

to Washington to get signatures to the testimonial circular letter for Garrison, and introducing me to him with some words as to my errand? After getting through with three or four persons who had precedence, he, still standing behind his 'standing desk,' after a few words and inquiries about Mr. Garrison, began to speak of visits which Lundy made to his father's house when he (E. M. S.) was a boy; of the long talks always on slavery which Mr. Lundy and his father had together, and of the silent interest he took in them. He had, evidently, grown up with a great reverence for Mr. Lundy. Who can tell how far these repeated talks of Lundy in the humble farm-house in Ohio, so long ago, were a power in preparing the future Secretary of War, who was to grasp the entire strength and resources of the nation in his hand, and wield them for slavery's final destruction? For myself, I was perfectly convinced, from the deep and earnest tone in which he spoke of Lundy, that he recognized a spirit which had controlled and shaped his own. And when in another (briefer) interview, two or three days later, I found him again leading the conversation to Lundy and those early visits to his father's house, I was made sure of my first impression, and I rejoiced in the Providential arrangement which had caused that early seed, sown in simple faith, to find a soil suited to it when, 'though buried long,' it should not 'deceive the hope.' Benjamin Lundy's 'soul was marching on,' when Stanton planned and directed the gigantic measures, before which even the seemingly unconquerable monster slavery was compelled to yield and die."

And here I notice Mr. Black's denial that Mr. Stanton indorsed Mr. Cameron's proposition to arm the negroes. He affirms with great positiveness that it was "morally impossible" that Mr. Stanton should have done so, for the reason that "he was at that time a white man, every inch of him, proud of the great race he sprung from, and full of faith in its capacity to fight its own battles and govern itself"; and that "nothing would have humiliated him more than to see the American people relinquish their rightful place in the front rank of the world, surrender their inheritance of free government, and sneak back behind the African for protection in war or in peace." This base utterance sufficiently reveals the *animus* of Jeremiah S. Black, but it does not prove that Edwin M. Stanton was not early in favor of arming black men for the defence of the imperilled nation. That it does not prove it, is rendered certain by the testimony of Mr. Cameron himself. In a note recently received by me he says: "I submitted my report, when Secretary of War in 1861, to several gentlemen, chiefly from my own State, and many of them opposed it. Wearied with objections to a measure on the adoption of which I was convinced the existence of the nation might ultimately depend, I sought out another counsellor, — one of broad views, great courage, and of tremendous earnestness. It was Edwin M. Stanton. He read the report carefully, and after suggesting a few verbal alterations, calculated to make it stronger, he gave it his unequivocal and hearty support."

By the act of July, 1862, the President was authorized to receive for military purposes persons of African descent. Some time afterwards Mr. Stanton referred to General Holt the question of the right and duty of the government to employ persons of African descent as soldiers. That gentleman made an elaborate, vigorous, and eloquent report in favor of receiving into the armies persons irrespective of creed or color. Mr. Holt, in a note addressed to me under date of 18th of June, says: "Soon after this report had been received and read by Mr. Stanton, he warmly thanked me for it, and left the impression on my mind of his entire concurrence in its views. Some time afterwards, in one of those unreserved conversations which we occasionally had upon the absorbing questions of the day, he declared sub-

stantially, and with the vehemence which often characterized him in the discussion of such topics, that *the war could never be successfully closed for the government, without the employment of colored troops in the field.* The importance of this declaration at that juncture, added to the solemn earnestness with which it was uttered, fixed it indelibly upon my memory. I could not have been mistaken in then regarding him as the decided and persistent advocate of this policy."

Mr. Black, with reckless audacity, declares too that the scene in the Cabinet, when the intelligence was received that Colonel Anderson had removed from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, "is a pure and perfectly baseless fabrication," "completely exploded by the record, which shows that Colonel Anderson's transfer of his force from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter was in literal obedience to orders from the President, which Floyd himself had drawn up, signed, and transmitted." This assertion is made in the face of their despatches, now on file in the War Department, as certified to by Adjutant-General Townsend, under date of 19th of July.

WAR DEPARTMENT, December 27, 1860.
To MAJOR R. ANDERSON, U. S. A., FORT MOULTRIE, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Intelligence has reached here this morning that you have abandoned Fort Moultrie, spiked your guns, burnt the carriages, and gone to Fort Sumter. *It is not believed, because there is no order for any such movement.* Explain the meaning of this report.

(Signed) J. B. FLOYD,
Secretary of War.

This declaration of Floyd to Anderson, that "there is no order for any such movement," conclusively shows the construction he put upon previous orders, and is a complete refutation of Black's assumptions and assertions. The following despatch of Colonel Anderson shows, too, that he did not act upon any previous order, but upon his own responsibility: —

CHARLESTON, December 27, 1860.
To HON. J. B. FLOYD, Secretary of War.

The telegram is correct. I abandoned Fort Moultrie because I was certain that, if attacked, my men must have been sacrificed and the command of the harbor lost. I spiked the guns and destroyed the carriages to keep the guns from being used against us. If attacked, the garrison would never have surrendered without a fight.

(Signed) ROBERT ANDERSON,
Major First Artillery.

That Floyd was disappointed and exasperated beyond all bounds by the movement of Colonel Anderson is abundantly proven. General Holt, at that time member of Buchanan's Cabinet, in his brilliant speech at the banquet in Charleston, on the evening of the 14th of April, 1865, after the flag-raising at Fort Sumter, thus referred to the mortification, anguish, and fury of the baffled traitor. "When intelligence reached the capital," says Mr. Holt, and it will be remembered that he spoke from personal knowledge, "that by a bold and dexterous movement this command had been transferred from Moultrie to Sumter, and was safe from the disabled guns left behind, the emotions of Floyd were absolutely uncontrollable,—emotions of mingled mortification and anguish and rage and panic. His fury seemed that of some baffled fiend, who discovers suddenly opening at his own feet the gulf of ruin which he had been preparing for another. Over all the details of this passionate outburst of a conspirator, caught and entangled in his own toils, the veil of official secrecy still hangs, and it may be that history will never be privileged to transfer this memorable scene to its pages. There is one, however, whose absence to-day we have all deplored, and to whom the nation is grateful for the masterly ability and lion-like courage with which he has fought this Rebellion in all the vicissitudes of its career, — your Secretary of War, who, were he here, could bear testimony to the truthfulness of my words. He looked upon that scene, and the country needs not now to be told

that he looked upon it with scorn and defiance."

This speech made the tour of the country, was published in pamphlet form, and Mr. Black must have seen it. He, however, uttered no denial, and demanded no explanation, while Mr. Stanton lived. Now that the great Secretary's lips are closed in death, his for the first time are opened. But though Mr. Stanton shall never bear testimony again upon the point, there are those, now living, of unquestioned probity, who remember his descriptions of the scene. Mr. Dawes, in the letter already quoted, states, in corroboration of his own and Mr. Washburn's recollections, that "Mrs. Dawes distinctly remembers hearing Mr. Stanton tell at our house the story of that terrible conflict in the Cabinet."

Mr. Black's denial of that Cabinet scene is rather the argument of a tricky advocate than the unbiassed testimony of an honest witness. His argument is that, because Mr. Stanton, when the eyes of traitorous spies were upon him, sought an interview with Mr. Sumner in the darkness of night, he was such "a dastard," "crawling sycophant," and "stealthy spy," that he "must have been wholly unfitted to play the part of Jupiter Tonans in a square and open conflict," and that it was "not possible that the fearless Stanton of your 'Cabinet scene' could be the same Stanton who, at one o'clock, was 'squat like a toad' at the ear of Sumner." Is such a shuffling and skulking mode of denial, made by one who manifestly feels himself to be on the defensive, to outweigh the declarations of Mr. Stanton made to credible witnesses, and the positive averments of Joseph Holt? Mr. Black, having denied, after a manner, that there was such a Cabinet controversy, in which Mr. Floyd and Mr. Stanton were actors, adds in a semi-heroic style: "I take it upon me to deny most emphatically that Mr. Stanton ever 'wrote a full and detailed account of that Cabinet scene.'" "I can show that your assertion is incredible." He then proceeds to make an argument in support of his denial. But the testimony of Judge Holt is conclusive. He writes:—

"Several years ago, Mr. Stanton read to me, in the War Department, a letter addressed by him to Mr. Schell, of New York, in answer to one from that gentleman, wherein he set forth quite in detail what was said and done at the meeting of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, which was followed at once, as I now remember it, by Mr. Floyd's resignation. The deliberations and discussions of that, as of other Cabinet meetings, being then and still held under the seals of official confidence, I cannot, of course, repeat what the statements of this letter were, but can only affirm that they accorded with my own recollection of the facts. I requested of Mr. Stanton a copy of this letter, which he promised to furnish me, but under the pressure of his official labors and engagements the matter was probably lost sight of, as the copy never reached me. Subsequently he informed me that the letter had never been sent, he having, as I understood it, come to the conclusion that such disclosures would not be justified, unless made with the consent of the parties to the Cabinet meeting, and to the deliberations referred to."

With his usual audacity and utter obliviousness of facts Mr. Black denies my statement that Floyd, while Secretary of War, sent arms "where they could be clutched by conspirators." This direct denial of a statement founded on documentary evidence is amazing. While sitting in the Cabinet, Floyd was in sympathy and co-operation with Southern leaders who were preparing for secession and rebellion. Arms by his orders were sent from Northern armories and arsenals to arsenals in the South. Benjamin Stanton of Ohio, chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives, asked of the Secretary of War a statement, showing the number of arms sent from the armories and arsenals at the North to those at the South. In compliance with directions of General Holt, Secretary of

War, Colonel H. K. Craig, of the ordinance office, reported on the 15th of January, 1861, that "on the 30th day of December, 1859, an order was received from the War Department, directing the transfer of 115,000 arms from the Springfield Armory and the Watertown and Watervliet Arsenals to different arsenals at the South. Orders were given in obedience to those instructions on the 30th day of January, 1860, and the arms were removed during the past spring." He also added that these arms, which had been sent to South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, numbering 63,000, had already been seized by the Rebels.

Colonel Magnadin, of the Ordnance office, was examined by the House Committee on Military Affairs, and stated that, in obedience to the "naked order" of Secretary Floyd, he ordered from Pittsburg "forty columbiads and four 32-pounders to the fort on Ship Island, and seventy columbiads and seven 32-pounders to the fort at Galveston." These heavy guns were ordered to be sent to forts where not one could be mounted. General Patten, in a report made to General Holt, Secretary of War, under date of 8th of January, 1861, stated that not a gun could be mounted at Ship Island, that only eighty thousand dollars had been appropriated to the fort at Galveston, which would cost nearly half a million; that ground was not broken, and the foundation walls were not laid, and it would take five years to finish it. The patriotic people of Pittsburg protested against the removal of these guns; and when General Holt entered the War Office he at once countermanded Floyd's treasonable order. Notwithstanding these facts, which are matters of record and within reach of all, Mr. Black interposes his astounding denial. If, when verification is at hand, he is so reckless in his statements, what confidence can be placed upon his otherwise unsupported assertions?

In my article I incidentally referred to what I had understood to be the fact, that Mr. Cameron had proposed to resign his commission as Secretary of War, provided a successor could be appointed not unfriendly to him, and that he had suggested Mr. Stanton. Mr. Black avers that this was not so, that Mr. Cameron did not resign, was in fact removed, and had no part in naming a successor. I am content to rest the case upon the following testimonies. Mr. Cameron, in a recent note to me, writes:—

"I called on Mr. Lincoln, and suggested Edwin M. Stanton to him as my successor. He hesitated; but after listening to me for a time, he yielded, and sent me to offer the place of Secretary of War to him, and added: 'Tell him, Cameron, if he accepts, I will send his nomination as Secretary, and yours as Minister to Russia, to the Senate together.'

Senator Chandler, in a recent note, writes: "Before Cameron resigned, he invited me to breakfast at his house to meet Edwin M. Stanton, whom I had then never met, and told me that the gentleman I was to meet had been nominated for Secretary of War, at his request. At the breakfast, the fact of Cameron's having recommended Mr. Stanton as his successor was not only mentioned, but the meeting was expressly for the purpose of enabling some one whose friendship Mr. Cameron placed reliance to judge of the wisdom of his course, by actual contact with the coming Secretary."

This statement of Mr. Chandler, concerning the meeting at the house of Mr. Cameron, is corroborated by the following extract from a letter addressed to me by Mr. Wade. "I recollect," he says, "very well, that Mr. Cameron made known to Mr. Chandler and myself his determination to resign his position as Secretary of War, and recommend to Mr. Lincoln Mr. Stanton as his successor in that department. From my long acquaintance with Mr. Stanton, and my confidence in his ability, integrity, and fitness for the place, as well as his determined antislavery principles, I was much pleased with the suggestion, as was Mr. Chandler. Shortly after this we were invited to

breakfast at Mr. Cameron's, to meet Mr. Stanton, at which meeting Mr. Cameron mentioned to Mr. Stanton the resolution he had come to, and that gentleman reluctantly gave us to understand that, if he was offered the appointment, he would accept."

From Senator Ramsey I have received a note, in which he says: "I desire to relate a circumstance which carries with it the best attainable evidence of the truth of your statement — the words of Mr. Stanton himself. I met Senator Cameron and Mr. Stanton at Mr. Chandler's house, in Washington, during the impeachment of President Johnson. In conversation, Mr. Stanton, referring to the unpleasant and delicate situation in which he was placed, in seeming to cling to an office which the President was determined to drive him from, said, half playfully, pointing to General Cameron: 'This gentleman is the man who has brought all this trouble upon me, by recommending me to Mr. Lincoln for Secretary or War, and then urging me to accept the place.'"

Chief Justice Chase, in a letter written to Mr. Cameron, from which I am permitted to quote, is still more explicit and conclusive on the point at issue: "Senator Wilson is quite right in his statement that you resigned the post of Secretary of War, and that you indicated Mr. Stanton as your successor. I supposed myself at the time, and still suppose, that I was well informed as to the circumstances. Some time before you resigned, you expressed to me your preference for the position of Minister to St. Petersburg, and I conversed with Mr. Lincoln on the subject under your sanction. No intimation of a thought on Mr. Lincoln's part that the resignation of the one post, and the acceptance of the other, were not purely voluntary acts on your part, was received by me. Nor have I now any belief that it was not at the time wholly at your option to remain in the Cabinet, or to leave it for the honorable and important position offered to you."

In illustration of Mr. Stanton's readiness, in great emergencies, to take responsibilities, I cited the fact that he placed in the hands of Governor Morton, of Indiana, a quarter of a million of dollars, out of an unexpended appropriation, made nearly two years before, for raising troops in States in insurrection. Mr. Black takes up this simple statement of a fact, criticises it at great length, declares that "the whole story is bogus," pronounces it untrue in the aggregate and in detail, in the sum-total, and in every item." He declared Governor Morton's purpose in going to Washington to be "to demand payment of a debt due, and acknowledged to be due, from the United States to the State of Indiana"; that "the money had been appropriated by Congress to pay it, and it was paid according to law." His whole statement touching this point is full of unconcealed, not to say ostentatious, malignity, and betrays either a reckless disregard of truth or an inexcusable ignorance.

The simple facts are these. The Democratic party in 1862 carried Indiana. At once its presses announced that the military power would be taken from the Governor, and the Indiana Legion would be disbanded. The Legislature was opened by violent and inflammatory speeches. The House of Representatives returned Governor Morton's message to him, and passed a resolution accepting the message of Governor Seymour of New York. The threatened military measures were introduced, taking from the Governor all military power, and conferring it upon the State Auditor, Treasurer, Secretary of State, and Attorney-General. To defeat such unconstitutional and revolutionary measures, the Republican members of the House withdrew from the Legislature, and it adjourned without the necessary legislation to defray the ordinary expenses of the State. Governor Morton, believing it would be madness to do so, refused to call an extra session, appealed to the loyal people to stand by him; and counties,

banks, railroad companies, and private individuals promptly came forward and supplied him with money to meet pressing demands upon the treasury.

In that emergency Governor Morton went to Washington, not, as Black falsely says, to demand payment of a debt due, and acknowledged to be due, from the United States to Indiana, but, in the Governor's own words, to apply "for an advance under an appropriation made by Congress, July 31, 1861." That act appropriated two million dollars to be expended under the direction of the President in supplying and defraying the expenses of transporting and delivering such arms and munitions of war as in his judgment might be expedient "to place in the hands of any of the loyal citizens residing in any of the States of which the inhabitants are in rebellion against the government of the United States, or in which rebellion is or may be threatened." That appropriation most clearly had been made to supply arms and defray expenses only in States where the inhabitants were in rebellion, or where rebellion was or might be threatened. Were the inhabitants of Indiana in rebellion? Did rebellion exist in that State? Was rebellion "threatened"? These were the questions to be answered. After full consideration of the condition of affairs in that State, the menaced action of the dominant party in the Legislature, and the lawless conduct of "The Knights of the Golden Circle" and "The Sons of Liberty," Mr. Stanton took the responsibility, decided that Indiana *was* "threatened" with rebellion, and intrusted to Governor Morton, as disbursing officer, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of that appropriation. And in so doing, instead of deserving the objurgatory epithets applied to him by Black, he merits and will ever receive the grateful admiration of his loyal countrymen.

In his message to the Legislature, in January, 1865, Governor Morton, in giving an account of this proceeding, said: "It will be perceived that this money was not paid to me as a loan to the State or an advance to the State upon debts due to her by the general government, and creates no debt against the State whatever, but that in theory it is an expenditure made by the President through me as his disbursing agent." And yet, in face of this official declaration, Mr. Black has the effrontery to assert that this money, so placed in the Governor's hands, was in "payment of a debt due, and acknowledged to be due, from the United States to the State of Indiana," and that "the money had been appropriated by Congress to pay it, and it was paid according to law."

I have thus noticed the assumptions and assertions of Mr. Black in the arraignment and criticisms of his article in "The Galaxy." In the light of this review an intelligent public will not be slow to note the wide discrepancies between his statements and the authentic facts as they now appear, on the authority of official records and the testimonies of unimpeachable witnesses. Nor will they fail to come to the conclusion that, either through lack of intelligence and needful research, or through natural perversities of mind or heart, he is eminently untrustworthy, and wholly unfitted to examine, criticise, or review the labors of others relating to the historic events of our times.

Henry Wilson.

FOUR MONTHS WITH CHARLES DICKENS.

DURING HIS FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA (IN 1842). BY HIS SECRETARY.

PART I.

IN the year 1841 I was taking some lessons in painting of Francis Alexander, the well-known and highly esteemed Boston artist. Many of the most prominent men of the country, and a great many of the most beautiful women of Boston, had sat to Alexander. His portraits were unfailing in likeness, bold, strong, and masterly in execution, and characterized by that highest quality of portraiture, the expression of the *soul* of the sitter in the painted resemblance. His pictures are very numerous in Boston and vicinity, and in all that constitutes the highest type of portrait-painting they have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed, by those of any American artist.

Early in the winter of 1841 it had been announced that Charles Dickens would shortly visit this country, and Mr. Alexander wrote to him at London, inviting him to sit for his picture on his arrival. The next steamer brought a prompt answer from Mr. Dickens, accepting the invitation. I was quite glad of this arrangement, for having read all he had written, and sharing largely in the general enthusiasm for the author and his works, I looked forward with pleasure to the honor of an introduction, through my friend Alexander.

The steamer on board which Mr. Dickens and his wife had taken passage was telegraphed below on Saturday, January 22, 1842. On her arrival at the wharf Mr. Dickens rode at once to the Tremont House, where rooms had already been engaged for him. He had scarcely been housed before a crowd of admiring friends called to pay their respects; and, as he says in his "Notes," before he and his wife had half finished their first dinner, they had received invitations to seats enough in the various churches, for the next day, to accommodate a score or two of grown-up families!

Mr. Dickens had left England an invalid, having suffered much from severe illness, and, after a rough voyage in midwinter, was in great need of rest. He fully appreciated the kindness and respect thus early shown him, and often referred to it with evident pleasure.

Sunday passed and Monday came, and a crowd of visitors thronged the house. Statesmen, authors, poets, scholars, merchants, judges, lawyers, editors, came, many of them accompanied by their wives and daughters, and his rooms were filled with smiling faces and resounded with cheerful voices. They found the great author just what they hoped and expected he would be from his writings, and no happier greetings were ever exchanged than those at the Tremont House on the arrival of Charles Dickens and his wife at Boston.

Meanwhile the press was active in describing his looks and manners, and all things connected with the arrival of the distinguished strangers. Go where you would in the city, — in the hotels, stores, counting-rooms, in the streets, in the cars, in the country as well as the city, — the all-absorbing topic was the "arrival of Dickens!" The New York and Philadelphia papers repeated all that was published by the Boston press, and delegations from societies, and committees of citizens from distant cities, came to see the great author and arrange for meetings and receptions in other places.

The young people were intensely

interested in the matter. "Boz" was young, handsome, and possessed of wonderful genius, and everything relating to him and his family was of surpassing interest to them.

Mr. Dickens had appointed ten o'clock, on the Tuesday morning succeeding his arrival, for his first sitting to Alexander. The artist's rooms were at No. 41 Tremont Row, not far from the Tremont House. The newspapers had announced the fact, and, long before the appointed hour, a crowd of people were around the hotel and arranged along the sidewalk to see him pass. The doorway and stairs leading to the painter's studio were thronged with ladies and gentlemen, eagerly awaiting his appearance, and as he passed they were to the last degree silent and respectful. It was no vulgar curiosity to see a great and famous man, but an earnest, intelligent, and commendable desire to look upon the author whose writings — already enlisted in the great cause of humanity — had won their dear respect, and endeared him to their hearts. He pleasantly acknowledged the compliment their presence paid him, bowing slightly as he passed, his bright, dark eyes glancing through and through the crowd, searching every face, and reading character with wonderful quickness, while the arch smiles played over his handsome face.

On arriving at the anteroom Mr. Dickens found a large number of the personal friends of the artist awaiting the honor of an introduction, and he passed from group to group in a most kind and pleasant way. It was here that I received my own introduction, and I remember that after Mr. Dickens had passed around the room, he came again to me and exchanged some pleasant words about my name, slightly referring to the American hero of the Revolution who had borne it.

The crowd waited till the sitting was over, and saw him back again to the Tremont; and this was repeated every morning while he was sitting for his picture.

The engravings in his books which had then been issued either in England or America were *very little* like him. Alexander chose an attitude highly original, but very characteristic. Dickens is represented at his table writing. His left hand rests upon the paper. The pen in his right hand seems to have been stopped for a moment, while he looks up at you as if you had just addressed him. His long brown hair, slightly curling, sweeps his shoulder, the bright eyes glance, and that inexpressible look of kindly mirth plays round his mouth and shows itself in the arched brow. Alexander caught much of that singular *lighting up of the face* which Dickens had, beyond any one I ever saw, and the picture is very like the original, and will convey to those who wish to know how "Boz" looked at thirty years of age an excellent idea of the man.

I saw the picture daily as it progressed, and, being in the artist's room on the Thursday following the first sitting, Mr. Alexander told me that he had "just made a disposal of my services." I did not know what he meant. He then told me that Mr. Dickens and his wife had been at his house that forenoon, and Mr. Dickens said: "Mr. Alexander, I have been in the country but a few days, and my table is already heaped high with unanswered letters! I have a great number of engagements already. I did not expect a correspondence like this, and I must have a secretary. Can you find me one?" And Mr. Alexander at once mentioned me. I felt very diffident in regard to it, for I did not feel qualified for such a position with such a man, however great the pleasure I knew I should derive from it. But my friend would take no excuses, insisted that I was just the man for the place; and while we were talking a note came from Mr. Dickens, requesting that he would bring me to the Tremont House. So I went with Mr. Alexander, and was received with great cordiality and kindness by Mr. Dickens and his wife, and made an

appointment to commence my duties on the following morning.

On Friday morning I was there at nine o'clock, the time appointed. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens had their meals in their own rooms, and the table was spread for breakfast. Soon they came in, and, after a cheerful greeting, I took my place at a side-table and wrote as he ate his breakfast, and meanwhile conversed with Mrs. Dickens, opened his letters, and dictated the answers to me.

In one corner of the room, Dexter the sculptor was earnestly at work modelling a bust of Mr. Dickens. Several others of the most eminent artists of our country had urgently requested Mr. Dickens to sit to them for his picture and bust, but, having consented to do so to Alexander and Dexter, he was obliged to refuse all others for want of time.

While Mr. Dickens ate his breakfast, read his letters and dictated the answers, Dexter was watching with the utmost earnestness the play of every feature, and comparing his model with the original. Often during the meal he would come to Dickens with a solemn, business-like air, stoop down and look at him sideways, pass round and take a look at the other side of his face, and then go back to his model and work away for a few minutes; then come again and take another look and go back to his model; soon he would come again with his callipers and measure Dickens's nose, and go and try it on the nose of the model; then come again with the callipers and try the width of the temples, or the distance from the nose to the chin, and back again to his work, eagerly shaping and correcting his model. The whole soul of the artist was engaged in his task, and the result was a splendid bust of the great author. Mr. Dickens was highly pleased with it, and repeatedly alluded to it, during his stay, as a very successful work of art.

Alexander's picture and Dexter's bust of Dickens should be exhibited at this time, that those who never saw him in his young days may know *exactly how he looked.* The bust by Dexter has the rare merit of *action*, and in every respect faithfully represents the features, attitude, and look of Charles Dickens.

It would be very natural in this connection for the young ladies and gentlemen of this generation to expect some description of the *wife* of Charles Dickens.

Mrs. Dickens was a lady of moderate height; with a full, well-developed form, a beautiful face and good figure. I call to mind the high, full forehead, the brown hair gracefully arranged, the look of English healthfulness in the warm glow of color in her cheeks, the blue eyes with a tinge of violet, well-arched brows, a well-shaped nose, and a mouth small and of uncommon beauty. She was decidedly a handsome woman, and would have attracted notice as such in any gathering of ladies anywhere. She had a quiet dignity mingled with great sweetness of manner; her calm quietness differing much from the quick, earnest, always cheerful, but keen and nervous temperament of her husband, — a temperament belonging to the existence, and absolutely necessary to the development, of a great genius like that of Charles Dickens.

Mrs. Dickens was accompanied by her favorite waiting-maid, Ann ——, a warm-hearted English girl, — I believe London born and bred, — and devotedly attached to the family. Ann had many cockney notions, and it was pleasant to hear her comical expressions of surprise at our American words and ways. She had got a very strong impression of the *wildness* of our country, especially the West, which Mr. Dickens intended to visit, and anticipated no small danger from the Indians.

Mrs. Dickens felt all a mother's anxiety for the little ones left at home, and seemed impatient to return to them. They brought from England a large pencil-drawing of their four children, "Charles, Walter, Kate, and Mary," made by their friend Maclise, the emi-

nent English artist. The picture was framed, and wherever we afterwards went it was at once taken from its case and placed on the mantel-piece or table. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens talked constantly of their children, and seemed to derive great comfort from the pictured presence of their little ones. The picture possessed also great attraction for the thousands who called, and who were much interested, of course, in the children of their distinguished visitors.

The people flocked to the Tremont day by day; the most eminent men of the time were constant in their attentions. I remember that among them came often Mayor Chapman, Charles Sumner, and Professor Felton of Cambridge. Invitations to private parties — most of which Mr. Dickens was obliged to decline for want of time — came daily. Visits to the Blind Asylum and other public institutions, and one also to Lowell, were made by Mr. Dickens, most of which are described in his "American Notes." Letters came from eminent people all over the land, asking him to visit them at their homes; letters came asking his opinion upon matters of reform, and a host of letters asking his autograph. These requests were, I believe, always granted. One or two of them were from young ladies, who asked in addition to an autograph a lock of his hair! The autographs were given; but the last request was in a few pleasant words refused.

A few days after the arrival of Mr. Dickens at Boston, the presentation by Mr. Dickens of a testimonial to Captain Hewitt, the gallant commander of the steamship in which he came, took place in Tremont Temple. The hall was filled to overflowing, and hundreds of people were unable to obtain admission. The whole affair passed off most happily.

A grand dinner to Mr. Dickens was given by the leading citizens of Boston, a full account of which may be found in the papers of that day. I remember that one of the most felicitous speeches on that occasion was made by the elder Quincy.

With a very high opinion of Boston and its people, and a heart full of gratitude for the kind attentions shown him, Mr. Dickens left the city on Saturday, February 5th, to spend the Sabbath with Governor Davis at Worcester, and to go from thence to Hartford. At Springfield a committee of gentlemen from Hartford met him; and there being in those days no railroads from Springfield to Hartford, the journey was made in a nice little steamboat, propelled, Mr. Dickens thought, by an engine of about "half-pony-power." The voyage was very pleasant indeed. At Hartford a complimentary dinner was given him, at which very interesting speeches were made, his own being exceedingly happy; and here, in speaking of the subject of an international copyright law, he made a most eloquent and touching allusion to the death of Sir Walter Scott.

From Hartford Mr. Dickens went to New Haven. Arriving there in the evening, the news spread rapidly that "Dickens had come," and at once the throng of visitors poured in. Before he had been there an hour the hotel was crowded and the street outside filled with people. Citizens of the highest distinction hastened, with their families, to pay their respects, for it was understood that his stay in the city would be very short. The Yale students were there in force, and such was the desire to see him that he was urgently requested to receive the throng assembled, and for hours the people filled the reception-room and held the halls and passages of the hotel. As the crowd increased, the landlord found it necessary to post two stout porters on the main staircase, who locked their hands across the stairs and kept the throng somewhat at bay. As fast as those in the reception-room had their introduction and retired by another way, the two porters on the stairs would raise their arms and suffer another instalment of the crowd to pass; and thus till near eleven o'clock at night the admirers of "Boz" pressed around him for a look and an introduc-

tion, and all this was evidently from a love and appreciation of the man. It was nearly midnight before Mr. Dickens could retire to his room.

The next day, in company with Professor Felton of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens took the steamer for New York. On arriving in the evening they went at once to the Carleton House on Broadway, where rooms had been already engaged for them.

The next morning the city papers were full of the "arrival of Dickens"; and there was a repetition substantially of the scenes at Boston and New Haven. Then commenced his visits to the public institutions; for Mr. Dickens came, not expecting to be received with such boundless enthusiasm as a guest, but to see our people, and learn all he could during his stay of America and her free institutions, and his great popularity among the people was as surprising to him as it was unexpected.

He was constantly invited to visit the schools, the benevolent asylums, and the prisons in and around the metropolis; and he and Mrs. Dickens often had three or four engagements of an evening to social gatherings at the homes of the *élite* of the city.

Professor Felton was often with him, and some quiet evening walks about the metropolis were taken by the two, in which they doubtless visited some of the fashionable restaurants of the city; — speaking of the oyster-suppers, in his "Notes," Mr. Dickens alludes to his friend as the "heartiest of Greek professors!"

Washington Irving came very often, and the meeting of these kindred spirits was such as might have been expected. They were greatly delighted with each other, and at all hours Irving and Felton were admitted. A great ball was given in honor of Mr. Dickens and lady, a full account of which was given in the papers of that day.

Besides Irving and Felton came Bryant, Willis, Halleck, Clark of the "Knickerbocker," and many others of the stars in the literary firmament; and on one occasion Mr. Dickens had to breakfast Irving, Bryant, and Halleck. The clerk of the Carleton was himself a great lover of literature, and remarked to me: "Good Heaven! to think what the four walls of that room now contain! Washington Irving, William C. Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Charles Dickens!"

But in New York came many others determined to see the great author, and if possible make him useful for their private purposes, — people who had literary and other "axes" to grind; but they were generally foiled in their plans.

I recollect an Irish book-pedler who was most impudent and persevering. He wanted Mr. Dickens to give him money to set up a bookstore; and I had no small trouble to keep him from intruding into the very presence of Mr. Dickens. He claimed that Dickens owed much of his American popularity to him, because he had peddled large quantities of the American editions of his works! He did not, however, get the money he wanted, and wrote Mr. Dickens a letter, full of threats and indignation.

The correspondence poured in as at Boston; and while most of it was what it should have been, some of it was very ridiculous and amusing.

Voluminous manuscripts came, whose modest authors requested Mr. Dickens to read them carefully, and note any alterations or corrections he thought proper, and requesting that he superintend their publication in England, and receive a percentage on the sales!

One letter came from the South, asking an original epitaph for the tombstone of an infant. Another came from a Southern lady, soliciting an autograph copy of the lines by Mrs. Leo Hunter to an "expiring frog."

One lady from New Jersey wrote that many funny things had taken place in her family, and many interesting and tragic events also, and that she had all the records for a hundred years past or more. She proposed to furnish this record, with explanations, to Mr. Dickens, that he should arrange and rewrite them and have them published in Eng-

land, and divide equally with her the profits.

One man, a most disagreeable person, came often. He brought for Mr. Dickens the Lord's Prayer written in twenty-four languages! "Ah," said Mr. Dickens, "twenty-four languages! One would be sufficient, if men would only live that prayer!"

One day I was called out to meet an elderly woman, dressed in rusty black and wearing a huge black bonnet. She had passed the "outer guard" of clerk and porters below, and had reached the door to Mr. Dickens's parlor.

He had been out all the morning, and, being excessively tired, had thrown himself down on the sofa for a little rest. The old lady had a volume under her arm, and said she had come upon business of great importance, and "must see Mr. Dickens!" I explained to her that it was impossible, but that I would carry any message to him she wished; but all would not do, she "must see Mr. Dickens!" At last I convinced her that it could not be done, and so she unburdened her mind to me. She said she had "been a Mormon," but had left them because of their wicked ways, and the book was an *exposé* of Mormonism, and she could n't leave it, because it was borrowed; but she knew that a great many English people were constantly coming over here to "jine the Mormons," and she wanted Mr. Dickens to go home and lecture on the subject, and if possible baffle the efforts of the Mormon leaders. I promised her that I would lay the whole subject before Mr. Dickens without delay, and he would take such action as he saw proper; and so the old lady left. Mr. Dickens heard most of the conversation, and was much amused at it.

It was in New York that it was first suspected that Charles Dickens would not be likely to approve American slavery; he had also at the Hartford dinner broached the very unpopular subject of an "international copyright law"; and the newspapers began extensively to exhibit that unfriendly feeling toward him which afterward became so violent and even malignant.

After a stay of some weeks at New York, Mr. Dickens and party left for Philadelphia, and took up their quarters at the United States Hotel in that city. Here, as in Boston and New York, the best and purest of the people came to pay their respects, and many pleasant friendships were formed. Mr. Dickens visited most of the public institutions, quite an elaborate account of which is given in his "Notes."

A day or two after his arrival in Philadelphia an individual somewhat prominent in city politics came with others and obtained an introduction. On taking his leave, he asked Mr. Dickens if he would grant him the favor to receive a few personal friends the next day; and Mr. Dickens assented. The next morning it was announced through the papers that Mr. Dickens would "receive the *public*" at a certain hour! At the time specified the street in front was crowded with people, and the offices and halls of the hotel filled. Mr. Dickens asked the cause of the assembling, and was astonished and indignant when he learned that all this came of his permission to the individual above mentioned to "bring a few personal friends for an introduction," and he positively refused to hold a "levee." But the landlord of the house and others came and represented to him that his refusal would doubtless create a riot, and that great injury would be done to the house by the enraged populace; and so at last Mr. Dickens consented, and, taking his place in one of the large parlors up stairs, prepared himself for the ordeal. Up the people came, and soon the humorous smiles played over his face, for, tedious and annoying as it was, the thing had its *comic* side, and, while he shook hands incessantly, he as usual studied human character. For two mortal hours or more the crowd poured in, and he shook hands and exchanged words with all, while

the dapper little author of the scene stood smiling by, giving hundreds and thousands of introductions, and making, no doubt, much social and political capital out of his supposed intimacy with the great English author. This scene is substantially repeated in "Martin Chuzzlewit," when his new-made American friends insisted upon Martin's "holding a levee," having announced without his authority, as in the case of Mr. Dickens, that he would "receive the public":—

"Up they came with a rush, up they came till the room was full, and through the open door a dismal perspective of more to come was shown upon the stairs. One after another, dozen after dozen, score after score, more, more, more, up they came, all shaking hands with Martin. Such varieties of hands, the thick, the thin, the short, the long, the fat, the lean, the coarse, the fine, such differences of temperature, the hot, the cold, the dry, the moist, the flabby, such diversities of grasp, the tight, the loose, the short-lived, and the lingering. Still up, up, up, more, more, more, and ever and anon the Captain's voice was heard above the crowd: 'There's more below, there's more below. Now, gentlemen, you that have been introduced to Mr. Chuzzlewit, will you clear? gentlemen, will you clear? Will you be so good as clear, gentlemen, and make a little room for more?'"

At last, in Mr. Dickens's case, the "levee" was over, and, tired to the last degree, he went to his room.

A VIRGINIAN IN NEW ENGLAND THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

III.

"Saturday, June 21st.

"UP by 5. Walk to wharf, whence boat for Phila. starts, to see if —— were coming aboard. Vain. At six, to Cathedral, to see mass — of which that is the hour. The sexton (husband of yesterday's old woman) — a little, spare old man, with a long, thin, blood-red nose, that seems put on by Taliacotius — opened me the door.

"Passed by and examined The City spring — a beautiful fountain, most neatly enclosed and regulated. At the hotel bar found from Miss —— a letter to Professor Felton, of Harvard. After breakfast, called to see Dr. Stewart. Found him at his door, just mounting his gig, for a professional drive. A cordial reception — for my introducer was his old college crony, J. M. — Promised to call at the hotel for me at 4 p. m., the hour of my own fixing; and to shew me the city and its environs.

"Visited several merchants, with letters of introduction. Many civilities. Every one violent against Jackson, for his course towards the Bank; especially Archd. Hart, of Spottsylvania, the most fluent of them all. Practised on a resolve formed for this tour, — not to let party politics withdraw my thoughts a moment from the ten thousand objects of curiosity which it is my errand to explore: so, just informing each disputant that I differed with him, I contrived to change the topic. They then gave me some valuable information.

"Virginia Bank notes at par now, in Baltimore. Those of the Bk. of Maryland at 35 cents to the dollar.

"Savings *Banks* here are mere depositories of money, which they lend out by discounting notes, &c. like other

banks; and pay no interest on deposits. Savings *Institutions* pay interest on deposit, varying from 2 to 5 per cent, according to the length of notice which the depositor agrees to give, before he withdraws the deposit. If 6 months' notice, 5 per cent: if 10 days' notice, only 2 per cent — and so, of intermediate times. This is wholly unlike the Richmond Savings Institutions — they give always 5 per cent, and require but 14 days' notice of withdrawal. — Expressing surprise at the small interest allowed on the shortest notice of withdrawal, I was told by one of my new merchant-friends, Mr. Hall, that the prompt command of capital is here so important, that its owners often prefer 2 per cent with 10 days', to 5 per cent with 6 months' notice.

"At 4, Dr. Stewart called; and in his chaise we drove first round the Washington Monument — he pointing out the most remarkable objects, near and remote. Then, across Jones' Falls' Creek, to the Hospital — chiefly for the insane, but not solely. This hospital is a decided pet of Dr. S., who is its physician, and superintendent, or president. Its plan is new to me, and rather new in the world — an entire departure from the English and Virginia (W^ms^burg) methods, of treating lunatics, with ducking, strait-jackets, irongrated cells, and the lash. *Moral Influence* is the *passe-partout* of the system here. Kindness — engaging the patient's affections and thoughts — amusing him — affording him exercise, by light labor, walking, riding, music, *dancing* — with wholesome diet, and cheerful conversation — these are the chief *materia medica*. Here, and wherever else this method has been tried, it has proved successful, beyond precedent, in working cures. Dr. Stewart's own character and manners — the very incarnation of softness and humanity — make him the man of men for his place: and as aids, in nursing, watching, and keeping the establishment in order, he has I know not how many of the Sisters of Charity — so illustrious for their adventurous beneficence in the cholera-time. Met several of them in going through the rooms — Dr. S. introduced me to two, — 'Sister Isabella' and 'Sister Catherine.' In my delight with the neatness, order, and comfort which reigned, and with the half-angelic looks of my new sisters themselves, I said with energy, 'I like it better than the cathedral.' Their gratification was manifest.

"Returning from our drive, we had a view of the battle-ground at North Point, and of Fort McHenry. The latter disappointed me, by presenting a group of slight-looking edifices, more like dwelling-houses than a fort; situated upon a low beach: and without a single feature to justify Mr. Key's epithet, 'the towering steep,' in his song.

"Baltimore has 5 catholic churches. Its rapid growth. In 1780 it had but 2,000 inhabitants — now, 90,000.

"Sunday, June 22d.

"Off at 6 a. m. for Philadelphia, in a steamboat belonging to the railroad line. Race with opposition boat. Breakfast on board. Transfer from steamboat to Rl Road cars, at Elkton. My car was No. 8. Each contained 20, or 24 passengers, besides 3 cars for baggage. Our speed, by my watch, a mile in 3 minutes, and sometimes in 2′, 50″. Our railroad was about 18 miles, across the State of Delaware. Land, flat and poor. View of Delaware Bay and River. Embarked in another steamboat on D. River. View of Wilmington. Greenwich. The Lazaretto, where ships whose health is questionable are examined, and ride a quarantine, before going to Philadelphia. Mud Island, and its fort. Red Bank, where the British and Hessians, headed by Count Donop, were repulsed with dreadful slaughter in 1778 or '9. The spot (nearly) where Donop fell, was shown me by a passenger. Philadelphia now came full in sight. The scene was exciting to me in the extreme — so vast an extent of buildings — such a wilderness of water-craft — ships of war, merchantmen, steam-

boats, coasting vessels, and small river-craft, from the sloop of 40 tons down to the skiff of half a ton — all alive. A gallant steamboat, hurrying down the stream, met us just below the city — her decks crowded with men and women. Several men of war not yet finished, — among them the 120 gun ship Pennsylvania, — lie at the lower corner of Philada., each cased in a huge wooden house, to preserve it until ready for service. For miles past, servants on board have been treating with the passengers for the carrying of their trunks from the steamboat landing to their various resting places in the city. I have engaged mine to a white boy of remarkably fine countenance and manners — Samuel.

"Upon landing at Chestnut street wharf, I walked, accompanied by the boy with my trunk, to the U. S. Hotel — about 5 or 6 streets from the river.

"As we walked along, the pavements were thronged with people, going some up, and some down; so that I took for granted that the church services were just over, and the congregations going home, though it was 2 or 3 o'clock p. m. To my surprise, however, the throng continued all that afternoon, and all of every day! It was the unceasing tide of population, thus for ever pouring itself along the walks of this vast human hive.

'*Labitur, et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum,*' —

till the wealth and numbers of Philadelphia shall be sunk as those of bygone cities have sunk.

At the U. S. Hotel, which is called the first here, I found Dr. Wallace of Fredg. with whom I came thence to Washington. Being comparatively at home here, he kindly took on him to guide me for the present. We drove in an omnibus to Fairmount waterworks, on the Schuylkill. Having admired them, the jets d'eau, reservoir, flights of steps, bridges, and adjacent landscapes, for an hour or two, we returned. Vast numbers were found like us, so heedless of the Sabbath as thus to spend a part of it in a jaunt of pleasure. Some were drinking; and many, by their conduct or appearance, made me ashamed of being in their category. Franklin Square is a space of perhaps 300 yards square, enclosed with iron palings, laid off beautifully with walks and planted with trees; where the citizens of Philada. are allowed to walk at leisure times. The city contains 4 or 5 such squares, thus dedicated to innocent recreation; and they conduce much to the health. On the trees are posted small printed cautions to all persons, not to walk upon the grass, upon pain of being fined a dollar.

"After our return to the Hotel, Dr. Wallace and I walked to the Merchants' Exchange; a new and splendid building. Besides an Exchange, it contains the city post office.

"Monday, June 23d, PHILADA.

"After breakfast, called at the lodgings of Lieut. Blake, of the navy, to whom I bore a letter of introdn. from Blackford. Found him, and Lieut. Pendegrast — both of them sons-in-law of Com. Barron. Lt. B. very desirous to have admirals in our navy. For want of them, arise many chafings and misunderstandings, connected with salutes at sea, and other occasions of etiquette.

"Call on Condy Raguet, editor of the *Examiner*, a free-trade paper much read by me. He is a lank, frosty and thin-haired, French looking man of 60 or 65, not shewing in his face or conversation the abilities which my fancy had ascribed. Made an allusion to one of my communications, flattering *à ma vanité d'auteur.* Invitation to tea this evening, with Col. Clement Biddle, a prominent State Rts. man. Agreed.

"Sought and found Mr. Thomas Kite. He was a publisher of law books, but has now left off business — a hale, and kindly quaker, of some 65. Offers me his guidance all this afternoon, to the lions of Philada. Accepted it, thankfully. At dinner, were Govr. Duval of Florida, Patrick H. Pope, (a young congressman from Ky.)

and WASHINGTON IRVING! — Duval and Irving seem very intimate. The latter is rather short, stoutly built, with a bull-neck, and not an amiable expression of countenance.

"We walked next, 2 miles at least, to the Asylum for the deaf and dumb. Saw there Eliza and Lewis, daughter and son of Mr. Nicholas L., of Albemarle. They seemed rejoiced to see me, a sort of far-away cousin — tho' we had never met before. We conversed by writing on a slate. An ingenious young man, a deafmute, who seemed overjoyed to meet Mr. Kite, shewed us a model of a steam engine which he had made; and which, by help of some blazing paper, he set a running round a circular railway of his making, in two adjoining rooms. He capered with inexpressible delight, when he saw his engine work handsomely.

"It was now after sunset: and taking leave of my kind guide, I repaired to Mr. C. Raguet's to tea. Col. Biddle was there; the conversation was decidedly interesting; though Mr. R. still disappoints me, and Col. Biddle is only smart and fluent — not deep, more than Mr. R.

"The latter advanced, and I rather assent to, this position — (he is absorbed in Political economy) — that currency cannot be fairly equalized over the union by means of any bank: For though I gain by finding my Virginian money current at par in Philadelphia, yet for this advantage to me, the public should not be required to pay all that it must pay, in salaries to Bank officers, profits to the Banking companies, &c. &c. — not to mention the millions of millions which the community sinks occasionally, by disorders which Banks cause. I ought to pay for my advantage myself. — So Mr. R. classes the notion of Bank-equalization of the currency, among humbugs.

"Tuesday, June 24.

"At 10, according to yesterday's appointment, Lt. Blake came to conduct me to the Navy Yard. Went, in an Omnibus.

The Pennsylvania (called a 74, Lt. B. says, but in fact an 136) and the Raritan a large Frigate, are the objects here which first strike the eye: each cased, as I said, in a huge house of painted plank, looking, at a distance, just like stonework. The Pa.'s guns lie in the yard — chiefly 42s, but some 6 and 9 pounds carronades. The largest guns weigh 6400 wt. The largest anchors 9000. Locks, to cannon. Percussion locks not available to them. Why?

"Effective distance of 42 and 18 pounders, 1200 yards — must be elevated, to hit that far. The Pa. is now on the stocks — 5 months requisite to fit her for sea. Flights of steps up scaffolding, to reach deck. The height almost made my land lubber brain dizzy. Four decks — 1. upper, or spar deck; 2. main, gun deck; 3. lower gun deck; and 4. Berth deck. The cockpit is below the Berth deck. — The portholes are almost $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet square. In them, the guns may be *trained* (turned obliquely) 45° to either side. The bulwarks on the upper deck consist of 3 layers of timber: the middle one of live oak, 7 inches thick; the outer and inner of pine, 5 inches thick. On lower decks, somewhat thicker. They are no stop to a cannon ball. A mast of the Constitution $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 feet thick, was bored thro' by a ball entering at a porthole. Decks about $6\frac{1}{4}$ to $6\frac{3}{4}$ feet pitch.

"Pine timber for ships is *docked*, or *wet-seasoned;* i. e. put under water 2 years, then sunned so as merely to dry the outside, and oiled superficially; then handed over to the carpenter. Live oak is used only about the frame, and bulwarks. Heartpine, procured from Va. and the Carolinas. Length of the Pa. 222 feet — breadth of beam, 54 — height of mainmast (all 4 parts) about 200. Live oak weighs 80 odd pounds to the cubic foot; other oak, 50 odd. She is to be of 3400 tons. Her complement of men, about 1200 including 100 marines.

"Introduced to Com. Barron, commanding at this naval station. A plain

spoken, kind mannered old gentleman. — He and Lt. Blake shewed me a gun carriage improved by the commodore. It *trains* more easily. Also a pump of his invention — worked by 4 men — model of it. Instead of a piston with a bucket and valves at the end, — it has in the tube (which is a long parallelopiped) an upright board, with 2 valves; and a valve in the fixed plug below.

"A visit from Elliott Cresson, the benevolent quaker, so distinguished as an ardent and able champion of colonization in Africa. While he and Mr. Chauncey were sitting with me, Lt. Blake came in. It being known that he had been to Liberia, Mr. Cresson drew out of him many particulars of his visit; and a promise of his testimony to refute the statements of Brown, the renegade free negro colonist. Walk home with Mr. Cresson. His zeal and eloquence are electrifying. He speaks of my yesterday's friend as 'Tommy Kite'; and expresses a gentle sorrow for 'Tommy's' misconceived dislike of the colonization scheme — Tommy being an abolitionist.

"To Mr. Kite's at ½ past six, to tea. His wife — father — brother James — son William — daughter Rebecca. I am bewitched with the beautiful simplicity of the house and all that it inhabit. The father must be above 80, and wears a little brown wig, not intended as a cheat, for the gray hairs appear round its edges. Rebecca is a pretty and affable lass, of some 22. We sat round a table to sup. As we seated ourselves, Tommy Kite said to me with a quiet, benignant, half-smile, 'We don't say grace, but we try to think a good thought.' Being seated, all remained still as death, looking down, silent, as if in meditation, for about one or two minutes; and then began to help one another, and eat. No courtly prayer that I ever heard, over a table loaded with dainties, impressed me half so much with devotional feeling, as this silent grace.

"At sunset, we walked down to the Walnut street wharf, distant 5 or 600 yards, to see the Liverpool packet Monongahela, of which Mr. Kite is part owner. Surveying the deck, I saw a small carronade, a two pounder, which Mr. K. told me was kept only to give and return salutes at sea. 'But you would use it also to fight, if necessary?' 'No no — that is against our principles: we never fight.' 'But suppose you were attacked by a pirate — you would defend yourselves, I suppose?' 'No — we should not. Our principles forbid us to fight at all.' No further explanation of his sect's views occurred. This was by far the most striking instance ever presented to me, of the length to which the Quakers carry their non-resistance. We passed upward to Mr. K.'s house. A shower drove us into the market house, which extends nearly ¾ of a mile along Arch street. Some very old houses shown me. The house built by Penn himself, about 1686 or '90. House where the widow Todd, now Mrs. Madison, lived. The first court house of Philadelphia. Its vane is inscribed 1709. Whitefield's voice; — when he was here, his preaching from that court house was heard upon the Delaware, fully ¼ of a mile.

"At Mr. K.'s: various talk. My tour. Quaker manners — Rebecca's especially — frank, cordial, simple, delightful. She, and all, call me 'Lucian.' As Mr. K. walks the streets, he receives from negroes the most marked tokens of kindness and respect: some of which are extended to me, because I am seen with him.

"Wednesday, June 25.

"At 10 a. m. called on Mr. Chauncey, and with him visited West's great picture. It is indeed great.

"Thence went to see a mammoth Sycamore, exhibited and advertised as a show. It is the lowest *cut*, of one which grew near Utica, N. Y. 33 feet around. Its hollow forms a snug apartment, 14 feet by 10 or 11; nicely papered. A large Harp was there, which (the exhibitor said) had cost $ 1000.

"Thursday, June 26.

"At night, attracted (in a saunter along Chestnut street) by lights and music, and a showy sign, to go up a stairs into what the sign called *The Hall of Industry*. It was a lightly constructed, and most ingenious machine for spinning and weaving cotton; moved by Dogs! — They imparted the motion by trying (apparently) to walk forward upon a sort of lattice floor, which yielded to their tread, and proved to be only the surface of a large wheel. It was exactly the principle of the treadmill. The plodding, steady, patient gait at which the faithful creatures plied their laborious task was admirable and piteous to behold. They had on yokes, and yet pulled in traces.

"Friday, June 27.

"Call on Mr. Cresson. There met Capt. Abels, a Dutchman, who has been (as captain of a ship) 3 times to Liberia. A thin, monkey-mouthed, dusky-skinned mynheer. Mr. C. gave me (what I called for) a pamphlet, containing the evidence of John C. Brown, the returned Liberia emigrant, who is traducing the Colony, among the abolitionists. I wanted it for Lt. Blake — that he might know the number and measure of Brown's falsehoods, and duly gainsay them in the statement which he (Lt. Blake) is going to prepare. Carried it to him. He is averse to appearing in print; fearful of a grapple with Garrison. But on hearing some of Brown's assertions read, which Lt. B. knew to be false; and after a few incitements urged; — he seemed to consent. He read me some extracts from his journal while at Liberia, in Febry. 1831. They are sensible and just — confirm, remarkably, the favorable account of Capt. Kennedy, with whom Lt. B. was there.

"Tea with Mr. Cresson. He lives with his mother, on Sansom street — to whom, now for the first time, he has introduced me. From her uprightness, and fresh appearance, I took her for his elder sister. Mrs. Maybury, a lady from Rockbridge, in Va., here also. Capt. Abels again. Gives a highly favorable account of Liberia, but says he made it a rule (indispensable to every white man's safety from the coast-fever) *never* to stay one night ashore. On shipboard, the sea breeze dispels the danger. Spoke in warm praise of the settlement at New Georgia (recaptured Africans), moral, industrious, religious.

"Mr. Cresson enthusiastic, and eloquent, upon his darling subject. Many inquiries about the condition and characters of the Free negroes in Va. When I described to him John Pearce, a well known and much respected mulatto man of Goochland, Mr. C. was anxious that I should urge him to emigrate to Liberia, and take command of a colonial vessel for trading voyages. At 8, Mr. C. was called away by a meeting of the Managers of the Pennsylvania Young men's colonization Society.

Washington Irving and Govr. Duval are gone. Not one word of conversation, not the smallest approach towards acquaintance, with Irving, during the 6 days that we have been under the same roof, eaten at the same end of the same table, read the same newspapers (not quite at the same time) in the same parlor. This incorrigible *mauvaise honte* of mine! Irving is not even 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ — inclined to corpulence — weighing, probably 175 — eyes blue, and like his whole countenance, rather lifeless and heavy. His voice is tenor; too thin a tenor, for a man's voice. He is courteous, tho' not affable — else I should have scraped an acquaintance with him. His reserve may be only the shyness natural to studious men.

"Called on Mr. Cresson. He dealt me a severe stroke of satire in disguise, by expressing his fear that he encroached too much on my 'valuable time.' *My valuable time!* Offers to conduct me to church to-morrow afternoon — having engagements for the morning. Recited the names, places of preaching, and characters oratorical and doctrinal, of the chief Presbyterian ministers of Phila. Three divisions

among the Presbyterians — Old Calvinistic — Newlights, rather evangelical — and a third, whose characteristic Mr. C. did not know. He wrote me down their names and churches. 12 Presbyterian houses of worship in the city — 5, of the Friends.

"After supper, a visit to Mr. Kite. His son and daughter not at home. His young brother, James, accompanied me to see the Apprentices' Library — one of the beneficent institutions of this noble city — established by the merchants, and master mechanics, to keep their boys out of mischief. 1500 boys enjoy it. There are 10000 books. The parents or masters guarantee their return, uninjured, when taken out. This was the weekly night for delivering out books, and the room was crowded with boys. Manner of giving out the books. Their choices — Robinson Crusoe — Juvenile Port Folio — Depping's Evening Entertainments — Barlow's Columbiad, &c., &c. One little mulatto, 8 or 9 years old, had taken out a small life of Washington. There were several mulatto boys; and all, of all colors, manifested extreme eagerness to get books. The keeper and my guide told me it had been so for, now, 7 years.

"Sunday, June 29.

"Forenoon, to church, Methodist. The preacher, Dr. D——, President of Dickenson College, Carlisle. Admirable sermon, in a great degree marred by a feeble, drawling voice. Afternoon, to hear Mr. Boardman, a rather awkward young Presbyterian, of considerable talent, however.

"An interesting conversation with Mr. Cresson, whose whole soul is absorbed by Colonization. His zeal is fervid — feverish. His championship of the Cause is powerful. How important is a concentration of faculties upon some one pursuit, to him who would attain either distinction or usefulness! Poor me — puffing under the toil of as many studies and aims as would employ all the hands of Briareus! And to what purpose? *Respondeant rugæ, et præcani capilli! oculi rutili — vita infructuosa, et ignota!*

"Mr. Cresson devotes himself exclusively to one object — He will exalt, if not immortalize himself, and bless mankind. — I could not help recommending to him, however, to aim more at operating upon masses of men, instead of exhausting his time and powers in efforts to proselyte individuals.

"Monday, June 30.

"Up at 5. — Call on Mr. Kite after breakfast, for the last time. He gives me a letter of introduction to Arthur Tappan of N. Y., the arch-abolitionist. Wonder if it will be delivered? — Mr. K.'s, and his wife's, and father's cordial, soft "Fare thee well!" — may it dwell forever in my memory.

"Waited on Miss S. at her boarding house — and on our way to the wharf, tho' much hurried, we ascended the Ct. House stairs, to snatch a look into Independence Hall. Then walked rapidly to the st. Boat, at ½ past 10. — Throng of passengers — probably 2 or 300. As the boat ran out, a poor one of them lost his light, cheap, summer hat, — blown off into the river. He was a ludicrous image of surprise and distress — evidently looked about for the captain to stop the boat: and then his air of half resignation, half despair! As we ascended the Delaware, — seats and views beautiful, tho' too level. — Burlington, — Bordentown, where we took the Rl. Rd.

"The jarring and clatter of the cars enforced on me and my immediate companions a silence for 20 miles. At last, a merchant-looking man, (of Boston, as Miss S. *guessed*) after many visible tokens of restlessness under such restraint upon his tongue, — oped his jaws, and spake. He had been to Virginia — to Europe — round the Cape of Good Hope — to the East Indies — to China — to Can*tón!* These facts, and a multitude less momentous, he contrived to impart as we sped over the wastes of New Jersey. Nor did he seem displeased, that we told him

nothing of ourselves in return. So ungrudging is a tattler, of his wordy store. — At Amboy, near the mouth of Raritan R, — embarked upon Amboy Bay, in a st. Boat, direct for N. Y. — Here again encountered Mrs. Ellsworth, attended now by a Mr. Clay of Philada., to whom she introduced me.

"Our route lay along a strait, on the W. of Staten island. Coasted round that island, several miles.

"Amidst the press of coachmen and porters, we landed near the Battery: and committing our baggage to a wheelbarrow man, walked to Bunker's Hotel, not far up Broadway, where Miss S. expected a brother to meet her. It was sunset. Her brother, the rev. Mr. S——, (a Unitarian) soon appeared. Incredible as it may seem to some unco guid friends of mine, he had neither horns, nor tail (except his coat tail), that I could discover, though I scanned him sharply — he being the first Unitarian professed, that I had ever seen. I conversed with him, and found him quite a civil, gentlemanlike person. He is staying a week or two in N. Y., to preach for a brother minister who is elsewhere.

"After tea, I strolled half a mile up Broadway, the crowded mainstreet; now lighted with gas lamps, and flashing with brilliant gleams from a thousand reflectors in windows, and about doors. A dazzling and magnificent spectacle indeed.

"Tuesday, July 1st.

"Before 6, walked half a mile or more, to see a merchant in Maiden Lane, upon business for B——d. Found the lubber's doors closed, and no human being astir, tho' the sun was an hour high! So I had to return to the Hotel, *re infectâ*.

"At 7, my fair charge and I were on board the good steam boat ——, for New Haven. Genl. Cocke and his family gratified me by appearing on the deck just after. — We ran by Brooklyn, now a fine city of 20 or 30000 people — and the village of Williamsburg, near which is a charity school filled mostly if not entirely with the children of victims to the cholera. The scholars were assembled, to the number of 50 or 100, on the beach as we passed, and greeted us with loud huzzas. Why, I know not. This was on Long Island. Presently, we reached Hellgate, — corrupted, by the mealy-mouthed, into *Hurl*-gate. Whatever terrors it may have had to the little craft of early navigators (see Knickerbocker), they are annihilated by steam. A considerable rush of the tide, and waves of respectable size, made the Boat rock somewhat: but we lost not a moment, and strained not a plank, or a beam, or a joint.

"Now we were out in Long Island sound, widening continually before us, and exhibiting, on either shore, sights novel, picturesque, and interesting. Dwellings, gardens, farms, bold hills, masses of dark rock, promontories, capes, and light houses, were perpetually enlivening the scene. Then the balmy air, moving just in a delightful breeze, — the rolling waves, — the bounding boat, freighted with so much life and joy, — all these things gladdened every pulse in my frame, and made me feel a present happiness which, in its mid-career, I checked for a moment, by a thought on the mutability of human affairs. The Bard's warning crossed my mind —

> 'Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
> While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
> In gallant time the gilded vessel goes,
> Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm, —
> Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
> That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.'

The presentiment did not abate a grain of the quiet ecstasy (shall I give it so strong a name?) that thrilled through my veins: and I am not sure that to admit such a presentiment of ill amidst pleasure, at all assuages the sting of that ill, when it comes. Let the philosophers decide.

"It is impossible to note the objects and incidents that occurred on this day's voyage. Having dined on board the Boat, we drew near New Haven.

On landing there, we were put into stage coaches, which carried us into the city. Slender opportunity of viewing it was afforded. Some fine churches, more fine trees, and not a few handsome dwelling houses, with the Yale college buildings and *their* trees and square — were all that I could see of the far famed beauties of New Haven. And these certainly are not to be contemned.

"I had resolved, in N. York, to attend Miss S. to Northampton, Massachusetts, where her friends reside. We are bound to Hartford, 24 miles further, tonight. The managers of affairs have put us into the mail coach, which goes by Middletown. We drove on, without alighting at the stage house in N. Haven. Passed a *salt-marsh:* i. e. a meadow, daily inundated by the tide, and producing a coarse grass, which is much impregnated with salt. This makes it very toothsome to cattle: and the hay thus made is much valued.

"And now I am in Connecticut! not only in Yankee land, but in the very land of steady habits, itself! — I could hardly realize it to myself. Driving on, we were, in a stage very like those in Virginia; drawn by horses not materially different from ours; along a road, sometimes muddy, sometimes sandy, sometimes rocky; bordered by fences, and farms, and trees, shrubs, weeds, grass, and flowers, not strikingly dissimilar to those of my native land. Ox-eyed daisies, in plenty. No worm fences — chiefly post-and-rail — (chestnut rails), sometimes staked fences, straight, — and sometimes stone. The houses, too, upon a plan rather different; oftener painted than ours, and more snug. The farms are certainly smaller than with us; and not so superior in neatness, as I expected.

"Towards night, we met groups of school children going home. They curtsied and bowed to us in the most mannerly way. This, Miss S. told me, was what N. England children are carefully taught to do.

"From near N. Haven, two very high peaks — mountains, in fact — appear on either hand, called East Rock, and West Rock. The former towers most naked and pointed; almost an entire mass of dark, *trap* rock. It is 800 feet high, I believe. — The fields shewed little wheat; much more rye, and most hay. Some indian corn, which is very small, not averaging above 6 or 8 inches in height. Rye bread, I am told is much used; commonly mixed with flour, or corn meal. What flour they have, is mostly gotten from N. York, and the South.

"Our fellow passengers are a civil young student of Yale, and his sister Louisa M., a very pretty girl of 15 or 16 going home from a boarding school in Fairfield; a man from Rochester, N. Y., with a deformed, limping wife, and a coarse, Irish servant girl. In my greenness, I helped the servant girl into the stage, and offered her some other civility, as if she had been a *lady;* being accustomed to do so to all white women. Something in the looks of my fellow passengers, and the girl's own drawing back, shewed me the blunder. The student says, Yale college has about 500 students; viz. 350 academical, and 150 professional (Law, physic, and divinity). Temperance flourishing there — majority of them, members of Total Abstinence Society, even from wine. He and his sister stopped before we reached Middletown, — near their father's house. 'I shall not soon forget that sweet girl,' said another passenger. Indeed her looks, manners, and discourse with her brother (whom she met that afternoon the first time for several months), all excited interest. I did not learn what the *M.* stood for, — upon her trunk.

"Our Rochester companions helped to beguile the time, while Miss S., veiled, was reading. The man is concerned in one of the immense wheat mills there. One of them manufactures into flour, 700000 bushels of wheat, a year. His wife is a genius; and made some amusing efforts at literary conversation. Among other things, she had read Calebs, and admired Miss More; only thought her books 'diffi-

cult to read.' — Passing a village grave yard, enclosed with stone, entirely outside of the village, I asked why it was placed so? The lady said it was 'for the convenience of those who live at a distance.' — As clear as mud.

"Entered Middletown, a town of 3 or 4000 inhabitants, near sunset; coming to the western Bank of Connecticut River just below. Took tea there; and drove on, having still 9 or 10 miles to go. Just above Middletown, on the opposite side of the River, is the village of Chatham, where a large quarry of dark brown rock, soft, and much prized for building, is wrought, out of the high river bank. The grave yard being found to rest over the seam of rock, the quarriers are about to make a stir among the dry bones — i. e. remove them to some other resting place. — Cultivation in some places is carried close to the highwater mark. The river banks are planted with willows, to prevent abrasion by the water.

"At Rocky Hill, and Wethersfield (famous for its onion fields) we parted with our remaining companions; and arrived in Hartford about 9, at night. Our hostelrie, the City Hotel, kept by a Mr. Morgan. Hartford and New Haven are regularly incorporated as *cities*, by the Legislature of Connecticut: having, each, 12 or 13000 people. The legislature meets in them, alternately.

"Hartford! how could I sleep here, for thinking of the horrible convention, of 1814? Yet sleep I did, and soundly, for 5 or 6 hours.

"Wednesday, July 2d.

"Rose before 4. White waiters. They make me feel awkward. Left the city at 5 — several persons in stage besides Miss S. and me. In driving out, saw an elegant church, built of the brown stone dug at Chatham quarry. Several other churches, and other public buildings, of uncommon beauty to the transient eye. A tall pole, nearly as high as a church steeple, presented itself upon a sort of public square. It was a Liberty Pole, such as is described in McFingal! Nothing yet, in N. England, has so excited me.

'When sudden met his angry eye,
A pole ascending through the sky,' &c.

Let nobody fail to read the passage — and the poem.

"Our road lay chiefly along the Connecticut River — its W. bank — great diversity of cliff, woods, field, low ground, and ravine — much pretty country visible, mainly on t' other side. Hemlock trees, exactly what we in Louisa have called juniper, on river hills. Plenty of a kind of fern, or *brake*. The country people here call it *farn;* and an old Scotchwoman with us called it *bracken*, and said it was common in the mountains of Scotland. So we set it down as the very sort of plant which hid Roderic Dhu's men on the mountain side, near Coilantogle Ford. Beyond the river, amidst much agricultural richness and beauty, lay the village of East Windsor. A church steeple there had a clock, the hands of which were so large, that I could easily see the hour and minute they told — 6 or 800 yards off. Two or 3 miles higher, on one side of the river, was Windsor (proper), at the junction of Windsor river with the Connecticut.

"Breakfast at a Tavern 12 miles from Hartford; at the locks belonging to the Five-mile canal, which leads round the Rapids of C. river. The waiter at breakfast was a right handsome — young lady, I should call her; a blooming rose-and-lily lassie, of 18 or 20; quite as genteel-looking as any among ⅘ of the real young ladies that I have met with. Tho' brisk in her motions around the table, she had an air of *nonchalance* withal; and at every interval in her services, she sat, half reclining, upon a settee. Her look and manner said that she asked no odds, either of us passengers, or of her employers.

"In the morning's drive, patches of tobacco, growing on the river low-lands, repeatedly presented themselves. To my wondering inquiry touching this phenomenon, a facetious old gentleman

of Springfield said, it was to make Havana cigars. The villages of Warehouse Point, and Enfield in Connecticut, Long Meadow and Springfield in Massachusetts, appeared on the opposite shore; Suffield in Conn., and West Springfield in Mass., on the Western side. — Crossed the River on a covered Bridge, into Springfield; and after a few minutes' stay, drove back again, and resumed our road to Northampton, now 18 miles distant.

"Striking landscapes and objects thickened upon us. The River was more unruly — oftener cramped and turned by bluffs and rocks. Mountains rose, both far and near. Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, especially prominent, engaged the eye — Holyoke, a single, sharp peak; Mount Tom, more rounded, and giving its name to a whole range. From several points, church steeples and spires lent their beautifying power to the prospect — and beautifiers they truly are; speaking even more eloquently to the mind than to the eye.

"In exchange for some of our companions, at Springfield, we took in a lady passenger, evidently single, and of no particular age; sour-faced, and sour-tempered; yet at times displaying kind feelings. Very communicative.

"Before one, we reached Northampton.

"They gave me dinner at the Hotel, about one. A female, white waiter, again. She was troublesomely assiduous. We had apple-pie, and rhubarb-pie, or tart. This was new to me: and it was with difficulty I could understand her question, if I would take some of the *r'barrb?* expending all the sound upon the last syllable. — After a brief visit to Miss S. at her brother's — where only her mother was, — he being yet in N. York — I sauntered over the town. The Court House, neat and commodious. Several good churches, many handsome private houses, all of wood, painted white. A well filled bookstore. The afternoon was rainy. Invitation to breakfast with Mrs. and Miss S. tomorrow. Agreed. Tea with them today.

"A good deal of drinking about the public houses.

"A gentleman of the town encourages my design of walking among the country people, by telling me of the kind usage to be expected, and that they will not refuse pay for what they afford me. New Englandisms begin to multiply upon my ear. This gentleman says Worcester is 'considerable of a place,' &c., &c."

THE NEW AMERICAN POLAR EXPEDITION AND ITS HOPES.

AS Columbus lay dreaming on his sick-bed, near the city of Belem, an unknown voice whispered to him that his mission was to "*unchain the ocean.*"

From that time to this every period of history has witnessed the boldest adventures of men in search of undiscovered lands and unfurrowed seas.

The successful voyages of Bartholomew Diaz, of Vasco de Gama, and Magellan, followed in quick succession by a band of explorers who had imbibed the spirit and caught the fire of these geographers, had, before the seventeenth century, brought to light very nearly all that is now known of our planet between the Antarctic and the Arctic circles.

The forbidding regions about the South Pole, the open passage for ships round the storm-beaten rocks of Cape Horn, and the discovery of the Straits of Magellan, seemed, for a long time, to render explorations in the Antarctic Ocean unnecessary. But within

the charmed circle of the Arctic lay the goal of geographical ambition. There the reasoning of Columbus, universally held to be almost inspired, had, by implication, promised the world it should find a Northwest Passage to the East Indies, and that along this passage would flow to Europe the wealth of the East, and, in return, civilization and religion would find their way to their earliest seats of influence and empire. There, too, modern commerce has fondly hoped to find a short and expeditious route of communication with the swarming millions of China. So heavily has the matter pressed itself upon the attention of the world, that, in the short space of two centuries, more than one hundred expeditions have been sent into the Polar Basin.

Eight of these expeditions have sailed within the last ten years. There is to-day, all over Europe, the greatest interest manifested in the discovery of a route to the Pole. It is now the subject of earnest inquiry in the geographical societies of London and Paris. More than one expedition from the Continent is in process of equipment, and in our own country no subject of a scientific or geographical bearing, not excepting the problem of a canal at Darien, has engaged equal interest.

The Congress of the United States, during the late session, voted a large appropriation for an Arctic Expedition, to be sent out, at once, under the direction of the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Navy. And it may be said that long years of fruitless effort and frightful suffering seem only to have whetted the appetite for discovery; and the more we know of our planet, the more ardent becomes the desire of geographers to view the mysterious extremity.

In entering upon this subject, it will be important to distinguish between all efforts to explore the Frigid Zone for purposes of scientific inquiry, and efforts made with the exclusive design of penetrating its ices to the highest latitude possible.

It is, beyond doubt, due to the fact that this latter purpose has been misunderstood, and confounded with the old and widely different project of finding a Northwest Passage along the northern shores of America, that the efforts of explorers have been apparently spasmodic and guided by no fixed and settled policy. A distinctive interest is, however, gathering around the problem of finding a way to the Pole itself.

The honors and fame to be won in this enterprise, the benefits to science and commerce, the probability of discovering some fragments of the human race in the centre of the Polar Basin, are among the stimulants now at work on the minds of geographers.

"As a family," says the German geographer Behm, "will, of course, know all the rooms of its own house, so man, from the very beginning, has been inspired with a desire to become acquainted with all the lands, oceans, and zones of the planet assigned to him for a dwelling-place."

But to the thinking mind, the reward science and cosmography would be likely to reap invest the adventure with its greatest charms. The occupation of three hundred million square miles of unexplored polar country; the determination by accurate geodetic measurement of the precise shape of our globe, observations fixing the power of the pendulum to measure heights; the ascertaining the amount of solar heat received by the earth, and locating the point of greatest cold; solving the important problem of the circulation of the atmosphere and the currents of the sea, upon which all future advances in the art of navigation must mainly depend; the clearing up of many meteorological, magnetic, and botanical questions, — these are some of the results that may confidently be expected from such an enterprise, if successful. In the words of M. Gustave Lambert, "The scientific conquest of the Pole would fecundate all the sciences."

If the accomplishment of this has in ages past seemed to be a mere

diversion for restless and visionary geographers, it may be well to remember how often the world has, in pursuit of trifles, stumbled upon its richest treasures. An English mechanic once made an engine for pumping water from a coal-pit, little thinking he would revolutionize the world by steam machinery. A savage in Peru, climbing a hill, seized upon a bush which came up by the root, revealing at his feet what proved to be the exhaustless silver-mines of Potosi. The philosophers of Greece, who amused themselves with childish sport on the Conic Sections, never suspected that these would serve for the mensuration of the heavens, and that unconsciously they were laying the foundations of astronomy.

But not to dwell upon the results, either present or prospective, of the demonstration of the pole, we hasten to consider the ways and means of reaching it. Among the routes now proposed may be named that of Captain Sherrard Osborne of the British Navy, by way of Smith's Strait; that of Dr. Augustus Petermann of Gotha, by the coasts of Spitzbergen; and that of M. Gustave Lambert of France, by way of Behring's Strait; and, in our own country, that of Captain Silas Bent, the flag officer and hydrographer of the Japan Expedition under Commodore Perry.

In September, 1868, the last-named gentleman addressed a letter to the President of the American Geographical and Statistical Society, with a view of propounding his hypothesis. Reasoning upon the climatic influence of ocean currents, the author of this theory was led to believe that the two great hot currents of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the Gulf Stream and the Black Stream of Japan, move into the Polar Basin and keep open its chilly and otherwise ice-bound surface; and as a practical sailor he suggested that these streams may be navigated and pursued by the use of the water thermometer. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that this proposition is the first of the kind ever offered upon a scientific basis. The gallant explorers of the last three centuries have sailed to the North to *hunt for a way*, not knowing whither they went and groping and guessing their track through the ice-fields of the Polar Ocean.

The proposition of Captain Bent throws at least a ray or two of light over the path of the mariner. Columbus's promise of "*a way to the East by the West*" has never been forgotten, and nearly every Arctic explorer, from 1553 to this time, has steadily labored to find a way to the Northwest. Nothing but the most urgent necessity has deterred seamen from prosecuting this track; whilst they have scarcely ever seemed to consider the value of a *northeasterly* approach to the Pole.

Even the Germania, sent out by Dr. Petermann of Gotha, in 1868, moved immediately to the northwest of Spitzbergen, and becoming endangered by ice in latitude 80° 30′ north, and longitude 6° 35′ west, steered to the south, latitude 74° 30′, and thence made an effort to run to Greenland. The officers were obliged to give this up by the heaviness of the ice in longitude 14° west, and to put back toward Spitzbergen, and three efforts of the kind proved unsuccessful; and it would be easy to show that the long list of polar explorations have been but one slightly varied attempt to make a Northwest Passage.

These explorations were begun in the middle of the sixteenth century by Cabot, Cortereal, and Davis, whose failures seem to have been ignored by a host of other adventurers, not excepting, in our day, the illustrious and unfortunate Sir John Franklin. The fate of Franklin was justly regarded by the maritime world as setting the seal of final and perpetual doom upon every attempt to pass to the northeast of our continent. It is true, error in science ceases to be venial only when its character is detected by its victim, and there is even a limit, within which failures and disasters like Franklin's are positively beneficial and useful, as, in the Red Sea, the wreck of an argosy, caught on the sunken reef, warns and

guides the watchful sailor. It seems, however, that some of our explorers desire to use the past sad catastrophes of Arctic voyages as examples to be emulated rather than rocks to be shunned. It is for this reason, among others, that we now propose to review Captain Bent's hypothesis of a way to the Pole as a new problem of modern geography. The theory in question is based upon *the nature, the direction, and the volume of the great ocean currents of the Atlantic and Pacific.* The elucidation of the subject necessarily takes us into the field of hydrographic research, and we begin with a notice of the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic Ocean. This grand flow of waters has been compared to a "river in the ocean"; but the comparison is inadequate, for, as Major Rennel well says, "it is not a stream, but a *sea in motion.*" Off the coasts of Senegambia and Cape Palmas the mariner beholds the beginning of the great Equatorial Current of the Atlantic. On his third voyage to the New World, while in the tropics, Columbus wrote in his Diary: "I regard it as proved, that all the water of the ocean moves from east to west with the apparent motion of the sun, moon, and stars." Should one sail from Africa, along the equator, he would find this verified. For two thousand eight hundred and fifty miles the equatorial surface of the sea is swept by the trade-winds, and thus is projected toward the Gulf of Mexico a current one thousand miles broad, and one that has been, at least, forty days under a fiery sun. As it moves to the west it meets no obstruction till it reaches the Windward Antilles. There forty-seven islands rise from vast depths of the ocean, as so many rocky bastions to dispute the passage of the great mass into the Caribbean Sea.

The larger part of the current is turned to the northwest. A portion, however, runs the gauntlet of the Islands, penetrates the Caribbean Sea, and finding its way through the Yucatan Pass, enters the Gulf of Mexico. Here is the cradle of the great heat-bearer and climophorous of the North Atlantic. The whole surface of the oceanic regions, which are under the sway of the perpetual or trade-winds, moves to the westward at the rate of about twelve or fifteen miles a day. This motion is of course greater or less, according to the locality; variable winds produce a temporary drift, and the powerful monsoon a periodical flood. But under no circumstances does it appear that any current caused by the disturbance of the atmosphere extends to a great depth beneath the surface of the sea. According to the most authentic accounts, the waves, during the greatest gales, do not exceed sixty feet in a perpendicular line in height, and experience shows that the most severe storm is not felt more than thirty feet under the hollow of the wave. It is therefore safe to presume that the Equatorial Current, moving toward the Gulf of Mexico, does not flow at a greater depth than one hundred feet below the crest of the billows. Bearing these facts in mind, let us observe the Gulf Stream as it leaves the place of its genesis. No other current of the globe, at least like this part of the Gulf Stream, runs between banks so well defined. On one side these banks are formed by the Florida Reef and the peninsula of that name, and on the other by the island of Cuba, the Sal Key Bank, and the Great and Little Bahama Banks.

These banks must not be regarded as banks of *sounding*, a term applied to those seas whose bottom is within the reach of the sounding line, i. e. a hundred fathoms deep; but the Sal Key and the Bahama Banks are proper banks. They emerge with great suddenness and from vast depths. The surface near the edges of the banks is but a few fathoms below the common level of the sea, and toward the centre of the banks many places are found which are shoal and within a few feet of the top of the water, and at low tide some are even quite dry. Such banks of course control the movement of the Gulf Stream as imperatively as

if they were banks of land. Hemmed in on either side, the waters are compressed into a narrow space, increasing the velocity, so that before the current enters the Atlantic Ocean its rapidity is like a mountain stream. Having passed along the northern edge of the Sal Key Bank, the warm current rushes in a northeastern direction against the western edge of the Great Bahama Bank, and is there repulsed and compelled to flow along this bank northward. Thus it pours into the narrows of the Strait of Florida, where the sea area between Cape Florida and the Bemini Islands is reduced to a width of less than forty miles. It is this majestic movement of waters that now leaves our shores for Northwestern Europe, acting under the double impulse of the earth's diurnal rotation throwing its waters to the eastward, and the peculiar specific gravity of its volume causing it to seek an interchange with seas of different weight toward the north. It thus courses across the great Atlantic canal (for this ocean much resembles and has often been compared, by physical geographers, to a canal) in the path of a trajectory.

Off the coasts of Carolina the Florida stream receives an immense accession from the northwestern branch of the Equatorial Current turned aside by the Windward Antilles; and as both bodies of water are tropical and possessed of similar affinities chemically, they early unite, and flow on in an immensely magnified volume with all their burden of equatorial heat.

Owing to the volcanic character of the Mexican Gulf, — the caldron in which for many days the gulf current has been detained, — the temperature of the water is considerably raised by submarine influences, as has been ably shown by Gérard Molloy and by Arthur Mangin. We might therefore expect, in the absence of any positive information, that the great stream would transfer the surplus caloric of superheated tropical water in large quantities towards the Arctic Ocean. So far-reaching is its influence, that the rivers of Western Europe are seldom congealed in higher latitude than Labrador; the river Thames has been frozen over only fourteen times in eight hundred years. At Penzance, on the coast of England, the plants and vegetables appear out of the ground in February, and are soon on the table. Camelias, magnolias, Mexican agaves, require there no protection from frost, so that Humboldt called Devonshire "the Montpelier of the North."

Professor Ansted of England, in his Physical Geography, describes the peculiarity of the Gulf Stream in these words: "It is a great, wide stream of heated water, larger than all the rivers of the world together, running in a definite channel through colder water of a different color, so that when a ship enters the stream in smooth water, one may see the bow dashing the spray from the warm and dark blue waters she is entering, while the stern is still within the pale green and cold water of the bank of Newfoundland."

Alexander Buchan, the eminent secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, in his beautiful book, "The Handy Book of Meteorology," tells us that "in May, 1861, when H. B. M. ship the Nile sailed out of the harbor of Halifax for Bermuda, under Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, the water at the stern of the ship was 40°, and on plunging into the Gulf Stream the next moment the mercury rose to 70°."

The climatic effect of the Gulf Stream has been traced to great distances. "This stream," we are told by Professor Tyndal, in his lectures before the Royal Society of London, "entirely abolishes the difference of temperature due to the difference of latitude of North and South Britain; so that, if we walk from the Channel to the Shetland Isles in January, we encounter everywhere the same temperature. The isothermal line runs north and south. The harbor of Hammerfest, in Norway (73° north) derives great value from the fact that it is clear of ice all the year round. This is due to the Gulf Stream, which sweeps around the

North Cape, and so modifies the climate there that at some places by proceeding northward you enter a warmer region." Buchan has shown that "Shetland is benefited 36° and London 20° from their proximity to the warm water of the Atlantic." "In Iceland and the Norwegian coast," he adds, "the increase thus accruing to the winter temperature is very much greater. To these places, the Atlantic may be conceived of as a vast repository of heat, in which the warmth of the summer months and the warmth of more southern regions is treasured up and reserved against the rigor of winter."

As the temperature is uniform from Shetland to Wales, physicians recommend the Scottish coast as highly as any other, except the southwest of England.

Captain Maury, considering only the stream issuing at Florida, thus reasons: "The maximum temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86°, or about 9°, above the ocean temperature due at the latitude. Increasing its latitude 10°, it loses but 2° of temperature, and having run three thousand miles to the north, it still preserves, even in winter, the heat of summer. The heat it discharges over the Atlantic in a winter's day would be sufficient to raise the whole volume of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Isles from the freezing point to summer heat. A simple calculation will show that the quantity of heat daily carried off by the Gulf Stream, from the regions of Central America and Mexico, and discharged over the Atlantic, *is sufficient to raise mountains of iron from zero to the melting point, and to keep in flow from them a molten stream, of metal greater in volume than the waters daily discharged from the Mississippi River!*"

Rightly to estimate the thermal power of the Gulf Stream, we must remember its origin, as already hinted, over the volcanic basin of the Gulf of Mexico. It is around this that the most striking evidences have been given of subterranean furnaces.

Since 1750 six magnificent volcanic cones have been thrown up from the soil of Mexico. One of these, Jorullo, on the night of September 29, 1759, rose 1,683 feet above the plain. The volcanoes of Central America display great activity. Humboldt tells us it alone has twenty-nine volcanoes.

The waters of the Bayou Plaquemine have been seen at times to be agitated almost to ebullition; and the late earthquakes of California seem to have been caused by volcanic forces acting in a line running from the Gulf of Mexico towards San Francisco. Indeed, the bed of the Atlantic abounds in vigias of submarine volcanic origin.

The axis of the Gulf Stream, according to Lieutenant Bache's Coast Survey, lies

80	miles	from	Charleston
50	"	"	Hatteras
210	"	"	Sandy Hook
240	"	"	Nantucket.

If we run a great circle through these points, and extend it in the Polar Basin, we shall find that it enters the Arctic Ocean between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. But for the cold current that deflects and underruns it at Newfoundland, it would enter the Arctic Ocean and wash the shores of Spitzbergen; but diverted by the cold rush of water on the Grand Bank, it probably flows more to the east, and thus would give Spitzbergen a berth of some distance.

But the most important feature is the Gulf Stream's volume and flood. It has been supposed that this is merely the current passing out of the Straits of Florida. So all our authors represent it. But this subject is now undergoing new study.

It has been found that no explanation of the great flow of waters here will exclude an equal flow off the Windward Antilles. There are reasons for believing that the volume of the Gulf Stream is at least twice as large as any author has ever yet ventured to state.

1. Because it receives the Antilles current, or "northwest branch of the

Equatorial Current," coursing around San Domingo.

2. There are times when the Gulf Stream is very slow in passing through the Florida Straits, and yet its flow is undiminished north of Hatteras, — a fact to be accounted for only by the reinforcement from the Antillian current.

3. Bache's measurement by thermometer shows that from Florida to Hatteras the Gulf Stream has greatly increased. From being forty miles wide at Florida, it has increased to nearly four hundred, and has become at least twelve hundred feet deeper. At four hundred and twenty-five fathoms off Hatteras the heat of the water was "over 60° ! "

The Kuro Siwo.

So much for the Gulf Stream. Let us turn now to the Kuro Siwo, the other factor in the result claimed by the new theory for a thermometric approach to the Pole. The Equatorial Current of the Pacific is wider and grander even than that of the Atlantic. It is the parent stream, out of which so many other bodies of water obtain their volume. It moves, as do all such currents of the ocean, on the line of a great circle, and this circle intersects the equator at an acute angle of only a few degrees. It sweeps to the westward, in "uninterrupted grandeur," as one expresses it, around three eighths of the circumference of the globe, until diverted by the continent of Asia, and split into innumerable streams by the Polynesian Islands. Reaching the Ladrones, it imparts a much warmer climate than it has given to the Sandwich or Marquesas. The Philippines are made oppressively hot even in winter, and one familiar with it has said: "The fervor increases as we reach Malacca, is all aglow in India, and becomes stifling in its intensity as these equatorial waters, after travelling fifteen thousand miles and being fully three hundred days under a vertical sun, are thrown against the eastern shores of Africa." This Equatorial Current is as broad as the Torrid Zone, and out of it comes the Kuro Siwo.

The latter possesses a temperature more striking in its contrast with the surrounding waters than does the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic.

Striking off at Formosa from the great Equatorial, it moves with majestic powers, heedless of the fiercest gale, and to the eye of the thoughtful observer is bent upon the discharge of some momentous mission. Reaching the fortieth parallel of north latitude, its surface is swept by the "brave west winds" of the northern hemisphere. It now seems to turn aside from its course, and curve away to the American shores. On the track of its northeasterly flow the map-maker writes another name, as if some mighty power had diverted it. But it has not been turned; only a little of its foamy surface has been borne along in the easterly set. The vast torrent is only *skimmed*. The recurvation which pours around the southern coasts of Alaska, and laves the western shores of Sitka Island,* is but a *drift*. The tremendous bulk of equatorial water rushes on in a changeless course. It is moving in obedience to a steady and almighty hand. Every drop feels the impulse of a force it cannot resist. Every drop is lighter than the drop of polar water, with which it is hastening to exchange places, lest the equilibrium of nature be overthrown.

But on its way it receives, every moment, an impact from the earth's rotation. And thus it moves on the line of a great circle to the northeast, and entering Behring's Sea knocks for admission at the very gates of the Polar Ocean. In its course its pathway is strewed with the marks of its thermal and climatic power. If the Gulf Stream has clothed Ireland with its robe of verdure, and made it the "Emerald Isle," the Kuro Siwo has done as much for the Aleutian Islands and Alaska. They

* Russian meteorological observations conducted through a period of fourteen years at Sitka give the mean winter temperature there as 31°+ Fahrenheit, and the mean annual temperature at 42°. American observations give mean annual temperature at 44°. See Dall's Alaska and its Resources.

are mantled with living green. The flocks scarcely need shelter in winter. If their soil is treeless, their Gulf Stream richly supplies them with timber for their canoes, and camphor-wood of Japan and China for their furniture.

The hills of Russian America, like those of Norway, bristle with pines and firs down to the very sea-shore. "There never was," says the author of "The Physical Geography of the Sea," "an iceberg in the North Pacific Ocean, and consequently the tender plants along its shores are never nipped by the cold that the drifting islands of ice always engender. Therefore, we may conclude that, parallel for parallel, and altitude for altitude, the climates along the sea-shores of our new possessions are quite as mild, if not milder, than those of Northwestern Europe, and we know that the winter climate of England is not so severe as that of Virginia."

Kotzebue, as long ago as 1815, remarked these facts, and especially commented upon "the riches of the arctic flora, amidst manifold variety of soil on the rocky coast of St. Lawrence Bay."

The same great voyager has also remarked that the transition from the American coast to the Asiatic, beyond Behring's, was, "like passing from summer to winter." In the colonial days of America, and long after, a vessel from England to New York, meeting a "northwestern" (storm) became so clogged with ice as to be almost unmanageable. Her captain had only to turn her course into the region of the Gulf Stream.

Vessels trading to Petropaulowski and other ports on the coast of Kamtchatka, when becoming unwieldy from the accumulation of icy crust on their hulls and rigging, run over to a higher latitude on the American coast, and thus thaw out.

Allusion is sometimes made to the climatic influence of the Japan stream on America. This proceeds, not from the main stream, but from its eastern recurvation. The recurvation of the Kuro Siwo, a mere surface drift, is, however, a most potential climatic agent. Fragment, or skimming, as it is of the southeastern fringe of the "black" river in the sea, it is powerfully felt on the northwestern shores of America. General Thomas, it is said, in his recent trip to Alaska, confirmed by his observations the deductions that have been drawn as to its climate.

In Puget's Sound, latitude 48° north, snow rarely falls and the inhabitants rarely fill their ice-houses for summer. These climatic results are due to a mere surface skimming, a pellicle of drift from the great body of the Kuro Siwo. What may be expected of the mass that penetrates the Polar Basin? If the part is armed with so much potency to modify climate, how vast the thermal energy of the whole! *

The Climatic Force of Ocean Currents.

These currents of the sea are mighty agents. One of the feeblest of them is a set of water from the South Pole along the west coast of Africa. It presents a striking contrast with that running off the east coast and coming out of the superheated Indian Ocean. On the east coast of Africa, the flow of heated waters gives rise to the grandest and most terrible displays of thunder and lightning that are anywhere known. Missionaries at Natal report the occurrence there of storms in which for hours consecutively they have seen an uninterrupted blaze of lightning, and heard a continuous peal of thunder.

The soil is so baked and parched, that it is almost as deadly for its pestilential poison as was the region of the Pontine Marshes around the city of Rome in classic times. But on the west side all is different. Bishop Payne of Africa has said that for twenty years he had suffered less near Cape Pal-

* "As for the appearance of currents," says M. Gustave Lambert, the leader of the French Expedition, "this is what I have seen, moving along Behring's Sea by the coasts of Asia, in the month of June, a very strong current, running from south to north. Later in September, the current in latitude 70° had a velocity of three knots an hour from south to north." —*Bulletin de la Société de Géographie.* Paris, Janvier, 1867.

mas from the summer heat than on our Atlantic coast.

The cool current along Cape Palmas is very slow, scarcely more than an ooze. Yet, according to Du Chaillu, the African explorer, at 1° 30′ below the equator, almost under the line, the mean temperature of summer is only 77° Fahrenheit.

The similar cool flow, off the west of South America — Humboldt's Current — is so potential that the citizens of Lima and Callao, 12° south, dress in woollen clothes through the summer; and Mr. Darwin found that the coral insect was driven from the waters around the Galapagos Islands, which are upon the equator.

In the Mediterranean, Naples in the southern part of Italy, and Genoa in the latitude of Toronto, have a vernal climate. And even at Genoa oranges are ripe early in February; this evidently from the indrift of hot water through the Straits of Gibraltar.

Doubtless the admission of the Suez Canal water into the Mediterranean will still further affect the climate of Southern Europe. These are striking illustrations of how far the ocean current may affect the climate of any region, even after its velocity seems to be abated and its volume seems to be lost amidst the unbounded waste of waters.

Every question of a thermometrical approach to the Pole rests upon the meteorological power of the ocean current.

An Analogy.

It is clear that the two great currents of hot water move with mighty thermal energy toward the Polar Basin. Analogy will show what effect they will have.

If the current known as Humboldt's penetrates to the equator and cools its seas there to the delicious temperature of the Galapagos and Marquesas Islands, why should not the Gulf Stream pierce to the Pole with heat sufficient to preserve its waters from perpetual congelation?

If we are to believe the reports and records of Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes, the open Polar Sea seen by their expeditions was, in temperature, above 36° Fahrenheit; and hence far above the temperature at which sea-water becomes a solid (28°). There are several arguments for this theory which are of great importance, and which those who have criticised it seem either incapable of understanding or else determined to ignore.

There certainly issues from the space around the Pole a ceaseless and mighty flow of waters to the tropics. Its course is sadly attested by the huge icebergs, upon which perhaps many vessels never heard from have foundered. These icy masses are often so numerous in floating clusters as to defy computation. Captain Beechy saw a small one fall from a glacier in Spitzbergen over 400,000 tons in weight. The Great Western, in 1841, in her Transatlantic trip, met three hundred icebergs. Sir John Ross saw several aground in Baffin's Bay, in two hundred and sixty fathoms deep; one he computed to weigh 1,259,397,673 tons. A Danish voyager saw one measuring 900,000,000 cubic feet. Sir J. C. Ross met with some of these floating mountains *twice* as large as this; and in Davis Strait, where there is deep water, icebergs have been met having an area of six square miles, and six hundred feet high.

The hyperborean current which bears these monsters on its bosom has formed by the deposit from their dissolution the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

The single drift of ice which bore on its Atlean shoulders the English ship Resolute, abandoned by Captain Kellett, and cast it twelve hundred miles to the south, was computed to be at least three hundred thousand square miles in area and seven feet in thickness. Such a field of ice would weigh eighteen billion tons. We say this was a *single* drift through Davis Straits, only *one* of the avenues of this current from the Pole, and only a fractional

part of the year's drift. And yet these huge masses are insignificant beside some that are even now emerging out of the South Polar Basin. A circular was issued last winter from the Bureau of Navigation at Washington, warning mariners of one of the most fearful icebergs yet known. This circular contains the following extract from a communication of Mr. John T. Towson, F. R. G. S., dated January, 1870: —

"In September, 1840, an iceberg was seen in Lat. 41° S., Long. 14° E., a mile in circumference. In January, 1858, in Lat. 53° 30′ S., Long. 14° W., an iceberg three miles long was observed. But these appear insignificant when compared with a body of ice reported to have passed by twenty-one ships during the five months of December, 1854, and January, February, March, and April, 1855; floating from Lat. 44° S., Long. 28° W., to Lat. 40° S., Long. 20° W. This mass has received the various denominations of an immense iceberg, an ice island, 'groote ijseland,' and a connected mass of icebergs. Its elevation in no case exceeded three hundred feet, but its horizontal dimensions were sixty miles by forty. It was of the form of a hook, the longer shank of which was sixty miles, the shorter forty miles, and embayed between these mountains of ice was a space of water forty miles across. The first account of it was received from the Great Britain, which, in December, 1854, was reported to have steamed fifty miles along the outer side of the longer shaft. This longest range of ice then bore northeast and southwest the bay, before alluded to, being open to the northeast. Whilst in this position it exposed ships to but little danger, since the bay could only be entered on the opposite course to that of ships on their homeward passage from Australia. But during the next three months it swung round 90° to the left, and drifted east-northeast, about one hundred miles, which brought it very near to the route of outward-bound ships, with the bay open to their track. We can scarcely imagine any mass of ice in an equally dangerous form, and I regret to add that one emigrant ship, the Guiding Star, was embayed and lost among it with all hands. The Cambridge and Salem were also embayed in it in March and April, 1855, but through the skill of their commanders they were extricated from the most perilous situation in which we can conceive a ship to be placed by ice in any form.

"Although I have received three reports of ice observed in September last, between Lat. 41° and 46° S., Long. 40° to 48° W., I had no reason to believe that any was of such dimensions as is reported. The Alice Davies, commanded by Captain John Jones, arrived at Liverpool about the 13th instant. She brings the report of having on the 30th of September, in Lat. 45° 30′ S., Long. 38° 40′ W., passed on the east side of a large ice island, the extent of which, from north to south, was about twenty-five miles, and in a northwest direction further than could be seen. They also counted thirty-one icebergs, passing the last on the 1st of October, 1 h. 20 m. P. M., distant from the ice island about one hundred and thirty miles north by east magnetic."

What a mighty and majestic flow of waters must take place from the equator toward the poles, to wedge out and to bear down to low latitudes such terrific masses as easily as the piston of the fire-engine ejects the *jet d'eau!*

We dwell upon the might and magnitude of this ice-bearing river from the Pole, because in gauging these we gauge the energy of the reciprocal heat-bearing river from the tropics, i. e. the Gulf Stream.

The agency of the winds in the North Temperate Zone combines powerfully with the currents. The chart shows the winds prevailing there. The water-current and the wind-current move together. As the winds sweep over the ocean they evaporate the Kuro Siwo and the Gulf Stream.

But the heat given off by these hot

streams and otherwise wasted and lost is stored away in the vesicles of vapor, as latent heat, and by the winds transported to the Pole and piled up around it, there to be liberated at Nature's calls by condensation, as sensible heat.

In London, for eight or nine months in the year, southwesterly winds prevail. Were it not for the rotation of the earth, we should have there the dry, hot blasts of Africa; but owing to this rotation, the wind, which starts northward from the Gulf of Mexico, is deflected to Europe. Europe is therefore the recipient of the stores of latent heat amassed in the Western Atlantic. "It is this condition of things," says Tyndal, "which makes our fields so green and which gives the bloom to our maidens' cheeks."

The amount of latent heat alone furnished by the southwest winds to England daily, and set free by precipitation overhead, is computed to be nearly equal to that created by the combustion of all the coal consumed in the island annually.

There is, therefore, every reason to believe that the Pole is mantled with a moist atmosphere. In 1827, when Captain Parry travelled "northward from Spitzbergen," he states that in a journey "of thirty-five days it rained nearly all the time."

An atmosphere charged with aqueous vapors would prove as a *blanket* to the Polar Basin, and would arrest the radiation of heat. If the plains of Siberia were covered with a moist sky, they would be comparatively pleasant in winter.

The only other direct argument for thermometric gateways to the Pole, which we have time to mention rests upon the facts recorded by the second Grinnell Expedition, relating to the zoölogy of the Arctic Basin.

Beyond the eightieth parallel of north latitude Dr. Kane writes: "Here the brent goose (*Anas bernicla*), the eider, and the king-duck were so crowded together that our Esquimaux killed two at a shot, with a single rifle-ball." The brent goose had not been seen before since entering Smith's Straits. It is well known to the Polar traveller as a migratory bird of the American continent. Like the others of the same family, it feeds upon vegetable matter, generally on marine plants with their adherent molluscous life. It is rarely or never seen in the interior, and from its habits may be regarded as singularly indicative of open water. "The flocks of this bird," Dr. Kane adds, "easily distinguished by their wedge-shaped line of flight, now crossed the water obliquely and disappeared over the land to the north and east. I had shot these birds on the coast of Wellington Channel, in latitude 74° 50′, nearly six degrees to the south. They were then flying in the same direction." Many such observations as these of Dr. Kane and Dr. Scoresby, attesting an open Polar Sea, will suggest themselves to the student of Arctic research.

How far soever the sun in winter may decline, we must remember that our stores of heat are not obtained solely from the sun, but also from *space*. The quantity of solar heat is capable of melting a layer of ice thirty-one metres thick (one hundred feet); the quantity of heat received from space is enough to liquefy a layer of ice covering our globe twenty-seven metres thick (eighty-nine feet). Thus, in sum, the earth receives a quantity of heat expressed by a layer of ice spread over the globe fifty-seven metres in thickness.

The declination of the sun cannot affect the quantity of heat thrown down upon the Pole from the skies above it, that never cease to look down upon its yet unknown area.

Were the sun blotted out from the heavens, the heat of space alone would, according to Pouillet, liquefy eighty-nine feet of ice per annum.

But, after all, in tracing the climatic power of these currents of the sea, and their agency in breaking through the bars of latitude, we have reasoned upon them as forces, acting from a given and

fixed base of supply for their volume. The reader must for himself judge how far they are capable of unsealing the ices of the Arctic and Antarctic Seas, and clearing a path through the crystal solid to the goal of the geographer. But what if the base of these potential masses which move into the Polar Basin be advanced toward the Pole through an arc of twenty degrees of latitude? Suppose the equatorial currents should shift their position toward the north as much as twelve hundred or fourteen hundred miles, how would this affect the thermometric gateways? Evidently they would have far less space and time to spread out their volume and radiate their heat, before washing up into the Arctic Sea itself. Judging by the velocity of the Gulf Stream and Kuro Siwo, they would, in such a case as we have supposed, be shortened, in their course to the Pole, at least thirty days. The difficulty of preserving their tropical heat of course diminishes as the time of flow diminishes. Now this advancement of the base of supply for these hot currents is just what annually takes place. In a word, the mathematical equator and the thermal equator are only twice in the year the same line. The latter is thrown to the north at least twelve hundred miles. As it is thrown northward, the trade-wind zone is moved with it. The trade-winds, however, set in motion the equatorial currents of the Pacific and Atlantic. These mighty masses, flowing to the west, have their northern banks transported over twelve hundred miles nearer the Pole! And it follows that the Kuro Siwo and the Gulf Current of the Atlantic are thus and then, once every year, pushed and pressed the same distance nearer the Polar Basin.

Such are some of the chief facts and principles of physical geography which underlie the final solution of the polar problem, — a problem that has cost the world more than any or all beside.

There is reason to hope much from the American Arctic Expedition. It will not sail too late in the season, if we are guided by the judgment of old polar navigators.

The detachment of ice masses and their dangerous presence in the frozen ocean doubtless will continue till late in July. During the early summer the diffusion of fresh water from the melting snow over the surface of the Polar Sea would seriously obscure the presence of the warm current, and render its movement less discernible by the thermometer.

"The months of August and September," says Lambert, "are, I believe, the best for explorations along the coasts of the Arctic Ocean. Whalers have pushed to the east of Point Barrow, and taken whales until the 15th of September, without seeing ice from the north, and I have seen whales taken as late as October 12th under the 71° of latitude." Captain Bent also, in a late note to the writer, observes: "Were it not for the absence of daylight, I should recommend midwinter for the experiment, not only on account of the lessened chance of meeting floating ice at that season, but also from the fact that less dissolution of ice is taking place then; and the thermal difference between the waters of the warm stream and those of the counter-currents being greater in winter than in summer, the former (or warm currents) could be more easily traced then than they probably can at other seasons."

That the method of testing this theory is not an experiment we have a guaranty in the fact of its coming from a skilful and trusty seaman.

How far the thermometer avails as a practical guide at sea is beautifully suggested by Humboldt. Sand-banks and shoals, he says, may be recognized by the coolness of the waters over them. By his observations, Franklin converted the thermometer into a sounding-line. Mists are frequently over these depths, owing to the condensation of the vapor of the cooled waters. I have seen such mists in the south of Jamaica, and also in the Pacific, defin-

ing with a sharpness and clearness the form of the shoals below them, appearing to the eye as the aerial reflection of the bottom of the sea. In the open sea, far from land, and when the air is calm, clouds are often observed to rest over spots where shoals are situated, and their bearings may be taken in the same manner as that of a high mountain or isolated peak.

The new expedition will be conducted in the interests of geographical science. We shall look for rich results.

T. B. Maury.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The New Timothy. By Wm. M. Baker. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mr. Baker has already made himself favorably known by his story of the secession days in the South, which he called, not very attractively, "Inside," and he has an almost unique combination of qualities for the achievement of popularity, in his very evident power as a literary artist, and his very strong and explicit religious orthodoxy. Of course it may be doubted whether novelists should be a source of pride to any sect; yet we suspect that none are loath to see their religious opinions arrayed in the pretty and effective garb of romance. The Devil, who once had all the good tunes, has been obliged to give some of them up, as everybody knows who listens to the lively yet sacred marches and quicksteps played nowadays in the churches; and the enemy of souls is quite likely to be made to relax his monopoly of the best stories, though here, we must say, he shows the strongest fight.

However this may be, it is quite certain that Mr. Baker, who is an earnest and active clergyman of the evangelical persuasion, is also a clever and amusing writer, with an eye for character which would be notable in one of the wicked. In "The New Timothy," as in his former novel, he has laid the scene in the Southwest, where, in creed at least, there is far more Puritanism than could have been found in New England any time during the last fifty years. Those rude backwoodsmen and patriarchal planters, and those slaveholding village bankers and lawyers, when they got religion, got religion of the old kind, and had no doubts about it after they had got it. But they got it in no cold-blooded way, out of books; it was preached into them by very fervent apostles, — men of their own experiences, sympathies, and prejudices. Their religion did not make them Abolitionists, but it did make them vastly better men than they would otherwise have been; and at the worst, it was one of the most interesting and picturesque phases of their life.

Mr. Baker's story is that of a young clergyman, who comes from a seminary to the charge of a Southwestern cure of souls, himself a Southwesterner, but refined and enfeebled by his college life. He is no great figure, either before or after his self-emancipation from seminary traditions, and his encounter of the local sinners upon their own plane of sentiment; and neither are any of the young gentlemen and ladies of the story remarkable, least of all that young lady with the intolerable name of John. But all the rude and bad people are new and charming. So good society as the Meggar family we have not seen, in a novel, for a long time; and the hunter, Brown Bob Long, is a convert of a sort not to make us sorry that he is saved.

Mr. Wall, the minister, goes, by Long's advice, upon a bear-hunt with the Meggar family, and by rashness and good luck kills the bear. This feat so far raises him in their opinion, that it is possible to let them know who he is; and the bear-hunt is finally blest to the conversion of all the Meggar boys, the mother being already a "professor." We cannot give a clearer idea of the Meggar family, or a better proof of Mr. Baker's almost singular power of faithfully reproducing such character, than by some passages descriptive of Mr. Wall's arrival on a Sunday at their cabin: —

"The road before the cabins has evidently been for years the gathering-place of cat-

tle. Among the mire lies an old wagon, and parts of another cumber the rotting logs placed on end, one higher than the other, at the fence by which the yard is entered. Half a dozen old saddles stride the fence, left there since being taken off the horses from sheer laziness, and which will not be taken into the house by their owners until the last possible moment before night.

. . . . . .

"The rider sees, drawing nearer, that there is quite a group of men lounging in the passage of the cabins and under the front shed. A rough-looking set they are; and, to his dismay, he observes quite a group of them around a whiskey-barrel standing on end, playing cards upon its red head, with oaths and exclamations. The screams of a tortured fiddle come from within the house. In fact there is a miasma of wickedness and whiskey and wretchedness upon the whole den. . . . .

"But two or three of the men least occupied are looking at him at last. They arise and come out together in their dirty shirt-sleeves, pipe in mouth. They reach the fence, and lean upon it on their folded arms, — rough, red-headed, blowzy, bearded, large-nosed men they are. It is not Mr. Wall they are interested in at all; it is his horse. A man they can see any time, and attach very little value to when seen. A fine horse is quite another thing. So far as the rider can see, they have not as yet observed that he has accompanied the horse.

. . . . . .

"'How much that critter cost you?' asks Doc. Meggar at last of the owner; and it is the first recognition by any one of them there of his existence.

"'He was given to me by my uncle,' replies that gentleman.

"'Ketch *my* daddy, let alone uncle, givin' me sech an anemil,' remarks Jake, with severe sarcasm, implying strong doubt of the statement.

"'But what will you take, now? Not a serviceable hoss, mind; too flimsy across the l'ins. On'y a sort of fancy anemil; ain't a paint hoss nuther, say?' asks Bill, resuming his pipe.

"'Thank you. I don't want to sell,' is the reply.

"'Of course *not!* What *you* want to do is to swap. I seed that in your eyes the minit you rode up. That 's what *you* come for! Just you hold on a bit!'

. . . . . .

"The rest of the men scent an attempted swap from the outset. There are Old Man Meggar himself and two friends with whom he has been gambling upon the barrel, who remind Mr. Wall of dirty and defaced cents, and who circulate there as Zed and Toad. Not even the greasy cards can stand against the attractions of a swap of horses, and these join the group. No one has the least concern as to who the visitor is. The entire interest is centred in Mike, and Mr. Wall has a new insight into Swift's tale of the Yahoos and their four-footed masters. . . . .

"But this venerable head of the household, Old Man Meggar! A miserable little shrivelled-up old sinner; his scanty wisps of white hair in strings about a weazen face; a pair of small eyes, red and watery from some sixty years of steady intoxication. To his toothless mouth swearing seems the only language left, flowing uninterruptedly with a rivulet of tobacco-juice which trickles down his ragged white beard from either filthy corner thereof. To him, as to his host, Mr. Wall now makes his appeal.

"'This is old Mr. Meggar, I believe?' he says, with an inclination toward that old reprobate. 'I started on a little visit to you, got lost in the woods, have had no dinner, am as hungry as you please. If it is convenient, sir, I would like a little something to eat. As to our horses, gentlemen, they can wait!'

". . . . The visitor has appealed to that one of the virtues which is about the only one left to that household, — hospitality. In such a frank and cordial way, too!

"'Certainly, sir, certainly!' said the old man, and he climbed feebly over the fence, followed by his guest, the rest remaining about the horses. 'What could I hev been thinking of? I oughter hev —' And here a dirty negro-woman emerged from a side-hovel in answer to his curses. 'Where 's ole woman? you cullud cuss!'

"'Same place, Massa! sa-a-ame place! Down 't end ob garding! 'Hind de butter-beans!'

"'A-prayin' away!' said the master, with unspeakable disgust. 'You jest run down there, quicker 'n a flash. Tell her there 's a man here at the house wants his dinner. You clip it. Take seat, sir. Ev'ry afternoon, year 'round, same way! Hev a pipe, sir? A-prayin' rain or shine, 'hind them butter-beans! — Bill' (at the top of his

voice to the men at the fence), 'hev you an' Jake left enny o' that whiskey? Not a *single* drop?' (In a lowered growl) — 'Of course not. You 'll hev to wait a little, sir. Boy 's gone to cross-roads for more, and I 'll lamm him when he gets here! A-prayin'! Ez if Almighty ever comes in rifle-shot o' the place!' and the oaths and tobacco-juice and hospitable attentions to his guest flowed on, mingled with unspeakable contempt at the conduct of his wife, praying behind the butter-beans.

"'And what might your name be, stranger?' he asks at last.

"'Charles Wall,' replies the visitor, suddenly and stoutly, but with a terror down his very spine. He need not have feared. Old Man Meggar knows nothing of him or of any other of his class!

"'And your name is Meggar,' he continued, in the same breath. 'Meggar, Meggar; I don't remember ever meeting with any of that name before.'

"A few of the men have torn themselves from the horse, and are lounging about the speaker. His remark brings out from all an instant, unanimous, uproarious shout of laughter.

"'Why, what is the joke?' Mr. Wall inquires, as soon as he can be heard. His simplicity in asking such a question provokes another and heartier peal.

"'Well, you see,' said his host, wiping with his yellow sleeve his watery eyes, and leering upon his guest like a decrepit satyr, — 'you see, I 'm the child of misfortin. I did n't happen to hev any father, 'cept my mother. Her name was Meg, — Meg something or other; I don't rightly mind what; don't matter. I s'pose people that knew my mother, seein' me a little shaver toddlin' about, 'd say, "Hello, little Meggar!" and it come that way. Can't say who begun it. Anyhow, Meggar 's my name. No, you never heern tell of the name before, I suppose!'

"And he led off again in a peal of that particularly filthy kind of laughter which indicates the nature of the joke starting it."

Next to these Meggars and Bob Long, we suppose the best pieces of character-painting are General Likens, and Mrs. General Likens, the former silent as the latter is talkative. Her talk is all excellent, and as natural as the General's silence. They are simply religious planter-folk, Virginians by birth, and with apparently only the thoughts and opinions of their class; but it is in skilful characterization of them both that Mrs. Likens is made to say after the General's death: —

"'But there 's one thing I *must* tell you, child,' she adds, after quite a silence. 'I 've wanted to do it for months, — have started to do it a dozen times, but it was *too* awful. We are alone now,' adds the old lady, lowering her voice and rising to see that the door of their chamber is shut, for it is as they are about lying down at night. 'I shudder to tell even you. It never happened to the General, in full at least, till after that awful night Uncle Simeon raved — you remember it — about blood and burnin'. It would n't then, only the General's understanding had grown weak-like in that matter before. I know you won't breathe it to a soul. It would kill me dead if I thought people dreamed of a syllable of it. It would blacken the General's name forever, because people could n't understand he was out o' his head when he thought it, as I could. It was part of the disease that killed him, — he was so perfectly sensible 'cept in that. An' it act'ly reconciled me to his death some, I 'd all the time such a deathly terror he might let it out; you see it was *growin'* on him. He thought slavery — the ownin' our own black ones — was a wrong thing, almost a sin!' added Mrs. General Likens, her lips to John's ear, and in accents of horror. 'It 's weighed on my mind dreadful! He was *crazy*, an' could n't help it, you know.'

"As they endeavored to compose themselves to sleep, exhausted by this fearful revelation, Mrs. General Likens added: 'I 'm afraid you won't be able to sleep a wink to-night thinkin' of it, but I *had* to tell you. He was deranged, you know, — not responsible like; an' it nigh drove *me* crazy, too, to think of it. But try an' go to sleep if you can. I feel very tired to-night.'"

How very effectively this indicates a whole condition of things now passed away forever! There is little else about slavery in the book, — that is to say, it appears only for artistic purposes, and seldom even for these.

No one has made better pictures of Southern country and village life than these, and only Major De Forrest has equalled them. As a story, "The New Timothy" is not much, but as a study of life little known to literature, it is most successful and commendable.

An Account of the Remarkable Occurrences in the Life and Travels of Colonel James Smith, during his Captivity with the Indians, in the Years 1755, '56, '57, '58, and '59. *With an Appendix of Illustrative Notes.* By WM. M. DARLINGTON, of Pittsburg. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Pioneer Life in Kentucky. A Series of Reminiscential Letters from Daniel Drake, M. D., of Cincinnati, to his Children. Edited with Notes and a Biographical Sketch by his Son, CHARLES D. DRAKE. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

NONE of the Ohio Valley Series, as we think, are more attractive than these volumes, the latest published of that admirable collection. The first is a reprint of one of those rare old books, like Bouquet's Expedition, with which the publishers are enriching the series; and the last is among the most interesting of the original works relative to early Western history. Dr. Drake was a man who while he lived was a large part of all literary and scientific progress in the West, and who left behind him a repute for public usefulness and private worth which his own section may well cherish with pride, and which we may all gladly recognize. He was a very remarkable man in every way, — for what he was, and for what he did; and the story of his boyhood in the backwoods of Kentucky, as told here, is one of the best witnesses to the fact that, whatever refinement may be, fineness is as directly the gift of Heaven as any positive ability. Civilization, you must own as you read, was born in this man; by nature he hated whatever was rude and cruel and impure, and loved justice and beauty. He was not a man of genius, it would seem, but of sensibility and conscience and modesty; not smart, in the pitiable, bad way of many of our growths "from the people," but talented, tasteful, industrious, honest.

He came of stock partly Quaker; and when he was a child, his father removed with his family from his native State of New Jersey to the wilds of Kentucky, and after the fashion of that day hewed out a farm from the heart of the unbroken forest. The family life in the log-cabin there is what Dr. Drake has portrayed in these letters to his children, with winning simplicity and familiarity of style, and in a clear, objective light, such as only the vast and striking changes of American history would enable one to throw upon his own past. The spirit of his letters is not the least delightful thing about them. He confesses to far more of an old man's garrulity than he ever indulges, and he owns and pleasantly laughs down a predilection for magniloquence, which he traces to an early revolt from the vulgarity and coarseness of the ordinary backwoods speech. Yet this man, so admirably conscious, not only as to himself, but as to the real character and effect of the pioneer life which he fondly depicts, had little or no schooling, save such as he could give himself, up to the age when he quitted the drudgery of the farm for the severe study of his profession. He shows himself quick to the grand and beautiful aspects of the wilderness, yet he does not fail to acknowledge, even while regretting these, its terrible hardships, its heart-breaking loneliness, its almost inevitable barbarity. The passages in which he touches upon the character of his mother, her life of ceaseless care and labor, and her capacity for better things, are very affecting; and we learn also to honor her and her husband, with their excellent morality, their religiousness, their sense of justice, and their abhorrence of slavery, which early made its hideousness known on the frontiers. It is women who suffer most in all the adventures and enterprises of men, and the greater burden of exile and solitude fell upon the mother in this case; but the full sense of this is so cumulative, and so little dependent on detachable passages, that the reader must go to the book itself for it.

The letters of Dr. Drake are not merely personal reminiscences, but faithful pictures of local manners and customs. We cannot advise any to turn to them for the realization of romantic ideas of the pioneers; but they are very interesting reading, and very instructive; they form part of our own history, which daily grows more venerable and precious; and we most heartily commend the volume, not only to collectors of such material, but to the average reader, as something very apt for his entertainment and then for his use. The biographical sketch by Mr. Charles D. Drake is satisfactory, and the preface a singularly sensible piece of writing.

Dr. Drake's boyhood was passed in that period just before backwoods life ceased to be a general condition. The Indian wars were ending in the West, — the West of that day, which is now pretty far eastward, — and the Americans were in full and un-

disturbed possession of territory so long and so bloodily disputed with the savages. The narrative of Colonel Smith refers to this pioneer existence during a space of time when its perils, privations, and atrocities seemed an established condition of things. He was captured by the Indians just before Braddock's defeat in 1755, and remained with them five years; and thereafter, in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky, spent nearly all his days in conflict with them.

His narrative was first printed at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1799, and has been several times reprinted, but has of late years been in effect out of print. It is the story of a man of clear, strong mind, with a vein of humor which has now and then a very witty expression, — almost a modern expression; and though the style has few solicited graces, it is plain that this old Indian hunter had some good literary instincts. He attracts, for example, the interest of the reader at once, by telling him in the beginning, after a reference to Braddock's expedition: "Though I was at that time only eighteen years of age, I had fallen violently in love with a young lady, whom I apprehended was possessed of a large share of both beauty and virtue; but being born between Venus and Mars, I concluded I must also leave my dear fair one, and go out with this company of road-cutters, to see the event of this campaign; but still expecting that some time in the course of this summer I should again return to the arms of my beloved." And in chronicling his return to home and friends after his five years' captivity, he remembers to confide the sad close of this passion: "Upon inquiry, I found that my sweetheart was married a few days before I arrived. My feelings, on this occasion, I must leave for those of my readers to judge who have felt the pangs of disappointed love, as it is impossible now for me to describe the emotion of soul I felt at that time."

Otherwise, the narrative of Colonel Smith is marked by few indulgences of sentiment, though always by good feeling, and a shrewd and sympathetic observation of nature as he saw it in the wilderness and the savages about him. He was taken prisoner near "the Alleghany Mountain" in Pennsylvania; the greater part of his captivity was passed in the region of Northern Ohio; he escaped, at last, from the Indians near Montreal, and was exchanged with other English prisoners by the French. Up to the beginning of the Revolution he was engaged in various expeditions, more or less irresponsible, against the Indians; and during the Revolution he fought them as the leader of a properly authorized border force. He shows always a rough respect for them, though he was bent upon their destruction; and he says that, after duly considering their "want of information," he could not blame them so much for the atrocities they committed. When he had once been adopted among them, they treated him with invariable justice and kindness; and he notes many noble and magnanimous traits in them. He regarded them as masters of the art of war in a wilderness country; and he declares that, far from being "undisciplined savages," they were so well disciplined in their own way, and in that way had so often beaten vastly larger forces of whites, that until the Americans adopted the Indian style of fighting they could never cope with them. And a principal object of Colonel Smith in setting down his opinions and observations was to enforce the necessity of fighting the Indians in the Indian manner; for it appeared to the doughty old pioneer, who had spent his life in such hostilities, that war with them was to remain indefinitely the condition of the border, — as in fact it has done in some sort.

There has probably never been any study of Indian life and character more sincere and practical than his; and we know of none so interesting. On the whole, we believe the reader will think all the better of the savages for knowing them through him; though as for their unfitness to be guests at a small tea-party, we suppose there can never be any doubt. We should like to repeat here some of the things Colonel Smith tells of them; but his context is precious, and we forbear, for the reader's own sake. Still we must give some passages of ironical humor from his account of the ceremony of his adoption, because they are pleasant, and because they serve so well to confirm what we have been saying in praise of his manner. We do not think any literary man could have said these things more neatly, and we have many literary men in our eye who would have said them inexpressibly worse; by which we mean to teach that for literary purposes it is not always well to be of the profession. Colonel Smith says: —

"They put a large belt of wampom on my neck, and silver bands on my hands and

right arm; and so an old chief led me out in the street and gave the alarm halloo, *coo-wigh*, several times repeated quick, and on this all that were in the town came running and stood round the old chief, who held me by the hand in the midst. As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken, and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt but they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. The old chief holding me by the hand made a long speech very loud, and when he had done he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by the hand down the bank into the river until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them; I thought that the result of the council was that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me, and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English (for I believe they began to be afraid of me) and said, *no hurt you;* on this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good as their word; for though they plunged me under water, and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much."

Miss Van Kortland. A Novel. By the Author of "My Daughter Elinor." New York: Harper and Brothers.

From the internal evidence of the novel itself it would be a difficult matter to determine the sex of the author of "Miss Van Kortland." The men of the story are portrayed as men appear to women, and the women as they appear to men. This is not saying that the characters are not tolerably natural and recognizable, but it is saying rather that the author does not go very deeply into human nature. We would not be understood to hold this fact up to blame, especially in an American novel; for the same good sense which has kept our author on the surface of things has kept the work free of a manifest purpose. The only moral taught in the book will be considered an immoral one by the majority of its readers; and the religious feeling of the author is so shadowy, that it will be misunderstood by a great many who are pleased by the attractive, straightforward movement of the story. The author — and we must call him a man when we come to this moral — has attempted to cure the American public of a certain false delicacy; but even those who sympathize somewhat with his endeavor will hardly admire his method. His religious standpoint is apparently the serenest altitude of the High Church doctrine, yet he seems full of the little fanaticisms of a man who believes nothing.

Taken as a whole, the novel of "Miss Van Kortland" is a very respectable performance. It is studiously non-sensational. The principal characters are two pairs of lovers, whose doings are made interesting without any complicated plot. They talk and act, generally, as bright people may be supposed under such circumstances to talk and act in life. The whole book treats in an easy, humorous way, except in the intentionally humorous scenes, of the ordinary skirmishes, advances, retreats, and flank movements preliminary to the battle of life, which, according to the modern novel, is the rearing of a family. It is not likely that the world will ever get tired of these things either in reality or their imaginative portrayal; and the positive ceremony of getting married, being, as some timid people believe, one of the most arduous and distressful duties of this life, it is probably just as well that this sort of introductory halo should be thrown around it.

We have intimated that the professedly humorous scenes of this novel are not amusing. There are a great many of these scenes, and each one of them is carried too far. Indeed, it is some time after having passed through one of them, before you recover your patience with the otherwise agreeable narrative. In almost every scene of this nature there is an undertone of cruelty, which leaves an impression contrary to the one intended. When a clergyman in his fright drops the baby he is about to baptize, "and nearly cracked its skull on the stone fount"; and when the impulsive Nora throws hot water about recklessly, and pulls the sensitive Miss Maguire down stairs by the heels, bumping her head most unmercifully, and has metal tips put upon the toes of her shoes to kick the shins of the unoffending negro boy, Jupe, and so kicks him quite through the book; and when a poor

insane woman is brought in to be laughed at, and to teach the professed but questionable moral of the story, we have reason, we think, to doubt the quality of the author's humor. It is at best the broadest fun of the ordinary farce; and in the ordinary farce the spectator has this vast advantage over the reader of "Miss Van Kortland," that he knows and sees the instruments of torture to be merely stuffed clubs, and ludicrously harmless. His pity, at least, does not stand in the way of his laughter.

Paris in December, 1851, or the Coup d'État of Napoleon III. By EUGÉNE TÉNOT, Editor of the Siècle (Paris), and Author of "La Province en Décembre, 1851." Translated from the Thirteenth French Edition, with many Marginal Notes. By S. W. ADAMS and A. H. BRANDON. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

AT any other moment than the present it would be hardly endurable to read of the accumulated crimes of Louis Napoleon; but now, when by the blessing of Heaven he has worked out his own ruin, we may with some patience turn to the story of his guilty success. M. Ténot tells it in the best manner, — which, in the circumstances in which he wrote, was the only possible manner; for his book had to be published by permission of the usurper himself, — and confines himself to the effective representation of facts, and while he never leaves his own feeling to conjecture, his comment is sparing and unimpassioned. Compared to Mr. Kinglake's history of the same events, — which people now perceive gave not only the most terrible but the most subtile and truthful characterization of Napoleon, — M. Ténot's work is as a diagram to a finished picture; but the reader easily supplies the passion which the author represses; and we hardly know whether it is better to have help in one's indignation or not. Whichever history you read, you cannot fail to see that if Louis Napoleon had bestowed upon France all the material happiness which his admirers (they have dwindled of late) claim that she has received from him, the first process towards these benefactions was a crime for which nothing could atone; for which, humanly speaking, there is no forgiveness. There is nothing to say in expression of your feeling about this crime, if you happen to believe that the prosperity of the Empire was as great a fraud upon the imagination of mankind as its military efficiency, or the generalship of its head; if you believe that the Emperor was, as far as action went, in great degree the guilty instrument of St. Arnaud, Morny, Persigny, and the rest, whose death left him a badly puzzled automaton; if you believe that the spectacle of his success has had the most disastrous and demoralizing effect, has everywhere offered a premium to falsehood and unscrupulousness, and has tended to make the whole world vulgar, vicious, and expensive.

The translators' notes usefully supplement M. Ténot's work with biographical sketches of all the principal persons named, and with explanations of events incidentally referred to.

London Lyrics. By FREDERICK LOCKER. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THE various sentiments, — in fact

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame," —

seem to go a great deal further in the shape of *vers de société* than in any other. The tinkle of the rhyme, and the brisk clatter of the light, poetic foot, when moved to a lively and variable measure, please the sense so well that vapidity does not appear the sin it is in most cases; and a capricious fancy, if it is at all airy, becomes almost a virtue. We like to have our ordinary moods and feelings represented in the fine dress usually reserved for their betters amongst the emotions, and the novelty of the attempt we willingly accept for skill in accomplishing it. In this thing, as in some other self-indulgences, it is plain that we are not so wise as we might be; and having now put our general reader down, we ought to go on and put our particular writer down. But we forbear, because — we are so weak as to own it — we have run through Mr. Locker's little volume without positive discomfort of the nerves, and with something like an occasional delight to them. We think the sensation went no further than this, — he made us feel no deeper than he himself had done. It was easy to perceive that some of his light topics he treated with delicacy and sensibility, and all with neatness. Where he fell flat in his wit and helped himself out with a play upon words was also clear enough; but then it was hard to discover, except in one or two instances, any

sentimentalism in him. Here is something pretty, tender, and real; and that it is one of his best things we are likewise bound to say: —

"A NICE CORRESPONDENT!

"The glow and the glory are plighted
To darkness, for evening is come;
The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.
I 'm alone at my casement, for *pappy*
Is summoned to dinner to Kew:
I 'm alone, my dear Fred, but I 'm happy —
I 'm thinking of you.

"I wish you were here. Were I duller
Than dull, you 'd be dearer than dear;
I am drest in your favorite color, —
Dear Fred, how I wish you were here!
I am wearing my lazuli necklace,
The necklace you fastened askew!
Was there ever so rude or so reckless
A darling as you?
. . . . . .

"To-day, in my ride, I 've been crowning
The beacon; its magic still lures,
For up there you discoursed about Browning,
That stupid old Browning of yours.
His vogue and his verve are alarming,
I 'm anxious to give him his due;
But, Fred, he 's not nearly so charming
A poet as you.

"I heard how you shot at The Beeches,
I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
I have read the report of your speeches,
And echoed the echoing cheer.
There 's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,
I envy their owners, I do!
Small marvel that Fortune is making
Her idol of you.

"Alas for the world, and its dearly
Bought triumph, and fugitive bliss!
Sometimes I half wish I were merely
A plain or a penniless miss;
But, perhaps, one is best with a measure
Of pelf, and I 'm not sorry, too,
That I 'm pretty, because it 's a pleasure,
My dearest, to you.

"Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
Your taste is for letters and art,
This rhyme is the commonplace passion
That glows in a fond woman's heart.
Lay it by in a dainty deposit
For relics, we all have a few!
Love, some day they 'll print it, because it
Was written to you."

Mr. Locker is no such writer, to be sure, as William Mackworth Praed or Dr. Holmes, who are masters of their art; but he reminds us agreeably of them, in the way that shows a kindred faculty as well as a cordial appreciation. Dr. Holmes's insurpassable little poem, "The Last Leaf," has been of great profit to him, — more than he will himself be to his readers in any one poem; but he is sufficiently graceful; he is wicked only to a blameless degree; he is sprightly, not to say witty; and space, if nothing else, forbids him to be tedious. So we do not see why we should not praise him.

The Genial Showman: being Reminiscences of the Life of Artemus Ward, and Pictures of a Showman's Career in the Western World. By EDWARD P. HINGSTON. New York: Harper and Brothers.

MR. HINGSTON was the agent of Mr. Charles F. Browne during that humorist's career as a comic lecturer in this country, and here is what he remembers of him. It is not much, nor particularly worth knowing. Mr. Hingston is an Englishman, and enjoys in a high degree the national disqualification for understanding or reproducing any other type. His Americans talk the conventional Americanese of the English tourists, — a dialect which no one else ever heard, — and they are pretty nearly all figures of the cockney fancy. If he ever saw the finer and better side of "Artemus Ward's" nature, he does not let us see it; and here again we think his nationality disabled him. His "genial showman" is a vulgar bore, not at all like the real Browne; who, in spite of evident defects, had yet ever so much good in him, and always considerably more good-humor than humor. About the quality of his humor it does not seem worth while to dispute: as written and as spoken it was fatally dependent upon manner. More amusing than anything he said or did was the fact that he became quite identified in the popular imagination with his own grotesque invention; but Browne's best things were not said in Artemus Ward's person. A pathos, from the circumstances of his early death, rests upon his memory; and this vaguely pensive association is more desirable than any information which his ex-agent has it in his power to give.

The Modern Job. By HENRY PETERSON. Philadelphia: H. Peterson & Co.

IT is a question for Mr. Peterson to settle with each of his readers, how far a thinker upon man's free agency and the existence of evil is justifiable in putting his speculations in the form of dramatic blank verse. This question is renewed from age to age; and

perhaps no one can say that a pill may not be sugared, and permitted to please the palate, at least; that beauty may not adorn use; that amusement may not agreeably blend with instruction. Let it be far from us, at any rate, to say this; we concern ourselves with other points. To tell the honest truth, Mr. Peterson, if no great affair as a poet, is neither a very startling philosopher; and if it is wrong to "justify the ways of God to man" in the form of drama, the author has not sinned greatly, for it is not much of a drama. His Job is a resident of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, and is, like Job of old, in very comfortable circumstances at first; but he loses his whole family by a fever, and is obliged to sell his homestead; and, being afflicted with boils, has to go live in the cottage of a hideous dwarf, with whose misery and wickedness his own former prosperity and goodness had once formed a striking contrast. In this condition he is visited by two ministers (terribly dull, bigoted fellows they are), who talk evangelical Christianity at him, and go off thinking his soul in a very bad way, — in fact, telling him as much. Then the doctor has his say, which is the say of modern scientific thought, and gives little quarter to the doctrine of special providences, or the interference of God with his own laws. Then in a dream comes the Archangel Michael, the celestial regent of the universe, and discusses the coexistence of evil and an omnipotent God, and ends, like a wise archangel, by confessing that he does not know how it is. Job is so much comforted by this dream, that he gets well of his boils and lives to be seventy years old.

The tendency of the whole drama is to teach charity and the acceptance of truth in every form, and we do not observe anything in it which is not familiar to the reader of the current discussion of such topics, as well as to the thoughts of nearly every educated man. But the author is supported against the adversity here offered him by the good opinion of three distinguished poets and four distinguished poetesses, whose praises he sends in a printed slip by way of introduction, to the critic, and "not for publication." We assure him that we have read these with profound sorrow, but no great surprise. They are dreadfully good-natured, those distinguished poets and poetesses, and we warn the literary aspirant against their flatteries. Would that we could warn them against him!

The author may not believe us, but it is nevertheless true, that his versification is often clumsy, and that there are as few evidences of artistic power in his poem as of novel thought. Yet we think he will believe us, though we may be wrong, that there is at least one fine stroke of imagination in it, namely, this by which Satan is portrayed: —

> "Who is this
> Coming this way? — so large and vast, but yet
> So mean and misproportioned. And his face,
> Handsome, it may be, once, — but now so gross,
> Rapacious, ugly, cruel. Can this be he
> Whom all men fear? Yes, it is he. The lord
> Of disproportion and excess, — the foe
> Of harmony and moderation wise."

The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1869. Vol. IX. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE ninth volume of this useful work does not differ from former ones in method, and there is little to say about it. There are the usual records of progress in different directions and different localities, the necrology of the year, and notices of political and religious events. A defect is the absence of the customary article on fine arts; but there is a very full review of all matters of literary interest, which is not wiser in appearance, nor less so in fact, perhaps, than most criticisms. The narrative of events in France during 1869, with the account of the Emperor's advance towards constitutional government, has already become very curious historical reading. Among the longer articles on persons deceased is a very satisfactory one on Lamartine, — rather eloquent in places, but on the whole satisfactory.

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FOOTPATHS.

ALL round the shores of the island where I dwell there runs a winding path which is probably as old as the settlement of the country, and which has been kept open with pertinacious fidelity by the fishermen whose right of way it represents. In some places, as between Fort Adams and Castle Hill, it exists in its primitive form, as an irregular track above rough cliffs, whence you look down upon the entrance to the harbor and watch the white-sailed schooners that glide beneath. Elsewhere the high-road has usurped its place, and you have the privilege of the path without its charm. Along our eastern cliffs it runs for more than two miles in the rear of beautiful estates, whose owners have seized on it, and graded it, and gravelled it, and made stiles for it, and done for it everything that landscape-gardening could do, while leaving it a footpath still. You walk there with croquet and roses on the one side, and with floating loons and wild ducks on the other. In other places the path grows wilder, and has ramifications striking boldly across the peninsula through rough moorland and among great ledges of rock, where you may walk for hours out of sight of all but some sportsman with his gun, or some truant-boy with dripping water-lilies. There is always a charm to me in the inexplicable windings of these wayward tracks; yet I like the path best where it is nearest the ocean, where one only looks upon blue sea and snowy sails and floating gulls, but where one hears on the landward side the melodious and plaintive drawl of the meadow-lark, most patient of summer visitors, and, indeed, lingering on this island almost the whole year round.

But who cares whither a footpath leads? The charm is in the path itself, its promise of something that the high-road cannot yield. Away from habitations, you know that the fisherman, the geologist, the botanist have been there, or that the cows have been driven home and that somewhere there are bars and a milk-pail. Even in the midst of houses, the path suggests school-children with their luncheon-baskets, or workmen seeking eagerly the noonday interval or the twilight

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rest. A footpath cannot be quite spoiled, so long as it remains such; you can make a road a mere avenue for fast horses or showy women, but this humbler track keeps its simplicity, and if a queen comes walking through it, she comes but as a village maid. On Sunday, when it is not etiquette for our fashionables to drive, but only to walk along the cliffs, I am struck by the more innocent and wholesome look imparted by that novel position; I have seen a fine lady pause under such circumstances and pick a wild-flower; she knew how to do it. A footpath imparts its own character, while that of a street or road is imposed upon it by those who dwell beside it or pass over it; indeed, roads become picturesque only when they are called lanes and make believe that they are but paths.

The very irregularity of a footpath makes half its charm. So much of loitering and indolence and impulse have gone to its formation, that all which is stiff and military has been left out. I observed that the very dikes of the Southern rice plantations did not succeed in being rectilinear, though the general effect was that of Tennyson's "flowery squares." Even the country road, which is but an enlarged footpath, is never quite straight, as Thoreau long since observed, noting it with his surveyor's eye. I read in his unpublished diary: "The law that plants the rushes in waving lines along the edge of a pond, and that curves the pond shore itself, incessantly beats against the straight fences and highways of men, and makes them conform to the line of beauty at last." It is this unintentional adaptation that makes a footpath so indestructible. Instead of striking across the natural lines, it conforms to them, nestles into the hollow, skirts the precipice, avoids the morass. An unconscious landscape-gardener, it seeks the most convenient course, never doubting that grace will follow. Thus Mitchell, at his "Edgewood" farm, wishing to decide on the most picturesque avenue to his front door, ordered a heavy load of stone to be hauled across the field, and bade the driver seek the easiest grades, at whatever cost of curvature. The avenue followed the path thus made.

And when a footpath falls thus unobtrusively into its place, all natural forces seem to sympathize with it, and help it to fulfil its destiny. Once make a well-defined track through a wood, and presently the overflowed brooks seek it for a channel, the obstructed winds draw through it, the fox and woodchuck travel by it, the catbird and robin build near it, the bee and swallow make a high-road of its convenient thoroughfare. In winter the first snows mark it with a white line; as you wander through you hear the blue-jay's cry, and see the hurrying flight of the sparrow; the graceful outlines of the leafless bushes are revealed, and the clinging bird's-nests, "leaves that do not fall," give happy memories of summer homes. Thus Nature meets man half-way. The paths of the wild forest and of the rural neighborhood are not at all the same thing; indeed, a "spotted trail," marked only by the woodman's axe-marks on the trees, is not a footpath. Thoreau, who is sometimes foolishly accused of having sought to be a mere savage, understood this distinction well. "A man changes by his presence," he says in his unpublished diary, "the very nature of the trees. The poet's is not a logger's path, but a woodman's, — the logger and pioneer have preceded him, and banished decaying wood and the spongy mosses which feed on it, and built hearths and humanized nature for him. For a permanent residence, there can be no comparison between this and the wilderness. Our woods are sylvan, and their inhabitants woodsmen and rustics; that is, a *selvaggia* and its inhabitants *salvages*." What Thoreau loved, like all men of healthy minds, was the occasional experience of untamed wildness. "I love to see occasionally," he adds, "a man from whom the *usnea* (lichen) hangs as gracefully as from a spruce."

It is footpaths that take us nearest both to nature and to man. No high-road, not even a lane, conducts to the deeper recesses of the wood, where you hear the wood-thrush or find the climbing-fern. There are a thousand concealed fitnesses in nature, rhymed correspondences of bird and blossom, for which you must seek through the most hidden paths; as when you come upon some black brook so palisaded with cardinal-flowers as to seem "a stream of sunsets"; or trace its shadowy course till it spreads into some forest-pool, above which that rare and patrician insect, the *Agrion* dragon-fly, flits and hovers perpetually, as if the darkness and the cool had taken wings. The dark brown pellucid water sleeps between banks of softest moss; white stars of twin flowers creep close to the brink, delicate sprays of dewberry trail over it, and the emerald tips of drooping leaves forever tantalize the still surface. Above these the slender dark blue insect waves his dusky wings, like a liberated ripple of the brook, and takes the few stray sunbeams on his lustrous form. Whence came this correspondence between this beautiful shy creature and the moist, dark nooks, shot through with stray and transitory sunbeams, where it dwells? The analogy is as unmistakable as that between the scorching heats of summer and the shrill cry of the cicada that gives them voice. They suggest questions that no *savant* can answer, mysteries that wait like Goethe's secret of morphology, till a sufficient poet can be born. And we, meanwhile, stand helpless in their presence, as one waits besides the telegraphic wire, while it hums and vibrates, charged with all fascinating secrets, above the heads of a wondering world.

And it is the presence of pathways on the earth by which we know that it is the habitation of man; in the loneliest desert, they open to us a common humanity. It is the absence of these that makes us lonely on the ocean, and makes us glad to watch even the track of our own vessel. But on the mountain-top, how eagerly we trace out the "road that brings places together," as Schiller says. It is the first thing we look for; till we have found it, each scattered village has a lonely and churlish look, but the glimpse of a furlong of road puts them all in friendly relations. The narrower the path seen, the more domestic and familiar it looks. The railroad may represent the capitalist or the government; the high-road indicates what the surveyor or the county commissioners thought best; but the footpath shows what the people needed. Its associations are with beauty and humble life, — the boy with his dog, the little girl with her fagots, the pedler with his pack; cheery companions they are or ought to be.

> "Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
> And merrily hent the stile-a:
> A merry heart goes all the day,
> Your sad one tires in a mile-a."

The footpath takes you across the farms and behind the houses; you are admitted to the family secrets and form a personal acquaintance. Even if you take the wrong path, it only leads you "across-lots" to some man ploughing, or some old woman picking berries, — perhaps a very spicy acquaintance, whom the road would never have brought to light. If you are left astray in the woods, that only teaches you to observe landmarks more closely, or to leave straws and stakes for landmarks, like a gypsy's *patteran*, to show the ways already traversed. There is a healthy vigor in the mind of a boy, who would like of all things to be lost in the woods, to build a fire out of doors, and sleep under a tree or in a haystack. Civilization is tiresome and enfeebling, unless we occasionally give it the relish of a little outlawry and approach in imagination, at least, the zest of a gypsy life. The records of pedestrian journeys, the *Wanderjahre* and memoirs of good-for-nothings, and all the delightful German forest literature, — these belong to the footpath side of our nature. The passage best remembered in all Bayard Taylor's travels is the ecstasy of his Thüringian forester, who said: "I recall the time

when just a sunny morning made me so happy that I did not know what to do with myself. One day in spring, as I went through the woods and saw the shadows of the young leaves upon the moss, and smelt the buds of the firs and larches, and thought to myself, 'All thy life is to be spent in the splendid forest,' I actually threw myself down and rolled in the grass like a dog, over and over, crazy with joy. I have longed to have the same feeling once more in life, but it never comes back again."

It is the charm of pedestrian journeys that they convert the grandest avenues to footpaths. Through them alone we gain intimate knowledge of the people, and of nature, and indeed of ourselves. It is easy to hurry too fast for our best reflections, which, as the old monk said of perfection, must not be sought by flying, but by walking, "*Perfectionis via non pervolanda sed perambulanda.*" The thoughts that the railway affords us are dusty thoughts; we ask the news, read the journals, question our neighbor, and wish to know what is going on, because we are a part of it. It is only in the footpath that our minds, like our bodies, move slowly, and we traverse thought, like space, with a patient thoroughness. Rousseau said that he had never experienced so much, existed so thoroughly, lived so truly, and been so wholly himself, as during his travels on foot.

What can Hawthorne mean by saying in his English diary that "an American would never understand the passage in Bunyan about Christian and Hopeful going astray along a by-path into the grounds of Giant Despair, from there being no stiles and by-paths in our country"? So much of the charm of American pedestrianism lies in the by-paths! For instance, the whole interior of Cape Ann, beyond Gloucester, is a continuous woodland, with granite ledges everywhere cropping out, around which the high-road winds, following the curving and indented line of the sea, and dotted here and there with fishing hamlets. This whole interior is traversed by a network of footpaths, rarely passable for any wagon, and not always for a horse, but enabling the pedestrian to go from any one of these villages to any other, in a line almost direct, and always under an agreeable shade. By the longest of these hidden ways, one may go from Pigeon Cove to Gloucester, ten miles, without seeing a public road. In the little inn at the former village there used to hang an old map of this whole forest region, giving a chart of some of these paths, which were said to date back to the first settlement of the country. One of them, for instance, was called "Old Road from Sandy Bay to Squam Meeting-house through the Woods"; but the road is now scarcely even a bridle-path, and the most faithful worshipper could not seek Squam Meeting-house in the family chaise. Those woods are at last being devastated; but when I first knew that region, it was as good as any German forest. Often we stepped almost from the edge of the sea into some gap in the woods; there seemed hardly more than a rabbit-track, yet presently we met some wayfarer who had crossed the Cape by it. A piny dell gave some vista of the broad sea we were leaving, and an opening in the woods displayed another blue sea-line before; the encountering breezes interchanged odors of berry-bushes and scent of brine; penetrating farther among oaks and chestnuts, we come upon some little cottage, quaint and sheltered as any Spenser drew; it was built on no high-road, and turned its vine-clad gable away from even the footpath. Then the ground rose and other breezes came; perhaps we climbed trees to look for landmarks, and saw only, still farther in the woods, some great cliff of granite or the derrick of an unseen quarry. Three miles inland, as I remember, we found the hearthstones of a vanished settlement; then we passed a swamp with cardinal-flowers; then a cathedral of noble pines, topped with crow's-nests. If we had not gone astray by this time, we presently emerged on Dogtown Com-

mon, an elevated table-land, overspread with great boulders as with houses, and encircled with a girdle of green woods and an outer girdle of blue sea. I know of nothing like that gray waste of boulders; it is a natural Salisbury Plain, of which icebergs and ocean-currents were the Druidic builders; the multitude of couchant monsters give one a sense of suspended life; you feel as if they must speak and answer to each other in the silent nights, but by day only the wandering sea-birds seek them, on their way across the Cape, and the sweet-bay and green fern imbed them in a softer and deeper setting as the years go by. This is the "height of ground" of that wild footpath; but as you recede farther from the outer ocean and approach Gloucester, you come among still wilder ledges, unsafe without a guide, and you find in one place a cluster of deserted houses, too difficult of access to remove even their materials, so that they are left to moulder alone. I used to wander in those woods, summer after summer, till I had made my own chart of their devious tracks, and now when I close my eyes in this Oldport midsummer, the soft Italian air takes on something of a Scandinavian vigor; for the incessant roll of carriages I hear the tinkle of the quarryman's hammer and the veery's song; and I long for those perfumed and breezy pastures, and for those promontories of granite where the fresh water is nectar and the salt sea has a regal blue.

I recall another footpath near Worcester, Massachusetts, which leads up from the low meadows into the wildest region of all that vicinity, Tatesset Hill. Leaving behind you the open pastures where the cattle lie beneath the chestnut-trees or drink from the shallow brook, you pass among the birches and maples, where the woodman's shanty stands in the clearing, and the raspberry-fields are merry with children's voices. The familiar birds and butterflies linger behind with them, and in the upper and more sacred depths the wood-thrush chants his litany and the brown mountain butterflies hover among the scented vines. Higher yet rises the "Rattlesnake Ledge," spreading over one side of the summit a black avalanche of broken rock, now overgrown with reindeer-moss and filled with tufts of the smaller wild geranium. Just below this ledge, amid a dark, dense tract of second-growth forest, masked here and there with grape-vines, studded with rare orchises, and pierced by a brook that vanishes suddenly where the ground sinks away and lets the blue distance in, there is a little monument to which the footpath leads, and which always seemed to me as wild a memorial of forgotten superstition as the traveller finds amid the forests of Japan.

It was erected by a man called Solomon Pearson (not to give his name too closely), a quiet, thoughtful farmer, long-bearded, low-voiced, and with that aspect of wild refinement which an ideal life brings forth even in quite uninstructed men. At the height of the "Second Advent" excitement this man resolved to build for himself upon these remote rocks a house which should escape the wrath to come, and should endure even amid a burning and transformed earth. Thinking, as he once said to me, that, "if the First Dispensation had been strong enough to endure, there would have been no need of a Second," he resolved to build for his part something which should possess permanence at least. And there still remains on that high hillside the small beginning that he made.

There are four low stone walls, three feet thick, built solidly together without cement, and without the trace of tools. The end-walls are nine feet high (the sides being lower) and are firmly united by a strong iron ridge-pole, perhaps fifteen feet long, which is imbedded at each end in the stone, Other masses of iron lie around unused, in sheets, bars, and coils, brought with slow labor by the builder from far below. The whole building was designed to be made of stone and iron. It is now covered with creeping vines

and the *débris* of the hillside; but though its construction had been long discontinued when I saw it, the interior was still kept scrupulously clean through the care of this modern Solomon, who often visited his shrine.

An arch in the terminal wall admits the visitor to the small roofless temple, and he sees before him, imbedded in the centre of the floor, a large smooth block of white marble, where the deed of this spot of land was to have been recorded, in hopes to preserve it even after the globe should have been burned and renewed. But not a stroke of this inscription was ever cut, and now the young chestnut boughs droop into the uncovered interior, and shy forest-birds sing fearlessly among them, having learned that this house belongs to God, not man. As if to reassure them, and perhaps in allusion to his own vegetarian habits, the architect has spread some rough plaster at the head of the apartment and marked on it in bold characters, "Thou shalt not kill." Two slabs outside, a little way from the walls, bear these inscriptions, "Peace on Earth," "Good-Will to Men." When I visited it, the path was so obstructed with bushes, besides its steepness, that it was hard to comprehend how these various materials had been brought together; it seemed more like some strange architectural boulder that had drifted from some Runic period and been stranded there. It was as apt a confessional as any of Wordsworth's nooks among the Trosachs; and when one thinks how many men are wearing out their souls in trying to conform to the traditional mythologies of others, it seems nobler in this man to have reared upon that lonely hill the unfinished memorial of his own.

I recall another path which leads from the Lower Saranac Lake, near "Martin's," to what the guides call, or used to call, "The Philosopher's Camp" at Ampergand. On this oddly-named lake, in the Adirondack region, a tract of land was bought by Professor Agassiz and his friends, who made there a summer camping-ground, and with one comrade I once sought the spot. I remember with what delight we left the boat, — so delightful at first, so fatiguing at last; for I cannot, with Mr. Murray, call it a merit in the Adirondacks that you never have to walk, — and stepped away into the free forest. We passed tangled swamps, so dense with upturned trees and trailing mosses that they seemed to give no opening for any living thing to pass, unless it might be some soft and silent owl that turned its head almost to dislocation in watching us, ere it flitted vaguely away. Farther on, the deep cool forest was luxurious with plumy ferns; we trod on moss-covered roots, finding the emerald steps so soft, we scarcely knew that we were ascending; every breath was aromatic; there seemed infinite healing in every fragrant drop that fell upon our necks from the cedar boughs. We had what I think the pleasantest guide for a daylight tramp, — one who has never before passed over that particular route, and can only pilot you on general principles till he gladly, at last, allows you to pilot him. When we once got the lead we took him jubilantly on, and beginning to look for "The Philosopher's Camp," found ourselves confronted by a large cedar-tree on the margin of a wooded lake. This was plainly the end of the path. Was the camp then afloat? Our escort was in that state of hopeless ignorance of which only lost guides are capable. We scanned the green horizon and the level water, without glimpse of human abode. It seemed an enchanted lake, and we looked about the tree-trunk for some fairy horn, that we might blow it. That failing, we tried three rifle-shots, and out from the shadow of an island, on the instant, there glided a boat which bore no lady of the lake, but a red-shirted woodsman. The artist whom we sought was on that very island, it seemed, sketching patiently while his guides were driving the deer.

This artist was he whose "Procession of the Pines" had identified his

fame with that delightful forest region, and whose description of its finest waterfall was published in this very magazine a dozen years ago. He it was who had laid out with artistic taste "The Philosopher's Camp," and who was that season still awaiting philosophers as well as deer. He had been there for a month, alone with the guides, and declared that Nature was pressing upon him to an extent that almost drove him wild. His eyes had a certain remote and questioning look that belongs to imaginative men who dwell alone. It seemed an impertinence to ask him to come out of his dream and offer us dinner; but his instincts of hospitality failed not, and the red-shirted guide was sent to the camp, which was, it seemed, on the other side of the lake, to prepare our meal, while we bathed. I am thus particular in speaking of the dinner, not only because such is the custom of travellers, but also because it was the occasion of an interlude which I shall never forget. As we were disrobing for our bath upon the lonely island, where the soft pale water almost lapped our feet, and the deep, wooded hills made a great amphitheatre for the lake, our host bethought himself of something neglected in his instructions.

"Ben!" vociferated he to the guide, now rapidly receding. Ben paused on his oars.

"Remember to bo-o-oil the venison, Ben," shouted the pensive artist, while all the slumbering echoes arose to applaud this culinary confidence.

"And, Ben!" he added, imploringly, "don't forget the dumplings!" Upon this, the loons, all down the lake, who had hitherto been silent, took up the strain with vehemence, hurling their wild laughter at the presumptuous mortal who thus dared to invade their solitudes with details as trivial as Mr. Pickwick's tomato-sauce. They repeated it over and over to each other, till ten square miles of loons must have heard the news, and all laughed together; never was there such an audience; they could not get over it, and two hours after, when we had rowed over to the camp and dinner was served, this irreverent and invisible chorus kept bursting out, at all points of the compass, with scattered chuckles of delight over this extraordinary bill of fare. Justice compels me to add that the dumplings were made of Indian-meal, upon a receipt devised by our artist; the guests preferred the venison, but the host showed a fidelity to his invention that proved him to be indeed a dweller in an ideal world.

Another path that comes back to memory is the bare trail that we followed over the prairies of Nebraska, in 1856, when the Missouri River was held by roving bands from the Slave States, and Freedom had to seek an overland route into Kansas. All day and all night we rode between distant prairie-fires, pillars of evening light and of morning cloud, while sometimes the low grass would burn to the very edge of the trail, so that we had to hold our breath as we galloped through. Parties of armed Missourians were sometimes seen over the prairie swells, so that we had to mount guard at nightfall; Free-State emigrants, fleeing from persecution, continually met us; and we sometimes saw parties of wandering Sioux, or passed their great irregular huts and houses of worship. I remember one desolate prairie summit on which an Indian boy sat motionless on horseback; his bare red legs clung closely to the white sides of his horse; a gorgeous sunset was unrolled behind him, and he might have seemed the last of his race, just departing for the hunting-grounds of the blest. More often the horizon showed no human outline; and the sun set cloudless, as behind ocean-waves, wavering and elongated into pear-shaped outlines. But I remember best the excitement that filled our breasts when we approached spots where the contest for a free soil had already been sealed with blood. In those days, as one went to Pennsylvania to study coal formations or to Lake Superior for copper, so one went to

Kansas for men. "Every footpath on this planet," said a rare thinker, "may lead to the door of a hero," and that trail into Kansas ended rightly at the tent-door of John Brown.

And later, who that knew them can forget the picket-paths that were worn throughout the Sea Islands of South Carolina, — paths that wound along the shores of creeks or through the depths of woods, where the great wild roses tossed their airy festoons above your head, and the brilliant lizards glanced across your track, and your horse's ears suddenly pointed forward and his pace grew uneasy as he snuffed the presence of something you could not see. At night you had often to ride from picket to picket in dense darkness, trusting to the horse to find his way, or sometimes dismounting to feel with your hands for the track, while the great Southern fireflies seemed to offer their floating lanterns for guidance, and the hoarse "Chuck-will's-widow" croaked ominously from the trees, and the great guns of the siege of Charleston throbbed more faintly than the drumming of a partridge, from far away. Those islands are everywhere so intersected by dikes and ledges and winding creeks as to form a natural military region, like La Vendée; and yet two plantations that are twenty miles asunder by the road will sometimes be united by a foot-path which a negro can traverse in two hours. These tracks are limited in distance by the island formation, but they assume a greater importance as you penetrate the mainland; they then join great States instead of mere plantations, and if you ask whither one of them leads, you are told "To Alabama," or "To Tennessee."

Time would fail to tell of that wandering path which leads to the Mine Mountain near Brattleborough, where you climb the high peak at last, and perhaps see the showers come up the Connecticut till they patter on the leaves beneath you, and then, swerving, pass up the black ravine and leave you unwet. Or, of those among the White Mountains, gorgeous with great red lilies which presently seem to take flight in a cloud of butterflies that match their tints; paths where the balsamic air caresses you in light breezes, and masses of alder-berries rise above the waving ferns. Or of the paths that lead beside many a little New England stream, whose bank is lost to sight in a smooth green slope of grape-vine: the lower shoots rest upon the quiet water, but the upper masses are crowned by a white wreath of alder-blooms; — beside them grow great masses of wild roses, and the simultaneous blossoms and berries of the gaudy nightshade. Or of those winding tracks that lead here and there among the flat stones of peaceful old graveyards, so entwined with grass and flowers that every spray of sweet-brier seems to tell more of life than all the accumulated epitaphs of death.

And when the paths that we have personally traversed are exhausted, memory holds almost as clearly those which the poets have trodden for us, — those innumerable by-ways of Shakespeare, each more real than any high-road in England; or Chaucer's

> "Little path I found
> Of mintes full and fennell greene";

or Spenser's

> "Pathes and alleies wide
> With footing worne";

or the path of Browning's "Pippa"

> "Down the hillside, up the glen,
> Love me as I love!"

or the weary tracks by which "Little Nell" wandered; or the haunted way in Sydney Dobell's ballad,

> "Ravelstone, Ravelstone,
> The merry path that leads
> Down the golden morning hills,
> And through the silver meads";

or the few American paths that genius has yet idealized; that where Hawthorne's "David Swan" slept, or that which Thoreau found upon the banks of Walden Pond, or where Whittier parted with his childhood's playmate on Ramoth Hill. It is not heights, nor depths, nor spaces that make the

world worth living in; for the fairest landscape needs still to be garlanded by the imagination, to become classic with noble deeds and romantic with dreams.

Go where we please in nature, we receive in proportion as we give. Ivo, the old Bishop of Chartres, wrote, that "neither the secret depth of woods nor the tops of mountains make man blessed, if he has not with him solitude of mind, the sabbath of the heart, and tranquillity of conscience." There are many roads, but one termination; and Plato says, in his "Republic," that the point where all paths meet is the soul's true resting-place and the journey's end.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE RETURN.

THE bright sea washed across her feet,
As it had done of yore;
The well-remembered odors sweet
Came through her opened door.

Again the grass his ripened head
Bowed where her raiment swept;
Again the fog-bell told of dread,
And all the landscape wept.

Again beside the woodland bars
She found the wilding rose,
With petals five and heart of stars, —
The flower our childhood knows.

And there, before that blossom small,
By its young face beguiled,
The woman saw her burden fall,
And stood a little child.

She knew no more the weight of love,
No more the weight of grief;
So could the simple wild rose move,
And bring her heart relief.

She asked not where her love was gone,
Nor where her grief was fled,
But stood, as at the great white Throne,
Unmindful of things dead.

OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES.

CAPTAIN KIDD'S MONEY.

ONE of our most favorite legendary resorts was the old barn.

Sam Lawson preferred it on many accounts. It was quiet and retired, that is to say, at such distance from his own house that he could not hear if Hepsy called ever so loudly, and farther off than it would be convenient for that industrious and painstaking woman to follow him. Then there was the soft fragrant cushion of hay, on which his length of limb could be easily bestowed.

Our barn had an upper loft with a swinging outer door that commanded a view of the old mill, the waterfall, and the distant windings of the river, with its grassy green banks, its graceful elm draperies, and its white flocks of water-lilies; and then on this Saturday afternoon we had Sam all to ourselves. It was a drowsy, dreamy October day, when the hens were lazily "craw, crawing," in a soft, conversational undertone with each other, as they scratched and picked the hay-seed under the barn windows. Below in the barn black Cæsar sat quietly hatchelling flax, sometimes gurgling and giggling to himself with an overflow of that interior jollity with which he seemed to be always full. The African in New England was a curious contrast to everybody around him in the joy and satisfaction that he seemed to feel in the mere fact of being alive. Every white person was glad or sorry for some appreciable cause in the past, present, or future, which was capable of being definitely stated; but black Cæsar was in an eternal giggle and frizzle and simmer of enjoyment for which he could give no earthly reason: he was an "embodied joy," like Shelley's skylark.

"Jest hear him," said Sam Lawson looking pensively over the hay-mow and strewing hayseed down on his wool. "How that are crittur seems to tickle and laugh all the while 'bout nothin'. Lordy massy, he don't seem never to consider that 'this life 's a dream, an empty show.'"

"Look here, Sam," we broke in, anxious to cut short a threatened stream of morality, "you promised to tell us about Captain Kidd and how you dug for his money."

"Did I now? Wal, boys, that are history o' Kidd's is a warnin' to fellers. Why, Kidd had pious parents and Bible and sanctuary privileges when he was a boy, and yet come to be hanged. It 's all in this 'ere song I 'm a goin' to sing ye. Lordy massy, I wish I had my bass-viol now. — Cæsar," he said, calling down from his perch, "can't you strike the pitch o' 'Cap'n Kidd' on your fiddle?"

Cæsar's fiddle was never far from him. It was, in fact, tucked away in a nice little nook just over the manger, and he often caught an interval from his work to scrape a dancing-tune on it, keeping time with his heels, to our great delight.

A most wailing minor-keyed tune was doled forth, which seemed quite refreshing to Sam's pathetic vein, as he sang in his most lugubrious tones: —

"'My name was Robert Kidd
As I sailed, as I sailed,
My name was Robert Kidd;
God's laws I did forbid,
And so wickedly I did,
As I sailed, as I sailed.'

"Now ye see, boys, he 's a goin' to tell how he abused his religious privileges; just hear now: —

"'My father taught me well,
As I sailed, as I sailed;
My father taught me well,
To shun the gates of hell,
But yet I did rebel,
As I sailed, as I sailed.

"'He put a Bible in my hand
As I sailed, as I sailed;

He put a Bible in my hand,
And I sunk it in the sand,
Before I left the strand,
As I sailed, as I sailed.'

"Did ye ever hear o' such a hardened, contrary crittur, boys? It 's awful to think of. Wal, ye see that are 's the way fellers allers begin the ways o' sin, by turnin' their back on the Bible and the advice o' pious parents. Now hear what he come to: —

"'Then I murdered William More,
As I sailed, as I sailed;
I murdered William More,
And left him in his gore,
Not many leagues from shore,
As I sailed, as I sailed.

"'To execution dock
I must go, I must go,
To execution dock,
While thousands round me flock,
To see me on the block,
I must go, I must go.'

"There was a good deal more on 't," said Sam, pausing, "but I don't seem to remember it; but it 's real solemn and affectin'."

"Who was Captain Kidd, Sam?" said I.

"Wal, he was an officer in the British navy, and he got to being a pirate, used to take ships and sink 'em, and murder the folks; and so they say he got no end o' money; gold and silver and precious stones as many as the wise men in the East. But ye see, what good did it all do him? He could n't use it and dars'n't keep it, so he used to bury it in spots round here and there in the awfullest heathen way ye ever heard of. Why, they say he allers used to kill one or two men or women or children of his prisoners and bury with it, so that their sperits might keep watch on it ef anybody was to dig arter it. That are thing has been tried and tried and tried, but no man nor mother's son on 'em ever got a cent that dug. 'T was tried here 'n Oldtown, and they come pretty nigh gettin' on 't, but it gin 'em the slip. Ye see, boys, *it 's the Devil's money*, and he holds a pretty tight grip on 't."

"Wal, how was it about digging for it? Tell us, did *you* do it? Were *you* there? Did you see it? And why could n't they get it?" we both asked eagerly and in one breath.

"Why, Lordy massy, boys, your questions tumbles over each other thick as martins out o' a martin-box. Now you jist be moderate and let alone, and I 'll tell you all about it from the beginnin' to the end. I did n't railly have no hand in 't, though I was knowin' to 't, as I be to most things that goes on round here, but my conscience would n't railly a let me start on no sich undertakin'.

"Wal, the one that fust sot the thing a goin' was old Mother Hokum, that used to live up in that little tumbledown shed by the cranberry-pond up beyond the spring pastur'. They had a putty bad name them Hokums. How they got a livin' nobody knew, for they did n't seem to pay no attention to raisin' nothin' but childun, but the deuce knows there was plenty o' them. Their old hut was like a rabbit-pen, — there was a tow head to every crack and cranny. 'Member what old Cæsar said once when the word come to the store that old Hokum had got twins. 'S'pose de Lord know best,' says Cæsar, 'but *I* thought dere was Hokums enough afore.' Wal, even poor workin' industrious folks like me finds it 's hard gettin' along when there 's so many mouths to feed. Lordy massy, there don't never seem to be no end on 't, and so it ain't wonderful, come to think on 't, ef folks like them Hokums gets tempted to help along in ways that ain't quite right. Anyhow folks did use to think that old Hokum was too sort o' familiar with their wood-piles 'long in the night, though they could n't never prove it on him; and when Mother Hokum come to houses round to wash, folks use sometimes to miss pieces, here and there, though they never could find 'em on her; then they was allers a gettin' in debt here and a gettin' in debt there. Why, they got to owin' two dollars to Joe Gidger for butcher's meat. Joe was sort o' good-natured and let 'em have meat, 'cause Hokum he promised so fair to pay, but he could n't never get it out o' him. 'Member once Joe walked clear

up to the cranberry-pond arter that are two dollars, but Mother Hokum she see him a comin' jist as he come past the juniper-bush on the corner. She says to Hokum, 'Get into bed, old man, quick, and let me tell the story,' says she. So she covered him up, and when Gidger come in she come up to him and says she, 'Why, Mr. Gidger, I 'm jist ashamed to see ye; why Mr. Hokum was jist a comin' down to pay ye that are money last week, but ye see he was took down with the small-pox —' Joe did n't hear no more; he jist turned round and he streaked it out that are door with his coat-tails flyin' out straight ahind him, and old Mother Hokum she jist stood at the window holdin' her sides and laughin' fit to split to see him run. That are 's jist a sample o' the ways them Hokums cut up.

"Wal, you see, boys, there 's a queer kind o' rock down on the bank o' the river that looks sort o' like a grave-stone. The biggest part on 't is sunk down underground, and it 's pretty well growed over with blackberry-vines, but when you scratch the bushes away they used to make out some queer marks on that are rock. They was sort o' lines and crosses, and folks would have it that them was Kidd's private marks, and that there was one o' the places where he hid his money.

"Wal, there 's no sayin' fairly how it come to be thought so, but fellers used to say so, and they used sometimes to talk it over up to the tahvern, and kind o' wonder whether or no if they should dig, they would n't come to suthin'.

"Wal, old Mother Hokum she heard on 't, and she was a sort o' enterprisin' old crittur, — fact was she had to be, 'cause the young Hokums was jist like bag-worms, — the more they growed the more they eat, and I expect she found it pretty hard to fill their mouths; and so she said ef there *was* anything under that are rock, they 'd as good 's have it as the Devil; and so she did n't give old Hokum no peace o' his life but he must see what there was there.

"Wal, I was with 'em the night they was a talkin' on 't up. Ye see Hokum he got thirty-seven cents' worth o' lemons and some sperit. I see him goin' by as I was out a splittin' kindlin's, and says he, 'Sam, you jist go 'long up to our house to-night,' says he; 'Toddy Whitney and Harry Wiggin 's comin' up, and we 're goin' to have a little suthin' hot,' says he; and he kind o' showed me the lemons and sperit. And I told him I guessed I would go 'long. Wal, I kind o' wanted to see what they 'd be up to, ye know.

"Wal, come to find out, they was a talkin' about Cap'n Kidd's treasures, and layin' out how they should get it, and a settin' one another on with gret stories about it.

"'I 've heard that there was whole chists full o' gold guineas,' says one.

"'And I 've heard o' gold bracelets and ear-rings and finger-rings all sparklin' with diamonds,' says another.

"'Maybe it 's old silver plate from some o' them old West Indian grandees,' says another.

"'Wal, whatever it is,' says Mother Hokum, 'I want to be into it,' says she.

"'Wal, Sam, won't you jine?' says they.

"'Wal, boys,' says I, 'I kind o' don't feel jis like j'inin'. I sort o' ain't clear about the rights on 't; seems to me it 's mighty nigh like goin' to the Devil for money.'

"'Wal,' says Mother Hokum, 'what if 't is? Money 's money, get it how ye will; and the Devil's money 'll buy as much meat as any. I 'd go to the Devil, if he gave good money.'

"'Wal, I guess I would n't,' says I. 'Don't you 'member the sermon Parson Lothrop preached about hastin' to be rich, last Sabba' day?'

"'Parson Lothrop be hanged!' says she. 'Wal, now,' says she, 'I like to see a parson with his silk stockin's and great gold-headed cane, a lollopin' in his carriage behind his fat, prancin' hosses, comin' to meetin' to preach to us poor folks not to want to be rich! How 'd he like it to have forty-'leven children, and nothin' to put onto 'em or into 'em, I wonder? Guess if Lady

Lothrop had to rub and scrub and wear her fingers to the bone as I do, she 'd want to be rich; and I guess the Parson, if he could n't get a bellyful for a week, would be for diggin' up Kidd's money, or doing most anything else to make the pot bile.'

"'Wal,' says I, 'I 'll kind o' go with ye, boys, and sort o' see how things turn out; but I guess I won't take no share in 't,' says I.

"Wal, they got it all planned out. They was to wait till the full moon, and then they was to get Primus King to go with 'em and help do the diggin'. Ye see Hokum and Toddy Whitney and Wiggin are all putty softly fellers, and hate dreffully to work, and I tell you the Kidd money ain't to be got without a pretty tough piece o' diggin.' Why, it 's jist like diggin' a well to get at it. Now Primus King was the master hand for diggin' wells, and so they said they 'd get him by givin' on him a share.

"Harry Wiggin he did n't want no nigger a sharin' in it, he said; but Toddy and Hokum they said that when there was such stiff diggin' to be done, they did n't care if they did go in with a nigger.

"Wal, Wiggin he said he had n't no objection to havin' the nigger do the diggin', it was *sharin' the profits* he objected to.

"'Wal,' says Hokum, 'you can't get him without,' says he. 'Primus knows too much,' says he; 'you can't fool him.' Finally they 'greed that they was to give Primus twenty dollars, and share the treasure 'mong themselves.

"Come to talk with Primus he would n't stick in a spade, unless they 'd pay him aforehand. Ye see Primus was up to 'em; he knowed about Gidger, and there wa' n't none on 'em that was particular good pay; and so they all jist hed to rake and scrape, and pay him down the twenty dollars among 'em; and they 'greed for the fust full moon, at twelve o'clock at night, the 9th of October.

"Wal, ye see I had to tell Hepsy I was goin' out to watch. Wal, so I was; but not jist in the way she took it; but, Lordy massy, a feller has to tell his wife suthin' to keep her quiet, ye know, 'specially Hepsy.

"Wal, wal, of all the moonlight nights that ever I did see, I never did see one equal to that. Why, you could see the color o' everything. I 'member I could see how the huckleberry-bushes on the rock was red as blood when the moonlight shone through 'em; 'cause the leaves, you see, had begun to turn.

"Goin' on our way we got to talkin' about the sperits.

"'I ain't afraid of 'em,' says Hokum. 'What harm can a sperit do me?' says he. 'I don't care ef there 's a dozen of 'em'; and he took a swig at his bottle.

"'O, there ain't no sperits,' says Harry Wiggin. 'That are talk 's all nonsense'; and he took a swig at *his* bottle.

'"Wal,' says Toddy, 'I don't know 'bout that are. Me and Ike Sanders has seen the sperits in the Captain Brown house. We thought we 'd jist have a peek into the window one night, and there was a whole flock o' black colts without no heads on come rushin' on us and knocked us flat.'

"'I expect you 'd been at the tahvern,' said Hokum.

"'Wal, yes, we had; but them was sperits; we wa' n't drunk, now; we was jist as sober as ever we was.'

"'Wal, they won't get away my money,' says Primus, 'for I put it safe away in Dinah's teapot afore I come out'; and then he showed all his ivories from ear to ear. 'I think all this ere 's sort o' foolishness,' says Primus.

"'Wal,' says I, 'boys, I ain't a goin' to have no part or lot in this 'ere matter, but I 'll jist lay it off to you how it 's to be done. Ef Kidd's money is under this rock, there 's *sperits* that watch it, and you must n't give 'em no advantage. There must n't be a word spoken from the time ye get sight o' the treasure till ye get it safe up on to firm ground,' says I. 'Ef ye do, it 'll vanish right out o' sight. I 've talked with them that has dug down to it and

seen it, but they allers lost it, 'cause they 'd call out and say something; and the minute they spoke, away it went.'

"Wal, so they marked off the ground, and Primus he begun to dig, and the rest kind o' sot round. It was so still it was kind o' solemn. Ye see it was past twelve o'clock, and every crittur in Oldtown was asleep, and there was two whippoorwills on the great Cap'n Brown elm-trees, that kep' a answerin' each other back and forward sort o' solitary like; and then every once in a while there 'd come a sort o' strange whisper up among the elm-tree leaves, jist as if there was talkin' goin' on; and every time Primus struck his spade into the ground it sounded sort o' holler, jist as if he 'd been a diggin' a grave. 'It 's kind o' malancholy,' says I, 'to think o' them poor critturs that had to be killed and buried jist to keep this 'ere treasure. What awful things 'll be brought to light in the judgment-day! Them poor critturs they loved to live and hated to die as much as any on us; but no, they hed to die jist to satisfy that crittur's wicked will. I 've heard them as thought they could tell the Captain Kidd places by layin' their ear to the ground at midnight, and they 'd hear groans and wailin's.' "

"Why, Sam! were there really people who could tell where Kidd's money was?" I here interposed.

"O, sartin; why yis. There was Shebna Bascom, he was one. Shebna could always tell what was under the earth. He 'd cut a hazel stick and hold it in his hand when folks was wantin' to know where to dig wells, and that are stick would jist turn in his hand, and p'int down till it would fairly grind the bark off; and ef you dug in that place you was sure to find a spring. O yis, Shebna he 's told many where the Kidd money was, and been with 'em when they dug for it; but the pester on 't was they allers lost it, 'cause they would some on 'em speak afore they thought."

"But, Sam, what about this digging? Let 's know what came on 't," said we, as Sam appeared to lose his way in his story.

"Wal, ye see, they dug down about five feet, when Primus he struck his spade smack on something that chinked like iron.

"Wal, then Hokum and Toddy Whitney was into the hole in a minute; they made Primus get out, and they took the spade, 'cause they wanted to be sure to come on it themselves.

"Wal, they begun, and they dug and he scraped, and sure enough they come to a gret iron pot as big as your granny's dinner-pot, with an iron bale to it.

"Wal, then they put down a rope, and he put the rope through the handle; then Hokum and Toddy they clambered up on the bank, and all on 'em began to draw up jist as still and silent as could be. They drawed and they drawed, till they jist got it even with the ground, when Toddy spoke out all in a tremble. 'There,' says he, '*we 've got it!*' And the minit he spoke they was both struck by *suthin'* that knocked 'em clean over; and the rope give a crack like a pistol-shot, and broke short off, and the pot went down, down, down, and they heard it goin', jink, jink, jink; and it went way down into the earth, and the ground closed over it; and then they heard the screechinest laugh ye ever did hear."

"I want to know, Sam, did you see that pot?" I exclaimed at this part of the story.

"Wal, no, I did n't. Ye see I jist happened to drop asleep while they was diggin', I was so kind o' tired, and I did n't wake up till it was all over."

"I was waked up, 'cause there was consid'able of a scuffle; for Hokum was so mad at Toddy for speakin', that he was a fistin' on him; and old Primus he jist hawhawed and laughed. 'Wal, I got *my* money safe, anyhow,' says he.

"'Wal, come to,' says I. 'T ain't no use cryin' for spilt milk; you 've jist got to turn in now and fill up this 'ere hole, else the selectmen 'll be down on ye.'

"'Wal,' says Primus, 'I did n't en-

gage to fill up no holes'; and he put his spade on his shoulder and trudged off.

"Wal, it was putty hard work, fillin' in that hole; but Hokum and Toddy and Wiggin had to do it, 'cause they did n't want to have everybody a laughin' at 'em; and I kind o' tried to set it home to 'em, showin' on 'em that 't was all for the best.

"'Ef you 'd a been left to get that are money, there 'd a come a cuss with it,' says I. 'It shows the vanity o' hastin' to be rich.'

"'O you shet up,' says Hokum, says he; 'you never hasted to anything,' says he. Ye see he was riled, that 's why he spoke so."

"Sam," said we, after maturely reflecting over the story, "what do you suppose was in that pot?"

"Lordy massy, boys, ye never will be done askin' questions. Why, how should I know?"

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE.

"I SHALL not appear at breakfast to-morrow morning, I shall be gone a-Maying," announced Miselle, as she took her bedroom candlestick in hand. Caleb looked mildly up from the "Bride of Lammermoor," and the study of his illustrious prototype.

"Very well, my dear," said he, "it is as harmless a vagary as could be expected. You will only spoil your clothes, and take cold in your head. Good night."

"'"T was in the early twilight, ere yet the dew was hoar,
I went plucking purple pansies,'"

hummed Miselle going up stairs, and Caleb once more raised his eyes to ejaculate: —

"The wonderful power of alliteration properly applied! Nothing but the three *p*'s in that last line could have prevailed upon so indolent a mortal as you, Miselle, to leave a comfortable bed and a good breakfast for the sake of draggling your skirts and — "

But the rest of the apostrophe was lost in the depths of "The Bride," while Miselle, her candlestick, and her idea, pursued their upward journey.

The purple pansies proved few and far between, and their places were somewhat shabbily filled by houstonia, saxifrage, catkins, and twigs of aronia. To gather these Miselle travelled over miles of dewy upland and moist marsh, forded brooks, climbed fences, wet her feet, draggled her skirts, tore her dress, and finally, utterly bewildered and lost, emerged from the woods at the junction of two unknown roads, and there stood forlorn while the catbirds mockingly mewed in her face, and saucy robins dressed their plump red breasts with a maddening suggestion of a plentiful breakfast.

The light roll of wheels, the deliberate patter of four-miles-to-the-hour horse-shoes, and the gentle creaking of chaise-springs, heralded an arrival, and Miselle, disposing her draperies, her broken hat, and her purple pansies, as decently as possible, prepared herself to arrest the traveller whoever he might be, and demand of him, not his purse or his life, but, *à la* Sphinx, an answer to her questioning.

The nodding chaise-top rose above the alder-bushes, then came the rotund and contemplative horse, and finally appeared the sedate face of the Treasurer, who, at sight of the forlorn figure awaiting him, drew rein, gave salutation, and, in reply to the demand promptly fired at him, made reply.

"The way home? why, you are so far out of it, that it is hard giving any direction. You must have crossed right through the Walden woods, and

the best thing you can do is to get into the chaise here, and I will take you back a little way and set you on the straight road. I 'd go all the way, but I have to be at the mills a little early this morning, because — "

"Thank you very much, and I accept with pleasure," interposed Miselle, her impatient eyes fixed upon the deep-cushioned seat beside the Treasurer, and a sense of unutterable weariness suddenly overpowering her.

"Been out after flowers?" inquired her companion, in a tone of good-natured tolerance, as the chaise whirled upon its heel and began to jog steadily back in the direction whence it came.

"Yes, but I did n't find a great many, you see."

"Hardly enough to pay for the work, though I don't know but that is the amusing part of the business; I don't get much time for going Maying myself, and when I do — "

"Good morning, Mr. Treasurer; fine day for the season; got your crops in yet?"

And the speaker, a sturdy, brown fellow, clothed upon with a farmer's honest independence and blue frock, turned the cart in which he was carrying his plough afield a little to one side, and halted his Juno-eyed and sweet-breathed steers.

"Well, no," replied Mr. Treasurer, slowly; "we 've had a good deal to do up at the mills."

"Got into trouble there the other day, did n't you?" interposed Agricola, a little mysteriously.

"Yes, had a mill go up and one hand blown," replied the Treasurer, calmly. "But that 's all put to rights now, and we 're running full force — "

At this instant a green and golden fly, lovely to behold, and spiteful and dangerous as some other lovely creations, settled upon Dobbin's nose, and bit it so viciously and so deeply that he with an angry neigh tossed up his head, swished his tail, and set forth upon his journey again in an impulsive and unchastened manner very foreign to his usual habits. Order was however presently restored, and in its first moments Miselle resumed her *rôle* of Sphinx.

"What was that you told the man about having a mill go up, and one of your hands blown off?" inquired she, looking at the Treasurer's two shapely and apparently comfortable upper extremities.

"O, not one of my own hands," replied he, smiling. "But you know our powder-mills are just up here in Acton, and one of them exploded the other day, and the man who had it in charge was injured."

"Dear me, and that 's the way you talk about it," exclaimed Miselle, opening her eyes.

The Treasurer smiled again. "Why, yes, every business has its own phraseology, you know, and that 's the way powder-men talk. You never hear of explosions and casualties and fatal accidents among them."

"I suppose where there is a consciousness of so much danger, they like to disguise the mention of it as much as possible," said Miselle, thoughtfully; and then eagerly, "But were you going to the powder-mills, just now, Mr. Treasurer?"

"Yes. That 's the reason I did not offer to carry your home."

"O, I wish instead you would carry me there!"

"What, to the powder-mills?"

"Yes. I should of all things like to see a powder-mill!"

"Indeed! I shall be very happy to take you there if you really wish to go, but — " And the Treasurer looked dubiously at Miselle's forlorn raiment. She blushed to the roots of her hair, fearing that she was not considered presentable, even to a powder-mill.

"But I am afraid you will spoil your clothes. It is a very dirty place," resumed the Treasurer, so evidently in good faith that Miselle laughed aloud.

"They cannot be more spoiled than they are," said she. "So if that 's all — "

"And you are not afraid?"

"O no. My eyes are not as bright as the Countess of Salisbury's, and on the

bail-in-the-same-shot-hole principle the mills must be unusually safe just now."

The Treasurer looked as if he did not quite follow this process of reasoning, but said something polite, and turned his horse in the direction of the mills. Presently appeared long rows of willows, lovely in the rosy flush of their spring raiment, and seeming the embodiment of pastoral peace and serenity. Mr. Treasurer waved his whip toward them.

"We cultivate these willows for charcoal," said he. "Every few years they are trimmed down, and the branches cut into suitable lengths, and peeled and distilled into charcoal."

"Distilled into charcoal?" repeated Miselle, curiously.

"Yes," replied the Treasurer; "and I will show you what I mean, instead of saying it, for here we are."

And the Treasurer, checking Dobbin at the entrance of a shed with a rack and manger at the farther end, while he took Miselle out of the chaise, drove in and made fast that amiable steed, and returning, led the way to a small building with a huge wood-house beyond it and a wood-pile nearly as large at the back.

"All that," said the Treasurer, pointing to the formidable deposit, "is destined to be burned into charcoal, and blazed away in gunpowder. It is partly willow and partly maple, a wood of which we use a good deal. It is all peeled or barked, cut into lengths as you see here in the pile, and then carried to the retorts in this building."

And the Treasurer, closely followed by Miselle, led the way into a black and grimy building occupied at the one side by several bins filled with charcoal, and at the other by a large brick furnace, within which were enclosed four horizontal cylindrical cast-iron retorts, arranged precisely upon the plan of an old-fashioned brick oven, with a door at one end and a flue for the escape of steam and gases at the other. Into these cylinders the wood is carefully packed, the larger pieces around the outside, while the smaller ones fill the interior, that all may receive an equal "bake." The door is then closed, and the crevice about it "luted" with clay, so as to render it air-tight. A fire is then made underneath, the flames extending quite around the retort and heating every part equally but not fiercely. This fire is kept up for twenty-four hours, when it is suffered to die down; and the retorts stand unopened for twenty-four hours longer, when the charcoal is cooled and ready for use.

"Here is a specimen," said the Treasurer, taking up a stick from one of the bins and breaking it in two. The grain of the wood was perfect, the charring complete, and the color a glossy and velvety black, extremely beautiful in its way.

"Touch it; it will not soil your finger or your handkerchief," said the Treasurer; and Miselle, laying a finger upon the fractured end, found that it received no stain.

"But what becomes of all the moisture of the wood, that would be smoke if the willow were burned in the open air?" asked she, as her guide led the way toward the door.

"Come round this way, and you shall see," said he, smiling, and showed at the back of the building a row of four horizontal pipes all emitting steam, smoke, and a black liquid deposit which dripped into barrels set to receive it.

"It is early in the day yet, but by night the air will be dense with this peculiar smoke which you may already both smell and see."

"It smells like an air-tight stove too closely shut up," said Miselle, sniffing discontentedly.

"Yes. In an air-tight stove you convert wood into charcoal, tar, and pyroligneous acid, which latter products become gradually stored away in the funnel and chimney of your stove, and ultimately destroy them. We, on the other hand, only conserve the charcoal, and draw off the useless material in this fashion."

"Useless?"

"Well, yes, to us, although very

useful to those who wish for it. In England the tar, mixed with spirits of wine, makes a fine black lacquer, and the pyroligneous acid, chemically treated, becomes excellent wine vinegar."

"Is it possible?"

"Quite. Let us be thankful that we live among apple-orchards, and that the product of these retorts is never used as food for man."

Miselle was watching a man, black as the brother Grimms' charcoal-burners, wheeling a large barrow of the charred willow branches out of the house and toward another building. "What is he going to do with it?" asked she.

"It is going to the pulverizing-house, where it makes its first step toward gunpowder. Shall we follow?" replied the Treasurer, good-naturedly. Miselle was already following, and presently stood in front of a series of long and somewhat slender barrels, revolving horizontally at a moderate speed, but with a deafening noise. Upon the floor lay a half-emptied bag of bright gold-colored sulphur, and beside it stood the barrow of charcoal.

"These two ingredients," shouted the Treasurer, pointing toward them, "carefully weighed in the proper proportions —"

"What proportions?" shrieked Miselle.

"Charcoal fifteen, sulphur ten, the remaining seventy-five saltpetre, with which we have not yet meddled," replied the Treasurer. "The sulphur and charcoal there are placed in these barrels in company with one hundred and fifty pounds of iron balls to each barrel, the barrels being fitted with interior ledges which aid the pulverizing process desired. The barrel is then set in motion as you see, and the motion continued from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, according to the quality of powder desired. It comes out in this form." And the Treasurer lifted the cover from a wooden tub or firkin, half full of a grayish-black substance, as fine as the dust upon a sunny country road in August, and soft as down to the touch.

"There is no harm in it yet," said the Treasurer, as Miselle gingerly touched the tip of her finger to the mass. "And now I will show you the saltpetre, which, after all, is the gunpowder, for the charcoal is only used to make it burn, and the sulphur to keep it in order and render it a little more reliable."

The Treasurer opened the door of a building upon a side hill, and showed it filled with coarse brown sacks, conveying an indescribable suggestion of travel and the sea, so that Miselle's first question was, "Where did they come from?"

"Calcutta. Very little saltpetre is brought from anywhere else," said the Treasurer, cutting open a bag and taking up a handful of the semi-transparent crystals. "And this is an unusually good article, as you may see for yourself, — very white, and very clean; first-rate saltpetre, I call it."

"What is the price?" asked Miselle, looking respectfully at the saltpetre, and trying to remember how many miles it is from Calcutta to Boston by the way of the Cape of Good Hope.

"Eleven cents, and the sulphur is worth four cents, and the coal from two to five, so you may estimate the price of a pound of gunpowder exclusive of labor, for these are all the ingredients. But now, come round here." And at the side of the building, which was also the side of the hill, the Treasurer showed a wooden tramway with a hand-car which could be pushed under a trap in the floor of the storehouse, and thus easily loaded, without the exertion of raising the bags, which are immensely heavy in proportion to their bulk. From beneath the storehouse the tramway led to a door in the side of a building considerably lower down the hill, toward which the Treasurer now led the way.

Entering a large room filled with steam, men, pans, and piles, all more or less white and efflorescent, the first object prominently presenting itself was

a huge boiler, almost resting upon the floor, and reaching so far toward the roof that, like the great Heidelberg Tun, it was approached by a flight of steps leading to a platform, which extended behind it as far as the door in the side of the building previously noticed. This door was now opened to admit a car of saltpetre, which was trundled directly to the edge of the vat. Miselle, courteously invited to mount the steps, was at the top presented to an intelligent-looking man, who, with a long skimmer in his hand stood gravely watching the ebullition of a milky-looking mass which nearly filled the caldron, and seethed and bubbled in a desperate and somewhat startling manner.

"Almost ready to draw off, is n't it?" asked the Treasurer, also regarding this singular-looking broth attentively.

"Yes, sir, pretty near," replied the man, taking a small glass tube from a shelf above his head, and dropping it into the boiling mass, where it stood upright like a buoy.

"What is that?" asked Miselle, admiringly.

"A spirit-glass," said the Treasurer, taking it up and showing her the degrees marked upon it. "o you see represents the resistance of water to the air enclosed in this tube, and 45° the density of saltpetre in solution fit for our purpose. This solution is very nearly at that point, and in the moment we must wait before seeing it drawn off allow me to inquire whether you have ever dabbled in chemistry at all?"

"Hardly; indeed, for all practical purposes, not at all," replied Miselle, meekly, and the Treasurer proceeded.

"Then perhaps you do not know that every salt crystallizes uniformly in its own peculiar shape, and under its own peculiar circumstances, so that in fact we do not purify or refine this nitre or saltpetre, for it is impossible that it should in a natural condition be other than simply itself, that is perfect; what we may do is to induce the conditions under which it becomes disentangled from other substances and is made available for manufacture. For instance, nitre is more soluble in water at the boiling-point than in cold water, but muriate of soda is not; consequently when we draw off this nitre solution at a high temperature, the muriate of soda sinks to the bottom and is left behind in substance. On the other hand, nitrate of lime, muriate of lime, and some other salts are more soluble in cold water than in hot, consequently when the boiling liquor cools the nitre crystallizes, and the others are left dissolved in the mother-water of crystallization. And thus, as I say, Nature does the work, and we are but her humble agents. One thing more, and then we shall see the drawing off. The boiling of this vat without a fire, — what do you make of it?"

"Steam," replied Miselle, in a "glittering generality."

"Yes," replied the Treasurer. "A perforated steam-pipe is introduced into this kettle and coiled round its sides, and when the workman moves this brake and lets on the steam, it rises through the contents of the kettle to the surface and produces the ebullition which you perceive."

"And is that really boiling, and just as good as having a fire underneath in the old-fashioned way?"

"Of course. You raise the solution to the boiling-point, and what difference does it make whether by fire or steam or dropping red-hot stones into it? In old times, and not so very old either, we had a fire under each kettle in this refinery, but now our good servant steam does that and a great deal more for us with an infinite saving of time, labor, and consequently money."

"Well, he is a good servant, but not picturesque. How much does this great kettle hold?"

"Six hundred gallons. There you see we have a smaller one, not in use just now."

"I see. And is there nothing in this but saltpetre and water?"

"Only a little glue, which acts mechanically in consolidating the scum and making it easy to remove. You see

that the solution is now perfectly clear, the spirit-glass stands at 45°, and our friend shuts off the steam and allows the liquid to become quiescent, that the insoluble salts may settle ; and in drawing off, he takes care not to disturb them."

At this juncture the workman seized the open end of a pipe projecting a few inches above the liquid, and bent it backward to about the same distance below the surface. "That is a jointed pipe," explained the Treasurer. "And by throwing it back in that way he opens it and allows his solution to run off, drawing always from the surface. Step down, if you please, and you will see."

Miselle stepped down, and she saw that the other end of the pipe came through the side of the kettle near the bottom, and that it led into a wooden trough or gutter, which conducted the boiling liquid to the remotest of three large shallow wooden vats. Here stood a workman awaiting it with an implement like a very broad hoe in his hand ; and as soon as the solution covered the bottom of the vat, he began to stir it backward and forward with a deliberate motion, implying that he intended continuing the work for a long while.

"The trough is a cooler, and the instrument a cooling-iron," explained the Treasurer. "And the purpose of the agitation is to prevent the nitre from crystallizing in large crystals, as it would if left to itself."

"What harm would that do ?"

"It would necessitate a crushing process before the nitre could be used in powder. By constant agitation it may be induced to crystallize in this manner."

And the Treasurer led the way to a large box or trough elevated upon a frame, and heaped full of snow white and sparkling crystals like coarse sand, or the grade of salt known in the shops as coarse-fine.

"This is the saltpetre as taken from the cooler," said the Treasurer, "and it is placed in this trough to be rinsed. A quantity of pure cold water is poured over it and filters slowly through the mass to the bottom, where it escapes as you see." And he pointed to a shallow trough below the rinsing-vat into which the liquid slowly dripped through holes around the base of the upper one. This lower trough was already nearly full of a yellowish liquid, and all around its sides the saltpetre had crystallized in beautiful clear spears like icicles, covered with a lovely little frost-work like bloom on a grape. The Treasurer took up one carefully and brushed away the rime.

"See," said he, "how regular and beautiful is the shape of the crystal, and every one alike, and all so different from any other crystal. I wonder every lady does not study chemistry, it is such a *beautiful* science."

"I guess I 've got to disturb you a little with this hose," said an apologetic voice ; and between Miselle and the crystal appeared a hand holding the end of a black hose, which it deposited in the vat, whose contents immediately began to disappear. The Treasurer looked round.

"They are pumping off this vat," said he. "The liquid residuum from every process in refining saltpetre is saved, and worked over and over until neither water nor nitre remains with the insoluble waste ; although, in fact, there is no waste at all, for the deposit remaining after all the nitre is extracted is one of the most valuable manures in existence, as you will confess when I show you our grass-land. Meantime, let us follow this hose, and see the next process."

The hose being followed, led first to a steam-pump, and then to one of a series of large shallow pans, "jacketed," as the Treasurer explained, with an exterior iron skin, between which and the interior one was left a space for the passage of steam, which, being presently applied, caused the contents of the pan to boil and bubble in a merry and highly evaporative style.

"And so we keep on, you see," said the Treasurer. "Boiling down, evaporating, crystallizing, over and over, un-

til every particle of saltpetre is extracted, cleansed, and thoroughly dried, which last process is effected by placing it in the jacketed pans, without any water, letting on the steam, and stirring the nitre gently until it is perfectly free from moisture. This is essential to accuracy in weighing. And now, I believe, we have seen everything here, and, having our three ingredients prepared, can go on to the combining them, thus entering upon the dangerous part of our journey. Do you feel inclined to stop here, and take the rest upon hearsay?"

"O no; I am not at all timid," serenely replied Miselle; and with a little scream and a spasmodic contraction of the muscles, she nimbly jumped aside and ran back a little way, to escape a ferocious wasp who insisted upon flying into her eyes and mouth.

"Here," resumed the Treasurer, pausing at the door of a little building, "are the boilers which supply the refinery with steam, and serve several other purposes beside. Among the rest it is led into the wash-house, where the men, by turning a stop-cock, can force enough into a pail of water in one minute to make it too warm for use."

"I should think bathing would be rather a hopeless task for a powder-man," said Miselle, looking at a fine specimen of animated ebony with Caucasian features, who just then passed the boiler-house.

"Not at all," replied the Treasurer, a little indignantly. "There is not a cleaner set of artisans in the country than powder-makers; for not only their comfort but their safety demands that every particle of powder should be removed, both from their persons and their clothes, before running the chances of ordinary life at home; and every man among them takes a thorough bath, and changes every article of clothing, before leaving the mills at night. Their working-clothes never leave this place at all, and their home-clothes never come any farther than the wash-house.

"And now we come to the mill, where for the first time we have our three ingredients combined in the shape of powder. Good morning, Malthouse"; and the Treasurer nodded good-humoredly to a grave and reserved workman who came forward to meet him.

"Mr. Malthouse has charge of the mill we are about to inspect," hastily explained the Treasurer. "He is an Englishman, and an hereditary member of the powder-guild, for his grandfather died of old age in the business, and his father was killed by an explosion while at work; but the son was not frightened out of the trade, you see. Where, in America, will you find three generations constant to one occupation?"

"Either the grandfather or the grandson would have been a millionnaire with us," suggested Miselle, smiling; and Mr. Malthouse, unlocking the door of a small building, showed a number of tubs carefully covered, some containing pure white saltpetre in powder, and some the gray-black mixture of sulphur and charcoal she had seen in the pulverizing-house.

"We put in two of each of these tubs for a charge," said Malthouse, curtly. "It is all weighed when it comes to me, and one hundred and fifty pounds is a charge. To that I put a gallon or so of water, and set the wheels going. It takes from two and a half to eight hours to finish a charge, according to the quality of the powder, and the weather."

"Why the weather?" interrupted Miselle.

"In damp weather it takes longer to dry the powder than in hot, dry weather," replied the man, briefly. "And if it is left ten minutes or so longer than long enough, the mill goes up."

"Why?" again demanded Miselle.

"Because the powder gets dry and light, and the rollers, instead of travelling over it as they should, push it along in front of them, and part of it rises in dust and flies over the edge of the bed, and at last the iron roller strikes the iron bed, and the next minute there 's a noise.

"That was the way that man got

killed last week," said the Treasurer, softly. "He left the mill to go home to his dinner; it ought to have been stopped at 2.30; he got back at 2.50, looked in and saw a cloud of dust flying out of the bed, but all the same rushed in and had his hand on the wheel to stop the works, when the flash came. He staggered out of the ruins on his own feet, but it was the last turn they ever did for him. His head, face, feet, and legs were all scorched, but the worst of all was his clothes being filled with powder and igniting. They cut them off as fast as they could, but — "

Miselle leaned against the side of the door, and Malthouse quietly said: "It will be time to draw the charge in twenty minutes; you 'd better take a look at it now, and leave before the dangerous time gets any nearer."

"You can just glance in, you know, and then I can tell you all about it as we go on, for this is really the only dangerous point in the whole process, — at least in our experience," said the Treasurer, considerately.

"I am not at all afraid," replied Miselle, smiling with white lips. "I was thinking of that poor man in his burning clothes; but Mr. Malthouse does not permit such accidents." With which piteous little sop to Fate and her present minister, she followed her two companions into the mill, and stood beside a great annular iron basin, about eighteen inches in depth, within whose circumference rolled with slow and ponderous motion two immense iron cylinders, strong, silent, and resistless as fate; beneath them lay a bed of black powder about an inch in thickness; and beside them, close to the inner and outer walls of the bed, travelled two wooden ploughshares, which continually threw this powder from the edges toward the middle, thus counteracting the tendency of the ponderous rollers to push it away from their track, and reach the iron bed whose contact meant death to any that stood near them at the moment. All powerful machinery induces a sentiment of awe in the mind of the beholder; but Miselle, at least, never found any industrial device of man so awful to contemplate as these two immense cylinders travelling round and round their iron bed, and crushing beneath their tread that which might be the death of a thousand men. Fascinated beyond all terror, she stood watching them for many minutes, until she was aroused by seeing the workman plunge into the iron basin, apparently with the purpose of offering himself up a victim to this juggernaut whom he had served so long. But just as the great wheel grazed his head he drew it back, waited an instant, then dived again, and this time brought out with him a piece of black, moist paste, which he broke in his hand, critically examined, then showed to Miselle.

"That we call mill-cake," said he. "And when the charge is ready to draw, this will be all ground up into fine dust; that 's the time to stop the mill."

"How much longer has this charge to run?" asked the Treasurer, suddenly.

"About ten minutes."

"Just time for you to take a look at the water-wheel underneath and the foundations of the building," said the Treasurer, turning to Miselle. "They are hewn out of the solid rock; and there are mighty few buildings in this Commonwealth that stand as firmly as this powder-mill."

"I thought all your buildings were very slight and cheap," replied Miselle, following him out of the house and down a grassy slope at the side. The Treasurer looked disgusted.

"So everybody thinks, who has not looked into the matter," said he. "But is it a reasonable theory? Those two cylinders up there weigh seven tons apiece, and the bed in which they roll weighs five tons, and it is highly important to the proper operations of the mill that the whole should stand true and firm. Now *can* you support nineteen tons of metal in constant motion upon a card house?"

Miselle thought not; and the Treasurer continued: "No, the foundations and the framework of these buildings are as solid as stone and iron and wood can be put together, and about as expensive too. The covering in, the boarding, and the roof are slight, I grant you; just a shelter from the weather, in fact, and but little more, and in case of an explosion you see the benefit of this plan; the side of the building blows off, or the roof blows up, and the damage is a matter of a few dollars and a few hours' labor, for the whole force of the blast has spent itself in that direction, and the framework and the machinery are uninjured. The great loss in an explosion is not of property, but of time, you see."

"And of life," suggested Miselle.

"Yes, but a man's danger is in his own hands pretty much in this business. Care, common sense, and application diminish the risk to almost nothing."

Just then Miselle reached the foot of the grassy slope, and looked beneath the mill into a lovely grotto full of green shimmering lights, and the plash of water, and the cool, moist air peculiar to such abodes. A plank, supported a few inches above the eddying pool, gave access to the place, and Miselle walked along it until she stood in the depth of the rock-chamber just above the two turbine water-wheels which had been stopped to admit her approach, and now at her request was set in motion. Standing there, with the gleaming, frolicsome water at her feet, the walls of dripping rock about her, and that awful possibility close overhead, Miselle spent a few memorable moments, then returned before she should be summoned, not that she was weary or terrified, but lest her lingering should appear a vaunt, and terrify the Treasurer with the belief that he had entertained one of the "strong-minded" unawares. His first remark confirmed her apprehension.

"You can say now that you have been where no woman ever was before, and where you would not find many women willing to go; although for that matter, if the mill is to explode, it makes no difference where you may be, if it is within range of the explosion; and if it does not, why, you are as safe under it as inside of it. But the ten minutes are out; shall we go up and see the charge drawn?"

"By all means." And mounting the slope the Treasurer and his companion entered the mill again just as Malthouse, after a hasty glance into the bed where now the mill-cake was fast becoming mere dust and powder, went to a brake in one corner of the mill, turned it, and stopped the works. Next he wheeled a large, light barrow close to the bed, and with a wooden shovel lightly and rapidly transferred the charge from the one to the other, leaving only that small quantity which remained beneath the now motionless cylinders.

"I suppose it would not do to start the wheels on for a few inches, so as to get out the rest of the powder," suggested Miselle.

"How far would they travel, Malthouse?" asked the Treasurer, with a smile.

"Maybe one foot, but not two," replied the man, without looking up.

"And then?" asked Miselle, for the sake of his answer.

"We three would be out of this world anyway."

"After the new charge is in," explained the Treasurer, "the clinkers, as we call them, are dug up by the operator by means of his wooden shovel, and either removed or ground right up with the rest. It does not answer to use anything but wood for that purpose, however."

"One feller got blowed knocking clinkers off with a copper hammer," interposed Malthouse, rolling his barrow out of the mill and exchanging it with a comrade for an empty one, with which he went toward the little storehouse, and presently returned with a load of four tubs, two of saltpetre and two of mixed charcoal and sulphur, the whole

weighing, as before stated, one hundred and fifty pounds. Setting down the barrow, he next brought a watering-pot and sprinkled the contents over the bed of the basin. Then with quick, lithe motions he emptied two of his tubs into one side of the basin, and the other two into the other side, distributed the contents with his shovel, then turned the brake and set the great cylinders in motion again.

"He is in a hurry to get the works started before they cool off at all," said the Treasurer. "A certain degree of heat is essential to the working of the powder, and when, as sometimes happens, we let a mill stand still over night, it takes a good deal longer to perfect the next charge. Generally they run night and day, right along."

"But how about lights?" asked Miselle.

"They are on the outside of the building and shine in. Then if the workman wants to judge of the condition of his charge he takes a piece of mill-cake close to the glass and examines it, and sometimes he saves a piece in the daytime that he knows to be right, and compares it by lamplight with his new work. Experience and necessity suggest a good many ways of getting over all such difficulties."

"How does the mill-cake look when it is 'right'?"

"It should be of exceedingly close texture, of a uniform dark-gray color, and free from glittering particles of sulphur or specks of any sort; then there is a certain liveliness in the composition during its last stage, inducing it to attempt to escape like quicksilver from beneath the cylinders, which is very apparent to an experienced workman, and indicates the perfection and end of this process. But the time required to effect this end varies, as I before stated, with the various qualities of powder, and with the weather; and the whole process is essentially varied in different localities. At Waltham Abbey in England, for instance, the charge is only forty-two pounds, and it is worked on an average for three hours under wheels of gray limestone six feet in diameter, and weighing about three tons each. The bed-stone is of the same kind, and the English writers upon this manufacture consider stone the best material, although gun-metal is used in the English mills at Madras, which, you know, is one of the great powder centres; they complain that the metal beds lose their horizontal position, and that the cylinders become worn and unequal. But if I once go into the minutiæ of English and Indian powder-making, we shall never get through our own; and if you have interest enough in the subject to read half a dozen books, most of which I can lend you, you will get the whole much better than I can tell it to you.

"The next point in our tour is the press-house, which the barrow of mill-cake we just saw wheeled away has already reached. Let us follow it."

Passing another mill-house, where two more sets of cylinders were hard at work, the visitors came to a high and strongly built boarding, some twelve feet in height and twenty in length. A small doorway allowed passage to the raised plank walk connecting the different buildings, and showed a vista of trees, and grass, and running water, and a shadowy hillside flecked with sunshine, as full of sylvan loveliness and calm as though the little buildings dotted here and there were devoted to the manufactures of "gospels of peace" and universal brotherhood.

"What a lovely spot!" exclaimed Miselle, pausing in the doorway.

"Yes," replied the Treasurer. "It is pretty, although our establishment at Barre is much more so. Both of them are paradises for the squirrels, birds, etc., for of course no guns ever come within reach of them, and there are never many people about. As for the occasional explosions, they neither dread nor remember them, and they don't mind the smell of gunpowder. Then there are plenty of trees and running water, as you see."

"Were the trees planted for ornament?"

"Well, not exactly. They are additional barricades between the buildings in case of an explosion, and prevent the fire communicating from one to another."

"Are these wooden barriers for the same purpose, then?"

"Yes, they are called barricades, and the splinters and sparks flying from the exploding building are pretty certain to be caught either by these or the tree-tops, although with all the precautions possible the buildings will sometimes sympathize in some unaccountable manner. I have known seven to explode, one after another, with no visible communication."

So chatting, the Treasurer and Miselle strolled along the plank walk, with the canal at one hand and the brook made by the waste water of the mill babbling and sparkling at the other, and the trees arching above their heads as if they grew only for their own beauty, and not to be torn and scorched with gunpowder, on to the next building in the series, called the press-house. Here stood the barrow of mill-cake just arrived, with a silent and grave-looking workman feeding it into a crushing-machine, to reduce it to a convenient shape and size for his purpose. This done, he proceeded to make it into sandwiches, thus: —

He takes a copper sheet about two feet square; a piece of canvas of the same size; a quantity of powder about an inch in depth, shaped and measured by a wooden frame laid upon the canvas and lightly removed as soon as its use is fulfilled; then another canvas, and another copper; and the whole process is repeated, until a pile of powder sandwiches at least three feet in height is produced, when the operator, finishing with a copper sheet, pushes the frame upon which this pile rests carefully along a pair of wooden ways until it stands directly beneath the screw of a powerful hydrostatic press, which is then set in motion, and so continues until the resistance of the mass beneath the screw exceeds the power brought to bear upon it, when the press becomes motionless; in a few moments, however, the settling of the powder slightly relieves the pressure, when the power upon the water-wheel again becomes preponderant, and the screw makes another turn or two with a slow, grinding, painful sound, suggestive of racks and torture-chambers. This alternation of rest and motion continues for about half an hour, when, every particle of resistance having been crushed out of the unhappy powder, it is at last relieved by reversing the motion of the press, and sliding the frame back to its first position. The copper sheet is raised from the top, the canvas stripped away, and the first layer of powder taken out in a thin solid cake, technically known as press-cake.

"What is the use of the canvas?" asked Miselle, watching the silent operator stripping one "cake" after another, and standing them upon their edges against the wall, where they resembled slabs of slate-stones ready for laying a garden walk.

The grave workman replied: "To keep the powder from sticking to the copper, and to make it easier to unpack."

"And what is the use of pressing it at all?" continued Miselle.

The workman looked at the Treasurer, who took up the word: "The use is principally to preserve the powder from deterioration; mill-cake powder, although considerably more powerful than pressed and glazed powder when first made, will, if exposed to the air, absorb moisture like a sponge, owing to hygrometric properties of the charcoal.

"Unpressed powder is also of unequal force, some of it, as taken from the mill, being in hard slaty slabs, some in crumbling pieces, some in dust, and as each of these conditions implies a different period of ignition, you will see that a charge of this nature would be extremely unreliable, if not absolutely dangerous."

"Why should the mill-cake powder be more powerful when first made than the pressed powder?"

"The power of gunpowder," replied

the Treasurer, taking out his memorandum-book and searching its pages, "depends upon the rapid evolution of certain elastic gases from it while in course of combustion, and the effort of these gases to escape from the gun-chamber where they are confined is what carries the ball to its mark; the more rapid the combustion the greater evolution of gas at a given instant; and mill-cake powder burns as much more rapidly than the pressed powder as shavings do than a block of oak-wood. Let me read you a few quotations to the point; here is one from Braddock's 'Memoir on Gunpowder,' one of our most reliable text-books: —

"'The operations of pressing and glazing interrupt the rapidity of combustion, and therefore, in all ordinary cases, they impair the propellant force of the powder. This deterioration of force has been estimated as high as one fifth to one fourth of the range; i. e. if a given charge of mill-cake powder ranges 1,000 yards, the same charge of the same gunpowder pressed and glazed will range but 750 or 800 yards. But this refers to the powder only when newly made, for after twenty or thirty years the pressed powder would range farther than the unpressed.'

And this from an English Ordnance Report: —

"'Mill-cake gunpowder cannot retain its strength, because the grains are too soft and porous, absorbing moisture like a sponge: mill-cake gunpowder made in the year 1789 ranged, in 1811, 3,628 yards. Gunpowder manufactured from hard-pressed cake has a firm, close grain, and consequently is not liable to attract moisture; a charge of this powder, similar to that of the mill-cake powder, above quoted, ranged at the same time 4,193 yards, although it had been made five years longer.'

"In brief: 'The operations of pressing and glazing preserve the powder; they make it competent to withstand the shaking and friction of carriage, and render it less liable to deteriorate if kept long in store, or if subjected to the influence of humid atmosphere."

"But," continued the Treasurer, turning the leaves of the memorandum-book, "neither mill-cake nor press-cake would be in the least available for use, without the operation of graining, — or corning, as the English call it; that is, subdivision into small particles of uniform size. One more quotation to establish this point, and we will go on with our journey. This is from Braddock again: —

"'The following results occurred in a three-ounce French mortar *éprouvette*, shell 64 pounds, on firing the following charges: —

"'1 ounce solid English press-cake in one piece. Shell not moved.

"'1 ounce ditto, in one piece weighing $\frac{7}{8}$ of an ounce, and four small pieces. Shell just tilted out of the *éprouvette*.

"'1 ounce ditto, in nine pieces weighing $12\frac{1}{2}$ drachms, the remainder in small pieces, grain, and dust. Shell thrown $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

"'1 ounce ditto, in 57 pieces. Ranged $10\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

"'1 ounce of English cannon-powder. Ranged 57 yards.

"'Therefore, by analogy, we may conclude that different degrees of granulation, or fineness of the grain, would cause press-cake gunpowder to range all the way from 0 to 57 yards.'

"And now," said the Treasurer, putting up the memorandum-book, "we will go on to the graining-house, which you will find the noisiest and the dustiest place we have yet seen."

So on, over the shady plank walk, with the sunshine and the brook, and the birds and the summer air, all as lovely and as peaceful as ever, on to the graining-house, where the mill-cake, broken into pieces, is fed to a pair of toothed rollers, which craunch it into atoms, and deliver it to the buckets of an elevator like that used in a flour-mill or a bark-mill, which carries it down and up and on to a pair of smooth rollers held apart at any required distance by means of a set-screw, and varied according to the coarseness or fineness of the powder required. From between these rollers the powder falls upon a

horizontal wire screen, to which a constant lateral motion is imparted, so that the finer particles are shaken through upon an apron, which carries them in one direction, while the coarser ones, remaining upon the screen, are ultimately thrown off and carried on to another pair of similar rollers.

The dust and noise of this building were, as the Treasurer had predicted, excessive, and Miselle, after as hasty an examination as her conscience would permit, was glad to emerge from the dense cloud of dust, most of which obligingly refused to leave her, and followed her quite to the next building, the glazing-house, where the powder, enclosed in long and narrow barrels, is subjected for several hours to a moderately swift rotary motion, resulting in a certain degree of polish, and the abrasion of the sharp corners and edges of the grains, thus fitting it for closer packing and more direct contact when fired.

"Next to the drying-house," said the Treasurer, cheerfully, and led the way across a railless bridge, two planks wide, elevated some twenty feet above a rich meadow already knee-deep with waving grass.

"It is the waste from the refinery that brings this meadow to what you see," said the Treasurer, complacently; and Miselle, incautiously looking down, came perilously near to making a personal inspection of the meadow, — so near, indeed, that she was fain to pause and close her eyes.

She recovered breath in an upper chamber, its chief feature a long copper tube about a foot in diameter and some twelve feet in length. At one end of this tube was a hopper, into which an attendant poured a tub of powder, while at the other end a thin stream of powder issued forth and disappeared through the floor.

"This," said the Treasurer, tapping the tube with his cane, "is a drying-cylinder. Inside this outer tube is a smaller inner one, and the space between is filled with steam; the powder passes slowly through, carried forward by the revolution of the cylinder, and when it passes out is, as you may perceive, very warm and thoroughly dry."

Miselle caught a little powder in her hand, and was satisfied of the truth of this statement.

"Is it not dangerous to heat it so?" asked she.

"No. You cannot explode gunpowder by application to a steam-heated surface," said he; "or in any other manner, in fact, until you arrive at 600° Fahrenheit. Powder is not half as dangerous a substance, after all, as most people think. You may lay a handful upon the top of a stove, and your cook may prepare breakfast without even discovering it, unless she makes her stove red-hot. Under 600° you cannot explode it. Lieutenant Bishop, of the British army, in fact recommended to the military board at Madras that the temperature of drying gunpowder should be raised to 500° Fahrenheit, as at that point not only is the last particle of moisture driven off, but the saltpetre and sulphur are reduced to fusion, the grain becomes extremely indurated, and will not imbibe moisture even by exposure to a very humid atmosphere; the lieutenant claims that, if well made in other respects, gunpowder thus dealt with arrives as near perfection as it can be brought; for the process improves its strength, and he says that it will keep for any number of years without caking or losing its energy in any manner. The process, however, has never been carried into practical operation, and, I must confess, has rather a fearful sound, and we do not propose immediately to adopt it in the American mills.

"The next operation is to pour the warm and dry powder into this hopper, through which it falls upon a series of sieves below, ranging from a very coarse one down to one of silk bolting-cloth, through which only the finest powder can pass. Upon the way it is exposed to the action of a fan, which reduces the temperature somewhat and drives away the dust. You will see

the result of this sifting process down stairs."

And following the Treasurer down stairs, Miselle saw an upright frame reaching from floor to ceiling, with a number of spouts issuing from its face, each lettered, "F," or "F F," or "F F F," or "F P G."

From each of these spouts trickled a stream of gunpowder coarser or finer, each caught in a separate barrel, and ready now for packing and transportation. Collecting her flagging energies, Miselle followed her guide and a quantity of powder to the weighing-house, where she found a stock of pretty little white barrels, on brilliant brass scales, an intelligent-looking man, and a neat bench, above which hung the tally-board, where he marked the result of each day's labor. The little barrels contain twenty-five pounds each, and when filled and stopped have a label pasted upon the end, showing that they come from the mills of the American Company.

"Would you like to look into the cooper's shop?" asked the Treasurer.

"By all means," replied Miselle; and they turned into a place redolent of chips and sawdust, and the freshness characteristic of a carpenter's shop. Here were machines for sawing and grooving the staves, and others for fashioning the heads of the pretty powder-kegs, piles of supple hoop-strips, and two smiling young artisans, whose blithe and rosy faces presented a curious contrast to the powder-workers, who all seemed to wear the grave and stoical demeanor appropriate to men whose trade involves the possibility of a frightful death at any moment.

"The kegs are varnished, if intended for the higher grades of powder, prepared with a water-proof composition inside, and sent to the packing-house," explained the Treasurer. "To-day we are running on blasting-powder, but we make all grades and varieties. The sporting-powder is generally packed in tin canisters, and then in boxes holding a dozen canisters."

"What is the difference between sporting-powder and blasting-powder, besides kegs and canisters?" asked Miselle, wearily.

"The principal difference is, that blasting-powder contains a larger proportion of sulphur and charcoal to the nitre. Rapid and violent explosion is not so much desired in blasting as a combustion slow enough to allow the liberated gases time to rend the rock or the ore enclosing them to the greatest possible extent before they effect an escape. Another unimportant peculiarity is that blasting-powder is more highly glazed than finer powders, by the introduction of a little black-lead into the glazing-barrels. The miners fancy that it slips into the seams of the rock more easily for this extra polish, but it is all very much a matter of fashion and fancy. And now, I believe, you have seen all, unless you would like to take a look at the stables and powder-wagons."

So Miselle looked into the great, clean, breezy stable, where seventeen horses champed their rich refinery-waste-fed hay, and admired the great powder-wagons, with their Bastile-like look of secrecy and hopeless imprisonment for whatever was once enclosed within their strong, high sides and jealously closed curtains. The romance of this last idea, however, received a shock from the Treasurer's observation, that all this apparent strength was merely intended to defend the powder from the weather in its travels, and with no idea of restraining an explosion, — a misfortune never yet occurring to the wagons of the American Company, although the Treasurer instanced one which took place in the streets of Baltimore some years ago, with terrible results, when three wagons exploded one after the other, owing to the powder sifting out of the kegs and through the floor of one of the wagons to the pavement, where it ignited by the friction of the wheels. Now, however, as the Treasurer remarked, powder-wagons are hung upon springs, and the risk of such an accident is virtually done away with.

But human physical endurance, even feminine, has its limits; and Miselle had reached the end of hers, and was rejoiced to find that the next point the Treasurer contemplated making was the stall where Dobbin stood impatient to begin his homeward journey.

That evening, as Caleb took the "Bride of Lammermoor" from the table and settled himself in his reading-chair, a sudden association of ideas caused him to turn suddenly and inquire: "O Miselle, did you go a-Maying this morning?"

"Yes."

"And what did you bring home?"

"Flowers of sulphur and the 'blood-red blossom of war.' Tell me something of the history of gunpowder," replied Miselle, from the depths of the sofa.

Caleb looked mildly surprised, but closed the "Bride," and passed a thoughtful hand down his face. Then replied: "Its history has been told a good many times, and the leading points, as I remember them, are these: In Halhed's translation of the Gentoo laws (Indian, you know, my dear), supposed to have been compiled at the time of Moses, fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, we find: 'The magistrate shall not make war with any deceitful machine, or with poisoned weapons, or with cannon and guns, or any kind of fire-arms.'

"Then we have Dutens, who, in his inquiry into the origin of discoveries attributed to moderns, demonstrates very plausibly that gunpowder was known at a much earlier age than is generally supposed. He thinks 'that the attempts of Salmoneus, king of Elis, to imitate thunder and lightning, suggest to us that this prince used a composition of the nature of gunpowder; and the writers of fable gave out that Jupiter, incensed at the audacity of Salmoneus, slew him with lightning as he was employing himself in launching his own thunder.' Which certainly suggests that the unfortunate Salmoneus ended his life in a grand *feu de joie* of his own contrivance.

"Don Cassius, a native of Bithynia, who lived about A. D. 230, reports of Caligula, that 'this emperor had machines which emitted thunder and lightning, and at the same time projected stones'; and Joannes Antiochenus corroborates him.

"Appollonius Thyanœus, a philosopher, who about the year 200, or a little later, made extended travels in the East, records that 'when the Indians of towns are attacked by their enemies, they do not rush into battle, but put them to flight by thunder and lightning.' On the same authority, 'Hercules and Bacchus, attempting to assail the Indians in a fort where they were intrenched, were so roughly received by reiterated strokes of thunder and lightning launched upon them from on high by the besieged, that they were obliged to retire.' In 1218 we have mention of gunpowder by Friar Roger Bacon, who says: 'From saltpetre and other ingredients we are able to make a fire that shall burn at what distance we please.' The other ingredients appear to have been studiously concealed at first under a transposition of the letters, thus: *Lura mope can ubrie* stood for *carbonum pulveri*. But the friar told his secret, and the ingredients appeared in subsequent works under their true names.

"'Some authors consider that Bartholobus Schwartz discovered gunpowder in the year 1320, and that it was used by the Venetians during a war with the Genoese in the year 1380.'

"'A sort of universal belief has given to China or India the credit of being the birthplace of gunpowder; and as saltpetre, its chief ingredient, is largely found in Bengal and in the northwest of India, and probably on many of the vast plains eastward in the direction of China, this assertion seems highly probable. At the same time, until the passage round the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, gunpowder must have been an extremely expensive article of European warfare. A camel could hardly carry sufficient saltpetre for three hundred pounds of gunpowder.'

"Scattered all through the histories of ancient Indian warfare we may find allusions to artillery, siege-guns, hand-grenades, rockets, and various other fire-arms arguing the use of gunpowder; and it is probable that first a knowledge of the use, and then a knowledge of the art, drifted slowly westward and northward long before either crossed the seas Europeward. 'In this mode may be accounted for the first appearance of gunpowder among the Turks, Venetians, and Moors, while their enemies, the Austrians, Genoese, and Spaniards, were taken unawares by its destructive effect.'

"'The manufacture of gunpowder commenced in England in the reign of Edward III. (1345), but was not thoroughly established until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the improved art was brought from Flanders by the Evelyns.' George Evelyn, grandfather of the celebrated Sir John, had powder-mills at Long Dulton, near Kingston in Surrey, and at Leigh Place, near Godstone in the same county, and although we hear of mills in Elizabeth's time at Faversham in Kent, those of the Evleyns seem to have been the first of any importance in the British kingdom.

"The manufacture of gunpowder in the United States is nearly as old as the Constitution, and perhaps had something to do with establishing it as well as maintaining it. Like many other arts, however, it is chiefly confined to the Northern and Middle States; and of the score of mills within the United States, eight of them are in Massachusetts."

"Caleb, stop!" commanded Miselle, indignantly, "and tell me what book you have been 'cramming' from to this horrible extent."

Caleb laughed, and took up the "Bride." "I was reading Colonel Anderson's 'Sketch of the Mode of Manufacturing Gunpowder in Bengal,' the other day," said he, "and got most of the history out of that. Then I have looked into some other books a little; and the Treasurer dropped into my office this afternoon, and we had a little chat."

"I knew 'that somebody towld ye,'" remarked Miselle; and burrowing into the sofa-cushions, took refuge from a cruel world in the land of dreams.

Jane G. Austin.

EXPERIMENTS.

"I WISH I could hear a bat squeak," said I, looking up from my book; "but then I should want next to know what he was squeaking about, I suppose."

"What hinders you?" inquired Roger.

"Why, nobody can hear him! the sound is among the inaudible ones!"

"Then how do you know he does squeak?"

I handed my book to him. He read aloud half a page, adding, as he returned it to me: "As you say, you would be no better off for hearing the sounds, unless you could interpret them. It 's a mercy we don't hear any more nor any greater variety of noise than we do. The quiet of home is inexpressibly comfortable, after the tumult of State Street all day long."

Saying this, my husband slipped a little farther down the sofa, settled the cushions comfortably under his head, and in five minutes was fast asleep. As the clock struck eleven he roused himself, according to his custom, and went to bed. We breakfast early, that Roger may take the eight-o'clock train to Boston, and be at his counting-room betimes. Dining in the city, he is able to extend his business hours until the six-o'clock train out to Woodville.

The rattling, shrieking, and stifling of the half-hour ride in the cars end at the station, which is a ten minutes' walk from his home. He finds the house behind a tall hemlock hedge, almost hidden from sight by that and the two great pine-trees. Then comes tea immediately, then a nap on the sofa through the evening; then sleeping in earnest, then waking in earnest, breakfast, and back again to Boston.

We have been married five years, — to him years of working busily and sleeping soundly. He tells me he is a perfectly happy man; but I know better.

To me these years have been filled with *ennui* and loneliness inexpressible.

"Is it living?" I say to myself, "or is this a dreary foretaste of a drearier eternity where there will not be even sleep to interrupt the monotony of being?" It was so entirely different from the life I had expected. But then, why need I have expected more? Roger was a sensible, shrewd business man every one said, and a good man. Pleasant face, polished manners; has been all over the world, so that he is quite contented to stay at home; and is warmly attached to his home and to me, he says. In his home he finds all he wants, — complete rest.

His fashion of happiness is, alas! not mine. His fashion does not include the smallest sympathy or interest from his wife in business matters. His fashion is never to bring the counting-room to Woodville.

His fashion is also to keep Woodville and its cherished inmate free from the contamination of city gossip and bad scandal. He loves to feel that behind the hemlock hedge are purity, ease, and happiness. Gladly would I have tried, in those first months of our married life, to comprehend the intricacies of brokerage and percentage, that so our pursuits and interests might have been drawn a little nearer together. I used sometimes to inquire who had failed, especially in what Roger called commercial crises, and often asked Roger if it had been a good day with him, and if he had made good bargains? But I soon learned that a woman of business was my husband's aversion, almost as much so as one of learning. So I fell back on embroidery, reading, and finally on a good many other odd things.

Was Roger thoughtless of his wife's happiness? Probably not more so than ninety-nine out of a hundred husbands. He knew that I had, strictly speaking, no society at Woodville, but then he knew also that I had no taste for the somewhat mixed and uncultivated collection of people that inevitably settle about a railway station and in time make into a town. Besides that, the shyness of youth still clung to me, unaffected by the social attrition of city life; and of intimates I had literally none, having no interest in the kitchen department, nor liking much even the cat or dog. In winter I had the fire for company; in the summer walks by myself, unbotanical and ungeological.

There was all the world for me, to be sure, as well as for the water wagtail bold; what of that, so long as I did not lay hold on it? Roger "supposed women enjoyed pottering about their music and dresses, plants and things." So our two lives went on like parallels, without touching.

No wonder I became morbid, restless, and most uncomfortable. Many women, situated as I was, die by inches, and say they die gladly. People around them call it religious feeling, but that is a mistake, I know. They die for want of interest in any person or thing. In all the Inquisitorial torments, none so cunning has been ever devised as "the day before one, and no way to spend it." The moments come to be like those fatal drops of water that falling, one after another, make the tortured victim wish for death, to escape them.

Somebody said he was ready to die, being so weary of putting on his stockings and shoes every morning. I can easily believe it.

When such women die, — such "hot-house" women, as they might well be called, — their husbands only are sorry. To their husbands they have been something. What is it? Solace, — perhaps. Rest, home, somebody who will bathe the tired brows with camphor or cologne-water, that so they may the more readily go to sleep, and the more readily flee away in the morning.

If any one asks why with sufficient means a woman like this did not connect herself vitally with the world about her, with society, of which there is always enough and of good enough quality somewhere, I can only say, I did not know how to do it, and nobody told me. I had not so much animal spirits and bodily health as a redundancy of mental calibre and nervous susceptibility. Placed in a city, or even in a large country connection, inducements to activity and healthy social excitement would have oiled the wheels of life. Most people have the advantage of family ties, and keep their minds lively and interested with daily events, however trifling. But I had no brothers, sisters, or children. Anybody who has lived, even for one year, the sort of life I had for five, may see why I became as weary of it as Job was of his life, and that day and night my pillow was wet with my tears. Heartily I agreed with him, in the question, "Can that which is unsavory be eaten without salt? or is there any taste in the white of an egg?"

It may be thought that, in my luxurious home, I had certainly no right to complain. Yet did those rose-leaves underneath fret and exasperate me continually with their doubling and crumpling.

I had not even kitchen *émeutes* with which to vary my days, for Sarah Foster had lived always with Roger's mother, and now lived always with me. Barker took care of the garden and stable, and drove me when I wanted to go. But in five years one gets the drives all by heart. Once I had happened to say I was lonely, and Roger asked me, "Why not have a companion?"

Everybody knows that a companion is the very last thing to be suited in. I could have bitten my tongue for saying anything about it. I could not tell Roger, what most of all I felt, that he was no companion for me; that if I could only look forward during the day to a drive with him after tea, through the pleasant lanes, he choosing devious pathways and coming out on unexpected roads; nay, if he would only sometimes chat with me at evening, or bring home to my seclusion the sense of fresh life, of movement and bustle that filled his own days, and so break up the dreary tranquillity of Woodville, I should want no better company.

But this I could not say to the kind-hearted fellow, who would not understand me, and could not make himself over, even to please me.

I said I fell back on several odd things. Among them was the study of spiritualism, or spiritism as some people call it. I did not care for or half believe the stories circulated and printed as evidences of the supernatural communications laid claim to by the Spiritualists. But neither did the decisions of scientific observers weigh much with me. That element of faith, which science of course derides, was one which the workers in this new field frankly claimed as necessary to success; and they had a right to insist that the force or agency by which they wrought their wonders should not be weakened, or negatived, as they called it, by the personalities of the incredulous. It seemed to me fair that they should insist on the conditions most favorable to the success of their own experiments; that observers should be passive, at least, and not so anxious only to prove the experiments worthless.

In a large company it was difficult, if not impossible, to preserve the favorable mental conditions. I determined, therefore, to make my own experiments in solitude, with caution and candor. I thought I could keep my mind in a

state of passive expectancy, that some unknown force might act in a new way. That was faith enough, and not too much. Supposing a chair or table to go across the room with the lightest possible touch from my finger, I should be certain that it went by something besides a mechanical force. Supposing a pencil wrote down a hitherto unknown fact, or a voice distinctly to propound an entirely new proposition, or perhaps a prophecy, I should be quite certain that a force foreign to, and outside of, my own mind was acting there, however it might have been introduced.

I am sorry to say that neither chair nor table ever moved so much as half an inch. I think if there had been four hands instead of two, it would have stirred, with the influence of the "dominant idea," as the philosophers call it, and possibly, after once going, it might have formed a habit of moving itself, or we might have got one of moving it. But I did not dare to say a word to Roger about my experiments, lest he should forbid my touching tables at all. He had said once, that it was enough to drive a person crazy.

As tables would not move, I tried spirit-writing. I sat hours at a time (I had hours enough !) with paper and pencil before me, until my muscles began to twitch from the effect of a constrained position. Between making marks with a pencil all ready pointed to the paper, and making intelligent signs, the transition was so gradual as to be imperceptible. The passivity which I had determined on became, from the nature of mind, quite impossible. I could not stop thinking for more than a quarter of a minute, do my best. Ideas, disconnected and fragmentary, but still my own, shaped themselves from the mere force of habit, against my will, into sentences ; and my determination not to think at all, but to vacate the premises as it were, ready for any foreign occupant, ended in a collection of vagaries. I could not surrender a faculty, do what I would, and I could not stop the working of my own machine. What stopped my experiment at last was sheer fright. My arms became so affected by a habit, as I may call it, of nervous excitement, that I came to have little or no control over their muscles. I knew well enough that "a medium" would call me in a hopeful condition. But I intended to be fair and honest with myself, and to take nobody's opinion of my own sensations. This nervous derangement in my arms increased daily, though I never perceived it, except when sitting at the table, waiting for wonders ; but when, one day, I felt a corresponding spasmodic action in my feet, I began to see that it could have nothing to do with spirit-writing. A dreadful apprehension that I should keep on dancing forever, like Hans Andersen's naughty child with the red shoes, seized me, and, dropping pencil and paper like a hot coal, I pushed back my experiments finally into the corner. It was not a fair trial, but I felt myself too excitable to be a fair judge, and nobody could judge for me. Perhaps it was a morbid action of the auditory nerve which, during these prolonged sittings, called my name repeatedly and distinctly. I think it was. But it was something of this sort that made me believe in the possibility, under high nervous excitement, of hearing what are generally called inaudible sounds. There are well-authenticated instances of hearing at preternatural distances. This would not be anything more wonderful.

In this book about sounds (I don't know whose it was, — Tyndal's perhaps, — I forget the author), he says there are many sounds, inaudible to the human ear, which probably convey impressions from one animal to another ; and he cites the mysterious workings of bees in a hive, where the insects evidently act from knowledge conveyed through sounds, although they are entirely inaudible to the observer. The human ear, he thought, was susceptible to only a certain amount of vibrations. When the sound was above or below a given scale, it could not be dis-

tinguished. Examples were cited of sounds on the piano, more or less shrill, which could not be heard; and individuals also were said to differ materially in susceptibility to particular sounds.

Making all allowance, however, for delicate organizations, and for trained senses like those of the savage, who hears and defines sounds inaudible to a civilized ear, there seemed no doubt of the existence of humanly inaudible sounds.

Reading this book attentively by a good coal-fire in the library, with literally nothing to break the utter quietness of the time, and no realities to disturb the wildest fancies, I fell to considering the practicability, under favorable circumstances, of entering this forbidden world of knowledge. I always thought Eve showed herself much brighter than Adam in her search after knowledge, and could perfectly understand, as can any scholar in the district school, the want of charm about permitted branches.

It seemed probable enough that a world of actors and talkers might be in the spaces about us, imperceptible and inaudible to us only from the coarseness of our senses. We look at the bee-hive and ant-hill, and we behold method and purpose; therefore we believe in some directing sounds in that interesting multitude. But even if one could hear what the bees say, one would soon tire of it, for what can it all amount to but talk about housekeeping, work, and honey? Now, in the spaces immediately above and around us, perhaps even in this very room, there may be high, serene thoughts, even celestial articulations, if one had only ears fine enough to hear them. Probably if such a state of the senses could exist, it would be only under a morbid condition of the whole nervous system. Still, if such a condition could be superinduced at will, what a luxury it would be! That it is possible for it to exist there can be no doubt. Setting aside all the claims of spiritism, natural somnambulists say and do marvellous things, — as marvellous as hearing inaudible sounds. In that "other state" into which they enter they develop powers unknown in this; they sing, declaim, walk fearlessly in dangerous places, rise in the night and write sermons, or solve mathematical problems. Darkness and light are indifferent to them; they look unwinking at the blaze of a candle or see with shut lids. Such persons are in an abnormal state, we say; but observers cannot account for the possession of these faculties, unowned and unwished for in a natural state.

The more I thought about this matter, the more curious I became to peep into that undiscovered world which touched me at every point, yet was millions of miles away from my perceptions. It seemed possible that the senses might be so refined, so clarified, as easily to thrill to a higher scale of harmonies than had ever yet touched mortal ear. There was that harp of many strings, which anatomists say is in a cavity behind the tympanum, the number and perfectness of the strings determining probably the susceptibility and correctness of the musical ear. There is nearly as much difference between a highly trained sense of harmony in one person and the musical obtuseness of another as between hearing and deafness. Training may do much, of course not all. The dying often say they hear beautiful music. Those who stand about the bed hear nothing. It takes the half-transfigured sense to hear the celestial strain.

These considerations determined me to make the experiment of sharpening my senses through the methods of the ancient eremites; only as I did not want to see visions or dream dreams, but to see and hear the real sights and sounds about me, I preferred to refrain even from the "scrip with herbs and fruits supplied." I became impatient to enter on my negative action, to polish the mirror in which I longed to see the reflection, and to gaze with cleared eyes "into the heart of things."

It is surprising to see how difficult it

is to do anything out of the beaten track. Innumerable obstacles shoot up in your way. It would seem an easy enough thing to do, to leave off eating for forty-eight hours if one desired it; but in this slight divergence from ordinary habits I was at once met with difficulties. The first meal I left untouched called forth distressful expostulations from Roger, and threats of the doctor at once. Though I fell back on a headache, which needs neither dinner nor doctor, I could not very long make that excuse. It would do only for twelve hours. How to procure a refined organization on Sarah Foster's roast ducks and mince-pies it was not easy to see. The avoidance of her dainties, however, seemed even more difficult than their acceptance.

By the best fortune, a man came the very next evening and roused Roger from his nap to get him to go to New York for one and probably two days. Two days! In that wonderful space of time how much might be done! how much should be done! I could hardly look a little sorry to have Roger go, so very glad I was to have him gone for forty-eight hours.

Looking back, it seems many years ago that I made this experiment about sounds. I cannot be sorry, on the whole, though it was a strange, wild thing for me to do, under the circumstances. But it was only, yes, only six months ago, and now it is the very last of summer. I must go back to the time when I gave Roger the book to read about "inaudible sounds," and the February morning when Roger went away, and when I excused myself from taking an early breakfast with him, on the plea of that convenient and still lingering headache.

As soon as I heard the dying shriek of the railway whistle, I began with my preparations. I went to the wine-cellar, and brought therefrom two bottles of champagne. I met Sarah, who looked surprised, but made no remark. I could not explain to her that I did not intend a carouse in my husband's absence, for in fact I did intend and expect to drink every drop of it. In the first place, it was a diet fit for angels, if one must have food; and next, I remembered to have heard lately of several cases in which physicians had kept their patients alive on it for days, when they were incapable of receiving any other sustenance. For every reason it seemed the fittest support for my prospective condition. I felt it but too probable that the entire absence of ducks and mince-pie might end in my being more faint in sensation than vivid in perception. The first thing, however, was to obscure Sarah's sharp-sightedness; and here I confess to entire unscrupulousness. But moralists differ about the degrees of deception in which we are warranted to indulge. Some say we have a right to make a false reply to an impertinent question. I have no excuse to make for myself, unless it may be the necessity of the case. She was very affectionate, very worrying, and very curious.

Now there came down a good, long, soft, steady snow-storm. Not that this curtain was needed to protect me from intrusion, for I had neither neighbors nor friends. I began already to feel weak and tremulous, for I had only trifled with my tea the night before, had not breakfasted, and now it was three o'clock. Sarah brought me in two slices of cold mutton, as I had desired her to do, and the same of dry toast. As soon as she went out I opened the window and threw the mutton out as far as possible. It went in a curve, for I never could throw straight, and lodged by the garden pump. "Never mind," I thought, "the snow will soon cover it."

Then I began to meditate again, and to feel very weak, and, if the truth must be told, rather hungry.

That tiresome Sarah again, for the tray. "I do wish you 'd let me make you some herb tea!"

"Nonsense, Sarah! I shall be well to-morrow."

"But you look so pale!"

"Sarah, if you will keep Barker from slamming the doors, I shall do."

Then she went out, and I began again on existences and agencies; not thinking connectedly, but only in a rambling way, how delightful life might come to be, if I could hear at will all the sounds of nature and interpret them intelligently. Then I should have the singing stars in earnest, and the talking brooks, and the laughing water! Then I should hear what the poplar whispers among the highest branches, and what the south-wind means when it whistles so sadly.

Sarah again, and this time with a clouded brow. "Was n't that are mutton good, ma'am?"

"Excellent, Sarah; uncommonly tender and nice."

"Why could n't you eat it then?"

"Eat it? why, what can you mean? I ate it, every morsel, and very good it was."

As my intention was to deceive Sarah and not myself, I did not see why I should utter a verbal truth to express a spiritual lie, which many people are very conscientious about doing. But I proved too much, for Sarah said, as if she thought I had taken leave of my senses: "Wal, ma'am, Cæsar 's come into the house, now, with them are two slices of mutton I cut off for you with my own hands! I could swear to the jag on one of 'em, if I was to be called up. I declare, I believe we 're all bewitched!"

"I guess you are, Sarah," said I, carelessly; "now just see that the house is quiet, and I will try to get some sleep for my headache."

"Do, pray! you look as white as a sheet, and your eyes as big as saucers."

At last she went slowly away, looking back repeatedly, till I was half frantic with vexation. I arranged a plan by which I could dispose of my next day's viands without suspicion, by the aid of the china-closet sink and a large tin luncheon-box; and, very faint and weary, I went to my bed and a disturbed sleep.

The next day I carried my plans into execution, and, affecting to be nearly recovered, desired that I might not be interrupted in my writing, which "was a vital matter to have finished," I told Sarah. Very unnecessarily stated, also, for I forgot to put writing-materials in juxtaposition, so that when she brought my dinner into the library, as I directed, no appearance of writing was to be seen. Only myself, lying on the sofa.

"You hain't wrote, after all; you must be sick."

"Not sick, only stupid. You can come in in a few minutes." Then she went out, and I stored away the things in the luncheon-box as before.

Sitting by the fire and looking into it, I had the following dream, as I suppose. In thinking of it, I cannot realize that it was one.

I dreamed that I was sitting before the fire in the library chair, just as I really was. This library is just what one should be, not too large, and with a bay-window, over which falls a dark crimson curtain. A table and three easy-chairs, with Roger's couch, complete the furniture, with the exception of some good engravings on the walls, and a cast of the Venus of Milo in the west corner. I loved to look at this beautiful statue, which had a mirror behind it, and I was never tired of its variety of noble expression. In my dream I rose from my chair to look at its reflection in the glass. After admiring as usual the lovely turn of the neck, I raised my eyes, and above it saw, not my own features, but those of a stranger; not two faces, but only one; and that one of a dark-complexioned girl, with black, floating hair and the eyes of an Indian savage. These eyes glittered with a metallic lustre and with unspeakable hatred. Heavens! can I be transformed? and into this awful-looking girl? My own eyes and hair are light brown, but where, then, are they? This stranger must have intruded herself into the room, and got between me and my own reflection somehow. Surprised and offended, I turned around to rebuke her, supposing it might be one of the gypsy gang which I knew had settled near the station; but on looking behind me

I saw nothing whatever. In the mirror the figure still stood, fronting me defiantly and with disdainful curves of the red mouth. All at once the unnaturalness, the horror of it, struck me. Instead of being paralyzed by this horror, I felt that I had a power within me of dismissing the figure. It must, I was sure, be a mere vagary of the brain, induced by my long fast. It depended on myself, of course, whether it should stay or not. Thus reasoning, I turned to the mirror and signified by a gesture my wish that the hateful shadow should depart. It did not move, but seemed very, very near me, and I saw, what I had not before perceived, that there was a frightful deformity on one cheek.

Now it occurred to me for the first time that there might be ugly sights, as well as sounds, of which the healthy mortal senses take no cognizance, and from which their obtuseness is a merciful protection. Possibly something in the quicksilver at the back of the glass might give apparent body to the form there, while on the air of the room there would be no impression. I made repeated attempts to reconcile this discrepancy, as I glanced sharply about the room, taking in the fire, the furniture, the pictures, and every object, which, looking as usual, showed that this figure was probably only an hallucination. Whether it was that, or a phantasm whose existence could be known only in a morbid condition of the eyes, it was of no use to reason any longer about it, but to dismiss it with a resolute firmness that should admit no evasion or trifling. It would be well to signify also that the dismissal was final and permanent.

As I turned towards the mirror the Indian met my look with a sneer so familiar and derisive, that it was clear she had read my thoughts and despised my plans. I determined to banish her with one word. But, alas! this one word I could not utter, nor could I move any more than if I had been dead. Then I saw, in its full horror, into what an unknown realm of existences I had entered, only to become the powerless sport of its detestable occupants. Then I saw why the air is a merciful veil over these loathsome objects, as the blue and silver of the sea curtains the formless monsters below. Terrified by my subjection, and possibly induced by the bestial contortions of the Indian face, I howled at it as my dog Cæsar would have done. It was the only power of utterance or movement left to me, and the figure sprang at me with a responsive howl a thousand times more terrible than my own. Then came a struggle for life and breath. It might have been moments, though it seemed hours, before my good Sarah Foster got me well shaken up into life and reality. She had been "so worried," she said. She had come softly to the door to see if I was really asleep. O, what would she have thought to see that terrible, that hideous phantom?

As soon as I could get rid of my kind tormentor, I walked straight to the mirror and looked coolly and derisively into it. There was myself, only myself. A great comfort it was. Recovered from my tremor, I drank my first glass of wine, which soothed and sustained me. What a spiritual sort of diet champagne was! I began to wonder in what form the invisible and inaudible world could manifest itself, and whether the perception would remain after being once acquired. It seemed very doubtful. I might live on fruits and vegetables, perhaps, for weeks, and perhaps Roger would n't notice. I think I expected to obtain a sort of key or *open sesame* to the new realm, by which I could visit it occasionally.

My dream troubled me somewhat, as the night shadows thickened, and made me less hopeful. It seemed a warning vision sent to check my wanderings. I said to myself: "Perhaps God does not choose us to see the evil, which yet for reasons of his own he permits. He has certainly provided us with protective antipathies against some, and hidden from our sight much more.

How could we rejoice in the warm sunshine and tropical fragrance of the earth, if we were continually cognizant of the millions of serpents and scorpions that bask also in its pleasant heat? Better to be content with the sights that mortal eyes take in, and the quiet of daily life, than to ask for a resounding roar from oceans of insects and animals that will only bewilder and fatigue."

That sounded sensible, but was by no means convincing. Roger would be back by to-morrow morning, and then adieu to opportunity. I had fasted forty-eight hours, and felt myself clear-headed and capable, if only the revelation would come. Ringing for that inconvenient Sarah, I told her I would not have supper, that the headache still continued, and that abstinence and repose would be the best cure. Sarah shook her unbelieving head, but was only eloquently silent; while I meditated on the curious way in which people are inevitably related and entangled, so that independent action was almost impossible. All the falsehoods I had spoken and acted had been useless, for Sarah evidently suspected me of deception, if not a softening of the brain. What we call firmness sustained me, however, and I went to bed from mere inability to sit up.

After my mock breakfast I went back to the library, where I somehow felt certain that a revelation would take place in the course of the day. There I could command seclusion and perfect quiet. It had been a very painful night to me. Though no supernatural revealings had come, nor horrible visions, yet I heard with painful distinctness the common sounds about the house, and the shutting of the barn door forty rods away. But, in fact, Sarah, in her great desire to keep the house quiet, left me nothing to complain of. Only the roaring of the wind in the chimney, and the starting of the nails, which every now and then sounded like pistol-shots, kept me alert and wakeful. I swallowed eagerly the champagne, which I was glad I had allowed myself, and wondered why it was that Sarah's viands were no longer tempting to me. Starving people, it is said, are tormented with visions of long tables groaning under every sort of luxury. I had only an eager thirst, without the smallest appetite for food; and this thirst I was resolved to appease only at regular intervals. Let the brain have its vividest action, its keenest perception; no clouding nor bewildering by any accident.

The storm had passed on, leaving three feet of snow. The earth, as far as I could see, seemed asleep under a white blanket; only the hiding hemlock hedge had a dark bar of green at its foot. Every twig on the pine-trees was covered with rime and sparkled in the sun like fairy jewelry. The bay-window was half covered with thick frost.

I sat down close by it, looking curiously at the building that was formed on the pane next to me. It appeared very much like that engraving of the Cologne Cathedral over the mantelpiece; the pinnacles pointed and fretted like that, and the sparkle of the sun tinting them with rainbow beauty. Was there any possibility of forms being reproduced in that way by the reflection of light from the originals? The window seemed to act like a mirror. Presently it all faded, and I was glad to go back to the fire. The chair in which I sat was embroidered by my own hands; so was the *brioche;* so was the cricket; so was Roger's couch. Birds, beasts, flowers, and fishes, what a menagerie of needlework! how many hours of weariness had I filled with this barefaced deception called industry! Roger called me ingenious and "so industrious." They all looked at me, — these animals, — with the queer eyes I had created for them, and seemed to say they wished themselves under a plain green covering, just as I had so often wished in my weariness and despair for myself.

On the window-pane there were new scenes now. Why should that be? I questioned, since the air of the room

is not changed; with the same temperature, it is strange that the landscapes seem coming and going like dissolving views, unless — unless — they are in some way the reflection and imprint of shapes existent though unseen in the atmosphere immediately connected with them. There was a curious convertibility of sight and sound in the room. The forms on the pane faded and filled again, with a sort of pulsating light, like the auroral light; but these pulsations, as I watched them, corresponded accurately with the beats of the clock, and, likewise strangely enough, with the steady throbs of my own heart. I continued to look steadily at these pictures, and to speculate on their causes and changes, until I was quite certain that the basis of this crystallized reflection must be either in the room or else just outside. If in the room, it must be reflections from the projected fancies of unseen beings.

Now it was a forest; now a stream, fringed by sorrowful alders; oftenest a shadow of stately architecture, like those pinnacles of beauty and supernal aspiration on the wall. I tried to detect the mysterious law of form which lay under all this shifting; remembering, meanwhile, how the stalactites in that cave in Virginia extended their crystals into floral shapes and even into folds of drapery; remembering the "curtain-room," where the rich festoonings of marble are caught up and fastened with stone lilies, so wondrously like the sculptor's work that one would say, Nature had reversed her own order and copied art, instead of being its original.

Presently I discerned the law, or thought I did. The vaporous particles, in congealing, crystallized in hexagons, though of such infinite variety of size that they showed to the eye something like the finish of fine Roman mosaic; while, by the continuous pressure of the surfaces, the sharp angles were softened into curves. If one looked carefully, it was easy to discern the six-petalled flower in the wreath, or the six-sided pillar in the temple. Under all the figures, constantly changing as they were, there seemed always the genius of beauty and luxurious abandonment. They melted off, reformed, clustered in a thousand graceful shapes, or indicated in silver lines the distant landscape. These were not reflections from my mind, certainly.

The short winter day wore on without incident of any sort. I wrought out my daily work of trying to delude Sarah Foster, and afterwards watched constantly the creations on the window. How long they lasted I don't know, nor whether the twilight began to fade into evening. The hues and shifting lines were clearly visible under the fire-glow, but I was quite certain that I need not be indebted to daylight nor any light for the revelations on the window-pane. If they were to come, they would come.

When the voice called "Samuel!" in the Hebrew story, he answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!" This was in my mind, while I sat quietly looking and waiting for what might be revealed. Nothing I could do would hasten it, but I knew that my vision had already become so sharpened, that I should be able to see its character.

I swallowed the last glass of my two bottles of champagne; not too much sustenance for over seventy hours.

It looks like nothing I ever saw, — waterfalls over alpine peaks; forests which stretch away for miles beyond the silvery pillars in the front: altogether a study of perhaps a particular character of scenery, but such as might be in fairyland or dreamland. It wants the real, live look of even a copy from a real landscape. But what a waste of creative power! All this tracery, so wondrously fine, so elaborately finished, so graceful, so fantastic, — if I heap a little coal on the fire all this fairy beauty is transmuted or lost. Is it real at all?

What infinitude of energy there must be in the Creator, when the silent night works all these transcendent results! As I thought this with a swelling heart (for the contemplation of nature always

makes one devout, I think), a strange thing happened to me, — something I did not expect, and was not at all thinking of. I have said that Roger and I were childless; but this was a subject on which we never spoke to each other. I knew by something I had once heard him say, how strongly he desired children, but he never intimated so much to me, nor would allow that we were not perfectly happy as we were. I have said before, how far from happy I was. Fathers and mothers, who perhaps forget to be grateful for their blessings, even because of their profusion, cannot guess at the long drought of natural sympathies, the parching thirst with which the childless look on family groups.

This is what came to me. The view on the pane, — for the picture was confined to one pane, and the mullion gave it quite the effect of a frame, — this view, which was a forest, a garden of flowers, or a pillared sanctuary, as the lines melted and formed anew, became suddenly alive with a thousand children. These shapes bounded, sported, swam, dived, flew, climbed, more like birds than anything, only they were not winged nor angelic, but only lovable, lovely children. Their forms were quite transparent; for as one of them came near the front, to the foot-lights, as it were, I distinctly traced the outlines of others through his figure. All of them seemed quite independent of gravity, bounding and shooting in all directions, without effort and with ineffable grace. The boy in front seemed to be drawn unwillingly toward me, and I felt sure that a power went from my eager eyes which he could not resist, for he advanced slowly, like a magnetized person, until his plump little feet rested on the line next the window-sash. His blue eyes looked full into mine, and his rose-bud mouth dimpled out these words distinctly, but, oddly enough, like the rhythmic beats of the clock on the mantel-piece.

"We are souls!" he said, in a pure, metallic tone, the quality of which I recall more vividly than even his words. "Do not think we shall be lost or melted away when the frost-work that makes us visible to you is gone. We are wills, created by the Supreme Will, which orders and governs all. Whenever that Will shall connect us with your human vital forces, we shall begin our earth life and take on ourselves loves, cares, and sorrows. Till then we live in all natural forces, and revel in every form of elemental beauty. Though we are not yet born into your world, you may see us and such as we are in every childish face you meet, though in filthy gutters, though in slimy pools —"

The clock rung out the hour, the baby eyes ceased to look at me, the form faded off among others and floated into distant cloud-shapes. I looked vainly for it to come back, and turned, weeping, to the room of silence and vacuity.

I had listened to the inaudible sounds at last; and this was what they told me, filling me with tenfold sadness. But one thing I was sure of, — I breathed a purer ether than that of earth; I had discoursed with pure intelligences. My rarefied, clarified senses at last had illuminated the invisible. All the mystery of life will be revealed to me at last! plant-life, star-life, and the air-world about us, all will henceforth be intelligently related to me! all the silences will be filled with melody, every grass-blade have a meaning beyond form and color, every leaf whisper its true-love stories, and all existences above, around, or below me give me a keen delight in their contemplation. Time passed rapidly, until, confused with the infinitude of my coming enjoyments, I felt their multitudinous pressure, like the rushing sound of the night-winds. It was dreadfully full, after all, this space, where the whole of life was crowded so! where past, present, and future would be always sparkling, clambering, floating, like those wondrous forms just now! It was only confusing to think about it; and closing the shutter, I sat once more before the window-pane, which now stood dark

and unrevealing. I hushed every sense of the outward, gazing hungrily and vainly for the blue-eyed baby that had stood there so lately and talked to me. Then it grew darker and darker, and I knew something more was forming for me.

Some rafters crossed over the top of the pane. The perspective, at first dim, was soon clearly apparent, and I found myself looking into a long attic room lighted at the remote end by a small skylight. A young girl under the light sat on a soap-box and leaned against a scantily covered cot-bed, with a slate in her lap, on which she was casting up sums. She looked inexpressibly weary, and every minute pressed her forehead as if her head ached. Another box was in the room, holding a few garments and books. On a nail by the window hung a bonnet and veil, and the girl herself wrapped a woollen plaid shawl about her closely, and shivered, as I could see, even at that distance.

I remembered the face at once. She was the daughter of a townswoman of mine, Mildred Fay, who at sixteen had married Richard Ream, on a three days' acquaintance, because he was a handsome fellow, who professed to love her distractedly. She had an idea that no man can be known much before marriage. A long acquaintance served no purpose, she said. Men would always conceal their faults before marriage. She would take her chance. Three sorrowful years brought her to her life's end. She was very glad to go from her worthless and regardless husband, and to leave little Marion to the care of her aunt. I had heard about this, and that the aunt had died, leaving all her property to Marion Ream. The all could not be much, judging by what I saw now. She was trying to keep a school; but she had only two scholars. I don't know how I knew this; I must have heard it somewhere. She looked very cold, though she had two red spots on her cheeks, as handsome Mildred Fay had. Her pocket-book of shabby leather lay on the floor; so did an old leather card-case.

I remembered my early companion and schoolmate, and saw her living likeness in the plain, poor girl before me. In fact, I had once or twice met her somewhere, and once asked her to call on me. When she did come she had that identical old card-case in her hand. She was very proud looking, very sensitive, perhaps; and when I asked her what her plans were for the future, answered me coldly that she was teaching school. When she went away I asked her to repeat her visit, but she said, with great curtness, that she had no time for visiting; and that was really the last I had seen of her. That was six weeks ago.

A bright shaft of light showed the bareness and utter desolation within the attic. The girl looked up from her figures on the slate, as if she saw me gazing at her. As if she saw me, she fixed those angry, hollow eyes on mine, and through the moving lips I heard her say distinctly: "You selfish, self-indulgent, hard-hearted woman! I hope you may live to know not how or where you are to get the next crust like this!"

Then she turned her back to me, and I heard her white teeth crunching at the hard bread in her lap. I remembered, then, that Mildred had always hoped that in her prosperous old schoolmate and friend her orphaned daughter might find protection and sympathy. I wondered how I had forgotten it. The old aunt had written it to me once, and in my answer I had enclosed a ten-dollar bill. After that I had heard nothing more, until she came to see me.

While I recalled these facts, with a little shudder at the maledictory character of the girl's face, the face itself was gone, and the soap-box. The rafters melted into a roof and the front of a block of four-story houses. The house nearest me had evidently been once quite a palatial residence, for the flight of granite steps was surmounted by two great granite lions, and the street itself was broad and lined with

fine old trees. I perceived that I was looking at a house in a once fashionable quarter of the city, but now occupied only by a foreign and poor population. The windows of all the houses were so closely filled with heads, there was such a swarming multitude of every age, that it did not surprise me to hear mingled murmurs of vulgar quarrelling and profanity. Every room was as crowded as a bee-hive. In the cellar of the first house was a sick family. The father had been lying in the corner on straw and rags for the last two weeks, and the children, who were more or less ailing, fretted and teased the draggled and exhausted mother. The air here was stifling and the odors unspeakable. That strange hallucination which we all have at times, that the scene before us is not new, but has been experienced before, came over me now, as I looked at this suffering group. Before I spoke to the woman, I knew what her answer would be. I said: "Why don't you open a window, and let in a breath of fresh air? Such an atmosphere as this is enough, of itself, to keep you sick."

"O, an' indade, mem! it 'll do for them that can buy coals and them fifteen dollars a ton, to open their windys, mem! Sure, it 's hard enough to kape warm wid the ould stove here, let alone openin' dures and windys!"

"There is sense in that," said I to myself.

"If any leedy now would give us some coal," muttered the woman, as she caught up one child after another, trying to hush their wailings, "if they 'd send us some coal instead of exparien-cin' about the air, it would be a blessin', God save us!"

It began to rain, and the sleet sounded sharp on the window-pane, — my window-pane, I mean. Through it I could see the woman diligently stuffing the holes and cracks about the windows and broken floor, with aprons and rags. There were many cracks, and, I should say, many clothes also. Improvidence, untidiness, and wretchedness every way. What use was it to help such people to-day, when to-morrow would find them just as helpless, shiftless, and uncomfortable?

A woman crossed the street at this moment, and in looking at her I lost sight of the family in the cellar. For these scenes were like the motes in one's eye, — you cannot fix them, only follow them; and here it was necessary for me to follow closely, or how could I see? So many varieties of human experience crowded before me, that I was obliged to select and confine the vision somewhat. It was discouragingly indefinite too, for how could I know whether what I saw was the past or the present; whether, indeed, it might not be something in the future, where the curtain of fate is drawn up a little way, for our instruction or our faith; or whether it were a clairvoyance on my part, which might hereafter possess me, even against my will, like Zschokke's extra faculty or insight? He saw the past lives of people in their faces, disagreeable and painful to both parties as it might be. He could not get rid of his clairvoyance.

The woman I saw was an active-stepping little person, with brown hair and cordial gray eyes, with pleasant features, and what would be called a patient and persistent rather than an energetic expression in them. As I looked, I felt a dim recognition of the face. Where could I have seen her? I struggled vainly to recall where.

Dressed in a waterproof suit, with stout boots, a felt bonnet, and holding a large umbrella, she walked steadily and quickly up the street. At a house three or four doors beyond the one I had been looking at she stopped, let herself in with a latch-key, and went up stairs.

With an effort of my will, like pulling the slide on a stereoscope to bring the picture closer to the eye, I was able to discern, even through the walls of this large house, the slight figure passing from room to room, without knocking, and seeming to be quite at home; stopping now here, now there; talking with first one, then another; and always keenly observing everything about her;

finally, going out of the house with eight children from six to twelve years old, all tidily dressed with cloaks and hoods, and each with a basket on her arm.

As they slid away out of sight, I had a clearer view of the interior of the house, which I could not get before, being, perhaps, somewhat confused with too numerous impressions. The house looked fully inhabited, but was quiet and in good order; the floors were clean, and on some of the walls were gayly-colored pictures, mostly of a religious sort. The whole house, of four stories, contained eight families. No one lived in the cellar, which had eight partitions for fuel and stores, each room locked and numbered for the family to which it belonged. In the first house I looked at, I counted seventy-two persons. This house had forty in it, including sixteen babies.

I marvelled much what the little woman had to do with it all. Listening attentively, I heard several women grumbling about the strict way in which they were kept to their agreements of cleanliness, order, and quiet; and also at the unavoidable punctuality with which they were held to their rent-payments. They agreed she was a good landlady, and wonderful about drainage and air, but thought her very sharp very particular, — indeed, decidedly over-particular. They would prefer throwing slops out of window. They wished she would n't concern herself so immediately with their daily affairs, or at least would let them know what days she was coming. They wished she would n't insist on the children's going to school, and a dozen things more they objected to, being in all equally stupid and ungrateful.

While I was thinking how little sense poor people have, and that, in this woman's place, I should no longer trouble myself for such a thankless, unreasonable set, the house filed off to the left, and I saw the little figure, followed by the eight children, enter a handsome house facing the Common. The rain had stopped some time before.

The sight of a large, cheerful-looking breakfast-room, with a bright wood-fire and Turkey carpet, had, I confess, a most soothing effect on my nerves. I was aware of a sort of pleasant savor, in place of the noisome atmosphere with which I had lately been familiar. I do think I have a natural distaste for the wretchedness, filth, and squalor that always seem to come in the train of poverty. To odors, particularly, I have always been extremely sensitive, and the unrefined, coarse, unpicturesque aspect of poverty in our own country had always something so repulsive and distasteful to me, that I was quite certain my mission was never among poor people here. Perhaps it is different in foreign countries. In fact, I could not endure to go near our poor. We shall be on an equality in heaven, they say; but there the poor will be out of their bodies, which will make a difference.

The little woman led the children up the broad staircase, and past a niche where the bronze statue of Achilles held a gas-burner. She stopped to tell them about Achilles, which I thought quite unnecessary, and afterward explained the method of bronze-casting, which was tiresome, as I had lately read about it. Then she took them through a wide upper passage to a back sitting-room, where the sun shone in at the windows. A work-table and cutting-board, a book-case and writing-desk, with slates and pencils, and several chairs, were the only furniture. It seemed devoted to these children, who took off their wrappings and presently removed from their covered baskets each one a garment, on which they diligently sewed. Leaving the children at their silent employment, I looked after the little woman, who had gone into the front chamber, and was making rather an elaborate toilet. Her street-wear was put away, and after she had taken a bath, and reappeared with fresh, costly raiment on, I should not have known her as the same person who passed swiftly up South Street, under the wet umbrella.

Having inspected the children's work, she read aloud while they sewed; looking sharply after them, and not allowing them to dawdle or stop work for a moment. They were taught what I should call double tasks from the first, and it seemed cruel to me, who always take off my thimble when I begin to speak. I noticed she read memoirs and stories of real people to them, and not fairy-tales, by which I concluded she was not an imaginative person. When they had sewed an hour, she set them to cutting out garments of the simplest fashion after paper patterns, showing them how to make the most out of the materials, and offering them certain inducements for skill in shaping and contriving. I observed that these children were clean, and that even their teeth and nails were carefully attended to.

"Any one point of personal niceness, or any new quickness to the sense of beauty, elevates their standard of taste, and tends to civilize them, you know," she said, turning towards me with a confidential nod. She seemed to count on my sympathy, and to feel that I could perceive the good sense at the basis of what she was doing. But when they had finished their sums in addition and subtraction, she set them to drawing on their slates, from a picture over the fireplace.

"This is really absurd," I thought; "what possible advantage can it be to a parcel of wild Irish children to cultivate a taste for art?"

"It all helps," said the woman, with a pleasant smile; "they will learn to write more easily, if nothing else, and besides, they enjoy it. It is only for the children I have much hope. Their parents will not change their old habits essentially, I am afraid."

When these children left the room, they walked out backwards, as if from the Queen's presence, saying, "Good morning!" and altogether behaving as nicely as Beacon Street children. Left alone, the woman went into the parlor, where she practised Bach's music; and then read a volume of Spanish ballads diligently, until company interrupted her. I was convinced that she did not resemble either Mrs. Pardiggle or Mrs. Jellyby in the smallest degree. I afterwards discovered that this rich, childless woman carried out a great scheme of benevolent activity in the simplest way, by her personal interest and superintendence; that she really lived out what other people only thought out, and without sacrificing a single domestic duty or household grace. She had hired this large house in South Street as an experiment; underletting it to a limited number of families, under stringent conditions of order and neatness, and giving them pecuniary inducements to the observance of her rules. She hoped and expected that, once put well in train, these families might be seed-grain for many more. The children in that house she called her own in an affectionate way, and really seemed to be interested in them as a near relation rather than a mere benefactress. I remember seeing them one evening at the theatre, all the eight together in a box with her. It seemed to me a dreadfully unwise proceeding, but perhaps it was not. This woman's husband was in active business, as active as my Roger, but it seemed his heart safely trusted in her, for he gave her *carte-blanche* for her charities, and sympathized heartily in her ideas.

I wondered whether Roger would feel so too; and just then a man's voice in the next room said distinctly, "Yes, I would!"

What was very odd, I recognized the voice at once. It was Roger's, in a loud, hearty tone, as if he would like nothing better.

While I gazed on the surface of the darkened window, I felt the room suddenly fill with gigantic pinions which flapped their shadows to and fro, so as wellnigh to suffocate me. Then they gathered closely above, around, and under me, and I floated off into insensibility.

The first real, live, healthy sound was Roger's own joyous voice at my opening my eyes. He had just entered the

house, and found me lying dead on the sofa. The open window, the fresh life of a February sun, the rush of cold, healthy air, rejoiced me. So did the sight of Roger, who had been chafing my hands and holding ammonia to my nose, with such vehemence that I was glad to come to life to escape being killed. He was pouring wine into a glass, in answer to Sarah Foster's asseveration that I "had n't eat enough to keep a fly alive since he went away, and she hoped he would n't go again!" (Had she put it on the ground of sentiment?)

All I could say, and that in a very weak voice, was, "Milk porridge!"

It is astonishing now to think what a vast amount of common sense entered my system with that sustenance!

"What a good comfortable world it is!" I said, after Roger had told me about his journey, and of the heavy snow-storm that had delayed the trains, and of his horror at finding me lying senseless in the library; and had finally gone away to Boston.

I remembered that my last thought among the rush of shadowy pinions which bore me off into darkness had been a prayer for life, and a new life. Was this world, in which so much stood waiting on one side to be done, and on the other side, the rich whom God had given means and opportunity to help, to be no better for my being in it? Was not the gulf to be bridged over by such as were unfettered by domestic cares and responsibilities? How plainly one's duty seemed pointed out! Why had I never read it, not even one word before?

Life had come back to me, and I would try. True, I expected to make miserable work of it. I always had; never gave to the right person, and always did the wrong and injudicious thing. So I had long ago stopped doing. But there were people enough who would n't do the wrong thing; judicious, experienced, discriminating, — everything that I was not. They should have my money, my interest, and my own sympathy.

Thinking of this, and pacing to and fro with the window still open and the sun shining in, for it was yet only midday, and wrapped in my warm shawl, I heard sleigh-bells ring in the distance.

"And so, because I am tired of driving, forsooth! I have forgotten about the many people who can never drive at all, who would be so glad to go! Let me do something, before I die, for some one besides myself," said I, contemptuously, to that other most contracted, most despicable self, whom I felt the stronger for abusing.

"Tell Barker to bring the horse and sleigh round; and just bring me one more bowl of your delicious, *delicious* milk-porridge!" said I to the gratified Sarah.

I drove to the house where Marion Ream kept her little school, taking with me (remembering the cold attic) a wool-wadded cloak and hood, and insisting that she should put it on and drive with me. Afterwards, she was with me very often, sometimes for weeks; she taught me much, and I hope I did her some good in return. I have not yet accomplished any great matter in the world, but I find life very full of work to do, and the days only too short. Little children have been better off for me, I hope; and their angels no longer accuse me before the Father. In the last six months I have not had a dreary moment, nor been tempted, even once, to starve myself by way of occupation.

C. A. H.

FECHTER AS HAMLET.

TEN months have passed since Charles Albert Fechter, unheralded save by a few words of praise from the pen of that best of dramatic critics, Charles Dickens, made his *début* before an American audience. Eight vivid human creations have stood before us on the stage, and the first blush of enthusiasm has had time to pale in the presence of the broad daylight of sober second thought. But what if enthusiasm be still aglow, and the verdict of the first night remain the verdict of the last, more strongly put, more strongly felt, because of this same test of time? And time declares that not Ruy Blas, nor Claude Melnotte, nor Henri de Lagardère, nor Don Cæsar, nor Frédéric de Marsan, nor Monte Cristo, give proper scope to Fechter's ability. You see him in sections, not as a well-rounded whole. Of all his *répertoire* thus far given in this country Hamlet is the only character that has fully called out Fechter's resources; and whether or not his conception be acknowledged as Shakespeare's, you are strangely moved. Who, however, is presumptuous enough to proclaim *Shakespeare's* conception of Hamlet? From Voltaire, who declared Hamlet to be the work of a drunken savage, to Goethe, who would have made innumerable changes in the plot, from Coleridge to our own brilliant Lowell, "there has been much throwing about of brains." That Shakespeare has not "revisited the glimpses of the moon" to tell us what he does mean is strong evidence against the theory of modern spiritualism. Never have written words, the Bible excepted, inspired a like amount of controversy; and as Catholic and Protestant, Episcopalian and "Radical," Presbyterian and Unitarian, find their creeds in the Testaments, so do critics find authority for their various dogmas concerning Hamlet. While no two entirely sympathize, shall the right of private judgment be abolished? and because a great actor disagrees with certain great writers, shall he be crucified and told that his is not *Shakespeare's* Hamlet? It is an easy criticism to make, Shakespeare being "safely stowed" and no contradiction possible. It is so cheap as to fall first from the lips of those who have never given Hamlet a thought, and are therefore quite prepared to pass judgment.

"It is n't Shakespeare's Hamlet," exclaimed an illiterate man, who sat behind me at the theatre one night. "It is n't right, you know. He does n't give you the proper accents. It 's a foreigner's interpretation."

"Well, but — Hamlet 's a foreigner, is n't he?" asked a timid little woman, in a timid little voice.

"Yes," responded the critic, with a somewhat troubled expression of face, "he 's a foreigner, he 's a foreigner, but," and then exultation broke through the trouble, — "but *you see it 's an English play!*"

Argument ceased. Everybody was carried away by the illiterate man's superior intelligence. Nevertheless, the timid little woman *did* murmur that it was very interesting and there must be something in it, as heretofore she had always gone to sleep over Hamlet.

According to Mr. Richard Grant White, Hamlet is twenty years old at the beginning of the play, and ten years older at its close. If this computation be correct, Hamlet is indeed guilty of most wretched vacillation; but does not proof run full tilt against Mr. White's theory? In the graveyard scene, as everybody knows, we learn that Hamlet is thirty years of age, and after carefully scanning the play, we see that its entire action cannot cover more than ten days. In the first act Laertes leaves for France, and Hamlet decides

to "put an antic disposition on." The second act opens with Polonius sending Reynaldo to keep watch over Laertes, after which comes Ophelia's description of Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbraced; this being the first symptom of Hamlet's madness, not more than a day is likely to have elapsed between the conception and execution of his plan. Concluding with the arrival of the players and Hamlet's arrangement for the performance of "The Murder of Gonzago," which he distinctly declares shall take place the following night, — "We 'll have 't to-morrow night," — there can be no questioning as to the date of the third act. And the fourth is like unto it. Hamlet kills Polonius in the third act. The fourth act opens with the Queen's narration of the bloody deed,

"Ah, my good lord, what have I seen *to-night?*"

by which it is clear that the fourth act begins in point of time as quickly as the third act closes, that is, on the night of the third day. In the third scene Hamlet is brought in guarded, and replies to Claudius that "you shall nose him (Polonius) as you go up the stairs into the lobby." The time still remains the same, as proved by the King's immediately despatching Hamlet to England: "I 'll have him hence *to-night.*" In scene fourth Hamlet appears upon a plain in Denmark, not yet having sailed. It may still be the night of the third day, although the meeting with Fortinbras and his forces would rather indicate daylight. If so, the fourth day has set in. Between this scene and scene sixth four days must elapse, as it is then that Horatio receives Hamlet's letter in which he says: "Ere *we were two days old at sea*, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. . . . . These good fellows will bring thee where I am." Two days out and two days returning to Denmark make four, and adding the previous four days, we have eight in all. The next and last scene follows speedily, therein Hamlet's letter to the King being delivered.

Well, but how is it with Laertes, who reappears in scene fifth, proclaiming revenge for the death of his father? How can he return from France in four days, especially if he be in Paris, where Polonius has sent Reynaldo to seek him? Not leaving until the first act, it is utterly impossible for Laertes to have made very great progress in his journey, and travelling leisurely, as would be likely, he is overtaken and brought back. Yes, but he *sets sail* for France, and is it probable that, having such a start, he can be overtaken? Of course he sets sail, Elsinore being on an island; but the route to Paris is far more direct by land than by sea, and the time indicates that Laertes must have taken to horse on the mainland, a mode of travelling in which he could be easily reached by forced posting. Drowned at the close of the fourth, Ophelia is buried in the last act, so that but few days can intervene between the two events. How many, one cannot assert; although as Hamlet in his letter to Claudius, in the fourth act, says, "*to-morrow* shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes," and the fifth act brings about this meeting, twenty-four hours need not have elapsed. European Catholics bury their dead speedily. It is therefore safe to declare that the fifth act could transpire on the ninth day, and cannot in reason be delayed beyond the tenth.

One is also tempted to "wrangle gently" with Mr. White for his statement, that the Ghost does not appear in the third act, Hamlet being the victim of an optical delusion. Does not the Ghost speak to Hamlet? Why is not the Ghost as real in the third as in the first act? Merely because invisible to the Queen, and visible to Horatio and Marcellus? This is nothing new in supernatural scenes. "Be subject to no sight but thine and mine," says Prospero to Ariel, "invisible to every eyeball else"; and Ariel curvets, unseen of mortals. Hamlet would have doubted his senses had not the guards and cooler-headed Horatio beheld the Ghost; but how contrary to the dead

King's tender nature to make himself visible to the Queen, who, already plunged in agony, would probably be crazed by so awful a spectacle as the apparition of her murdered husband?

And with regard to Wittenberg, which seems to be the source of so much discussion, there is nothing to indicate Hamlet's still being a student. Overcome with grief, disgusted with the world, he talks of going to his old university town, where he passed his youth and where he is most likely to find true friends, among them Horatio. He is easily dissuaded by his mother, and Wittenberg is brought to him in the guise of fellow-students. From first to last the text infers Hamlet's long acquaintance with the court and outside world. His welcome to his old friend, "Horatio, or I do forget myself," denotes that the two have not met for some time. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are spoken of as

"Being of so young days brought up with him";

and Hamlet conjures them "by the consonancy of our youth." If people would only cast commentators aside, and read Hamlet by the light of their own understanding, they would be surprised to find how much clearer the text is than writers are willing to have it appear.

Fechter's Hamlet is not the introverted student of tradition. He is a man of the world, in the noblest sense of the term, of joyous disposition, whose temper — and here he agrees with Goethe — assumes its mournful tinge upon the death of his father and the unseemly marriage of his mother; "not reflective or sorrowful by nature, reflection and sorrow have become for him a heavy obligation." The Queen refers to him as "my too much changed son," and the King marvels at Hamlet's transformation: —

"So I call it,
Since nor th' exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was."

"I have of late lost all my mirth, forego all custom of exercises," Hamlet states; by which we get a glimpse of a boon companion, "the observed of all observers," one "loved of the distracted multitude," who delights in all manner of sports, who up to the last moment is so sensitive of his prowess in fencing as to be somewhat jealous of Laertes's reputation, and longs to cross weapons with him.

His first impulse in grief is to commit suicide, — ever the panacea of hot-blooded, sanguine temperaments. No civilized country can rival France in the number of its suicides, yet no people are possessed of equal *esprit* and buoyancy. But Hamlet is a good Catholic: "The Everlasting has fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter"; and, though he twice meditates taking his life, is restrained by religious faith. He is brave and daring, as a soldier ought to be. He is not afraid of his father's ghost; for on hearing of its appearance he quickly exclaims, "I would I had been there," and "I will speak to it though hell itself should gape, and bid me hold my peace"; hence he is awed, not terrified, by the Ghost's presence. The Ghost makes night hideous, because it shakes his disposition "with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls." Is this the language of a man given to cloistered musings and inward living? How can Hamlet possess

"Courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,"

and lead the life of a seer? It is impossible. He is first courtier and lastly scholar, be it observed. He is a lover of acting, he is an acute critic, and therefore must be *of* the world, as well as *in* it. Introverted minds take little pleasure in the studies to which Hamlet evidently gave much time. Hamlet's humor is so deeply implanted, that even in the most solemn moments he cannot refrain from apposite punning. It is carried even to grimness "over this fellow in the cellarage." This extreme from grave to gay is not an attribute of introversion, but quite accords with the nature of such a man as Fechter puts before us.

Fechter leaves no doubt as to Hamlet's passionate love for Ophelia, and truly it is grateful to see the meaning of the text fulfilled. A man who "hath given countenance to his speech with

almost all the holy vows of heaven," who begs "dear Ophelia" to

> "Doubt that the stars are fire,
> Doubt that the sun doth move;
> Doubt truth to be a liar;
> But never doubt I love";

who over her grave declares, "that forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up his sum," and who immediately upon the assumption of madness falls to such perusal of Ophelia's face "as he would draw it," and

> "Raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
> As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
> And end his being,"

must be a much more intense lover than actors and Shakespearian commentators have heretofore admitted. If words mean anything, they mean that Hamlet's passion is far stronger than Ophelia's. With his intellect and unusual depth of feeling, it must of necessity be so; and if Ophelia goes mad, it is because she has less character to withstand sorrow.

Neither is Fechter's Hamlet at any time really mad, Coleridge and the Kembles (Charles Kemble excepted) to the contrary. He carries out what Lowell has since admirably written: "If Shakespeare himself, without going mad, could so observe and remember all the abnormal symptoms as to be able to reproduce them in Hamlet, why should it be beyond the power of Hamlet to reproduce them in himself? If you deprive Hamlet of reason, there is no truly tragic motive left. He would be a fit subject for bedlam, but not for the stage. We might have pathology enough, but no pathos. Ajax first becomes tragic when he recovers his wits. If Hamlet is irresponsible, the whole play is a chaos. That he is not so might be proved by evidence enough, were it not labor thrown away."

True to his times, Hamlet does not scruple to take life when it comes between him and the work of his destiny. "By Heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me," is the threat launched at even so dear a friend as Horatio. "*I find thee apt*" in revenge, says the Ghost; and quicker than thought Hamlet dedicates his life to one fell purpose, beginning by wiping away all "trivial, fond records," — Ophelia's love. Nevertheless, he is held back by "a wise scepticism," "the first attribute of a good critic," which suggests the possibility of the spirit's being a devil. Fechter's Hamlet is restrained by reasonable doubt, not vacillation of purpose, and no sooner "catches the conscience of the King" than he could drink hot blood. He does not kill the King at prayers, because of that Catholic faith which would send this same villain to heaven, and thus kill all revenge, which is the motive of his action.

> "*Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,*
> Or ever I had seen that day,"

— his mother's second wedding day, — is the heaviest curse that Hamlet can invoke upon his own head. Would he then be likely voluntarily to bring about its fulfilment? He keeps himself in training by self-reproach of cowardice, of which there is not the slightest evidence in deeds. He cannot, as he has promised the Ghost,

> "With wings as swift
> As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
> *Sweep* to his revenge,"

and he "falls a cursing like a very drab," "unpacking his heart with words," as such natures are very apt to do when circumstances stay their actions. Without a moment's hesitation he stabs Polonius, but repents the deed, and is engaged in drawing aside the body when he is seized and brought *guarded* before the King, in which condition he is unarmed. Hurried with "fiery quickness" on board a bark for England, there is no opportunity for action, but, thoughts being bloody, he forges letters whereby Guildenstern and Rosencrantz — "they are not near my conscience," pleads Hamlet — are doomed to death the moment they reach their destination. Chased by pirates, Hamlet alone becomes their prisoner, and returns to Denmark. Horatio goes to meet him; and as they tarry in a graveyard, the burial of Ophelia drives him to momentary frenzy. Without weapons, he cannot then and there kill the King,

nor is the most desperate mind controlled by more than one great passion at a time. In the next scene, which must be immediate, — as not till then does Hamlet refer to his escape and plot against his treacherous fellow-students, — he does not hesitate to tell Horatio of his purpose to "quit the King with his arm" during the short interval that must elapse ere the fate of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz is known in Denmark. Being sorry for having forgotten himself to Laertes, whom he loves and whom he has wronged, he accepts the challenge of a bout at fencing, that he may then and there apologize to the brother of his adoption, and also gain easy approach to his intended victim, the King. He cannot kill the King with bated rapier; but the moment he learns that the weapon in his hand is unbated and envenomed, Hamlet stabs the evil genius of the play. The King has no doubt of Hamlet's capability of murder, as proved by his saying after hearing of the death of Polonius, "It had been so with us had we been there," and by his haste in sending him to England.

Such, from his acting, is Fechter's conception of Hamlet, sympathetic to me in all things, except perhaps in this matter of vacillation; and even here one may make out a strong case. The only lines that can be quoted against Fechter's theory are the few appertaining to the Ghost's reappearance.

> "Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
> That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
> Th' important acting of your dread command?
> O, say!"

inquires Hamlet.

> "*Ghost.* Do not forget. This visitation
> Is *but* to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

Hamlet but repeats the self-accusation prompted by over-sensibility as to the performance of an awful duty.

"Ah, but what blunted purpose does the Ghost come to whet?" asks the reader. Suppose now this visitation be to whet Hamlet's almost blunted purpose of *speaking daggers, but using none?* The Ghost, unlike his former self, says not one word about Claudius. He straightway exhorts Hamlet to *step between his mother and her fighting soul!* Whereupon Hamlet's tone changes from violent denunciation to soft questioning, "How is it with you, lady?" One moment more and the passion that made a corpse of Polonius might have wreaked vengeance on the guilty Queen; for though Hamlet declares that he is "neither splenitive nor rash," yet is there "something dangerous" in him, a something that might have led him to strangle Laertes had he lost entire self-control. That the Queen believes her son capable of the deed, is seen at the opening of this scene, when Hamlet says: —

> "Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
> You go not, till I set you up a glass
> Where you may see the inmost part of you."

These are not desperate words, and yet the Queen cries out: —

> "What wilt thou do? *Thou wilt not murder me?*
> Help, help, ho!"

Killing the Queen would not be impossible to the Hamlet of Fechter, who is convinced of her complicity in his father's murder.

> "O Hamlet! speak no more:
> Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
> *And there I see such black and grained spots*
> *As will not leave their tinct.*"

Mere marriage with a brother-in-law, even after two months of widowhood, hardly admits of so fearful a confession; and her fear of being murdered by Hamlet, leads to the inference that she knows she deserves the punishment. Further coloring for this hypothesis may be obtained in Hamlet's response to the Ghost: —

> "Do not look upon me;
> *Lest with this piteous action you convert*
> *My stern effects; then what I have to do*
> Will want true colors; tears perchance, for blood."

Surely this does not indicate absence of will on Hamlet's part; and as stage ghosts always produce the effect they desire, the dead king attained the purpose of his "pale glaring." Certainly he had no such tearful influence over Hamlet during the first interview. Is the object, then, the same? Indeed it would seem not; and since I find Shakespeare so ready to agree with

Fechter, I doubt my ability longer to withhold allegiance to this startling innovation.

The critic may entertain one opinion of Hamlet one day and another the next; he may be very positive in some particulars and not quite sure in others. He can leave a door open by which his opinions may make a dignified exit, should an intellectual breeze threaten to overthrow them; but the actor enjoys no such privilege. He must thoroughly understand his intentions before being able to interpret them. He must feel certain that, according to his light, his conception is right, or he cannot render it with force or send conviction to the hearts and heads of his audience. The business of the critic, therefore, in this matter of Hamlet, is not so much with the conception of the character as with the manner in which the actor's conception is carried out. If it is consistent from beginning to end, if it takes hold of you so strongly as to prevent any escape from it, if its great power absolutely bullies you out of cherished theories, if its humanity makes you look back upon previous Hamlets as so many lay figures galvanized into spasmodic action, if it absorbs attention and creates a positive sensation, then does the actor merit critical enthusiasm; for the critic's business is to *appreciate*, to appreciate is to estimate justly, and just estimation calls for as much delight at what is fine as disapprobation of what is false. Fechter produces all these effects. He is great, not only in his originality, but in his rendering, the greatness of which I will do my poor best to show by photographing his Hamlet in such details as are food for critics and actors.

Fechter's study has not been confined to his own part, as is seen immediately in the reading of Horatio, upon the entrance of the Ghost: —

> "But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again
> *I'll cross it*, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
> If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
> Speak to me. (*Ghost stops.*)"

Heretofore Horatios have senselessly *crossed the Ghost's path*, as if such a step would stay its progress. Not so with Fechter, whose Horatio makes the sign of the cross, at which the Ghost stops, as a Catholic ghost should. Once interpreted thus, intelligence exclaims "Of course"; and yet Horatios have been crossing the stage for three hundred years!

He is gloomy enough, is Fechter's Hamlet, as he sits beside his mother, starting when the King addresses him as "our *son*," yet gently exclaiming, while kissing the Queen's hand with courtly grace, and giving by almost imperceptible accent a key to the estimate in which he holds his uncle-father,

> "I shall in all my best, obey *you*, madam."

Left to himself, he gazes fondly at his father's portrait, worn about his neck, and illustrates the beautiful apostrophe by reference to it. Thus does Fechter prepare you for the text. You can't misunderstand, if you would. His Hamlet deceives no one. He is as honest as the day is light. He draws his lines plainly between friend and acquaintance, and his fondness for Horatio is strongly defined from the moment of meeting. There are three distinct shades of tone in "my good friend" (meaning Horatio), "I am very glad to see you" (meaning Marcellus), and "Good even, sir" (meaning Bernardo). Hamlet wastes no affection. He is generous, but he is losing faith in mankind, and trusts few.

An expression of great and tender beauty passes over Fechter's face as, with clasped hands, he murmurs,

> "My father, — methinks I see my father";

while there is filial pride in his explanation, with hand upon Horatio's shoulder,

> "He was a *man*; take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again."

When Horatio describes his encounter with the Ghost, Fechter crosses his hands the moment his father is mentioned, as if praying for the unhappy spirit. The action is entirely natural to a Catholic. Appealingly sweet is his

"Did you not speak to it?"

addressed to Marcellus, to which his Horatio replies,

"My lord, *I* did."

Doubting, not willing to believe without strong evidence, he gives the line, "Then saw you not his face?" as if it read "Then you did *not* see his face," which seems reasonable from Horatio's answer: —

"O yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.
Hamlet. I would *I* had been there.
Hor. It would have much amazed you.
Ham. Very like, very like."

These lines have always been given as a response to Horatio. Fechter, meditating on the startling intelligence that the apparition wore *his beaver up*, murmurs, "Very like," as if the sentence read, "Very like — my father." Of course the Ghost would amaze Hamlet. He is already amazed, therefore the "very like" fits far more gracefully into Fechter's setting. Tears fill his eyes as he asks,

"Stayed it long?"

When Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus appear in the fourth scene, Fechter causes Hamlet to come from an opposite direction. Why? Because he has previously said that he would visit them "upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve." They meet for the first time, and the dialogue says as much. Strange that it takes a Frenchman to find this out.

Enveloped in a gray picturesque cloak and black velvet cowl, Fechter's Hamlet drops the former, and, with hands on Horatio at sight of the Ghost, delivers the invocation with solemn, tender earnestness, removing the cowl at the word "king," and throwing a filial pathos into "father."

"Go on, *I* 'll follow thee."

His exit is slow, but in no way unnaturally measured, with sword unsheathed and held in the left hand as if it were a cross.

"Alas, *poor* ghost!"

is given with pitying sweetness of tone. Kneeling at the words, "I *am* thy father's spirit," Fechter does not rise until the adjuration, "Haste me to know," etc.; and though his back is turned to the audience during the Ghost's confession, there is much expression in his pantomime. Nevertheless, but for the exceedingly clever management of the Ghost's instantaneous disappearance, — the invention being Fechter's, — it were a pity to lose the play of feature which Fechter could throw into his eager, listening silence. He bows profoundly at the Ghost's, "Fare thee well at once!" and when Horatio calls without, "Heaven secure him!" meaning Hamlet, Fechter, intent upon the Ghost, prayerfully adds, "So be it," turning the words to a deeper significance than they have ever possessed. What immediately follows is no less acutely treated. Horatio alone is his valued friend, Horatio alone has so far sworn not to reveal the news, and Hamlet hurriedly begins to tell his story, "There 's ne'er a villain in all Denmark," when, suddenly remembering and doubting Marcellus, he turns from his purpose and adds, "but he 's an arrant knave"; at which platitude Horatio has reason to criticise his friend. The line,

"You, as your business and desire shall point you,"

is addressed to Marcellus. Hamlet's wild and whirling words are because of his presence. He is talking to conceal thought. Taking Horatio's hand (according to stage direction), he remarks to him,

"Touching this vision here, —
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you."

Then looking at Marcellus, he continues,

"For *your* desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may."

Fechter's Hamlet does not insult Horatio by assuming superior wisdom and exclaiming, "There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy," but accents *philosophy*, by which the pronoun possesses the same significance as when Edmund Kean substituted *our* for *your*.

With arm linked in Horatio's, Hamlet says, "Let us go in together," and,

leaving Marcellus down the stage, addresses to him the parting injunction, "And still your fingers on your lips, I pray." The line is certainly intended for Marcellus, who cannot be included in Hamlet's invitation, inasmuch as, after the exit, Hamlet must impart the Ghost's secret to Horatio, the two friends not meeting again until the third act, when Hamlet, in referring to the play, says, —

"*One* scene comes near the circumstance
Which I have told *thee*, of my father's death."

If circumstantial evidence prove aught, it proves the truth of Fechter's conception. There is no ranting in his rendering of the couplet,

"The time is out of joint," etc.

Its power is in its concentrated desperation.

The admirable shades and touches in the second act are equally "pertinent." Dialogue never received more varied or more thoughtful treatment. Polonius never attempted to master such keen madness. "Conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive, — friend, look to 't." It is a mad laugh that follows "friend.' Hamlet points to his open book as he mutters, "look to 't," and Polonius, literal in all things, runs his eye over the page to learn the "cause of this defect." Hamlet watches him narrowly, as if to see how the simulated madness takes effect, when the old man delivers his side speech beginning, "How pregnant sometimes his replies are!" and there is a world of weariness pent up in his reiterated exclamation, "Except my life!" Tired, tired, tired! Revenge and sorrow were never nature's heritage to such as he. Too brave, too conscientious to shake duty off, relief is sought in word and expression.

Hamlet's reception of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is most cordial, until he sees his uncle's portrait around the neck of the latter; then expression and manner change, and the question, "Were you not sent for?" is put eagerly, with suspicion of foul play, which waxes stronger as he bids them speak "to the purpose." Words mean something when thus interpreted. Hamlet's rejoinder, "And those that would make mouths at him while my father lived give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little," is illustrated by his taking up the picture pendent from Guildenstern's neck. Upon dropping it, he crosses to the right, and makes an "aside," perfectly comprehensible to all, of the succeeding sentence, "There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out." Were audiences given to acute criticism, and did reason rule the day, theatres would resound with bravos at such renderings as this, rather than at the tearing of passion to tatters.

You know by the tender music of Hamlet's voice in exclaiming, "O Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!" that his thoughts are with "the fair Ophelia," and it is this memory that renders him so gentle in checking Polonius for interrupting the player. Hushing him, commanding silence by putting finger on lips, with as much kindliness as if the old courtier were indeed a big baby, Hamlet takes up the text, "So; proceed you," and for the first time you see the little word "so" set in its proper action. Hamlet listens with such interest to the actor's speech as to accompany it with unconscious pantomime and silent repetition of the words; but this is not original with Fechter, Garrick having done the same.

"But woe, ah, woe! had seen the mobled queen."

"The mobled queen!" repeats Fechter's Hamlet, thinking of his mother; and, struck by the coincidence, becomes so absorbed as to leave Polonius unchecked when he again interrupts the first actor. There is genuine, respectful sympathy in Hamlet's manner of instructing that the players be well treated; such sympathy as, if prevalent in society, would raise the stage to its proper level, — beside the pulpit. Equally wonderful in its humanity is the pity breathing through Hamlet's command to the first actor, that Polonius be not mocked.

The tremendous soliloquy closing this act is marvellous in variety. Its gradual *crescendo* and diminuendo are most artistic, while the climax,

"The play 's the thing,
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the King,"

comes like a sudden revelation to a tortured brain, and is clutched at (if I may say so) with all the energy with which nature seizes upon forlorn hopes.

Fechter points the moral of the soliloquy, "To be or not to be," by bringing on an unsheathed sword, as if he had again been contemplating the suicide that would free him from his oath.

Very beautiful and equally original is Hamlet's scene with Ophelia. He is a lover the moment his eyes fall upon her, and casts aside every semblance of madness until Ophelia returns his letters, when the change of Fechter's expression is as great as the change of language; but when listening to the gentle maiden's reproaches, there is pictured such agonized regret at throwing away every chance of happiness as makes the heart ache; for Fechter's Hamlet is always real, always a suffering man, never an actor.

And how pantomime illuminates a sentence is seen in Hamlet's reference to the power of beauty, which "will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was sometime a paradox," — here Fechter pauses, looks sadly at the letters in his hand returned by the woman Hamlet loves, and then adds, — "but *now* the time gives it proof." Still his heart is bursting to speak the truth, and the confession, "I did love you once," is given with tearful eyes and choked utterance. When Ophelia exclaims, "I was the more deceived," his tender action, unseen by her, denotes that he *must* fold her in his arms; but, forced to restraint, he honestly, earnestly begs her to get to a nunnery, as the only sanctuary worthy of her. Then, seeing Polonius, he, to test Ophelia's truthfulness, asks, "Where 's your father?" and, finding her false, bursts into frenzied raving, intended far more for the ears of her father than for the helpless creature trembling before him. Again subdued by love, Hamlet approaches Ophelia with extended arms, almost embraces her, but, recollecting that he is watched by Polonius, cries pathetically, "To a nunnery, go," and, thoroughly overcome, rushes off the stage. In this scene Fechter does not allow Hamlet to see the King, for this espionage would so convince him of his uncle's guilt, as to render the play unnecessary.

Nothing can be finer of its kind than Fechter's intelligent and colloquial delivery of Hamlet's advice to the players; and in this connection it should be stated that he was the first to introduce a boy with chopins, in lieu of a woman actress.

Hamlet gazes fondly at Ophelia when announcing the Court's coming to the play, showing first the lover before putting on the mask.

"I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so," says Hamlet.

"I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine," rejoins the King.

"No, nor mine, now"; and Fechter, by an exquisite action of the hand, makes you see why those words are no longer his. They have passed into the air for all time, and belong to space. Pantomime has its prose and its poetry. This action is rhythmic.

He never forgets to spare Polonius in the presence of others. "I did enact Julius Cæsar," maunders the old man. "I was killed i' the capital; Brutus killed me."

"It was a brute part of him," Hamlet replies; and then, walking away, *adds as an aside*, "to kill so capital a calf there." The very word "there" suggests this treatment of the sentence, and yet again Fechter discovers it.

"Nay, then, let the Devil wear black, for I 'll have a suit of sables," reads the customary text; but what says Fechter? "Let the Devil wear black 'fore *I* 'll have a suit of sable." The mystery is solved at once, and, turning to

the folio Shakespeare, you find the line so written down. As the folio is supposed to have been printed from a playhouse copy, Fechter's version is probably as correct as it is intelligible.

"*Ophelia.* 'T is brief, my lord.
Hamlet. As woman's love."

Most Hamlets insult Ophelia by hurling this reply at her. Fechter gives it as if communing with his own thoughts, and looks the while toward his mother. "That 's wormwood," is addressed to Horatio; and, "If she should break it now," to King and Queen.

Admirable is Fechter's action after the discovery and call for "lights." Throughout the play Hamlet has lain at Ophelia's feet, but has *amused* himself (so reads the conventional stage business) with nothing, not even with the specified fan. Before him lies the text of the play, which he follows closely, thus anticipating it and watching the effect upon the royal pair. Discovery made and audience gone, Fechter tears the leaves from his play-book and scatters them in the air, as he rises and delivers the well-known quatrain. His utterance is rapid, excitement at last renders it thick. The blood rushes to his head, he puts his hand to his throat as if choking, "Ah, ha!" becomes a gasp, he leans upon Horatio, and for relief, for solace, calls for music. There is no bridging over an inexplicable chasm, such as we have seen from childhood. It is perfect nature. Upon the entrance of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz Hamlet falls into a chair, from exhaustion, until his mother's name is mentioned, when, out of that courtesy which is rarely forgotten, he rises.

Guildenstern, with tha locket about his neck, is far more hatefu. to Hamlet than less treacherous Rosencrantz.

"*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.
"*Guil.* What, my lord?
"*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer; . . . . . but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command: or rather, as you say, my mother; therefore, no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say—
"*Ros.* Then, thus she says: your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration."

Here Hamlet snubs Guildenstern, and "my mother, you say," is addressed to Rosencrantz, who immediately takes up the thread of argument as shown. Hazlitt declares that acting Hamlet is like the attempt to embody a shadow. He would never have made this statement had he seen Fechter's key to the character.

The whole scene with the Queen is one panorama of tragic pictures. Having killed Polonius, Fechter elaborates Shakespeare's few words by the agony of his expression at having made so fatal a mistake, and by throwing away his sword that it may not be repeated.

The excitement produced by the Ghost's appearance yields to regret at his departure, and a tenderness toward his guilty mother, who finally kneels before him, being raised up gently at the words, "Confess yourself to Heaven," etc. When Hamlet bids her good night, she attempts to bless him, but is firmly, not unkindly repelled. This action is followed by the lines,

"And when you are desirous to *be* blessed,
I 'll blessing beg of *you*."

Before the sobbing Queen retires, she once more turns to her son, exclaiming, "Hamlet," — this is Fechter's introduction, — and stretches out her hands for a filial embrace. Hamlet holds up his father's picture, the sight of which speaks volumes to the wretched woman, who staggers from the stage. Kissing this picture, Hamlet murmurs sadly,

"I must be cruel, only to be kind":

then, taking light in hand and raising the arras, gazes at Polonius, exclaiming,

"Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind."

After the third act Hamlet is but half his former self. The actor would willingly stop short, leaving the last two acts to the imagination, and in the present condition of stock companies the critic would gladly assent to curtailment; but it must be five acts or nothing, and patience endures to the last. Fechter's treatment of the King in the fourth act is that of undisguised contempt. "If your messenger find him (Polonius) not there (in heav-

en,) seek him in the other place *yourself*"; and you see that if Hamlet were not guarded, he would then and there send the King to "the other place" in search of his courtier.

When Fechter produces Hamlet in his own theatre, the time of the churchyard scene is that of a brilliant sunset, making a fine contrast between the thoughtless joy of Nature and the grief of humanity. Moreover, it is neither customary nor practicable to dig graves by the fickle light of the moon feebly assisted by one small lantern; and when truth is compatible with art, — for my part I believe the two walk hand in hand, — it should be adhered to. Fechter's apostrophe to *poor* Yorick is singularly tender: "Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft"; and Fechter carries the skull almost to his lips, when he puts it away with a shiver. From time immemorial Ophelia's body has been borne from *church* to churchyard, when the text tells us that her burial in sanctified ground is granted under protest.

> "She is allowed her virgin crants,
> Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home,
> Of bell and burial.
> . . . . . .
> We should profane the service of the dead,
> To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
> As to peace-parted souls."

Hence Fechter causes Ophelia to be brought through the churchyard gateway, and the officiating priest wears none of the insignia of his office, the gown excepted.

> "What, the fair *Ophelia?*"

and, overwhelmed with agony, Hamlet falls on his knees beside a tomb and buries his head in his hands. In the controversy between Hamlet and Laertes, Macready and Kemble leaped into the grave, and there went through the grappling in true Punch and Judy fashion. The illustrious example has been often followed; but Fechter wisely abstains from the absurdity, not approaching the grave until his last word is spoken, when, gazing in agony at the gaping void and at Ophelia's corse, he is dragged off the stage by Horatio.

In the art of fencing Fechter is consummate; consequently the final scene is full of spirit and interest. His arrangement of the stage is likewise admirable. In the background runs a gallery, to which a short flight of stairs leads on each side of the stage, and by which all exits and entrances are made. To the left stands the throne where sits the King. The moment Hamlet exclaims,

> "Ho! let the door be locked:
> Treachery! seek it out,"

the King exhibits signs of fear; and while Laertes makes his terrible confession, he steals to the opposite stairs, shielding himself from Hamlet's observation behind the group of courtiers, who, paralyzed with horror, fail to remark the action. Laertes no sooner utters the words, "The King's to blame," than Hamlet turns suddenly to the throne in search of his victim; discovering the ruse, he rushes up the left-hand stairs, meets the King in the centre of the gallery, and stabs him. It would be difficult to conceive a more effective manner of dispatching Claudius, or one more in harmony with good taste. He is not butchered as in the old "business," and the stage is relieved of one dead body. Descending, the potent poison steals upon Hamlet, who murmuring, "The rest is silence," falls dead on the corpse of Laertes, thus showing his forgiveness of treachery and remembrance of Ophelia. There is no contortion in Fechter's manner of dying. Edmund Kean was no doubt right in illustrating a death by poison; but if Hamlet dies thus, surely Laertes must meet his doom in like manner. Two such exhibitions would be beyond human endurance, and, as Laertes dies first, Hamlet's effects would be lost. Therefore Fechter is not without reason in abstaining from literalness.

Does not the photograph, dim as it is, show Fechter's power in Hamlet? Does it not give evidence of ideas and ideality.

The fair hair of Fechter's Hamlet is not an original idea, though from the criticism one might imagine as much.

Goethe declares that, "as a Dane, as a Northman, he is fair-haired and blue-eyed by descent." "Absurd!" cries a voice; "how is this possible when we are distinctly told that his father's hair is 'sable silvered'?" Does it follow that Hamlet the younger must therefore be dark-haired? To my way of thinking, Fechter gives us the ideal Hamlet, who with all his manly beauty "is fat and scant of breath." "Brown-complexioned people in their youth are seldom plump," argues Goethe. Fechter is thoroughly manly, as Hamlet, who is much given to exercise, should be. No contrary opinion can take comfort in Hamlet's declaration that Claudius is no more like his father than he to Hercules, for Hercules performed such feats of prowess as astounded both gods and men. He is robust without being unpleasantly so, he is graceful, he is supple as an athlete, he is courtly, he is wondrously picturesque, and his beautiful flaxen wig so transforms his coloring that his dark hazel eyes are mistaken for blue!

There has been something said of Fechter's liberties with Shakespeare's language. Curious to know how much truth lay in this accusation, I have followed him while acting with book in hand. Fechter spoke no more than is set down to him, — nor less. He was what is called, in stage parlance, "letter perfect." There were a few trips of accent, — very few, — made with the lips entirely; for when the offending passages were afterwards shown to Fechter, he spoke them correctly, showing that the head had not been at fault. And here lies the secret of the charge, that Fechter has no settled convictions as to the reading of Hamlet. Rarely repeating the *same* error, he supplements it with another, as, for example,

"O horrible, horrible, most *horrible!*"

intending *most* horrible, and so delivering the passage on the following performance. These are slight blemishes to weigh against a beautiful work of art.

"When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms,
What but a critic would condemn the player
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
Whilst working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst in each sound I hear the very man
I can't catch words, and pity those who can."

Nor is there much more foundation for the accusation of "cutting" Shakespeare. No actor has ever spoken the whole of Hamlet. Betterton took many liberties, and what Garrick did finally shall be referred to. When performing this character in Dublin, an Irish critic suggested the advisability of his leaving out Hamlet's "abominable" soliloquy while the King is at prayers. Garrick carried out the suggestion, and it has never been restored by any English actor. Fechter's version is that of Kemble and of the stage. If, in the last act, he does not always deliver the frenzied speech addressed to Laertes, and cuts short his dying words, it is because of exceptional circumstances.

Whether there ever lived a thoroughly satisfactory Hamlet is extremely doubtful. What Burbage was nobody knows. What Betterton made of the character it is possible to conceive; for with all Cibber's praise of this actor, Quin owned that he "would not go down in Garrick's days," and as Quin himself, grounded on Booth's and Betterton's school, died artistically as soon as Garrick's genius illuminated the English stage, the critic has very grave doubts as to any standard set up by Cibber, who showed his bad taste by cordially hating Garrick's acting. Then as to Garrick's Hamlet, it comes in "questionable shape"; for though the great little man was the first to produce the play in 1742, shorn of every objectionable word and the traditional music, he gave the address to the players like a pedagogue, walked backward and forward, twirling a white *handkerchief*, while exclaiming,

"Some must laugh, while some must weep,"

and performed other antics hardly compatible with Shakespeare's Dane. That he failed to appreciate the character is evident from the manner in which he slaughtered the play thirty years after, when he "improved" Shake-

speare out of sight in the last acts, and contemplated turning the grave-diggers and Osric, "the Danish macaroni," into a farce! Yet this "mass of deformity" held the stage eight years with a Hamlet that exemplified the theory of perpetual motion! Cooke in Hamlet was "one mass of awkward error"; neither does Kemble, nor does the elder Kean, owe his fame to his personation of the character. Knowing this, Fechter acquires additional respect for his rendition of Hamlet.

Possessing good height, small hands and feet, a face so like Garrick's in contour and complexion as in a Garrick wig to render the resemblance astonishing, and so wonderful in expression as, like Talma's, to need but the passing of a hand to transform broad comedy into deepest tragedy; with a large, magnetic, ever-changing hazel eye, with pantomime that rivals Ristori's, with a rich, melodious voice that runs the gamut of the passions with abundant sentiment and humor equally developed, with a sculptor's knowledge of form, a painter's love of costume and color, and a Frenchman's education in the best school of acting, Fechter takes his place among the few great actors of the world. With regard to his pronunciation of English there is really very little fault to be found. In private it rarely occurs to the most careful listeners that Fechter is not, so far as concerns accent, an Englishman. On the stage, however, there are times when, if he does not feel well, his speech becomes thick, or when, if he is carried away by passion, his delivery becomes somewhat indistinct; but this is seldom. Ordinarily his enunciation is wonderfully distinct, and his English far purer than that spoken by the actors around him. It is somewhat amusing to hear Americans, who are proverbially inelegant in their language, finding fault with Fechter's occasional slips of the tongue. What would they say to Garrick, with his *sh*upreme, *sh*uperior, *vur*tue, fersely (for fiercely), Isrel for Israel, villin for villain, and appeal for appall? Churchill, in his Rosciad, declared that "Garrick never did or never could speak ten successive lines of Shakespeare with grammatical propriety." Nevertheless Garrick was great. What would they say to Kemble's "foggy throat," that was wont to

> "Fill all thy bones with achës,"

and whose vitiated orthoepy induced Leigh Hunt to publish a lexicon, that theatre-goers might have a key to the text. Kean (the elder) had countless vulgarisms of pronunciations. Vulgarity is inexcusable; a slight foreign accent may not be desirable, yet it is far more grateful to a musical ear than the common variety of nasal "twang" in which both our pulpit and stage indulge to an intolerable extent.

Writer, as well as sculptor and actor, Fechter is the author of many original French plays to which he has never appended his name, as well as of the several English dramatizations. No mean poet, he has rendered Romeo and Juliet into French verse. In the prime of life, there are still rich possibilities for Fechter as a dramatist and as an interpreter of Shakespeare.

> "Hence, to thy praises," Fechter, "I agree,
> And pleased with nature, must be pleased with thee!"

Kate Field.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE work at Coventry Forge was now so well organized that Philip could easily give the most of his time to Joseph's vindication. He had secured the services of an excellent country lawyer, but he also relied much upon the assistance of two persons, — his sister Madeline and Elwood Withers: Madeline, from her rapid, clear insight, her shrewd interpretation of circumstances; and Elwood as an active, untiring practical agent.

The latter, according to agreement, had ridden up from his section of the railway, and was awaiting Philip when he returned home.

Philip gave them the history of the day, — this time frankly, with all the signs and indications which he had so carefully kept from Joseph's knowledge. Both looked aghast; and Elwood bent an ivory paper-cutter so suddenly in his hands that it snapped in twain. He colored like a girl.

"It serves me right," he said. "Whenever my hands are idle, Satan finds mischief for 'em, — as the spelling-book says. But just so the people bend and twist Joseph Asten's character, and just so unexpectedly his life may snap in their hands!"

"*Dii avertite omen!*" Madeline cried. "Put down the pieces, Mr. Withers! You frighten me."

"No, it is reversed!" said Philip. "Just so Joseph's friends will snap this chain of circumstances. If you begin to be superstitious, I must look out for other aids. The tracing of the poison is a more fortunate step than I hoped, at the start. I cannot at all guess to what it may lead, but there is a point beyond which even the most malignant fate has no further power over an innocent man. Thus far we have met nothing but hostile circumstances: there seems to be more than Chance in the game, and I have an idea that the finding of this paper will break the evil spell. Come now, Madeline, and you, Withers, give me your guesses as to what my discovery shall be to-morrow!"

After a pause, Madeline answered: "It must have been purchased — perhaps even by Mr. Asten — for rats or mice; and she may have swallowed the drug in a fit of passion."

"*I* think," said Elwood, "that she bought it for the purpose of poisoning Joseph! Then, may be, the glasses were changed, as I 've heard tell of a man whose wife changed his coffee-cup because there was a fly in it, giving him hers, and thereby innocently killed him when he meant to ha' killed her."

"Ha!" Philip cried; "the most incredible things, apparently, are sometimes the most natural! I had not thought of this explanation."

"O Philip!" said Madeline, "that would be a new horror! Pray, let us not think of it: indeed, indeed, we must not guess any more."

Philip strove to put the idea from his mind: he feared lest it might warp his judgment and mislead him in investigations which it required a cool, sharp intellect to prosecute. But the idea would not stay away: it haunted him precisely on account of its enormity, and he rode again to Magnolia the next day with a foreboding sense of some tragic secret about to be revealed.

But he never could have anticipated the actual revelation.

There was no difficulty in finding Ziba Linthicum's drug-store. The proprietor was a lank, thin-faced man, with projecting, near-sighted eyes, and an exceedingly prim, pursed mouth. His words, uttered in the close, wiry twang peculiar to Southern Pennsylvania, seemed to give him a positive relish: one could fancy that his mouth watered slightly as he spoke. His

long, lean lips had a settled smirk at the corner, and his skin was drawn so tightly over his broad, concave chin-bone that it shone, as if polished around the edges.

He was waiting upon a little girl when Philip entered; but he looked up from his scales, bowed, smiled and said: "In a moment, if you please."

Philip leaned upon the glass-case, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the various soaps and perfumes under his eyes, but thinking only of the paper in his pocket-book.

"Something in this line, perhaps?"

Mr. Linthicum, with a still broader smile, began to enumerate: "These are from the Society Hygiennick —"

"No," said Philip, "my business is especially private. I take it for granted that you have many little confidential matters intrusted to you."

"O, undoubtedly, sir! Quite as much so as a physician."

"You are aware, also, that mistakes sometimes occur in making up prescriptions, or in using them afterwards?"

"Not by *me*, I should hope. I keep a record of every dangerous ingredient which goes out of my hands."

"Ah!" Philip exclaimed. Then he paused, uncertain how much to confide to Mr. Linthicum's discretion. But, on mentioning his name and residence, he found that both himself and Mr. Hopeton were known — and favorably, it seemed — to the apothecary. He knew the class of men to which the latter belonged, — prim, fussy, harmlessly vain persons, yet who take as good care of their consciences as their cravats and shirt-bosoms. He produced the paper without further delay.

"That was bought here, certainly," said Mr. Linthicum. "The word 'Arsenic' is written in my hand. The date when, and the person by whom, it was purchased, must be in my register. Will you go over it with me?"

He took a volume from a drawer, and beginning at the last entry, they went slowly backward over the names, the apothecary saying: "This is confidential; I rely upon your seeing without remembering."

They had not gone back more than two or three weeks before Philip came upon a name that made his heart stand still. There was a record in a single line:

"*Miss Henderson. Arsenic.*"

He waited a few seconds, until he felt sure of his voice. Then he asked: "Do you happen to know Miss Henderson?"

"Not at all! A perfect stranger."

"Can you, perhaps, remember her appearance?"

"Let me see," said Mr. Linthicum, biting the end of his forefinger; "that must have been the veiled lady. The date corresponds. Yes, I feel sure of it, as all the other poison customers are known to me."

"Pray describe her then!" Philip exclaimed.

"Really, I fear that I cannot. Dressed in black, I think; but I will not be positive. A soft, agreeable voice, I am sure."

"Was she alone? Or was any one else present?"

"Now, I *do* recall one thing," the apothecary answered. "There was an agent of a wholesale city firm — a travelling agent, you understand — trying to persuade me into an order on his house. He stepped on one side as she came to the counter, and he perhaps saw her face more distinctly, for he laughed as she left, and said something about a handsome girl putting her lovers out of their misery."

But Mr. Linthicum could remember neither the name of the agent nor that of the firm which he represented. All Philip's questioning elicited no further particulars, and he was obliged to be satisfied with the record of the day and probable hour of the purchase, and with the apothecary's promise of the strictest secrecy.

He rode immediately home, and after a hasty consultation with Madeline, remounted his horse and set out to find Lucy Henderson. He was fortunate enough to meet her on the high-

way, on her way to call upon a neighbor. Springing from his horse he walked beside her, and announced his discovery at once.

Lucy remembered the day when she had accompanied Julia to Magnolia, during Joseph's absence from home. The time of the day, also, corresponded to that given by the apothecary.

"Did you visit the drug-store?" Philip asked.

"No," she answered, "and I did not know that Julia had. I paid two or three visits to acquaintances, while she did her shopping, as she told me."

"Then, try and remember, not only the order of those visits, but the time occupied by each," said Philip. "Write to your friends, and ask them to refresh their memories. It has become an important point, for — the poison was purchased in your name!"

"Impossible!" Lucy cried. She gazed at Philip with such amazement that her innocence was then fixed in his mind, if it had not been so before.

"Yes, I say 'impossible!' too," he answered. "There is only one explanation. Julia Asten gave your name instead of her own, when she purchased it."

"Oh!" Lucy's voice sounded like a hopeless personal protest against the collective falsehood and wickedness of the world.

"I have another chance to reach the truth," said Philip. "I shall find the stranger, — the travelling agent, — if it obliges me to summon every such agent of every wholesale drug house in the city! It is at least a positive fortune that we have made this discovery now."

He looked at his watch. "I have just time to catch the evening train," he said, hurriedly, "but I should like to send a message to Elwood Withers. If you pass through that wood on the right, you will see the track just below you. It is not more than half a mile from here; and you are almost sure to find him at or near the unfinished tunnel. Tell him to see Rachel Miller, and if anything further has been found, to inform my sister Madeline at once. That is all. I make no apology for imposing the service on you: good by, and keep up your faith, Lucy?"

He pressed her hand, sprang into the saddle, and cantered briskly away.

Lucy, infected by his haste, crossed the field, struggled through the undergrowth of the wild belt of wood, and descended to the railway track, without giving herself time to think. She met a workman near the mouth of the tunnel, and not daring to venture in, sent by him a summons to Elwood. It was not many minutes before he appeared.

"Something has happened, Lucy?" he exclaimed.

"Philip thinks he has made a discovery," she answered, "and I come to you as his messenger." She then repeated Philip's words.

"Is that all?" Elwood asked, scanning her face anxiously. "You do not seem quite like your real self, Lucy."

She sat down upon the bank. "I am out of breath," she said; "I must have walked faster than I thought."

"Wait a minute!" said he. He ran up the track, to where a little side-glen crossed it, sprang down among the bushes, and presently reappeared with a tin cup, full of cold, pure spring water.

The draught seemed to revive her at once. "It is not all, Elwood," she said. "Joseph is not the only one, now, who is implicated by the same circumstances."

"Who else? — not Philip Held!"

"No," she answered, very quietly, "it is a woman. Her name is Lucy Henderson."

Before Elwood could speak, she told him all that she had heard from Philip. He could scarcely bring his mind to accept its truth.

"O, the — " he began; "but, no! I will keep the words to myself. There is something deeper in this than any of us has yet looked for! Depend upon it, Lucy, she had a plan in getting you there!"

Lucy was silent. She fancied she knew Julia's plan already.

"Did she mean to poison Joseph herself, and throw the suspicion on

you? And now by her own death, after all, she accomplishes her chief end! It is a hellish tangle, whichever way I look; but they say that the truth will sooner or later put down any amount of lies, and so it must be, here. We must get at the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! Do you not say so, Lucy?"

"Yes!" she answered firmly, looking him in the face.

"Ay, though *all* should come to light! We can't tell what it may be necessary to say. They may go to work, and unravel Joseph's life, and yours, and mine, and hold up the stuff for everybody to look at. Well, let 'em! say I. If there are dark streaks in mine, I guess they 'll look tolerably fair beside that one black heart. We 're here alone, Lucy; there may not be a chance to say it soon again, so I 'll say now, that if need comes to publish what I said to you one night a year ago, — to publish it for Joseph's sake, or your sake, — don't keep back a single word! The worst would be, some men or women might think me conceited."

"No, Elwood!" she exclaimed: "that reproach would fall on me! You once offered me your help, and I — I fear I spurned it; but I will take it now. Nay, I beg you to offer it to me again, and I will accept it with gratitude!"

She rose, and stretched out her hand.

Elwood clasped it tenderly, held it a moment, and seemed about to speak. But although his lips parted, and there was a movement of the muscles of his throat, he did not utter a word. In another moment he turned, walked a few yards up the track, and then came back to her.

"No one could mistake you for Julia Asten," he said. "You are at least half a head taller than she was. Your voice is not at all the same: the apothecary will surely notice the difference! Then an *alibi*, as they call it, can be proved."

"So Philip Held thought. But if my friends should not remember the exact time, — what should I then do?"

"Lucy, don't ask yourself the question, now! It seems to me that the case stands this way: one evil woman has made a trap, fallen into it herself, and taken the secret of its make away with her. There is nothing more to be invented, and so we hold all that we gain. While we are mining, where 's the counter-mining to come from? Who is to lie us out of our truth? There is n't much to stand on yet, I grant; but another step — the least little thing — may give us all the ground we want!"

He spoke so firmly and cheerily, that Lucy's despondent feeling was charmed away. Besides, nothing could have touched her more than Elwood's heroic self-control. After the miserable revelation which Philip had made, it was unspeakably refreshing to be brought into contact with a nature so sound and sweet and strong. When he had led her by an easier path up the hill, and they had parted at the end of the lane leading to her father's house, she felt, as never before, the comfort of relying so wholly on a faithful man friend.

Elwood took his horse and rode to the Asten farm. Joseph's face brightened at his appearance, and they talked, as of old, avoiding the dark year that lay between their past intimacy and its revival. As in Philip's case, it was difficult to communicate secretly with Rachel Miller; but Elwood, with great patience, succeeded in looking his wish to speak with her, and uniting her efforts with his own. She adroitly turned the conversation upon a geological work which Joseph had been reading.

"I 've been looking into the subject myself," Elwood said. "Would you let me see the book: it may be the thing I want."

"It is on the book-shelf in your bedroom, Joseph," Rachel remarked.

There was time enough for Elwood to declare his business, and for Rachel to answer: "Mr. Held said every scrap, and it *is* but a scrap, with half a name on it. I found it behind and mostly under the lower drawer in the same

box. I 'll get it before you leave, and give it to you when we shake hands. Be careful, for he may make something out of it, after all. Tell him there is n't a stitch in a dress but I 've examined, and a mortal work it was ! "

It was late before Elwood could leave ; nevertheless, he rode to Coventry Forge. The scrap of paper had been successfully transferred, and his pressing duty was to deliver it into the hands of Madeline Held. He found her anxiously waiting, in accordance with Philip's instructions.

When they looked at the paper, it seemed, truly, to be a worthless fragment. It had the character, also, of an apothecary's label, but the only letters remaining were those forming the end of the name, apparently —*ers*, and a short distance under them —*Sts*.

" ' Behind and mostly under the lower drawer ' of her jewel-case," said Madeline, musingly. " I think I might guess how it came there. She had seen the label, which had probably been forgotten, and then, as she supposed, had snatched it away and destroyed it, without noticing that this piece, caught behind the drawer, had been torn off. But there is no evidence — and perhaps none can be had — that the paper contained poison."

" Can you make anything out of the letters ? " Elwood asked.

" The ' *Sts* ' certainly means ' Streets ' — now, I see ! It is a corner house ! This makes the place a little more easy to be identified. If Philip cannot find it, I am sure a detective can. I will write to him at once."

" Then I 'll wait and ride to the office with the letter," said Elwood.

Madeline rose, and commenced walking up and down the room : she appeared to be suddenly and unusually excited.

" I have a new suspicion," she said, at last. " Perhaps I am in too much of a hurry to make conjectures, because Philip thinks I have a talent for it, — and yet, this grows upon me every minute ! I hope — oh, I hope I am right ! "

She spoke with so much energy that Elwood began to share her excitement without knowing its cause. She noticed the eager, waiting expression of his face.

" You must really pardon me, Mr. Withers. I believe I was talking to myself rather than to you ; I will not mention my fancy until Philip decides whether it is worth acting upon. There will be no harm if each of us finds a different clew, and follows it. Philip will hardly leave the city to-morrow. I shall not write, but go down with the first train in the morning ! "

Elwood took his leave, feeling hopeful, and yet very restless.

It was a long while before Madeline encountered Philip. He was busily employed in carrying out his plan of tracing the travelling agent, — not yet successful, but sanguine of success. He examined the scrap of paper which Madeline brought, listened to her reasons for the new suspicion which had crossed her mind, and compared them with the little evidence already collected.

" Do not let us depend too seriously on this," he then said ; " there is about an even chance that you are right. We will keep it as an additional and independent test, but we dare not lose sight of the fact that the law will assume Joseph's guilt, and we must establish his innocence, first of all. Nay, if we can simply prove that Julia, and not Lucy, purchased the poison, we shall save both ! But, at the same time, I will try to find this —*ers*, who lives in a corner-house, and I will have a talk with old Blessing this very evening."

" Why not go now ? "

" Patience, you impetuous girl ! I mean to take no step without working out every possible result, in advance. If I were not here, in the city, I would consult with Mr. Pinkerton, before proceeding further. Now I shall take you to the train : you must return to Coventry, and watch and wait there."

When Philip called at the Blessing mansion, in the evening, he found only

Mrs. Blessing at home. She was rigid and dreary in her mourning, and her reception of him was almost repellent in its stiff formality.

"Mr. Blessing is absent," she explained, inviting Philip to a seat by a wave of her hand. "His own interests rendered a trip to the Oil Regions imperative; it is a mental distraction which I do not grudge him. This is a cheerless household, sir, — one daughter gone forever, and another about to leave us. How does Mr. Asten bear his loss?"

Philip, thereupon, as briefly and forcibly as possible, related all that had occurred. "I wished to consult Mr. Blessing," he concluded, "in relation to the possibility of his being able to furnish any testimony on his son-in-law's side. Perhaps you, also —"

"No!" she interrupted. "I know nothing whatever! If the trial (which I think most unnecessary and shocking) gets into the city papers, it will be a terrible scandal for us. When will it come on, did you say?"

"In two or three weeks."

"There will be barely time!" she cried.

"For that reason," said he, "I wish to secure the evidence at once. All the preparations for the defence must be completed within that time."

"Clementina," Mrs. Blessing continued, without heeding his words, "will be married about the first of October. Mr. Spelter has been desirous of making a bridal tour to Europe. She did not favor the plan; but it seems to me like an interposition of Heaven!"

Philip rose, too disgusted to speak. He bowed in silence, and left the house.

CHAPTER XXVII.

As the day of trial drew nigh, the anxiety and activity of Joseph's friends increased, so that even the quiet atmosphere wherein he lived was disturbed by it. He could not help knowing that they were engaged in collecting evidence, but inasmuch as Philip always said, "You can do nothing!" he forced himself to wait with such patience as was possible. Rachel Miller, who had partly taken the hired man, Dennis, into her confidence, hermetically sealed the house to the gossip of the neighborhood; but her greatest triumph was in concealing her alarm, as the days rolled by and the mystery was not yet unravelled.

There was not much division of opinion in the neighborhood, however. The growing discord between husband and wife had not been generally remarked: they were looked upon as a loving and satisfied couple. Joseph's integrity of character was acknowledged, and, even had it been doubted, the people saw no motive for crime. His action in demanding a legal investigation also operated favorably upon public opinion. Even Mr. Chaffinch, with all his belief in the natural depravity of the human heart, and his experience of Joseph's hardness to conviction, was forced, in his own mind, to speak him free of the charge. Had he known all the circumstances, which Philip had detected, and was trying to conceal until he could present them with their explanation, he might have thought differently, and many of the neighbors with him.

The quiet and seclusion were beneficial to Joseph. His mind became calmer and clearer; he was able to survey the past without passion, and to contemplate his own faults with a sense of wholesome bitterness rather than pain. The approaching trial was not a pleasant thing to anticipate, but the worst which he foresaw was the probability of so much of his private life being laid bare to the world. Here, again, his own words returned to condemn him. Had he not said to Lucy, on the morning of that fatal day, "I am sick of masks!" Had he not threatened to follow Julia with his own miserable story? The system of checks which restrain impulse, and the whirl of currents and counter-currents which

govern a man's movement through life, began to arrange themselves in his mind. True wisdom, he now felt, lay in understanding these, and so employing them as to reach individual liberty of action through law and not outside of it. He had been shallow and reckless, even in his good impulses: it was now time to endure quietly for a season what their effect had been.

The day previous to the trial Philip had a long consultation with Mr. Pinkerton. He had been so far successful that the name and whereabouts of the travelling agent had been discovered: the latter had been summoned, but he could not possibly arrive before the next day. Philip had also seen Mr. Blessing, who entered with great readiness into his plans, promised his assistance in ascertaining the truth of Madeline's suspicion, and would give his testimony as soon as he could return from New York, whither he had gone to say farewell to Mrs. Clementina Spelter, before her departure for Paris on a bridal journey. These were the two principal witnesses for the defence, and it was yet uncertain what kind of testimony they would be able to give.

"We must finish the other witnesses," Mr. Pinkerton said, "(who, in spite of all we can do, will strengthen the prosecution), by the time you reach here. If Spenham gives us trouble, as I am inclined to suspect, we cannot well spare you the first day, but I suppose it cannot be helped."

"I will send a telegram to Blessing, in New York, to make sure," Philip answered. "Byle and Glanders answer for their agent, and I can try him with the photograph on the way out. If that succeeds, Blessing's failure will be of less consequence."

"If, only, they do not reach Linthicum in the mean time! I will prolong the impanelling of the jury, and use every other liberty of delay allowed me; yet I have to be cautious. This is Spenham's first important case, and he is ambitious to make capital."

Mr. Spenham was the prosecuting attorney, who had just been elected to his first term of service in that capacity. He had some shrewdness as a criminal lawyer, and a great deal of experience of the subterranean channels of party politics. This latter acquirement, in fact, was the secret of his election, for he was known to be coarse, unscrupulous, and offensive. Mr. Pinkerton was able to foresee his probable line of attack, and was especially anxious, for that reason, to introduce testimony which would shorten the trial.

When the hour came, and Joseph found that Philip was inevitably absent, the strength he had summoned to his heart seemed to waver for an instant. All his other friends were present, however: Lucy Henderson and Madeline came with the Hopetons, and Elwood Withers stood by his side so boldly and proudly that he soon recovered his composure.

The court-room was crowded, not only by the idlers of the town, but also many neighbors from the country. They were grave and silent, and Joseph's appearance in the place allotted to the accused seemed to impress them painfully. The preliminaries occupied some time, and it was nearly noon before the first witness was called.

This was the physician. He stated, in a clear, business-like manner, the condition in which he found Julia, his discovery of the poison, and the unusual character of its operation, adding his opinion that the latter was owing to a long-continued nervous tension, culminating in hysterical excitement. Mr. Spenham questioned him very closely as to Joseph's demeanor, and his expressions before and after the death. The point of attack which he selected was Julia's exclamation: "Joseph, I will try to be different, but I must live for that!"

"These words," he said, "indicate a previous threat on the part of the accused. His helpless victim —"

Mr. Pinkerton protested against the epithet. But his antagonist found numberless ways of seeming to take

Joseph's guilt for granted, and thus gradually to mould the pliant minds of a not very intelligent jury. The physician was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, in the course of which he was led to state that he, himself, had first advised that the fact of the poisoning should not be mentioned until after the funeral. The onus of the secrecy was thus removed from Joseph, and this was a point gained.

The next witness was the servant-woman, who had been present in the hall when Julia fell upon the landing of the staircase. She had heard the words, "Go away! you have killed me!" spoken in a shrill, excited voice. She had already guessed that something was wrong between the two. Mr. Asten came home, looking quite wild and strange; he did n't seem to speak in his usual voice; he walked about in a restless way, and then went into the garden. Miss Lucy followed him and then Mrs. Asten; but in a little while *she* came back, with her dress torn and her arms scratched; she, the witness, noticed this as Mrs. Asten passed through the hall, tottering as she went and with her fists shut tight. Then Mr. Asten went up stairs to her bedroom; heard them speaking, but not the words; said to Sally, who was in the kitchen, 'It 's a real tiff and no mistake,' and Sally remarked, 'They 're not used to each other yet, as they will be in a year or two.'"

The witness was with difficulty kept to a direct narrative. She had told the tale so often that every particular had its fixed phrases of description, and all the questioning on both sides called forth only repetitions. Joseph listened with a calm, patient air; nothing had yet occurred for which he was not prepared. The spectators, however, began to be deeply interested, and a sharp observer might have noticed that they were already taking sides.

Mr. Pinkerton soon detected that, although the woman's statements told against Joseph, she possessed no friendly feeling for Julia. He endeavored to make the most of this; but it was not much.

When Lucy Henderson's name was called, there was a stir of curiosity in the audience. They knew that the conference in the garden, from which Julia had returned in such an excited condition, must now be described. Mr. Spenham pricked up his red ears, ran his hand through his stubby hair, and prepared himself for battle; while Mr. Pinkerton, already in possession of all the facts, felt concerned only regarding the manner in which Lucy might give them. This was a case where so much depended on the impression produced by the individual!

By the time Lucy was sworn she appeared to be entirely composed; her face was slightly pale, but calm, and her voice steady. Mrs. Hopeton and Madeline Held sat near her, and Elwood Withers, leaning against a high railing, was nearly opposite.

There was profound silence as she began, and the interest increased as she approached the time of Joseph's return. She described his appearance, repeated the words she had heard, reproduced the scene in her own chamber, and so came, step by step, to the interview in the garden. The trying nature of her task now became evident. She spoke slowly, and with longer pauses; but whichever way she turned, in her thought, the inexorable necessity of the whole truth stared her in the face.

"Must I repeat everything?" she asked. "I am not sure of recollecting the words precisely as they were spoken."

"You can certainly give the substance," said Mr. Spenham. "And be careful that you omit nothing: you are on your oath, and you ought to know what that means."

His words were loud and harsh. Lucy looked at the impassive face of the judge, at Elwood's earnest features, at the attentive jurymen, and went on.

When she came to Joseph's expression of the love that might have been possible she gave also his words:

"Had there been, I should have darkened the life of a friend."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Spenham, "we are coming upon the motive of the murder."

Again Mr. Pinkerton protested, and was sustained by the court.

"Tell the jury," said Mr. Spenham, "whether there had been any interchange of such expressions between you and the accused previous to his marriage?"

This question was objected to, but the objection was overruled.

"None whatever!" was the answer.

Julia's sudden appearance, the accusation she made, and the manner in which Joseph met it, seemed to turn the current of sympathy the other way. Lucy's recollection of this scene was very clear and complete: had she wished it, she could not have forgotten a word or a look. In spite of Mr. Spenham's angry objections, she was allowed to go on and relate the conversation between Joseph and herself after Julia's return to the house. Mr. Pinkerton made the best use of this portion of the evidence, and it seemed that his side was strengthened, in spite of all unfavorable appearances.

"This is not all!" exclaimed the prosecuting attorney. "A married man does not make a declaration of love —"

"Of a past *possible* love," Mr. Pinkerton interrupted.

"A very fine hair-splitting indeed! A 'possible' love and a 'possible' return, followed by a 'possible' murder and a 'possible' remarriage! Our duty is to remove possibilities and establish facts. The question is, Was there no previous affection between the witness and the accused? This is necessary to prove a motive. I ask then the woman — I beg pardon, the lady — what were her sentiments towards the husband of the poisoned before his marriage, at the time of the conversation in the garden, and now?"

Lucy started, and could not answer. Mr. Pinkerton came to her aid. He protested strongly against such a question, though he felt that there was equal danger in answering it or leaving it unanswered. A portion of the spectators, sympathizing with Lucy, felt indignant at Mr. Spenham's demand; another portion, hungry for the most private and intimate knowledge of all the parties concerned, eagerly hoped that it would be acceded to.

Lucy half turned, so that she caught a glimpse of Joseph. He was calm, but his eyes expressed a sympathetic trouble. Then she felt her gaze drawn to Elwood, who had become a shade paler, and who met her eyes with a deep, inscrutable expression. Was he thinking of his recent words to her, — "If need comes to publish what I said to you, don't keep back a single word!" She felt sure of it, for all that he said was in her mind. Her decision was made: for truth's sake, and under the eye of God, she would speak. Having so resolved, she shut her mind to all else, for she needed the greatest strength of either woman or man.

The judge had decided that she was not obliged to answer the question. There was a murmur, here and there, among the spectators.

"Then I will use my freedom of choice," said Lucy, in a firm voice, "and answer it."

She kept her eyes on Elwood as she spoke, and compelled him to face her. She seemed to forget judge, jury, and the curious public, and to speak only to his ear.

"I am here to tell the whole truth, God helping me," she said. "I do not know how what I am required to say can touch the question of Joseph Asten's guilt or innocence; but I cannot pause to consider that. It is not easy for a woman to lay bare her secret heart to the world; I would like to think that every man who hears me has a wife, a sister, or a beloved girl of his choice, and that he will try to understand my heart through his knowledge of hers. I *did* cherish a tenderness which might have been love — I cannot tell — for Joseph Asten before his betrothal. I admit that his marriage was a grief to me at the time, for,

while I had not suffered myself to feel any hope, I could not keep the feeling of disappointment out of my heart. It was both my blame and shame: I wrestled with it, and with God's help I overcame it!"

There was a simple pathos in Lucy's voice, which pierced directly to the hearts of her hearers. She stood before them, as pure as Godiva in her helpful nakedness. She saw on Elwood's cheek the blush which did not visit hers, and the sparkle of an unconscious tear. Joseph had hidden his face in his hands for a moment, but now looked up with a sadness which no man there could misinterpret.

Lucy had paused, as if waiting to be questioned, but the effect of her words had been so powerful and unexpected that Mr. Spenham was not quite ready. She went on: —

"When I say that I overcame it, I think I have answered everything. I went to him in the garden against my own wish, because his wife begged me with tears and sobs to intercede for her: I could not guess that he had ever thought of me otherwise than as a friend. I attributed his expressions to his disappointment in marriage, and pardoned him when he asked me to forget them — "

"O, no doubt!" Mr. Spenham interrupted, looking at the jury; "after all we have heard, they could not have been very disagreeable!"

Elwood made a rapid step forward; then, recollecting himself, resumed his position against the railing. Very few persons noticed the movement.

"They were very unwelcome," Lucy replied: "under any other circumstances, it would not have been easy to forgive them."

"And this former — 'tenderness,' I think you called it," Mr. Spenham persisted, "— do you mean to say that you feel nothing of it at present?"

There was a murmur of indignation all over the room. If there is anything utterly incomprehensible to a vulgar nature, it is the natural delicacy of feeling towards women, which is rarely wanting even to the roughest and most ignorant men. The prosecution had damaged itself, and now the popular sympathy was wholly and strongly with Lucy.

"I have already answered that question," she said. "For the holy sake of truth, and of my own free will, I have opened my heart. I did it, believing that a woman's first affection is pure, and would be respected; I did it, hoping that it might serve the cause of an innocent man: but now, since it has brought upon me doubt and insult, I shall avail myself of the liberty granted to me by the judge, and speak no word more!"

The spectators broke into applause, which the judge did not immediately check. Lucy's strength suddenly left her; she dropped into her seat and burst into tears.

"I have no further question to ask the witness," said Mr. Pinkerton.

Mr. Spenham inwardly cursed himself for his blunder, — not for his vulgarity, for of that he was sublimely unconscious, — and was only too ready to be relieved from Lucy's presence.

She rose to leave the court, Mrs. Hopeton accompanying her; but Elwood Withers was already at her side, and she leaned upon his arm as they passed through the crowd. The people fell back to make a way, and not a few whispered some honest word of encouragement. Elwood breathed heavily, and the veins on his forehead were swollen.

"Not a word was spoken until they reached the hotel. Then Lucy, taking Elwood's hand, said: "Thank you, true, dear friend! I can say no more now. Go back, for Joseph's sake, and when the day is over come here and tell me, if you can, that I have not injured him in trying to help him."

When Elwood returned to the court-room, Rachel Miller was on the witness stand. Her testimony confirmed the interpretation of Julia's character which had been suggested by Lucy Henderson's. The sweet, amiable, suffering wife began to recede into the

background, and the cold, false, selfish wife to take her place.

All Mr. Spenham's cross-examination failed to give the prosecution any support until he asked the question: —

"Have you discovered nothing whatever, since your return to the house, which will throw any light upon Mrs. Asten's death?"

Mr. Pinkerton, Elwood, and Madeline all felt that the critical moment had come. Philip's absence threatened to be a serious misfortune.

"Yes," Rachel Miller answered.

"Ah!" exclaimed the prosecuting attorney, rubbing his hair; "what was it?"

"The paper in which the arsenic was put up."

"Will you produce that paper?" he eagerly asked.

"I cannot, now," said Rachel; "I gave it to Mr. Philip Held, so that he might find out something more."

Joseph listened with a keen, undisguised interest. After the first feeling of surprise that such an important event had been kept from his knowledge, his confidence in Philip's judgment reassured him.

"Has Mr. Philip Held destroyed that paper?" Mr. Spenham asked.

"He retains it, and will produce it before this court to-morrow," Mr. Pinkerton replied.

"Was there any mark, or label, upon it, which indicated the place where the poison had been procured?"

"Yes," said Rachel Miller.

"State what it was."

"Ziba Linthicum's drug-store, No. 77 Main Street, Magnolia," she replied, as if the label were before her eyes.

"Let Ziba Linthicum be summoned at once!" Mr. Spenham cried.

Mr. Pinkerton, however, arose and stated that the apothecary's testimony required that of another person who was present when the poison was purchased. This other person had been absent in a distant part of the country, but had been summoned, and would arrive, in company with Mr. Philip Held, on the following morning. He begged that Mr. Linthicum's evidence might be postponed until then, when he believed that the mystery attending the poisoning would be wholly explained.

Mr. Spenham violently objected, but he again made the mistake of speaking for nearly half an hour on the subject, — an indiscretion into which he was led by his confirmed political habits. By the time the question was decided, and in favor of the defence, the afternoon was well advanced, and the court adjourned until the next day.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Elwood accompanied Joseph to the prison, where he was obliged to spend the night, and was allowed to remain with him until Mr. Pinkerton (who was endeavoring to reach Philip by telegraph) should arrive.

Owing to Rachel Miller's forethought, the bare room was sufficiently furnished. There was a clean bed, a chair or two, and a table upon which stood a basket of provisions.

"I suppose I must eat," said Joseph, "as a matter of duty. If you will sit down and join me, Elwood, I will try."

"If I could have that fellow, Spenham, by the throat, for a minute," Elwood growled, "it would give me a good appetite. But I will take my share, as it is: I never can think rightly, when I 'm hungry. Why, there is enough for a picnic! sandwiches, cold chicken, pickles, cakes, cheese, and two bottles of coffee, as I live! Just think that we 're in a hotel, Joseph! It 's all in one's notion, leastways for a single night; for you can go where you like to-morrow!"

"I hope so," said Joseph, as he took his seat. Elwood set the provisions before him, but he did not touch them. After a moment of hesitation, he stretched out his hand and laid it on Elwood's shoulder.

"Now, old boy!" Elwood cried: "I know it. What you mean is unnecessary, and I won't have it!"

"Let me speak!"

"I don't see why I should, Joseph. It's no more than I guessed. She did n't love me: you were tolerably near together once, and if you should now come nearer —"

But he could not finish the sentence: the words stuck in his throat.

"Great Heaven!" Joseph exclaimed, starting to his feet; "what are you thinking of? Don't you see that Lucy Henderson and I are parted forever by what has happened to-day? Did n't you hear her say that she overcame the tenderness which might have become love, as I overcame mine for her? Neither of us can recall that first feeling, any more than we can set our lives again in the past. I shall worship her as one of the purest and noblest souls that breathe; but, love her? make her my wife? It could never, never be! No, Elwood! I was wondering whether you could pardon me the rashness which has exposed her to to-day's trial."

Elwood began to laugh strangely. "You are foolish, Joseph," he said. "Pshaw! I can't hold my knife. These sudden downs and then ups are too much for a fellow! Pardon you? Yes, on one condition, — that you empty your plate before you speak another word to me!"

They were both cheerful after this, and the narrow little room seemed freer and brighter to their eyes. It was late before Mr. Pinkerton arrived: he had waited in vain for an answer from Philip. Elwood's presence was a relief to him, for he did not wish to excite Joseph by a statement of what he expected to prove, unless the two witnesses had been really secured. He adroitly managed, however, to say very little while seeming to say a great deal, and Joseph was then left to such rest as his busy memory might allow him.

Next morning there was an even greater crowd in the court-room. All Joseph's friends were there, with the exception of Lucy Henderson, who, by Mr. Pinkerton's advice, remained at the hotel. Philip had not arrived, but had sent a message saying that all was well, and he would come in the morning train.

Mr. Spenham, the evening before, had ascertained the nature of Mr. Linthicum's evidence. The apothecary, however, was only able to inform him of Philip's desire to discover the travelling agent, without knowing his purpose. In the name recorded as that of the purchaser of the poison Mr. Spenham saw a weapon which would enable him to repay Lucy for his discomfiture, and to indicate, if not prove, a complicity of crime, in which Philip Held also, he suspected, might be concerned.

The court opened at nine o'clock, and Philip could not be on hand before ten. Mr. Pinkerton endeavored to procure the examination of Dennis, and another subordinate witness, before the apothecary; but he only succeeded in gaining fifteen minutes' time by the discussion. Mr. Ziba Linthicum was then called and sworn. He carried a volume under his arm.

As Philip possessed the label, Mr. Linthicum could only testify to the fact that a veiled lady had purchased so many grains of arsenic of him on a certain day; that he kept a record of all sales of dangerous drugs; and that the lady's name was recorded in the book which he had brought with him. He then read the entry: —

"*Miss Henderson. Arsenic.*"

Although Mr. Pinkerton had whispered to Joseph, "Do not be startled when he reads the name!" it was all the latter could do to suppress an exclamation. There was a murmur and movement through the whole court.

"We have now both the motive and the co-agent of the crime," said Mr. Spenham, rising triumphantly. "After the evidence which was elicited yesterday, it will not be difficult to connect the two. If the case deepens in enormity as it advances, we may be shocked, but we have no reason to be surprised. The growth of free-love sentiments, among those who tear themselves loose from the guidance of religious influences, naturally leads to crime; and

the extent to which this evil has been secretly developed is not suspected by the public. Testimony can be adduced to show that the accused, Joseph Asten, has openly expressed his infidelity; that he repelled with threats and defiance a worthy minister of the Gospel, whom his own pious, murdered wife had commissioned to lead him into the true path. The very expression which the woman Lucy Henderson testified to his having used in the garden, — 'I am sick of masks,' — what does it mean? What but unrestrained freedom of the passions, — the very foundation upon which the free-lovers build up their pernicious theories? The accused cannot complain if the law lifts the mask from his countenance, and shows his nature in all its hideous deformity. But another mask, also, must be raised: I demand the arrest of the woman, Lucy Henderson!"

Mr. Pinkerton sprang to his feet. In a measured, solemn voice, which contrasted strongly with the loud, sharp tones of the prosecuting attorney, he stated that Mr. Linthicum's evidence was already known to him; that it required an explanation which would now be given in a few minutes, and which would completely exonerate Miss Henderson from the suspicion of having purchased the poison, or even having any knowledge of its purchase. He demanded that no conclusion should be drawn from evidence which would mislead the minds of the jury: he charged the prosecuting attorney with most unjustly assailing the characters of both Joseph Asten and Lucy Henderson, and invoked, in the name of impartial justice, the protection of the court.

He spoke both eloquently and earnestly; but the spectators noticed that he looked at his watch from minute to minute. Mr. Spenham interrupted him, but he continued to repeat his statements, until there came a sudden movement in the crowd, near the outer door of the hall. Then he sat down.

Philip led the way, pressing the crowd to right and left in his eagerness. He was followed by a tall young man, with a dark mustache and an abundance of jewelry, while Mr. Benjamin Blessing, flushed and perspiring, brought up the rear. The spectators were almost breathless in their hushed, excited interest.

Philip seized Joseph's hand, and bending nearer, whispered, "You are free!" His eyes sparkled and his face glowed.

Room was made for the three witnesses, and after a brief, whispered consultation between Philip and Mr. Pinkerton, Elwood was despatched to bring Lucy Henderson to the court.

"May it please the court," said Mr. Pinkerton, "I am now able to fulfil that promise which I this moment made. The evidence which was necessary to set forth the manner of Mrs. Asten's death, and which will release the court from any further consideration of the present case, is in my hands. I therefore ask leave to introduce this evidence without any further delay."

After a little discussion the permission was granted, and Philip Held was placed upon the stand.

He first described Joseph's genuine sorrow at his wife's death and his self-accusation of having hastened it by his harsh words to her in the morning. He related the interview at which Joseph, in learning of the reports concerning him, had immediately decided to ask for a legal investigation, and in a simple, straightforward way, narrated all that had been done up to the time of consulting Ziba Linthicum's poison record.

"As I knew it to be quite impossible that Miss Lucy Henderson could have been the purchaser," he began —

Mr. Spenham instantly objected, and the expression was ruled out by the court.

"Then," Philip resumed, "I determined to ascertain who had purchased the arsenic. Mr. Linthicum's description of the lady was too vague to be recognized. It was necessary to identify the travelling agent who was present; for this purpose I went to the

city, ascertained the names and addresses of all the travelling agents of all the wholesale drug firms, and after much time and correspondence discovered the man, — Mr. Case, who is here present. He was in Persepolis, Iowa, when the summons reached him, and would have been here yesterday but for an accident on the Erie Railway.

"In the mean time I had received the small fragment of another label, and by the clew which the few letters gave me I finally identified the place as the drug-store of Wallis and Erkers, at the corner of Fifth and Persimmon Streets. There was nothing left by which the nature of the drug could be ascertained, and therefore this movement led to nothing which could be offered as evidence in this court, — that is, by the druggists themselves, and they have not been summoned. It happened, however, by a coincidence which only came to light this morning, that —"

Here Philip was again interrupted. His further testimony was of less consequence. He was sharply cross-examined by Mr. Spenham as to his relations with Joseph, and his object in devoting so much time to procuring evidence for the defence; but he took occasion, in replying, to express his appreciation of Joseph's character so emphatically, that the prosecution lost rather than gained. Then the plan of attack was changed. He was asked whether he believed in the Bible, in future rewards and punishments, in the views of the so-called free-lovers, in facile divorce and polygamy. He was too shrewd, however, to lay himself open to the least misrepresentation, and the moral and mental torture which our jurisprudence has substituted for the rack, thumb-screws, and Spanish boots of the Middle Ages finally came to an end.

Then the tall young man, conscious of his own elegance, took his place. He gave his name and occupation as Augustus Fitzwilliam Case, commercial traveller for the house of Byle and Glanders, wholesale druggists.

"State whether you were in the drug-store of Ziba Linthicum, No. 77 Main Street, in this town, on the day of the entry in Mr. Linthicum's book."

"I was."

"Did you notice the person who called for arsenic?"

"I did."

"What led you specially to notice her?"

"It is my habit," said the witness. "I am impressible to beauty, and I saw at once that the lady had what I call — style. I recollect thinking, 'More style than could be expected in these little places.'"

"Keep your thoughts to yourself!" cried Mr. Spenham.

"Describe the lady as correctly as you can," said Mr. Pinkerton.

"Something under the medium size; a little thin, but not bad lines, — what I should call jimp, natty, or 'lissome,' in the Scotch dialect. A well-trained voice; no uncertainty about it, — altogether about as keen and wide-awake a woman as you 'll find in a day's travel."

"You guessed all this from her figure?" Mr. Spenham asked, with a sneer.

"Not entirely. I saw her face. I suppose something in my appearance or attitude attracted her attention. While Mr. Linthicum was weighing the arsenic she leaned over the counter, let her veil fall forward slightly, and gave me a quick side-look. I bent a little at the same time, as if to examine the soaps, and saw her face in a three-quarter position, as the photographers say."

"Can you remember her features distinctly?"

"Quite so. In fact, it is difficult for me to forget a female face. Hers was just verging on the sharp, but still tolerably handsome. Hair quite dark, and worn in ringlets; eyebrows clean and straight; mouth a little too thin for my fancy; and eyes — well, I could n't undertake to say exactly what color they were, for she seemed to have the

trick — very common in the city — of letting the lids droop over them."

"Were you able to judge of her age?"

"Tolerably, I should say. There is a certain air of preservation which enables a practised eye to distinguish an old girl from a young one. She was certainly not to be called young, — somewhere between twenty-eight and thirty-five."

"You heard the name she gave Mr. Linthicum?"

"Distinctly. Mr. Linthicum politely stated that it was his custom to register the names of all those to whom he furnished either poisons or prescriptions requiring care in being administered. She said, 'You are *very* particular, sir'; and, a moment afterwards, 'Pardon me, perhaps it is necessary.' 'What name, then?' he asked. I thought she hesitated a moment, but this I will not say positively; whether or not, the answer was, 'Miss Henderson.' She went out of the store with a light, brisk step."

"You are sure you would be able to recognize the lady?" Mr. Pinkerton asked.

"Quite sure." And Mr. Augustus Fitzwilliam Case smiled patronizingly, as if the question were superfluous.

Mr. Pinkerton made a sign to Lucy, and she arose.

"Look upon this lady!" he said to the witness.

The latter made a slight, graceful inclination of his head, as much as to say, "Pardon me, I am compelled to stare." Lucy quietly endured his gaze.

"Consider her well," said the lawyer, "and then tell the jury whether she is the person."

"No considerment is necessary. This lady has not the slightest resemblance to Miss Henderson. She is younger, taller, and modelled upon a wholly different style."

"Will you now look at this photograph?"

"Ah!" the witness exclaimed; "you can yourself judge of the correctness of my memory! Here is Miss Henderson, herself, and in three-quarter face as I saw her!"

"That," said Mr. Pinkerton, addressing the judge and jury, — "that is the photograph of Mrs. Julia Asten."

The spectators were astounded, and Mr. Spenham taken completely aback by this revelation. Joseph and Elwood both felt that a great weight had been lifted from their hearts. The testimony established Julia's falsehood at the same time, and there was such an instant and complete revulsion of opinion that many persons present at once suspected her of a design to poison Joseph.

"Before calling upon Mr. Benjamin Blessing, the father of the late Mrs. Asten, for his testimony," said Mr. Pinkerton, — "and I believe he will be the last witness necessary, — I wish to show that, although Miss Lucy Henderson accompanied Mrs. Asten to Magnolia, she could not have visited Mr. Linthicum's drug-store at the time indicated; nor, indeed, at any time during that day. She made several calls upon friends, each of whom is now in attendance, and their joint evidence will account for every minute of her stay in the place. The base attempt to blacken her fair name imperatively imposes this duty upon me."

No objection was made, and the witnesses were briefly examined in succession. Their testimony was complete.

"One mystery still remains to be cleared up," the lawyer continued; "the purpose of Mrs. Asten in purchasing the poison, and the probable explanation of her death. I say 'probable,' because absolute certainty is impossible. But I will not anticipate the evidence. Mr. Benjamin Blessing, step forward, if you please!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

On entering the court-room Mr. Blessing had gone to Joseph, given his hand a long, significant grasp, and looked in his face with an expression of triumph, almost of exultation. The action was not lost upon the specta-

tors or the jury, and even Joseph felt that it was intended to express the strongest faith in his innocence.

When the name was called there was a movement in the crowd, and a temporary crush in some quarters, as the people thrust forward their heads to see and listen. Mr. Blessing, bland, dignified, serene, feeling that he was the central point of interest, waited until quiet had been restored, slightly turning his head to either side, as if to summon special attention to what he should say.

After being sworn, and stating his name, he thus described his occupation: —

"I hold a position under government; nominally, it is a Deputy Inspectorship in the Custom-House, yet it possesses a confidential — I might say, if modesty did not prevent, an advisory — character."

"In other words, a Ward Politician!" said Mr. Spenham.

"I must ask the prosecuting attorney," Mr. Blessing blandly suggested, "not to define my place according to his own political experiences."

There was a general smile at these words; and a very audible chuckle from spectators belonging to the opposite party.

"You are the father of the late Mrs. Julia Asten?"

"I am — her unhappy father, whom nothing but the imperious commands of justice, and the knowledge of her husband's innocence of the crime with which he stands charged, could have compelled to appear here, and reveal the painful secrets of a family, which —"

Here Mr. Spenham interrupted him.

"I merely wish to observe," Mr. Blessing continued, with a stately wave of his hand towards the judge and jury, "that the De Belsains and their descendants may have been frequently unfortunate, but were never dishonorable. I act in their spirit when I hold duty to the innocent living higher than consideration for the unfortunate dead."

Here he drew forth a handkerchief, and held it for a moment to his eyes.

"Do you know of any domestic discords between your daughter and her husband?"

"I foresaw that such might be, and took occasion to warn my daughter, on her wedding-day, not to be too sure of her influence. There was too much disparity of age, character, and experience. It could not be called crabbed age and rosy youth, but there was difference enough to justify Shakespeare's doubts. I am aware that the court requires ocular — or auricular — evidence. The only such I have to offer is my son-in-law's own account of the discord which preceded my daughter's death."

"Did this discord sufficiently explain to you the cause and manner of her death?"

"My daughter's nature — I do not mean to digress, but am accustomed to state my views clearly — my daughter's nature was impulsive. She inherited my own intellect, but modified by the peculiar character of the feminine nervous system. Hence she might succumb to a depression which *I* should resist. She appeared to be sure of her control over my son-in-law's nature, and of success in an enterprise, in which — I regret to say — my son-in-law lost confidence. I assumed, at the time, that her usually capable mind was unbalanced by the double disappointment, and that she had rushed, unaneled, to her last account. This, I say, was the conclusion forced upon me; yet I cannot admit that it was satisfactory. It seemed to disparage my daughter's intellectual power: it was not the act which I should have anticipated in any possible emergency."

"Had you no suspicion that her husband might have been instrumental?" Mr. Spenham asked.

"He? he is simply incapable of that, or *any* crime!"

"We don't want assertions," said Mr. Spenham, sternly.

"I beg pardon of the court," remarked Mr. Blessing, "it was a spon-

taneous expression. The touch of nature cannot always be avoided."

"Go on, sir!"

"I need not describe the shock and sorrow following my daughter's death," Mr. Blessing continued, again applying his handkerchief. "In order to dissipate it, I obtained a leave of absence from my post, — the exigencies of the government fortunately admitting of it, — and made a journey to the Oil Regions, in the interest of myself and my son-in-law. While there I received a letter from Mr. Philip Held, the contents of which — "

"Will you produce the letter?" Mr. Spenham exclaimed.

"It can be produced, if necessary. I will state nothing further, since I perceive that this would not be admissible evidence. It is enough to say that I returned to the city without delay, in order to meet Mr. Philip Held. The requirements of justice were more potent with me than the suggestions of personal interest. Mr. Held had already, as you will have noticed, from his testimony, identified the fragment of paper as having emanated from the drug-store of Wallis and Erkers, corner of Fifth and Persimmon Streets. I accompanied him to that drug-store, heard the statements of the proprietors, in answer to Mr. Held's questions, — statements, which, I confess, surprised me immeasurably (but I could not reject the natural deductions to be drawn from them), and was compelled, although it overwhelmed me with a sense of unmerited shame, to acknowledge that there was plausibility in Mr. Held's conjectures. Since they pointed to my elder daughter, Clementina, now Mrs. Spelter, and at this moment tossing upon the ocean-wave, I saw that Mr. Held might possess a discernment superior to my own. But for a lamentable cataclysm, he might have been my son-in-law, and I need not say that I prefer that refinement of character which comes of good blood to the possession of millions — "

Here Mr. Blessing was again interrupted, and ordered to confine himself to the simple statement of the necessary facts.

"I acknowledge the justice of the rebuke," he said. "But the sentiment of the *mens conscia recti* will sometimes obtrude through the rigid formula of Themis. In short, Mr. Philip Held's representations — "

"State those representations at once, and be done with them!" Mr. Spenham cried.

"I am coming to them presently. The Honorable Court understands, I am convinced, that a coherent narrative, although moderately prolix, is preferable to a disjointed narrative, even if the latter were terse as Tacitus. Mr. Held's representations, I repeat, satisfied me that an interview with my daughter Clementina was imperative. There was no time to be lost, for the passage of the nuptial pair had already been taken in the *Ville de Paris*. I started at once, sending a telegram in advance, and in the same evening arrived at their palatial residence in Fifth Avenue. Clementina's nature, I must explain to the Honorable Court, is very different from that of her sister, — the reappearance, I suspect, of some lateral strain of blood. She is reticent, undemonstrative, — in short, frequently inscrutable. I suspected that a direct question might defeat my object; therefore, when I was alone with her the next morning, — my son-in-law, Mr. Spelter, being called to a meeting of Erie of which he is one of the directors, — I said to her: 'My child, you are perfectly blooming! Your complexion was always admirable, but now it seems to me incomparable!'"

"This is irrelevant!" cried Mr. Spenham.

"By no means! It is the very *corpus delicti*, — the foot of Hercules, — the milk (powder would be more appropriate) in the cocoa-nut! Clementina smiled in her serene way, and made no reply. 'How do you keep it up now?' I asked, tapping her cheek; 'you must be careful, here: all persons are not so discreet as Wallis and Erkers.' She was astounded, stupefied, I might say,

but I saw that I had reached the core of truth. 'Did you suppose I was ignorant of it?' I said, still very friendly and playfully. 'Then it was Julia who told you!' she exclaimed. 'And if she did,' I answered, 'what was the harm? I have no doubt that Julia did the same thing.' 'She was always foolish,' Clementina then said; 'she envied me my complexion, and she watched me until she found out. I told her that it would not do for any except blondes, like myself, and *her* complexion was neither one thing nor the other. And I could n't see that it improved much, afterwards."

Mr. Pinkerton saw that the jurymen were puzzled, and requested Mr. Blessing to explain the conversation to them.

"It is my painful duty to obey; yet a father's feelings may be pardoned if he shrinks from presenting the facts at once in their naked — unpleasantness. However, since the use of arsenic as a cosmetic is so general in our city, especially among blondes, as Wallis and Erkers assure me, my own family is not an isolated case. Julia commenced using the drug, so Clementina informed me, after her engagement with Mr. Asten, and only a short time before her marriage. To what extent she used it, after that event, I have no means of knowing; but, I suspect, less frequently, unless she feared that the disparity of age between her and her husband was becoming more apparent. I cannot excuse her duplicity in giving Miss Henderson's name instead of her own at Mr. Linthicum's drug-store, since the result might have been so fearfully fatal; yet I entreat you to believe that there may have been no inimical *animus* in the act. I attribute her death entirely to an over-dose of the drug, voluntarily taken, but taken in a moment of strong excitement."

The feeling of relief from suspense, not only among Joseph's friends, but throughout the crowded court-room, was clearly manifested: all present seemed to breathe a lighter and fresher atmosphere.

Mr. Blessing wiped his forehead and his fat cheeks, and looked benignly around. "There are a hundred little additional details," he said, "which will substantiate my evidence; but I have surely said sufficient for the ends of justice. The heavens will not fall because I have been forced to carve the emblems of criminal vanity upon the sepulchre of an unfortunate child, — but the judgment of an earthly tribunal may well be satisfied. However, I am ready," he added, turning towards Mr. Spenham; "apply all the engines of technical procedure, and I shall not wince."

The manner of the prosecuting attorney was completely changed. He answered respectfully and courteously, and his brief cross-examination was calculated rather to confirm the evidence for the defence than to invalidate it.

Mr. Pinkerton then rose and stated that he should call no other witnesses. The fact had been established that Mrs. Asten had been in the habit of taking arsenic to improve her complexion; also that she had purchased much more than enough of the drug to cause death, at the store of Mr. Ziba Linthicum, only a few days before her demise, and under circumstances which indicated a desire to conceal the purchase. There were two ways in which the manner of her death might be explained: either she had ignorantly taken an over-dose, or, having mixed the usual quantity before descending to the garden to overhear the conversation between Mr. Asten and Lucy Henderson, had forgotten the fact in the great excitement which followed, and thoughtlessly added as much more of the poison. Her last words to her husband, which could not be introduced as evidence, but might now be repeated, showed that her death was the result of accident, and not of design. She was thus absolved of the guilt of suicide, even as her husband of the charge of murder.

Mr. Spenham, somewhat to the surprise of those who were unacquainted

with his true character, also stated that he should call no further witness for the prosecution. The testimonies of Mr. Augustus Fitzwilliam Case and Mr. Benjamin Blessing — although the latter was unnecessarily ostentatious and discursive — were sufficient to convince him that the prosecution could not make out a case. He had no doubt whatever of Mr. Joseph Asten's innocence. Lest the expressions which he had been compelled to use, in the performance of his duty, might be misunderstood, he wished to say that he had the highest respect for the characters of Mr. Asten and also of Miss Lucy Henderson. He believed the latter to be a refined and virtuous lady, an ornament to the community in which she resided. His language towards her had been professional, — by no means personal. It was in accordance with the usage of the most eminent lights of the bar; the ends of justice required the most searching examination, and the more a character was criminated the more brightly it would shine forth to the world, after the test had been successfully endured. He was simply the agent of the law, and all respect of persons was prohibited to him while in the exercise of his functions.

The judge informed the jurymen that he did not find it necessary to give them any instructions. If they were already agreed upon their verdict, even the formality of retiring might be dispensed with.

There was a minute's whispering back and forth among the men, and the foreman then rose and stated that they were agreed.

The words "Not Guilty!" spoken loudly and emphatically, were the signal for a stormy burst of applause from the audience. In vain the court-crier, aided by the constables, endeavored to preserve order. Joseph's friends gathered around him, with their congratulations; while Mr. Blessing, feeling that some recognition of the popular sentiment was required, rose and bowed repeatedly to the crowd. Philip led the way to the open air, and the others followed, but few words were spoken until they found themselves in the large parlor of the hotel.

Mr. Blessing had exchanged some mysterious whispers with the clerk, on arriving; and presently two negro waiters entered the room, bearing wine, ice, and other refreshments. When the glasses had been filled, Mr. Blessing lifted his with an air which imposed silence on the company, and thus spake: "'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' There may be occasions when silence is golden, but to-day we are content with the baser metal. A man in whom we all confide, whom we all love, has been rescued from the labyrinth of circumstances: he comes to us as a new Theseus, saved from the Minotaur of the Law! Although Mr. Held, with the assistance of his fair sister, was the Ariadne who found the clew, it has been my happy lot to assist in unrolling it; and now we all stand together, like our classic models on the free soil of Crete, to chant a pæan of deliverance. While I propose the health and happiness and good-fortune of Joseph Asten, I beg him to believe that my words come *ab imo pectore*, — from my inmost heart: if any veil of mistrust, engendered by circumstances which I will not now recall, still hangs between him and myself, I entreat him to rend that veil, even as David rent his garments, and believe in my sincerity, if he cannot in my discretion!"

Philip was the only one, besides Joseph, who understood the last allusion. He caught hold of Mr. Blessing's hand and exclaimed: "Spoken like a man!"

Joseph stepped instantly forward. "I have again been unjust," he said, "and I thank you for making me feel it. You have done me an infinite service, sacrificing your own feelings, bearing no malice against me for my hasty and unpardonable words, and showing a confidence in my character which — after what has passed between us — puts me to shame. I am both penitent and grateful: henceforth I shall know you and esteem you!"

Mr. Blessing took the offered hand, held it a moment, and then stammered, while the tears started from his eyes: "Enough! Bury the past a thousand fathoms deep! I can still say: *foi de Belsain!*"

"One more toast!" cried Philip. "Happiness and worldly fortune to the man whom misfortunes have bent but cannot break, — who has been often deceived, but who never purposely deceived in turn, — whose sentiment of honor has been to-day so nobly manifested, — Benjamin Blessing!"

While the happy company were pouring out, but not exhausting, their feelings, Lucy Henderson stole forth upon the upper balcony of the hotel. There was a secret trouble in her heart, which grew from minute to minute. She leaned upon the railing, and looked down the dusty street, passing in review the events of the two pregnant days, and striving to guess in what manner they would affect her coming life. She felt that she had done her simple duty: she had spoken no word which she was not ready to repeat; yet in her words there seemed to be the seeds of change.

After a while the hostler brought a light carriage from the stable, and Elwood Withers stepped into the street below her. He was about to take the reins, when he looked up, saw her, and remained standing. She noticed the intensely wistful expression of his face.

"Are you going, Elwood, — and alone?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, eagerly; and waited.

"Then I will go with you, — that is, if you will take me." She tried to speak lightly and playfully.

In a few minutes they were out of town, passing between the tawny fields and under the russet woods. A sweet west wind fanned them with nutty and spicy odors, and made a crisp, cheerful music among the fallen leaves.

"What a delicious change!" said Lucy, "after that stifling, dreadful room."

"Ay, Lucy, — and think how Joseph will feel it! And how near, by the chance of a hair, we came of missing the truth!"

"Elwood!" she exclaimed, "while I was giving my testimony, and I found your eyes fixed on me, were you thinking of the counsel you gave me, three weeks ago, when we met at the tunnel?"

"I was!"

"I knew it, and I obeyed. Do you now say that I did right?"

"Not for that reason," he answered. "It was your own heart that told you what to do. I did not mean to bend or influence you in any way: I have no right."

"You have the right of a friend," she whispered.

"Yes," said he, "I sometimes take more upon myself than I ought. But it's hard, in my case, to hit a very fine line."

"O, you are now unjust to yourself, Elwood. You are both strong and generous."

"I am not strong! I am this minute spoiling my good luck. It *was* a luck from Heaven to me, Lucy, when you offered to ride home with me, and it *is*, now, — if I could only swallow the words that are rising into my mouth!"

She whispered again: "Why should you swallow them?"

"You are cruel! when you have forbidden me to speak, and I have promised to obey!"

"After all you have heard?" she asked.

"All the more for what I have heard."

She took his hand, and cried, in a trembling voice: "*I* have been cruel, in remaining blind to your nature. I resisted what would have been — what will be, if you do not turn away — my one happiness in this life! Do not speak, — let *me* break the prohibition! Elwood, dear, true, noble heart, — Elwood, I love you!"

"Lucy!"

And she lay upon his bosom.

Bayard Taylor.

FOUR MONTHS WITH CHARLES DICKENS.

DURING HIS FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA (IN 1842). BY HIS SECRETARY.

PART II.

FROM Philadelphia Mr. Dickens went direct to Washington. On reaching Baltimore the cars stopped awhile in the market-place. In a couple of minutes word had passed through the crowd that "Dickens was on board the train." Instantly the windows were darkened with faces, and all sorts of comments — but mostly kind and respectful — were made upon his looks and general appearance.

A market-woman near by, seeing the rush, came up close to the windows, but she could not make out what all the excitement was about, and calling to a friend who was standing at the window near me, she loudly asked, "What 's the matter? What is it all about, say, John, what is it?" "Why," answered the man, looking over his shoulder, "they 've got Boz here!" "Got Boz!" said she; "what 's Boz? what do you mean?" "Why," said the man, "it 's Dickens. They 've got him in here!" "Well, what has he been doing?" said she. "He ain't been doing nothing," answered the man. "He writes books." "O," said the woman, indignantly, "is that all? what do they make such a row about that for, I should like to know!"

It was here that Mr. Dickens, in his "Notes," says he gained so much information in reference to his own nose and eyes and the impressions wrought upon different minds by his mouth and chin, and how his head looked when viewed from behind, etc. On arriving at Washington Mr. Dickens went to his quarters at "Willard's." But "Willard's" was not then the splendid hotel it now is. It was a low two-story building, with many odd additions which had been put on at intervals, and the rooms were small. But the house was well kept, and every attention was paid the visitors. There was a big triangle placed in the back yard close to our rooms, and at all hours of the day and night it sent its summons to the servants. It was rather troublesome for a day or two, but we finally got used to it. Mr. Dickens had letters from distinguished English and American friends to all the leading members of Congress and other official dignitaries, and in due time Webster, Calhoun, Bell of Tennessee, and many others, called to pay their respects. Among the rest the Honorable R. C., then member of the Senate from Massachusetts, came. I had often heard his splendid pleading at the bar; and after he left I said to Mr. Dickens: "That, sir, is one of the most remarkable men in our country." "Good God! Mr. P.," answered he, "they are all so! I have scarcely met a man since my arrival who was n't one of the most remarkable men in the country!"

Mr. Dickens visited President Tyler, and afterwards, with Mrs. Dickens, attended a reception at the White House; and, as it was known that he was to be present, the attendance was very large and fashionable, and made brilliant by the presence of eminent statesmen and government officials with their families. Washington Irving, who had just received his appointment as Minister to Spain, was, to Mr. Dickens's great joy, also present, and shared with him the honors of the occasion.

While at Washington an ocean steamer, supposed to have been lost, arrived at New York, and the long-looked-for tidings from home and family came at last, to their great relief.

Leaving Washington, Mr. Dickens took the steamer down the Potomac to Potomac Creek. He rose early in the morning to get a glimpse of

Mount Vernon, for he cherished a profound respect for the great man who lies buried there. On arriving at Potomac Creek, we found stages to take us to Fredericksburg, Virginia, and as usual Mr. Dickens secured his favorite seat on the box beside the driver. This ride and the negro drivers of the seven coaches is most graphically described in his "Notes." The roads were bad past all description, and seemed to be impassable; but the negro drivers possessed great skill, and drove through without accident.

At Fredericksburg we took the cars for Richmond. After travelling awhile we came to a very lonely and dismal-looking country. We passed plantations long ago deserted, the houses and barns rotting down, and the ground as barren of soil as a New England street. A gentleman told me that the vast pine barrens, stretching miles away, through which we were occasionally passing, were, years ago, the same as these barren fields; for only pines of the most meagre growth could grow on this slavery-cursed soil. I called the attention of Mr. Dickens to the sterility and ruin all around us, and he seemed astounded at the fact that this land was once fertile, the very "garden of America!" Turning to his wife, he exclaimed: "Great God! Kate, just hear what Mr. P. says! These lands were once cultivated! and have been abandoned because worn out by slave labor!" At sight of this widespread desolation his already deep detestation of slavery became intensified.

An incident upon the road added, if possible, to this feeling. Stopping at a lonely station in the forest for wood and water, we noticed a colored woman with several small children standing by, who seemed to be waiting for passage. After a little time we heard the woman and children weeping, and some one in the car asked the cause. A bluff, well-dressed man near us answered: "It's them d—d niggers; somebody has bought them and is taking them down to Richmond, and they are making a fuss about it!"

Dickens heard the answer, and what impression this separation of families made upon the mind of one who loved so well the freedom and happiness of all human beings may be imagined.

At Richmond Mr. Dickens took rooms at the Exchange. Here as elsewhere large numbers of the most prominent people called upon him, and a dinner was given in his honor. Here, too, he visited the tobacco factories, and saw "the happy slaves singing at their work." But it was a useless task to attempt to blind the eyes or corrupt the heart of this friend of humanity. All that was praiseworthy in our people and their institutions he praised without stint; but he would not indorse any wrong, especially that of slavery.

Mr. Dickens originally intended to travel quite extensively in the South; but the short time he had to remain in the country, and the increasing heat of the weather in that region, induced him to abandon the idea of going farther south than Richmond; and, after a few days' sojourn, he returned to Washington. He made a very short stay in the capital, and went thence to Baltimore, and then to Harrisburg Pennsylvania, from which place he had arranged to go by canal to Pittsburg. On arriving at Harrisburg we passed the night at an excellent hotel, and the next day went on board the canal-boat to continue our journey to Pittsburg. As it was early in the season, the boat was not overcrowded with passengers. The captain very kindly gave up his own little private cabin at the bow of boat to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, and this made their journey unusually comfortable. The mode of travel was quite new to them, and the scarcely perceptible motion of the boat, and the perfect quiet which surrounded us, were in delightful contrast with the noise, turmoil, and excitement of the past few weeks. As we went on the number of passengers increased, and soon the little deck, or cabin top, became well covered with trunks and baggage. Here the passengers assembled and sat

upon the trunks, but at intervals the helmsman's cry of "Bridge!" "Low bridge!" would come, and then those who desired to save their brains stooped low till the bridge was passed.

In front of their cabin, at the bow of the boat, was a little deck space with room for a couple of chairs, and here Mr. and Mrs. Dickens sat for hours, greatly enjoying the absolute stillness of the scene. As evening came on, the scenery became more wild and grand, for we were approaching the "spurs of the Alleghanies," and occasionally the helmsman would take his Kent bugle and wake the echoes of the solitudes.

Excepting when out upon the tow-path for exercise, Mr. Dickens spent most of his time while on the canal in this sheltered nook at the bow of the boat, sitting by the side of his wife, reading or conversing. The country through which we were passing was now exceedingly picturesque. The log-cabins of the settlers in that almost untrodden region, the little groups of houses which constituted the "towns," the homes of the "lock-tenders," and everything around us, was so unlike anything in the old country that our travellers were never weary. Each turn in the canal brought out new combinations of scenery; and when night came on, and the moon rose over the mountains, the prospect became still more charming and novel.

It was on the deck of the canal-boat that a stranger, after following Mr. Dickens several times up and down, staring at the overcoat of "astrachan goat-skin" which Mr. Dickens wore, came to him, felt of the coat, and asked what it was, the price, etc., and many other questions. His curiosity much amused Mr. Dickens, who answered his questions very kindly, smiling all the while at the earnestness and perfect self-complacency of his questioner.

On leaving the canal-boat we took the cars up the inclined planes of the Alleghanies, and, reaching the summit, soon began the descent on the other side. We had a very early breakfast that morning, and long before noon began to be hungry. There was no station where we could obtain refreshments, but after a long suspense we heard that about the middle of the afternoon we should "reach the hotel to dine." The time at last arrived, and the moment the train stopped we hurried into the hotel. A glance at the table showed what was likely to be the fare. So I managed to find good places near the head of the table for Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, close by what seemed to be a small dish of veal. They succeeded in getting a little of it and a small portion of bread and butter, and were thankful, as indeed they and those near the "veal" had good reason to be, for the mass of hungry passengers got little or nothing. There was a big dish of something on the table, and the long-nosed landlord walked round and round the table, asking the starving passengers, through his nose, if they would "have some of the potpie? some of the potpie?"

The "potpie" was examined and generally refused. A few, however, had the temerity to taste it. It was a mass of bacon-rinds, pork-scraps, bits of gristle, and potatoes, and such odds and ends as usually go into the waste-tub, and which had probably been accumulating for several weeks. The hungry passengers took very little of it, preferring to pay for rather than to eat it. The last I saw of that landlord he was walking round the half-deserted table with the dish in his hands, and asking the guests if they would "have some of the potpie? some of the potpie?"

In due time we arrived at Pittsburg, and took rooms at the Exchange Hotel. The accommodations were excellent, and a few days were spent in visiting the objects of interest in and around the city, and in receiving visitors and making visits.

On April 1st we left Pittsburg on board the steamer Messenger for Cincinnati.

The passage down the Ohio was full of interest for our travellers, being unlike any former experience of theirs. The captain had politely given them a pleasant state-room toward the stern of the boat, and when the sun was hot they sat there on the little gallery outside and enjoyed the quiet of the scene. Toward evening Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, ever anxious to keep up their old English habit of "taking exercise," would go to the hurricane-deck and walk there for hours. During the day they sat generally outside their state-room, and seemed to enjoy much the constant change of scenery as we swept down the Ohio.

Mr. Dickens maintained throughout his travels a constant and large correspondence with friends at home; and often, while writing, his face would be convulsed with laughter at his own fun; and on his showing the letters to Mrs. Dickens she would join heartily in the mirth.

Whenever the boat reached a town on the river, word would be passed by the passengers to the people on the landing that "Boz was on board," and there would be a gathering of persons earnestly looking for him, and many gentlemen would hasten on board to get a glimpse of the great author.

On arriving at Cincinnati we went to the hotel where rooms had been already engaged, and here again the admirers of "Boz" came in crowds to see him. Mr. Dickens greatly enjoyed his visit to Cincinnati, and often referred to it with pleasure afterwards.

After spending a few days and enjoying the society of the people of this beautiful city, Mr. Dickens decided to make a visit to St. Louis, and we embarked on the steamer Pike for the latter place. On arriving at St. Louis we took rooms at the Planter's Hotel, and found it to be a most excellent place. Soon after his arrival a party composed of some fourteen gentlemen — choice spirits they were — was got up to make an excursion to the Looking-glass Prairie, many miles off on the Illinois side of the river. I recollect that Rev. Dr. Eliot of St. Louis was that one of the number whose presence in the group was most pleasant to all, and to Mr. Dickens in particular.

We started pretty early one hot morning, and, crossing the river on the ferry-boat, landed on the opposite shore. The travelling here was dreadful. For a dozen miles at least the wheels sank below their hubs in the soft black soil of the bottom-lands, and the horses with difficulty pulled us through. On reaching the upland the road became much better. After some hours we arrived at a log settlement. It was "court term," and we breakfasted with the judges and lawyers at the log-tavern. On our way to the prairie we saw in the distance one of those mysterious "mounds," but had not time to visit it. Late in the afternoon we reached the prairie, and the baskets of lunch, brought all the way from St. Louis, were hastily unpacked, and a hearty meal of good things, among which was "buffalo's tongue," a new and delicious edible to Mr. Dickens, was eaten with a relish. We spent the night at a log-tavern on the edge of the prairie, and the next morning returned to St. Louis. Mr. Dickens enjoyed this jaunt very much. It gave him an insight into Western rural life, and he often referred to the excursion and to the gentlemen who composed the party with great pleasure.

At the Planter's House the visitors poured in as at other places, and were cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, who always highly appreciated the generosity of their American welcome.

One day a well-known literary gentleman called and was cordially received by Mr. Dickens. After conversing for some time he began to speak of the condition of society in America, and at last in a most bland and conciliating manner asked: "Mr. Dickens, how do you like our domestic institution, sir?" "Like what, sir?" said Mr. Dickens, rousing up and looking sharply at his visitor. "Our domestic institution, sir, — slavery!" said the gentleman. Dickens's eyes blazed as he answered promptly, "Not at all, sir! I don't like

it at all, sir!" "Ah!" said his visitor, considerably abashed by the prompt and manly answer he had received, "you probably have not seen it in its *true* character, and are prejudiced against it." "Yes, sir!" was the answer, "I have seen it, sir! all I ever wish to see of it, and I detest it, sir!"

The gentleman looked mortified, abashed, and offended, and, taking his hat, bade Mr. Dickens "Good morning," which greeting was returned with promptness, and he left the room. Mr. Dickens then, in a towering passion, turned to me. "Damn their impudence, Mr. P.! If they will not thrust their accursed 'domestic institution' in my face, I will not attack it, for I did not come here for that purpose. But to tell me that a man is better off as a slave than as a freeman is an insult, and I will not endure it from any one! I will not bear it!"

It was not uncommon, in the various places at which we stayed, for persons of unsettled minds persistently to seek an interview with the novelist. It was impossible, of course, for him to see them, for he had not half time enough to devote to the *sane* people who thronged his rooms. But to these unfortunates he always sent a kind word, expressing his regret that he could not see them personally.

At St. Louis there was an old man who came and stayed about every day. His shirt-bosom and pockets were running over with manuscript, and in a letter to Mr. Dickens, he informed him that he "had paraphrased the entire Book of Job, and wanted to read it to Mr. Dickens and get his opinion of it." I had to meet the old gentleman every day with some excuse, kindly expressed, why Mr. Dickens could not see him, and so I tried to put him off each day till our time came to leave. But as the time approached, the old man determined that he would waylay Mr. Dickens in some of the passages of the hotel, and the last I saw of him he was standing looking round a corner in the hall, his bosom and pockets bursting with written and printed matter. When I told Mr. Dickens of this, he expressed the greatest pity for the poor old man. "God help him, poor fellow!" said he.

Taking our passage down the river in the Messenger, we arrived again in due time at Cincinnati. After resting for a day here, we took the stage-coach for Columbus. The coach was crowded with passengers, and, as usual, Mr. Dickens secured his favorite seat on the box with the driver. We travelled all night, and a weary journey it was. Mrs. Dickens sat on the back seat, and my place was on the middle seat by the window in front of her. Opposite me, through the night, sat a well-dressed man; but all night long he poured out a rain of tobacco-spittle, which from the motion of the coach fell on us in showers. I tried to screen Mrs. Dickens; but notwithstanding my efforts, and the aid of a thick veil, she could not escape the disgusting results.

Arriving at Columbus, we stopped at the Neil House, an excellent hotel; a few hours were given to rest and sleep, and afterwards Mr. Dickens received for an hour or two the ladies and gentlemen who called upon him. The plan of travel was to get to Sandusky City on Lake Erie, take a steamer to Buffalo, thence go to Niagara, and thence to Canada.

At Columbus we hired a stage-coach exclusively for our party, and the stage company sent an agent with the driver to go through with us. The upper portion of Ohio was largely at that time an unbroken forest, and the accommodations for travellers were very poor. Nothing but corn-bread and bacon could be obtained at the log-cabins on the road, and so our good landlord of the Neil House had a basket of provisions put up for us to dine upon. The road was pretty good at first, but did not improve as we went on. We had, however, a good stage-coach to ourselves, and a good team and driver. So for many miles we went on quite well. The driver, at intervals of a dozen miles or so, would commence blowing his horn, to give notice at the station, a mile or more ahead, that a relay of horses was

to be ready. It was evidently unusual for an "extra" to go through on that road, and while we changed horses all the people in the log-tavern and its neighborhood would assemble to look at us, and they generally found out by questioning the driver that it was "Boz" who was travelling with an "extra" toward the lake. Soon after noon we came to a pleasant nook in the woods, not far from a log-cabin, and our basket of provisions was opened and the cloth spread upon the grass. I obtained a pitcher of cool water at the cabin near by, and dinner was ready. I trust I shall be excused if I mention here a little instance of the kindness of heart always shown by Charles Dickens. The driver and his friend, who were now waiting with the coach at a little distance, had dined at the log-tavern which we passed a half-hour before. But before *we* dined Mr. Dickens, heaping up a large quantity of oranges, apples, nuts, and raisins, which we had brought for dessert, and a quantity of wine added, requested me to take them to the driver and his companion, which I did. It was a little incident; but it was characteristic of that man throughout life to *remember others*.

After dinner I returned the pitcher, taking the basket and dishes with me to the log-cabin; and the people were greatly pleased and surprised when I made them a present of the whole. We hurried off again, as the road was constantly growing worse and night not far distant.

At the next place for changing horses — a log-tavern and stable, standing all alone in the forest — we alighted for a few moments and went in. An elderly woman received us kindly and gave us seats. In an adjoining room there were two tall, good-looking young girls, her daughters, spinning. They seemed quite desirous to know, and were too bashful to ask, who the strangers were. Being curious to see if, in the midst of the almost unbroken forests of Northern Ohio, the inmates of that lone cabin had ever heard of Charles Dickens, I incidentally mentioned his name. "Is it, indeed?" said the girls, and with brightened eyes and looks of pleasure on their handsome faces they came and sat down where they could see Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. The coach was soon ready, and with a few words and a kind "good by" to the woman and her daughters from Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, we went on our way. I told Mr. Dickens that the girls had read his books and were happy to have seen him; and the incident seemed to gratify him, as well it might.

We soon began to know something of the exquisite softness of "corduroy roads." Some dozen miles of this kind of road lay now before us, and as they talked of "building a good road there some time or other," no repairs had for a long interval been made in the "corduroy"; consequently holes nearly large enough to bury coach, horses, and all were constantly occurring, which, however, the driver managed with great skill to avoid. It was a wondrous talent that put the wood and iron of that coach together, for it did not seem possible that it could long remain unbroken.

Mrs. Dickens had the back seat to herself; as the terrible jolting increased, Mr. Dickens, taking two handkerchiefs, tied the ends of them to the door-posts on each side, and the other ends Mrs. Dickens wound around her wrists and hands. This contrivance, to which was added the utmost bracing of the feet, enabled the kind and patient lady to endure the torture of the "corduroy." Mr. Dickens and myself occupied the middle seat, with our arms wound tightly around the other door-posts, and Mrs. Dickens's maid Ann occupied the front seat facing us. Mr. Dickens on his side, and I on mine, kept a sharp lookout ahead as well as we could, and when we saw — as we did almost every minute — an uncommonly large hole into which the wheels *must* go, we shouted, "Corduroy!" and prepared ourselves for the shock. But preparation was of little avail, for with all our strength we found it impossible to keep our places, but

were constantly tumbling upon each other and picking ourselves up from the bottom of the coach. At last we got through the swamp, and thankfully left the "corduroy" behind us. As night came on, a smart thunder-shower passed over us, and by the gleams of the lightning we followed the winding forest road. The driver told us we should reach Upper Sandusky a little before midnight and stop there till morning. This was good news, for perhaps there never yet was a set of travellers more utterly weary and worn out than ourselves. We looked forward with pleasure to supper, good clean beds, and a few hours' sleep. The time seemed very long, but at last, about eleven o'clock, when yet a mile or more from the place, our driver began to blow his horn to rouse the people at the tavern.

In due time we arrived. The log-tavern was a long, low structure a story and a half high. We got out of the coach, sore and lame, and soon sat down to a supper of bacon, bread and butter, and hot tea. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens had a room on the ground-floor, and into it all the trunks and baggage — including all overcoats and shawls — were carried. Mr. Dickens called my attention to the fact that there were no fastenings to either of the doors of his room, but said, "I can pile all the trunks up against the doors, and no one can possibly get in without waking us." Mrs. Dickens was naturally rather nervous, for the place certainly looked new and strange. We heard that an "Indian council" had just been held at the lodge near by, and there were hundreds of Indians at that time in the vicinity, and everything looked like being in a wild and uncivilized country.

So "Boz" and his wife went thankfully to rest, and the landlord, lighting a tallow candle, showed me up a flight of outer stairs into the chamber or loft of the cabin. There were two beds in the room, and one was already occupied by a man who snored in splendid style. I was too tired to mind that, and got into bed as soon as possible. But it was useless to try to sleep. The bed literally swarmed with bugs, and I found it impossible to close my eyes. After trying in vain for some time to endure the torment, I dressed and went down the stairs again out doors. It was in April, and the night air was piercing cold. I could not obtain an overcoat or shawl, for they were all in Mr. Dickens's room, and I would not alarm Mrs. Dickens by trying to get in. So I took to the coach. It was better than standing out doors; but as it was lined with leather, it was not very warm. I spent the night in useless attempts to catch a nap.

As daylight began to glimmer, I "crowed" very loudly several times, hoping that the old darky who did the chores would think it was morning and get up and light the fires. But the ruse did n't suceeed, though the "crowing" was very well done indeed.

As soon as it was light, I got out and crept to the cabin. While I was standing there, Mrs. Dickens, with a face full of trouble, and rubbing her wrists and hands, came from her room to the tin wash-basin provided for the public, which stood upon a stump near the door. I bade her good morning, and asked how she had rested. "O Mr. P.," said she, "I have been almost devoured by the bugs!" I then related my "experience," which excited both her mirth and sympathy, and calling to her husband said, "Charles, Charles! just come here, and listen to what Mr. P. suffered last night!" I told my "experience" again, without any embellishments, — none were needed, — and with laughter and kind words Mr. Dickens heard it and has duly chronicled it in his "Notes."

We had breakfast, and, the coach being ready, we all got in and were on the point of starting, when the landlord mentioned that "the bill was n't paid!" The bill not paid? Good Heavens! Mr. P., the bill not paid, sir! Why, how is this! I hope you have not neglected it before, have you?"

I apologized to the landlord, and explained that I had never before forgotten to pay all bills; but having spent the night in the coach, I had no consciousness of having stopped anywhere or of owing anything; with which explanation Mr. Dickens nodded and smiled his satisfaction. The landlord, however, seemed not well pleased, but received his money sullenly, and we went on our way.

Our stage-coach ride across Ohio ended at Tiffin, a small town which we reached about noon, from whence was a railroad to Sandusky City on Lake Erie. The good landlord at Tiffin, finding who were his guests, did his best to please, and also to let the entire town know that "Dickens was at his hotel." And when we left the house for the depot he had a large kind of open wagon on springs, with seats very high, on which Mr. and Mrs. Dickens were perched. I think the driver was instructed to pass through all the principal streets of the place before he reached the railroad station, for we went at a slow pace and were a long time going; and the people awaited us in groups, as if by appointment, at the street-corners and at the windows and doors of the houses; and if the inhabitants of Tiffin, Ohio, did not on that occasion see "Boz" and his wife, it certainly was not the fault of that good landlord or of his carriage-driver.

The change from coach and corduroy to the rail was most grateful, and in the evening we reached Sandusky City. A lake steamer made her appearance in the harbor the next day, and we embarked for Buffalo.

At Buffalo our travellers gladly welcomed their letters from home which were awaiting them there, and it was here that Mr. Dickens received from Carlyle and other eminent English writers the letters indorsing his views upon the subject of an "international copyright law."

It was but a short ride from Buffalo to Niagara. Mr. Dickens had been repeatedly warned not to expect too much of Niagara, and told that people were often disappointed in their anticipations of the grandeur of the scene.

As we crossed in the ferry-boat, Dickens gazed at the falls with astonishment! When midway over, he looked around for a few moments and said, solemnly, as if to himself: "Great God! How can any man be disappointed at this!"

Rooms had been engaged at the Clifton House, and now the tired travellers looked forward to a season of perfect rest and quiet. In this they were not disappointed. It was much too early in the season for visitors, and, with the exception of a few English officers and gentlemen residing in the neighborhood, there was no company to call upon them. The time allotted to be spent at Niagara was full of pure enjoyment, and when it was over they started for Toronto, thence to Kingston, Montreal, and Quebec. At all these places Mr. Dickens and his wife were most cordially received by the government officials, officers of the army, and the resident English population. The time was pleasantly passed in rides and visits, and also in some private theatricals in which Mr. Dickens and several English officers took part.

Bidding adieu to their kind friends in Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens hastened back to New York, from whence it had been arranged they should take passage to England. Having still a few days to spare, Mr. Dickens with a party of friends went out to see the Shaker village at Lebanon. They afterwards visited West Point, and then returned to New York.

The old friends came again to greet them, and many others came from Boston, Philadelphia, and other places to bid them farewell; and on the morning of the 7th of June a large party accompanied them on the steamer down the harbor to embark on board the packet-ship George Washington, for England.

Only those whose opportunities brought them in close contact with Charles Dickens can know the full

beauty and purity of his nature, and how intensely he loathed all that was coarse and low. An incident occurred during our journey which illustrated this. On one occasion, at a public dinner given him, — many ladies being present as spectators, — some persons, entirely mistaking the character of their guest, had secured the presence of a certain "Doctor," famous it would appear for story-telling. After the speeches commenced, there were frequent calls for the "Doctor," and at last he rose and said that he "must be excused from saying anything while the ladies were present." There was instantly a movement among the ladies to go. Mr. Dickens beckoned to me and said earnestly, "Please ask the ladies to stay, say I wish them to stay!" I spoke to Mrs. Dickens, and she said a few words to those around her, and the ladies remained. The rebuke was gentle but efficient, and there were no more calls for the "Doctor" during the rest of the evening.

Many kind letters of remembrance came to me from Mr. Dickens during the long interval which has passed since his memorable visit in 1842, and it scarcely need be said that on the occasion of his last coming he received the writer of these recollections with both hands outstretched and with a most cordial greeting. And then together we again went over the old journey.

I congratulated him upon his evident health and robustness, and spoke of the long years that we trusted were yet before him, in which the world should receive yet more of his wondrous productions; and his cheery answer was, "I am, indeed, well and very strong. And, please God, Mr. P., we 'll do something yet!"

But that hope has been disappointed. A loving world has looked for the last time upon that dear face, listened to the last words, read the last line, of Charles Dickens, and the record is closed forever!

MURILLO'S "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."

WHENCE is the spell — O fair and free from guile,
Thou with the young moon shod! — that binds my brain?
Is thine that orb of fable which did wane,
Darkening o'er sad Ortygia's templed isle, —
Beautiful Artemis, hid from earth awhile,
And on the pale monk's vigil risen again,
A wonder in the starry sky of Spain?
Comes the Myth back, Madonna, in thy smile?
Yea! thou dost teach that the Divine may be
The same to passing creeds and ages given;
And how the Greek hath dreamed, or churchman striven,
What reck we, who with eyes tear-blinded see
Thee standing loveliest in the open heaven? —
Ave Maria! only heaven and thee!

David Gray.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

I.

THE most strictly impressive picture in Italy is incontestably the Last Supper of Leonardo at Milan. A part of its immense solemnity is doubtless due to its being one of the first of the great Italian masterworks that you encounter in coming down from the North. Another secondary source of interest resides in the very completeness of its decay. The mind finds a rare delight in filling each of its vacant spaces, effacing its rank defilement, and repairing, as far as possible, its sad disorder. Of the essential power and beauty of the work there can be no better evidence than this fact that, having lost so much, it has yet retained so much. An unquenchable elegance lingers in those vague outlines and incurable scars; enough remains to place you in sympathy with the unfathomable wisdom of the painter. The fresco covers a wall, the reader will remember, at the end of the former refectory of a monastery now suppressed, the precinct of which is occupied by a regiment of cavalry. Horses stamp, soldiers rattle their oaths, in the cloisters which once echoed to the sober tread of monastic sandals and the pious greetings of meek-voiced friars.

It was the middle of August, and summer sat brooding fiercely over the streets of Milan. The great brick-wrought dome of the church of St. Mary of the Graces rose black with the heat against the brazen sky. As my *fiacre* drew up in front of the church, I found another vehicle in possession of the little square of shade which carpeted the glaring pavement before the adjoining convent. I left the two drivers to share this advantage as they could, and made haste to enter the cooler presence of the Cenacolo. Here I found the occupants of the *fiacre* without, a young lady and an elderly man. Here also, besides the official who takes your tributary franc, sat a long-haired copyist, wooing back the silent secrets of the great fresco into the cheerfullest commonplaces of yellow and blue. The gentleman was earnestly watching this ingenious operation; the young lady sat with her eyes fixed on the picture, from which she failed to move them when I took my place on a line with her. I too, however, speedily became as unconscious of her presence as she of mine, and lost myself in the study of the work before us. A single glance had assured me that she was an American.

Since that day, I have seen all the great art treasures of Italy: I have seen Tintoretto at Venice, Michael Angelo at Florence and Rome, Correggio at Parma; but I have looked at no other picture with an emotion equal to that which rose within me as this great creation of Leonardo slowly began to dawn upon my intelligence from the tragical twilight of its ruin. A work so nobly conceived can never utterly die, so long as the half-dozen main lines of its design remain. Neglect and malice are less cunning than the genius of the great painter. It has stored away with masterly skill such a wealth of beauty as only perfect love and sympathy can fully detect. So, under my eyes, the restless ghost of the dead fresco returned to its mortal abode. From the beautiful central image of Christ I perceived its radiation right and left along the sadly broken line of the disciples. One by one, out of the depths of their grim dismemberment, the figures trembled into meaning and life, and the vast, serious beauty of the work stood revealed. What is the ruling force of this magnificent design? Is it art? is it science? is it sentiment? is it knowl-

edge? I am sure I can't say; but in moments of doubt and depression I find it of excellent use to recall the great picture with all possible distinctness. Of all the works of man's hands it is the least superficial.

The young lady's companion finished his survey of the copyist's work and came and stood behind his chair. The reader will remember that a door has been rudely cut in the wall, a part of it entering the fresco.

"He has n't got in that door," said the old gentleman, speaking apparently of the copyist.

The young lady was silent. "Well, my dear," he continued. "What do you think of it?"

The young girl gave a sigh. "I see it," she said.

"You see it, eh? Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be done."

The young lady rose slowly, drawing on her glove. As her eyes were still on the fresco, I was able to observe her. Beyond doubt she was American. Her age I fancied to be twenty-two. She was of middle stature, with a charming slender figure. Her hair was brown, her complexion fresh and clear. She wore a white piqué dress and a black lace shawl, and on her thick dark braids a hat with a purple feather. She was largely characterized by that physical delicacy and that personal elegance (each of them sometimes excessive) which seldom fail to betray my young countrywomen in Europe. The gentleman, who was obviously her father, bore the national stamp as plainly as she. A shrewd, firm, generous face, which told of many dealings with many men, of stocks and shares and current prices, — a face, moreover, in which there lingered the mellow afterglow of a sense of excellent claret. He was bald and grizzled, this perfect American, and he wore a short-bristled white moustache between the two hard wrinkles forming the sides of a triangle of which his mouth was the base and the ridge of his nose, where his eyeglass sat, the apex. In deference perhaps to this exotic growth, he was better dressed than is common with the typical American citizen, in a blue necktie, a white waistcoat, and a pair of gray trousers. As his daughter still lingered, he looked at me with an eye of sagacious conjecture.

"Ah, that beautiful, beautiful, beautiful Christ," said the young lady, in a tone which betrayed her words in spite of its softness. "O father, what a picture!"

"Hum!" said her father, "I don't see it."

"I must get a photograph," the young girl rejoined. She turned away and walked to the farther end of the hall, where the custodian presides at a table of photographs and prints. Meanwhile her father had perceived my Murray.

"English, sir?" he demanded.

"No, I 'm an American, like yourself, I fancy."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir. From New York?"

"From New York. I have been absent from home, however, for a number of years."

"Residing in this part of the world?"

"No. I have been living in Germany. I have only just come into Italy."

"Ah, so have we. The young lady is my daughter. She is crazy about Italy. We were very nicely fixed at Interlaken, when suddenly she read in some confounded book or other that Italy should be seen in summer. So she dragged me over the mountains into this fiery furnace. I 'm actually melting away. I have lost five pounds in three days."

I replied that the heat was indeed intense, but that I agreed with his daughter that Italy should be seen in summer. What could be pleasanter than the temperature of that vast cool hall?

"Ah, yes," said my friend; "I suppose we shall have plenty of this kind of thing. It makes no odds to me, so long as my poor girl has a good time."

"She seems," I remarked, "to be

having a pretty good time with the photographs." In fact, she was comparing photographs with a great deal of apparent energy, while the salesman lauded his wares in the Italian manner. We strolled over to the table. The young girl was seemingly in treaty for a large photograph of the head of Christ, in which the blurred and fragmentary character of the original was largely intensified, though much of its exquisite pathetic beauty was also preserved. "They 'll not think much of that at home," said the old gentleman.

"So much the worse for them," said his daughter, with an accent of delicate pity. With the photograph in her hand, she walked back to the fresco. Her father engaged in an English dialogue with the custodian. In the course of five minutes, wishing likewise to compare the copy and the original, I returned to the great picture. As I drew near it the young lady turned away. Her eyes then for the first time met my own. They were deep and dark and luminous, — I fancied streaming with tears. I watched her as she returned to the table. Her walk seemed to me peculiarly graceful; light, and rapid, and yet full of decision and dignity. A thrill of delight passed through my heart as I guessed at her moistened lids.

"Sweet fellow-countrywoman," I cried in silence, "you have the divine gift of feeling." And I returned to the fresco with a deepened sense of its virtue. When I turned around, my companions had left the room.

In spite of the great heat, I was prepared thoroughly to "do" Milan. In fact, I rather enjoyed the heat; it seemed to my Northern senses to deepen the Italian, the Southern, the local character of things. On that blazing afternoon, I have not forgotten, I went to the church of St. Ambrose, to the Ambrosian Library, to a dozen minor churches. Every step distilled a richer drop into the wholesome cup of pleasure. From my earliest manhood, beneath a German sky, I had dreamed of this Italian pilgrimage, and, after much waiting and working and planning, I had at last undertaken it in a spirit of fervent devotion. There had been moments in Germany when I fancied myself a clever man; but it now seemed to me that for the first time I really *felt* my intellect. Imagination, panting and exhausted, withdrew from the game; and Observation stepped into her place, trembling and glowing with open-eyed desire.

I had already been twice to the Cathedral, and had wandered through the clustering inner darkness of the high arcades which support those light-defying pinnacles and spires. Towards the close of the afternoon I found myself strolling once more over the great column-planted, altar-studded pavement, with the view of ascending to the roof. On presenting myself at the little door in the right transept, through which you gain admission to the upper regions, I perceived my late fellow-visitors of the fresco preparing apparently for an upward movement, but not without some reluctance on the paternal side. The poor gentleman had been accommodated with a chair, on which he sat fanning himself with his hat and looking painfully apoplectic. The sacristan meanwhile held open the door with an air of invitation. But my corpulent friend, with his thumb in his Murray, balked at the ascent. Recognizing me, his face expressed a sudden sense of vague relief.

"Have you been up, sir?" he inquired, groaningly.

I answered that I was about to ascend; and recalling then the fact, which I possessed rather as information than experience, that young American ladies may not improperly detach themselves on occasion from the parental side, I ventured to declare that, if my friend was unwilling to encounter the fatigue of mounting to the roof in person, I should be most happy, as a fellow-countryman, qualified already perhaps to claim a traveller's acquaintance, to accompany and assist his daughter.

"You 're very good, sir," said the

poor man; "I confess that I 'm about played out. I 'd far rather sit here and watch these pretty Italian ladies saying their prayers. Charlotte, what do you say?"

"Of course if you 're tired I should be sorry to have you make the effort," said Charlotte. "But I believe the great thing is to see the view from the roof. I 'm much obliged to the gentleman."

It was arranged accordingly that we should ascend together. "Good luck to you," cried my friend, "and mind you take good care of her."

Those who have rambled among the marble immensities of the summit of Milan Cathedral will hardly expect me to describe them. It is only when they have been seen as a complete concentric whole that they can be properly appreciated. It was not as a whole that I saw them; a week in Italy had assured me that I have not the architectural *coup d'œil*. In looking back on the scene into which we emerged from the stifling spiral of the ascent, I have chiefly a confused sense of an immense skyward elevation and a fierce blinding efflorescence of fantastic forms of marble. There, reared for the action of the sun, you find a vast marble world. The solid whiteness lies in mighty slabs along the iridescent slopes of nave and transept, like the lonely snow-fields of the higher Alps. It leaps and climbs and shoots and attacks the unsheltered blue with a keen and joyous incision. It meets the pitiless sun with a more than equal glow; the day falters, declines, expires, but the marble shines forever, unmelted and unintermittent. You will know what I mean if you have looked upward from the Piazza at midnight. With confounding frequency too, on some uttermost point of a pinnacle, its plastic force explodes into satisfied rest in some perfect flower of a figure. A myriad carven statues, known only to the circling air, are poised and niched beyond reach of human vision, the loss of which to mortal eyes is, I suppose, the gain of the Church and the Lord. Among all the jewelled shrines and overwrought tabernacles of Italy, I have seen no such magnificent waste of labor, no such glorious synthesis of cunning secrets. As you wander, sweating and blinking, over the changing levels of the edifice, your eye catches at a hundred points the little profile of a little saint, looking out into the dizzy air, a pair of folded hands praying to the bright immediate heavens, a sandalled monkish foot planted on the edge of the white abyss. And then, besides this mighty world of the great Cathedral itself, you possess the view of all green Lombardy, — vast, lazy Lombardy, resting from its Alpine upheavals.

My companion carried a little white umbrella, with a violet lining. Thus protected from the sun, she climbed and gazed with abundant courage and spirit. Her movements, her glance, her voice, were full of intelligent pleasure. Now that I could observe her closely, I saw that, though perhaps without regular beauty, she was yet, for youth, summer, and Italy, more than pretty enough. Owing to my residence in Germany, among Germans, in a small university town, Americans had come to have for me, in a large degree, the interest of novelty and remoteness. Of the charm of American women, in especial, I had formed a very high estimate, and I was more than ready to be led captive by the far-famed graces of their frankness and freedom. I already felt that in the young girl beside me there was a different quality of womanhood from any that I had recently known; a keenness, a maturity, a conscience, which deeply stirred my curiosity. It was positive, not negative maidenhood.

"You 're an American," I said, as we stepped to look at the distance.

"Yes; and you?" In her voice alone the charm faltered. It was high, thin, and nervous.

"O, happily, I 'm also one."

"I should n't have thought so. I should have taken you for a German."

"By education I am a German. I

knew you were an American the moment I looked at you."

"I suppose so. It seems that American women are easily recognized. But don't talk about America." She paused and swept her dark eye over the whole immensity of prospect. "This is Italy," she cried, "Italy, Italy!"

"Italy indeed. What do you think of the Leonardo."

"I fancy there can be only one feeling about it. It must be the saddest and finest of all pictures. But I know nothing of art. I have seen nothing yet but that lovely Raphael in the Brera."

"You have a vast deal before you. You're going southward, I suppose."

"Yes, we are going directly to Venice. There I shall see Titian."

"Titian and Paul Veronese."

"Yes, I can hardly believe it. Have you ever been in a gondola?"

"No; this is my first visit to Italy."

"Ah, this is all new, then, to you as well."

"Divinely new," said I, with fervor.

She glanced at me, with a smile, — a ray of friendly pleasure in my pleasure. "And you are not disappointed!"

"Not a jot. I'm too good a German."

"I'm too good an American. I live at Araminta, New Jersey!"

We thoroughly "did" the high places of the church, concluding with an ascent into the little gallery of the central spire. The view from this spot is beyond all words, especially the view toward the long mountain line which shuts out the North. The sun was sinking: clear and serene upon their blue foundations, the snow-peaks sat clustered and scattered, and shrouded in silence and light. To the south the long shadows fused and multiplied, and the bosky Lombard flats melted away into perfect Italy. This prospect offers a great emotion to the Northern traveller. A vague, delicious impulse of conquest stirs in his heart. From his dizzy vantage-point, as he looks down at her, beautiful, historic, exposed, he embraces the whole land in the far-reaching range of his desire. "That is Monte Rosa," I said; "that is the Simplon pass; there is the triple glitter of those lovely lakes."

"Poor Monte Rosa," said my companion.

"I'm sure I never thought of Monte Rosa as an object of pity."

"You don't know what she represents. She represents the genius of the North. There she stands, frozen and fixed, resting her head upon that mountain wall, looking over at this lovely southern world and yearning towards it forever in vain."

"It is very well she can't come over. She would melt."

"Very true. She is beautiful, too, in her own way. I mean to fancy that I am her chosen envoy, and that I have come up here to receive her blessing."

I made an attempt to point out a few localities. "Yonder lies Venice, out of sight. In the interval are a dozen divine little towns. I hope to visit them all. I shall ramble all day in their streets and churches, their little museums, and their great palaces. In the evening I shall sit at the door of a café in the little piazza, scanning some lovely civic edifice in the moonlight, and saying, 'Ah! this is Italy!'"

"You gentlemen are certainly very happy. I'm afraid we must go straight to Venice."

"Your father insists upon it?"

"He wishes it. Poor father! in early life he formed the habit of being in a hurry, and he can't break it even now, when, being out of business, he has nothing on earth to do."

"But in America I thought daughters insisted as well as fathers."

The young girl looked at me, half serious, half smiling. "Have you a mother?" she asked; and then, blushing the least bit at her directness and without waiting for an answer, "This is not America," she said. "I should like to think I might become for a while a creature of Italy."

Somehow I felt a certain contagion in her momentary flash of frankness.

"I strongly suspect," I said, "that you are American to the depths of your soul, and that you 'll never be anything else; I hope not."

In this hope of mine there was perhaps a little impertinence; but my companion looked at me with a gentle smile, which seemed to hint that she forgave it. "You, on the other hand," she said, "are a perfect German, I fancy; and you 'll never be anything else."

"I am sure I wish with all my heart," I answered, "to be a good American. I 'm open to conversion. Try me."

"Thank you; I have n't the ardor; I 'll make you over to my father. We must n't forget, by the way, that he is waiting for us."

We did forget it, however, awhile longer. We came down from the tower and made our way to the balustrade which edges the front of the edifice, and looked down on the city and the piazza below. Milan had, to my sense, a peculiar charm of temperate gayety, — the softness of the South without its laxity; and I felt as if I could gladly spend a month there. The common life of the streets was beginning to stir and murmur again, with the subsiding heat and the approaching night. There came up into our faces a delicious emanation as from the sweetness of Transalpine life. At the little balconies of the windows, beneath the sloping awnings, with their feet among the crowded flower-pots and their plump bare arms on the iron rails, lazy, dowdy Italian beauties would appear, still drowsy with the broken *siesta*. Beautiful, slim young officers had begun to dot the pavement, glorious with their clanking swords, their brown moustaches, and their legs of azure. In gentle harmony with these, various ladies of Milan were issuing forth to enjoy the cool; elegant, romantic, provoking, in short black dresses and lace mantillas depending from their *chignons*, with a little cloud of powder artfully enhancing the darkness of their hair and eyes. How it all was n't Germany! how it could n't have been Araminta, New Jersey! "It 's the South, the South," I kept repeating, — "the South in nature, in man, in manners." It was a brighter world. "It 's the South," I said to my companion. "Don't you feel it in all your nerves?"

"O, it 's very pleasant," she said.

"We must forget all our cares and duties and sorrows. We must go in for the beautiful. Think of this great trap for the sunbeams, in this city of yellows and russets and crimsons, of liquid vowels and glancing smiles being, like one of our Northern cathedrals, a temple to Morality and Conscience. It does n't belong to heaven, but to earth, — to love and light and pleasure."

My friend was silent a moment. "I 'm glad I 'm not a Catholic," she said at last. "Come, we must go down."

We found the interior of the Cathedral delightfully cool and shadowy. The young lady's father was not at our place of ingress, and we began to walk through the church in search of him. We met a number of Milanese ladies, who charmed us with their sombre elegance and the Spanish romance of their veils. With these pale penitents and postulants my companion had a lingering sisterly sympathy.

"Don't you wish you were a Catholic now?" I asked. "It would be so pleasant to wear one of those lovely mantillas."

"The mantillas are certainly becoming," she said. "But who knows what horrible old-world sorrows and fears and remorses they cover? Look at this person." We were standing near the great altar. As she spoke, a woman rose from her knees, and as she drew the folds of her lace mantle across her bosom, fixed her large dark eyes on us with a peculiar significant intensity. She was of less than middle age, with a pale, haggard face, a certain tarnished elegance of dress, and a remarkable nobleness of gesture and carriage. She came towards us, with an odd mixture, in her whole expression, of decency and defiance. "Are you English?" she said in Italian. "You are very pretty. Is he a brother or a lover?"

"He is neither," said I, affecting a tone of rebuke.

"Neither? only a friend! You are very happy to have a friend, Signorina. Ah, you are pretty! You were watching me at my prayers just now; you thought me very curious, apparently. I don't care. You may see me here any day. But I devoutly hope you may never have to pray such bitter, bitter prayers as mine. A thousand excuses." And she went her way.

"What in the world does she mean?" said my companion.

"Monte Rosa," said I, "was the genius of the North. This poor woman is the genius of the Picturesque. She shows us the essential misery that lies behind it. It's not an unwholesome lesson to receive at the outset. Look at her sweeping down the aisle. What a poise of the head! The picturesque is handsome, all the same."

"I do wonder what is her trouble," murmured the young girl. "She has swept away an illusion in the folds of those black garments."

"Well," said I, "here is a solid fact to replace it." My eyes had just lighted upon the object of our search. He sat in a chair, half tilted back against a pillar. His chin rested on his shirt-bosom, and his hands were folded together over his waistcoat, where it most protruded. Shirt and waistcoat rose and fell with visible, audible regularity. I wandered apart and left his daughter to deal with him. When she had fairly aroused him, he thanked me heartily for my care of the young lady, and expressed the wish that we might meet again. "We start to-morrow for Venice," he said. "I want awfully to get a whiff of the sea-breeze and to see if there is anything to be got out of a gondola."

As I expected also to be in Venice before many days, I had little doubt of our meeting. In consideration of this circumstance, my friend proposed hat we should exchange cards; which we accordingly did, then and there, before the high altar, above the gorgeous chapel which enshrines the relics of St. Charles Borromeus. It was thus that I learned his name to be Mr. Mark Evans.

"Take a few notes for us!" said Miss Evans, as I shook her hand in farewell.

I spent the evening, after dinner, strolling among the crowded streets of the city, tasting of Milanese humanity. At the door of a café I perceived Mr. Evans seated at a little round table. He seemed to have discovered the merits of absinthe. I wondered where he had left his daughter. She was in her room, I fancied, writing her journal.

The fortnight which followed my departure from Milan was in all respects memorable and delightful. With an interest that hourly deepened as I read, I turned the early pages of the enchanting romance of Italy. I carried out in detail the programme which I had sketched for Miss Evans. Those few brief days, as I look back on them, seem to me the sweetest, fullest, calmest of my life. All personal passions, all restless egotism, all worldly hopes, regrets, and fears were stilled and absorbed in the steady perception of the material present. It exhaled the pure essence of romance. What words can reproduce the picture which these Northern Italian towns project upon a sympathetic retina? They are shabby, deserted, dreary, decayed, unclean. In those August days the southern sun poured into them with a fierceness which might have seemed fatal to any lurking shadow of picturesque mystery. But taking them as cruel time had made them and left them, I found in them an immeasurable instruction and charm. My perception seemed for the first time to live a sturdy creative life of its own. How it fed upon the mouldy crumbs of the festal past! I have always thought the observant faculty a windy impostor, so long as it refuses to pocket pride and doff its bravery and crawl on all-fours, if need be, into the unillumined corners and crannies of life. In these dead cities of Verona, Mantua, Padua, how life had revelled and postured in its strength! How

sentiment and passion had blossomed and flowered! How much of history had been performed! What a wealth of mortality had ripened and decayed! I have never elsewhere got so deep an impression of the social secrets of mankind. In England, even, in those verdure-stifled haunts of domestic peace which muffle the sounding chords of British civilization, one has a fainter sense of the possible movement and fruition of individual character. Beyond a certain point you fancy it merged in the general medium of duty, business, and politics. In Italy, in spite of your knowledge of the strenuous public conscience which once inflamed these compact little states, the unapplied, spontaneous moral life of society seems to have been more active and more subtle. I walked about with a volume of Stendahl in my pocket; at every step I gathered some lingering testimony to the exquisite vanity of ambition.

But the great emotion, after all, was to feel myself among scenes in which art had ranged so freely. It had often enough been bad, but it had never ceased to be art. An invincible instinct of beauty had presided at life, — an instinct often ludicrously crude and primitive. Wherever I turned I found a vital principle of grace, — from the smile of a chambermaid to the curve of an arch. My memory reverts with an especial tenderness to certain hours in the dusky, faded saloons of those vacant, ruinous palaces which boast of "collections." The pictures are frequently poor, but the visitor's impression is generally rich. The brick-tiled floors are bare; the doors lack paint; the great windows, curtains; the chairs and tables have lost their gilding and their damask drapery; but the ghost of a graceful aristocracy treads at your side and does the melancholy honors of the abode with a dignity that brooks no sarcasm. You feel that art and piety here have been blind, generous instincts. You are reminded in persuasive accents of the old personal regimen in human affairs. Certain pictures are veiled and curtained *virginibus puerisque.* Through these tarnished halls lean and patient abbés led their youthful virginal pupils. Have you read Stendahl's *Chartreuse de Parme?* There was such a gallery in the palace of the Duchess of San Severino. After a long day of strolling, lounging, and staring, I found a singularly perfect pleasure in sitting at the door of a café in the warm starlight, eating an ice and making an occasional experiment in the way of talk with my neighbors. I recall with peculiar fondness and delight three sweet sessions in the delicious Piazza die Signori at Verona. The Piazza is small, compact, private almost, accessible only to pedestrians, paved with great slabs which have known none but a gentle human tread. On one side of it rises in elaborate elegance and grace, above its light arched *loggia*, the image-bordered mass of the ancient palace of the Council; facing this stand two sterner, heavier buildings, dedicated to municipal offices and to the lodgement of soldiers. Step through the archway which leads out of the Piazza and you will find a vast quadrangle with a staircase climbing sunward, along the wall, a row of gendarmes sitting in the shade, a group of soldiers cleaning their muskets, a dozen persons of either sex leaning downward from the open windows. At one end of the little square rose into the pale darkness the high slender shaft of a brick campanile; in the centre glittered steadily a colossal white statue of Dante. Behind this statue was the Caffè Dante, where on three successive days I sat till midnight, feeling the scene, learning its sovereign "distinction." But of Verona I shall not pretend to speak. As I drew near Venice I began to feel a soft impatience, an expectant tremor of the heart. The day before reaching it I spent at Vicenza. I wandered all day through the streets, of course, looking at Palladio's palaces and enjoying them in defiance of reason and Ruskin. They seemed to me essentially rich and palatial. In the evening I resorted, as usual, to the city's generous heart, the decayed exglorious Piazza. This spot at Vicenza

affords you a really soul-stirring premonition of Venice. There is no Byzantine Basilica and no Ducal Palace; but there is an immense impressive hall of council, and a soaring campanile, and there are two discrowned columns telling of defeated Venetian dominion. Here I seated myself before a café door, in a group of gossiping votaries of the Southern night. The tables being mostly occupied, I had some difficulty in finding one. In a short time I perceived a young man walking through the crowd, seeking where he might bestow himself. Passing near me, he stopped and asked me with irresistible grace if he might share my table. I cordially assented: he sat down and ordered a glass of sugar and water. He was of about my own age, apparently, and full of the opulent beauty of the greater number of young Italians. His dress was simple even to shabbiness: he might have been a young prince in disguise, a Haroun-al-Raschid. With small delay we engaged in conversation. My companion was boyish, modest, and gracious; he nevertheless discoursed freely on the things of Vicenza. He was so good as to regret that we had not met earlier in the day; it would have given him such pleasure to accompany me on my tour of the city. He was passionately fond of art: he was in fact an artist. Was I fond of pictures? Was I inclined to purchase? I answered that I had no desire to purchase modern pictures, that in fact I had small means to purchase any. He informed me that he had a beautiful ancient work which, to his great regret, he found himself compelled to sell; a most divine little Correggio. Would I do him the favor to look at it? I had small belief in the value of this unrenowned masterpiece; but I felt a kindness for the young painter. I consented to have him call for me the next morning and take me to his house, where for two hundred years, he assured me, the work had been jealously preserved.

He came punctually, beautiful, smiling, shabby, as before. After a ten minutes' walk we stopped before a gaudy half-palazzo which rejoiced in a vague Palladian air. In the basement, looking on the court, lived my friend; with his mother, he informed me, and his sister. He ushered me in, through a dark antechamber, into which, through a gaping kitchen door, there gushed a sudden aroma of onions. I found myself in a high, half-darkened saloon. One of the windows was open into the court, from which the light entered verdantly through a row of flowering plants. In an arm-chair near the window sat a young girl in a dressing-gown, empty-handed, pale, with wonderful eyes, apparently an invalid. At her side stood a large elderly woman in a rusty black silk gown, with an agreeable face, flushed a little, apparently with the expectation of seeing me. The young man introduced them as his mother and his sister. On a table near the window, propped upright in such a way as to catch the light, was a small picture in a heavy frame. I proceeded to examine it. It represented in simple composition a Madonna and Child; the mother facing you, pressing the infant to her bosom, faintly smiling, and looking out of the picture with a solemn sweetness. It was pretty, it was good; but it was not Correggio. There was indeed a certain suggestion of his exquisite touch; but it was a likeness merely, and not the precious reality. One fact, however, struck swiftly home to my consciousness: the face of the Madonna bore a singular resemblance to that of Miss Evans. The lines, the character, the expression, were the same; the faint half-thoughtful smile was hers, the feminine frankness and gentle confidence of the brow, from which the dark hair waved back with the same even abundance. All this, in the Madonna's face, was meant for heaven; and on Miss Evans's in a fair degree, probably, for earth. But the mutual likeness was, nevertheless, perfect, and it quickened my interest in the picture to a point which the intrinsic merit of the work would doubtless have failed to justify; al-

though I confess that I was now not slow to discover a great deal of agreeable painting in it.

"But I doubt of its being a Correggio," said I.

"A Correggio, I give you my word of honor, sir!" cried my young man.

"*Ecco!* my son's word of honor," cried his mother.

"I don't deny," I said, "that it is a very pretty work. It is perhaps Parmigianino."

"O no, sir," the elder insisted, "a true Correggio! We have had it two hundred years! Try another light; you will see. A true Correggio! Is n't it so, my daughter?"

The young man put his arm in mine, played his fingers airily over the picture, and whispered of a dozen beauties.

"O, I grant you," said I, "it 's a very pretty picture." As I looked at it I felt the dark eyes of the young girl in the arm-chair fixed upon me with almost unpleasant intensity. I met her gaze for a moment: I found in it a strange union of defiant pride and sad despondent urgency.

"What do you ask for the picture?" I said.

There was a silence.

"Speak, *madre mia*," said the young man.

"*La senta!*" and the lady played with her broken fan. "We should like you to name a price."

"O, if I named a price, it would not be as for a Correggio. I can't afford to buy Correggios. If this were a real Correggio, you would be rich. You should go to a duke, a prince, not to me."

"We would be rich! Do you hear, my children? We are very poor, sir. You have only to look at us. Look at my poor daughter. She was once beautiful, fresh, gay. A year ago she fell ill: a long story, sir, and a sad one. We have had doctors; they have ordered five thousand things. My daughter gets no better. There it is, sir. We are very poor."

The young girl's look confirmed her mother's story. That she had been beautiful I could easily believe; that she was ill was equally apparent. She was still remarkable indeed for a touching, hungry, unsatisfied grace. She remained silent and motionless, with her eyes fastened upon my face. I again examined the pretended Correggio. It was wonderfully like Miss Evans. The young American rose up in my mind with irresistible vividness and grace. How she seemed to glow with strength, freedom, and joy, beside this sombre, fading, Southern sister! It was a happy thought that, under the benediction of her image, I might cause a ray of healing sunshine to fall at this poor girl's feet.

"Have you ever tried to sell the picture before?"

"Never!" said the old lady, proudly. "My husband had it from his father. If we have made up our minds to part with it now, — most blessed little Madonna! — it is because we have had an intimation from heaven."

"From heaven?"

"From heaven, Signore. My daughter had a dream. She dreamed that a young stranger came to Vicenza, and that he wandered about the streets saying, 'Where, ah where, is my blessed Lady?' Some told him in one church, and some told him in another. He went into all the churches and lifted all the curtains, giving great fees to the sacristans! But he always came out shaking his head and repeating his question, 'Where is my blessed Lady? I have come from over the sea, I have come to Italy to find her!'" The woman delivered herself of this recital with a noble florid unction and a vast redundancy, to my Northern ear, of delightful liquid sounds. As she paused momentarily, her daughter spoke for the first time.

"And then I fancied," said the young girl, "that I heard his voice pausing under my window at night. 'His blessed Lady is here,' I said, 'we must not let him lose her.' So I called my brother and bade him go forth in search of you. I dreamed that he brought you back. We made an altar with candles and lace and

flowers, and on it we placed the little picture. The stranger had light hair, light eyes, a flowing beard like you. He kneeled down before the little Madonna and worshipped her. We left him at his devotions and went away. When we came back the candles on the altar were out: the Madonna was gone, too; but in its place there burned a bright pure light. It was a purse of gold!"

"What a very pretty story!" said I. "How many pieces were there in the purse?"

The young man burst into a laugh. "Twenty thousand!" he said.

I made my offer for the picture. It was esteemed generous apparently; I was cordially thanked. As it was inconvenient, however, to take possession of the work at that moment, I agreed to pay down but half the sum, reserving the other half to the time of delivery. When I prepared to take my departure the young girl rose from her chair and enabled me to measure at once her weakness and her beauty. "Will you come back for the picture yourself?" she asked.

"Possibly. I should like to see you again. You must get better."

"O, I shall never get better."

"I can't believe that. I shall perhaps have a dream to tell you!"

"I shall soon be in heaven. I shall send you one."

"Listen to her!" cried the mother. "But she is already an angel."

With a farewell glance at my pictured Madonna I departed. My visit to this little Vicenza household had filled me with a painful, indefinable sadness. So beautiful they all were, so civil, so charming, and yet so mendacious and miserable! As I hurried along in the train toward the briny cincture of Venice, my heart was heavy with the image of that sombre, dying Italian maiden. Her face haunted me. What fatal wrong had she suffered? What hidden sorrow had blasted the freshness of her youth? As I began to smell the nearing Adriatic, my fancy bounded forward to claim asylum in the calmer presence of my bright American friend. I have no space to tell the story of my arrival in Venice and my first impressions. Mr. Evans had not mentioned his hotel. He was not at the Hotel de l'Europe, whither I myself repaired. If he was still in Venice, however, I foresaw that we should not fail to meet. The day succeeding my arrival I spent in a restless fever of curiosity and delight, now lost in the sensuous ease of my gondola, now lingering in charmed devotion before a canvas of Tintoretto or Paul Veronese. I exhausted three gondoliers and saw all Venice in a passionate fury and haste. I wished to probe its fulness and learn at once the best — or the worst. Late in the afternoon I disembarked at the Piazzetta and took my way haltingly and gazingly to the many-domed Basilica, — that shell of silver with a lining of marble. It was that enchanting Venetian hour when the ocean-touching sun sits melting to death, and the whole still air seems to glow with the soft effusion of his golden substance. Within the church, the deep brown shadow-masses, the heavy thick-tinted air, the gorgeous composite darkness, reigned in richer, quainter, more fantastic gloom than my feeble pen can reproduce the likeness of. From those rude concavities of dome and semi-dome, where the multitudinous facets of pictorial mosaic shimmer and twinkle in their own dull brightness; from the vast antiquity of innumerable marbles, incrusting the walls in roughly mated slabs, cracked and polished and triple-tinted with eternal service; from the wavy carpet of compacted stone, where a thousand once-bright fragments glimmer through the long attrition of idle feet and devoted knees; from sombre gold and mellow alabaster, from porphyry and malachite, from long dead crystal and the sparkle of undying lamps, — there proceeds a dense rich atmosphere of splendor and sanctity which transports the half-stupefied traveller to the age of a simpler and more awful faith. I wandered for half an hour beneath those

reverted cups of scintillating darkness, stumbling on the great stony swells of the pavement as I gazed upward at the long mosaic saints who curve gigantically with the curves of dome and ceiling. I had left Europe; I was in the East. An overwhelming sense of the sadness of man's spiritual history took possession of my heart. The clustering picturesque shadows about me seemed to represent the darkness of a past from which he had slowly and painfully struggled. The great mosaic images, hideous, grotesque, inhuman, glimmered like the cruel spectres of early superstitions and terrors. There came over me, too, a poignant conviction of the ludicrous folly of the idle spirit of travel. How with Murray and an opera-glass it strolls and stares where omniscient angels stand diffident and sad! How blunted and stupid are its senses! How trivial and superficial its imaginings! To this builded sepulchre of trembling hope and dread, this monument of mighty passions, I had wandered in search of pictorial effects. O vulgarity! Of course I remained, nevertheless, still curious of effects. Suddenly I perceived a very agreeable one. Kneeling on a low *prie-dieu*, with her hands clasped, a lady was gazing upward at the great mosaic Christ in the dome of the choir. She wore a black lace shawl and a purple hat. She was Miss Evans. Her attitude slightly puzzled me. Was she really at her devotions, or was she only playing at prayer? I walked to a distance, so that she might have time to move before I addressed her. Five minutes afterwards, however, she was in the same position. I walked slowly towards her, and as I approached her attracted her attention. She immediately recognized me and smiled and bowed, without moving from her place.

"I saw you five minutes ago," I said, "but I was afraid of interrupting your prayers."

"O, they were only half-prayers," she said.

"Half-prayers are pretty well for one who only the other day was thanking Heaven that she was not a Catholic."

"Half-prayers are no prayers. I 'm not a Catholic yet."

Her father, she told me, had brought her to the church, but had returned on foot to the hotel for his pocket-book. They were to dine at one of the restaurants in the Piazza. Mr. Evans was vastly contented with Venice, and spent his days and nights in gondolas. Awaiting his return, we wandered over the church. Yes, incontestably, Miss Evans resembled my little Vicenza picture. She looked a little pale with the heat and the constant nervous tension of sight-seeing; but she pleased me now as effectually as she had pleased me before. There was an even deeper sweetness in the freedom and breadth of her utterance and carriage. I felt more even than before that she was an example of woman active, not of woman passive. We strolled through the great Basilica in serious, charmed silence. Miss Evans told me that she had been there much: she seemed to know it well. We went into the dark Baptistery and sat down on a bench against the wall, trying to discriminate in the vaulted dimness the harsh mediæval reliefs behind the altar and the mosaic Crucifixion above it.

"Well," said I, "what has Venice done for you?"

"Many things. Tired me a little, saddened me, charmed me."

"How have you spent your time?"

"As people spend it. After breakfast we get into our gondola and remain in it pretty well till bedtime. I believe I know every canal, every canaletto, in Venice. You must have learned already how sweet it is to lean back under the awning, to feel beneath you that steady, liquid lapse, to look out at all this bright, sad elegance of ruin. I have been reading two or three of George Sand's novels. Do you know *La Dernière Aldini?* I fancy a romance in every palace."

"The reality of Venice seems to me to exceed all romance. It 's romance enough simply to be here."

"Yes; but how brief and transient a romance!"

"Well," said I, "we shall certainly cease to be here, but we shall never cease to have been here. You are not to leave directly, I hope."

"In the course of ten days or a fortnight we go to Florence."

"And then to Rome?"

"To Rome and Naples, and then by sea, probably, to Genoa, and thence to Nice and Paris. We must be at home by the new year. And you?"

"I hope to spend the winter in Italy."

"Are you never coming home again?"

"By no means. I shall probably return in the spring. But I wish you, too, were going to remain."

"You are very good. My father pronounces it impossible. I have only to make the most of it while I 'm here."

"Are you going back to Araminta?"

Miss Evans was silent a moment. "O, don't ask!" she said.

"What kind of a place is Araminta?" I asked, maliciously.

Again she was silent. "That is John the Baptist on the cover of the basin," she said, at last, rising to her feet, with a light laugh.

On emerging from the Baptistery we found Mr. Evans, who greeted me cordially and insisted on my coming to dine with them. I think most fondly of our little dinner. We went to the Caffé Quadri and occupied a table beside an open window, looking out into the Piazza, which was beginning to fill with evening loungers and listeners to the great band of music in the centre. Miss Evans took off her hat and sat facing me in friendly silence. Her father sustained the larger burden of conversation. He seemed to feel its weight, however, as the dinner proceeded and when he had attacked his second bottle of wine. Miss Evans then questioned me about my journey from Milan. I told her the whole story, and felt that I infused into it a great deal of color and heat. She sat charming me forward with her steady, listening smile. For the first time in my life I felt the magic of sympathy. After dinner we went down into the Piazza and established ourselves at one of Florian's tables. Night had become perfect; the music was magnificent. At a neighboring table was a group of young Venetian gentlemen, splendid in dress, after the manner of their kind, and glorious with the wondrous physical glory of the Italian race.

"They only need velvet and satin and plumes," I said, "to be subjects for Titian and Paul Veronese."

They sat rolling their dark eyes and kissing their white hands at passing friends, with smiles that were like the moon-flashes on the Adriatic.

"They are beautiful exceedingly," said Miss Evans; "the most beautiful creatures in the world, except—"

"Except, you mean, this other gentleman."

She assented. The person of whom I had spoken was a young man who was just preparing to seat himself at a vacant table. A lady and gentleman, elderly persons, had passed near him and recognized him, and he had uncovered himself and now stood smiling and talking. They were all genuine Anglo-Saxons. The young man was rather short of stature, but firm and compact. His hair was light and crisp, his eye a clear blue, his face and neck violently tanned by exposure to the sun. He wore a pair of small blond whiskers.

"Do you call him beautiful?" demanded Mr. Evans. "He reminds me of myself when I was his age. Indeed, he looks like you, sir."

"He 's not beautiful," said Miss Evans, "but he is handsome."

The young man's face was full of decision and spirit; his whole figure had been moulded by action, tempered by effort. He looked simple and keen, upright, downright.

"Is he English?" asked Miss Evans, "or American?"

"He is both," I said, "or either. He is made of that precious clay that is common to the whole English-speaking race."

"He 's American."

"Very possibly," said I; and indeed we never learned. I repeat the incident because I think it has a certain value in my recital. Before we separated I expressed the hope that we might meet again on the morrow.

"It 's very kind of you to propose it," said Miss Evans; "but you 'll thank us for refusing. Take my advice, as for an old Venetian, and spend the coming three days alone. How can you enjoy Tintoretto and Bellini, when you are racking your brains for small talk for me?"

"With you, Miss Evans, I should n't talk small. But you shape my programme with a liberal hand. At the end of three days, pray, where will you be?"

They would still be in Venice, Mr. Evans declared. It was a capital hotel, and then those jolly gondolas! I was unable to impeach the wisdom of the young girl's proposition. To be so wise, it seemed to me, was to be extremely charming.

For three days, accordingly, I wandered about alone. I often thought of Miss Evans and I often fancied I should enjoy certain great pictures none the less for that deep associated contemplation and those fine emanations of assent and dissent which I should have known in her society. I wandered far; I penetrated deep, it seemed to me, into the heart of Venetian power. I shook myself free of the sad and sordid present, and embarked on that silent contemplative sea whose irresistible tides expire at the base of the mighty canvases in the Scuola di San Rocco. But on my return to the hither shore, I always found my sweet young countrywoman waiting to receive me. If Miss Evans had been an immense coquette, she could not have proceeded more cunningly than by this injunction of a three days' absence. During this period, in my imagination, she increased tenfold in value. I don't mean to say that there were not hours together when I quite forgot her, and when I had no heart but for Venice and the lessons of Venice, for the sea and sky and the great painters and builders. But when my mind had executed one of these great passages of appreciation, it turned with a sudden sense of solitude and lassitude to those gentle hopes, those fragrant hints of intimacy, which clustered about the person of my friend. She remained modestly uneclipsed by the women of Titian. She was as deeply a woman as they, and yet so much more of a person; as fit as the broadest and blondest to be loved for herself, yet full of serene superiority as an active friend. To the old, old sentiment what an exquisite modern turn she might give! I so far overruled her advice as that, with her father, we made a trio every evening, after the day's labors, at one of Florian's tables. Mr. Evans drank absinthe and discoursed upon the glories of our common country, of which he declared it was high time I should make the acquaintance. He was not the least of a bore: I relished him vastly. He was in many ways an excellent representative American. Without taste, without culture or polish, he nevertheless produced an impression of substance in character, keenness in perception, and intensity in will, which effectually redeemed him from vulgarity. It often seemed to me, in fact, that his good-humored tolerance and easy morality, his rank self-confidence, his nervous decision and vivacity, his fearlessness of either gods or men, combined in proportions of which the union might have been very fairly termed aristocratic. His voice, I admit, was of the nose, nasal; but possibly, in the matter of utterance, one eccentricity is as good as another. At all events, with his clear, cold gray eye, with that just faintly impudent, more than level poise of his ample chin, with those two hard lines which flanked the bristling wings of his gray moustache, with his general expression of unchallenged security and practical aptitude and incurious scorn of tradition, he impressed the sensitive beholder as a man of incontestable force. He was entertaining, too, partly

by wit and partly by position. He was weak only in his love of absinthe. After his first glass he left his chair and strolled about the piazza, looking for possible friends and superbly unconscious of possible enemies. His daughter sat back in her chair, her arms folded, her ungloved hands sustaining them, her prettiness half defined, her voice enhanced and subdued by the gas-tempered starlight. We had infinite talk. Without question, she had an admirable feminine taste: she was worthy to know Venice. I remember telling her so in a sudden explosion of homage. "You are really worthy to know Venice, Miss Evans. We must learn to know it together. Who knows what hidden treasures we may help each other to find?"

H. James, Jr.

THE INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

WHATEVER doubt exists concerning the intellectual influence of music is chiefly due either to its alleged vagueness in comparison with speech, or to its emotional and sensuous qualities so seemingly opposed to the calm temper and "pale hue" of thought.

What does it mean? (*Sonate, que veux-tu?*) is asked after a fine sonata, symphony, or song without words, commonly by some one who has not enjoyed it, and who is not musical. It would be hard to tell him, and the interpretations of a dozen really sincere enthusiasts, stirred by it to the bottom of their hearts and fed as with heavenly manna, would be widely apart. The truth is, the meaning of music lies hidden in those deep, mysterious springs of every-day experience, which it were as vain to ignore as it is impossible to render into words. Music is finer than speech, and makes its appeal to a deeper somewhat in us underlying all thoughts of the understanding. Music expresses that part of our best and inmost consciousness, which needs such sympathetic, fluid, one might almost say electric, language as its tones alone afford. For it begins where speech leaves off; through it the inmost spirit — all that is inexpressible and yet of most account in us — can give sign of itself. Hence the loftiest poetry, the most inspired and subtile charm of conversation, in short, that magical something which distinguishes the utterances of genius in its high hour, in whatsoever form, is analogous to music and sets the fine chords vibrating in somewhat the same way. The higher ranges of Coleridge's conversation are described by his nephew, in the Preface to the "Table-Talk," in terms which one might use who had been sitting under the spell of Mendelssohn or Chopin: "I have seen him at times when you could not incarnate him, — when he shook aside your petty questions or doubts, and burst with some impatience through the obstacles of common conversation. Then, escaped from the flesh, he would soar upwards into an atmosphere almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to *him*, and there he would float at ease. Like enough, what Coleridge then said his subtlest listener would not understand as a man understands a newspaper; but upon such a listener there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy; there would be a gradual attempering of his body and spirit, till his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation: —

> "And so, his senses gradually wrapt
> In a half-sleep, he 'd dream of better worlds,
> And dreaming hear thee still, O singing lark,
> That sangest like an angel in the clouds!"

Did you never step within the portal of a vast and crowded church in the

hour of prayer? In vain you sought to catch the syllables of the far-off, pale, spiritual-looking man. What if you could not hear them? You heard *him;* his tones, his spirit, took possession of your spirit, till, losing thought of self, it went up with the rest. Of that sort is the eloquence, the influence of music. Nothing does more for culture than the personal presence, the magnetic sphere as it were which one in whom the spirit and result of higher culture are embodied bears about with him. The presence of good music is the presence of a good spirit. The presence of deep and earnest music is essentially the presence of the deep and earnest spirit who composed it, — a presence felt more surely than his words or looks could be. There is frivolous, idle music, and there is pedantic music. There is also music, more than one mind may compass, which is altogether the outpouring of the hopes, the prayers, the faith, the very lives of men like Handel, Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven. It is good to have them with us; and in no way could we have them so near as in their undying harmonies, not so evanescent but that generation after generation can recall them, all alive and new as if they never had been heard before. Music is an expression of character, of the moods, the spirit, the meaning of the man that makes it. His words can only tell the meaning of his thoughts; his actions, the meaning of his present purpose; his music tells the meaning of *him*. Through one symphony you get a clearer insight into a being like Beethoven than through any life of him that could be written. Not much acquaintance can you have with Bach or Mozart, through biographies, unless you know their music and can read that, all the while, between the lines.

Music has an atmospheric influence. In earliest childhood such influence is felt. The very infant is affected by it; we care not that he understand or even seem to heed or listen. And each composer's music is a peculiar atmosphere, as much so as the atmosphere of pine woods or fresh fields. The sensibilities, the character, the tone of feeling, the aspirations, the habitual consciousness of the child, will be affected by it, and all his after-life be redolent of it. Beethoven or Mozart may be introduced as an invisible presiding genius over his earliest education, before other teachers can begin to reach him, or any thoughts shall have begun to shape themselves in his unconscious mind.

All very well, you say, in theory; but look at facts and persons. Were your musical classmates, are your musical friends and neighbors, are the musicians of your town, distinguished as a class for intellectuality? How many of your great tone-masters, even, seem to be persons of no culture! How little they can talk on intellectual, moral, social topics! How innocent of all book knowledge, and how helpless in high conversation! And so on.

Yet we could give instances where, could you know the persons nearly and what spirit they are of, you might be forced to own that mere music may serve as a virtual equivalent for other culture, — holding in itself much other culture in solution as it were. For there we seem to have the *essence* of it all. You will note sometimes in the simplest remark of one of these thoroughly musical natures, one of these so steeped in harmonies, but ignorant of books, and so unused to cultivated circles, — nay, in a mere smile or lighting of the eye or least expression of the face, — how right to the heart and centre of a thought their quick instinct, intuition, strikes, how they see the *gist* of the matter in anticipation of the hint. For, somehow, in fine music they have been baptized into the spirit of the highest thought, without the tedious intervention of the letter and the syllogism. The musical soul is gifted with a rare divining power. If the best of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin has passed into one, and there become assimilated with his inmost life and individuality, what culture can he lack that would seem rich enough

to covet in exchange for this! And all the more by virtue of this one unspeakable possession (whether he possess or is possessed), will he be sensitively open, heart and mind, to every hint of truth and beauty in nature, in poetry and art, in history, philosophy, or science. Preoccupied with one, as every earnest person must be in his way with something, does he renounce his birthright to the rest?

But let us not admit too much, since other culture is not hard to find in men who live for the most part in music.

During these last years, if not before, the reading world has had occasion to become acquainted with a goodly number of musicians who also were good writers and good talkers. Not a few of them have written books, and successful ones, though some of them may never have intended it. Mendelssohn's letters, sought in all the circulating libraries, though written to familiar friends, without the slightest literary purpose, show a literary faculty, a cleverness of thought and observation, a quick and fine appreciation of what passes, quite as remarkable perhaps as the Note-Books of Hawthorne. Schumann wrote only about music, but wrote like a man of culture and a thinker, fresh, original, and rich in illustration. The letters of some earlier great composers, — Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, — which have been dragged to light of late to gratify the craving for whatever smallest personal relic can be found of men so perfectly revealed in their creations, though not to be judged at all as literature, do certainly afford glimpses here and there into most interesting character and intellectual traits of brightness not outmatched in other spheres. The Ritter Gluck knew how to explain the æsthetic principles which lay at the foundation of his classic operas with such clear logic and such fortunate expression as the case required; and Richard Wagner, who would fain push those principles too far, finds even now far readier audience as controversial pamphleteer and critic than he does for "Lohengrin," the "Meistersinger," or the "Nibelungen" trilogy. Weber, even if he had not composed "Der Freyschütz," "Oberon," and "Euryanthe," would have won a name by his æstheticoromantic and fantastic writings, mostly of the kind called fugitive. More lately, Ferdinand Hiller, Hector Berlioz, and Liszt have written frequently and well, each with a fascinating individuality, all in a genial vein, full of enthusiasm and of *bonhomie*, and with fine discrimination, showing abundant evidence of minds well stored with general knowledge, on every page betraying genuine sympathy as well as personal acquaintance with poets, artists, men of thought and genius in all spheres. A more beautiful, poetic, chivalrous, appreciative tribute to the genius and the country of a brother artist than Liszt's noble monograph on Chopin were hard to find in any literature. Even the gay, mercurial, convivial Rossini, if he wrote no books, was quoted universally for his fine wit and observation; nor did he, as Hiller reports him daily for a season, lack higher powers of thoughtful conversation. Some of the recent German musicians, who have written on the principles and method of their art, have shown themselves well versed in modern metaphysical ideas and systems; for instance, Marx and Hauptmann. Joachim, the great violinist, asked all manner of questions, with most eager interest, about our Emerson, and showed an intimate acquaintance with his works; it was the genuine response of one free, large, fearless, truthful mind to another.

And so we might go on with instances, if there were need of more to prove that the musical passion, musical genius, "inspiration," is not a kind of preternatural secretion of all the mental faculties into one unduly developed organ at the expense of all the rest, and that a man, however much absorbed in music, need not be a moral weakling or a fool, or a poor "Blind Tom" in kind, if not degree. It were a pretty problem for the idle hours of any of these doubters, — who talk

so pityingly of intellectual and moral weakness as the price of musical indulgence, — to contemplate the difference between Blind Tom and, say, Sebastian Bach! Bach and Handel both, in their way, too, were totally absorbed in music, — mere musicians so far as we can know, their whole gigantic force of heart and mind and will spending itself in that direction, — only to some purpose! Greater musicians, greater men, than these who, in this more self-conscious age, write books as well as symphonies, they have left no other sign but their great music. No one will doubt the greatness or the soundness of such intellects. Beethoven and Mozart must be joined with them, giant intelligences likewise, whose whole vitality was spent in music, and without conscious literary gift, though much be found so interesting in the letters which they would have burned could they have known the curiosity and love of publication of the age to come after them. (Let us be thankful that they did not know it.) There have been giants in our own days, — Mendelssohn at least, and Schumann; but the giants of those days were greater, and they wrote not books; they were all music. Does this prove against us? On the contrary, it proves that music of itself is sphere enough for the completest exercise of such sublime intelligences, nay, such grand types of character, as only find their peers in Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Raphael, Michel-Angelo, or Milton. There is idle lotus-eating, sickly sentimental vanity, shallow *dilettanteism* enough in music as in other arts and literature; no less, no more; and it is even found in much which tries to fancy itself religion, spirituality, life hidden in a better world. *Dilettante* is precisely the name that has been given to the idle, selfish, weak indulger in all or any of these spheres; but to be an artist, or even an amateur (or faithful lover), that implies some earnestness, some bending of the faculties, with strength of will, to worthy purpose.

Music a self-indulgent, pleasurable weakness, do you say? Makes a man a listless, shiftless dreamer, unfit for life's stern business, and to be counted a mere cipher by the world's self-elected governing committees? Enough to point for answer to the lives and labors of the great composers; to their sufferings too, their willing martyrdom to the ideal of their art; their whole-souled loyalty to duty such as in the sure and strong bent of their genius God gave *them* to do. For this they could dispense with what the mass of men deem indispensable. Think what Bach actually did, and Handel; how Bach, in tranquil, cheerful, unambitious daily round of service, like a true priest who keeps the altar fire forever burning, tasked all his strength and mighty genius to the utmost, composing for each Sabbath in that Leipsic Thomas-Kirche, and for all the festivals besides, through six long years, a new cantata, comprising orchestral symphony, chorals, which he alone has harmonized so perfectly, elaborate choruses, and recitatives and airs for single voices, each upon a scale of magnitude equal to that of a mass, or one of the two or three parts of an oratorio, and all in the noblest and most learned style of composition, — works to live forever, yet sung then only once and laid away to be explored and published for the first time now, a century since he lived! There they lie, the manuscript scores of some three hundred of them, in the Royal Library at Berlin, any one of them a task beyond the power of any master of our own day. Think of the seemingly endless series of huge volumes of his works in all forms which the "Bach Gesellschaft," year by year, for sixteen years now, have been bringing out, while the heap of manuscripts unedited seems scarcely yet to be diminished. And in all this not a page which a true criticism would leave out as being either trivial or commonplace; the whole of it sincere and wholesome music, the heartfelt expression of the deepest piety, and moulded in the clear, though com-

plex and subtile forms peculiar to a loyal master mind that had attained to know and reverence the divine law and secret of all form.

Think of Handel creating all those oratorios after thirty years of intense toil in composing, rehearsing, and bringing out Italian operas at the rate of two or three each year! — Handel, a people's man, compared with Bach, who loved the light, while Bach lived in the shade, and who was much more in his element while facing the great world. Think of the brave old giant, after he grew blind, conducting the performance of his "Israel" or "Messiah" at the organ, improvising such organ accompaniment as it is scarcely within the skill of modern musicianship to replace, his huge wig vibrating, they say, with satisfaction when the whole went to his mind! Or think how Mozart *consumed* himself in musical creation, and died so young, apparently, only because the tree had borne all the wondrous fruit required of it, because he had fairly done the work, achieved the mission, of the longest life in five-and-thirty years! And Beethoven! What shall we say of him, writing his greatest works after he had entirely lost the sense of hearing? Was not that intellectual labor, and of the greatest kind, whether we judge it by the spiritual and mental chemistry which organized the works without the aid of sense, in him, or by their influence on the world? Schubert, Bellini, Weber, Mendelssohn, great workers all, died young; for real life and work of the purely intellectual, inspired kind are not to be measured by length of years. And the same is true in a great degree of the *Dii minores*, minor characters, in music; this constancy of mental application, this earnest concentration of the higher faculties, is found in them; nor in composers only, but in humblest teachers, village organists, amateur enthusiasts.

Music may run into frivolity, may be coupled with immodesty, and with sheer atheism, that makes a jest of honesty, believing in no good, as in the *opéra bouffe* of Offenbach; but music in itself has no such tendency. It can be gay, light-hearted, droll, and set the soul free from its mortal clogs awhile by exquisite and graceful fancies, such as sparkle in Rossini's comic operas, but never did it wear filthy channels for itself. Hold not the art guilty of the base uses trade and luxury would put it to. Music for music's sake is one thing, is divine; "sensational" music another and of other origin; its spring is mercenary, not sincerely musical.

There is another prejudice against musicians on the score of "eccentricities," "exceptional behavior," "disappointing" personal appearance, etc. Such hopeless "impracticables"! Beethoven's "moroseness," his absent-mindedness (forgetting to order his dinner while he sat in the restaurant for hours); Handel's "huge appetite," for truly the giant had two attributes of Homer's heroes in a high degree, capacity for anger and for eating (as it were, whole hecatombs)! absence of mind in Schumann too, and in Franz Schubert, alternating in the latter with a wild Bohemian conviviality, the great work going on within him somehow all the while; Chopin's morbid and unreasonable sensitiveness; and many more such contradictions might be named; yet really not more, we fancy, than among famous painters, sculptors, poets, psychologists, and men of science, men of business, and even some whom the pious world has sainted. But music presupposes a harmonic, truer sort of life than society has realized as yet; and so for answer we may say: These great musicians lived too early; they were prophets in their way; in actual outward life but ill at home in a world not ready for them, — a world so selfish and antagonistic. *Their* souls were strung up to heaven's concert pitch; it was the age, the world around them, that was false and gave out an uncertain and bewildering sound.

Schubert, they say, haunted the wine-shop; sought seclusion, sought escape from *bores* (whom, chiefly of all mortal ills, he dreaded), in what seemed dull

and sensual leisure. There he would find free play of thought and room for shaping fancy. There, as we said, the work went on within, the new song sang itself, the symphony was growing into form. He was convivial and fond of friends, recklessly generous, "felt himself a Crœsus when he had sold a song or two." And when the generous liquor loosed his tongue, with what fearless frankness, what subtile, withering satire, he would tell pretenders to the name of artist what he thought of them! Then again he could sit dumb and vacant to appearance, quiescent, passive as an oyster. But was there not a pearl in that oyster? What if that pearl should chance to be the glorious great Symphony in C, that of the "heavenly length," as Schumann said of it, which here in our own city has held thousands of listeners in rapt, exalted mood so often in the Music Hall! What if it were full of pearls! How many, as it now appears, of purest lustre, did he, careless of fame or publishers, leave hid away in corners, now first brought to light! Which is the real Schubert, the oyster or the pearl?

Perhaps, considering all that these men have *done*, and what they are to us and will be to mankind for ages, the all-sufficient, simple excuse for the contradiction is, it proves them *human*, and makes them doubly ours.

We have been speaking of composers, real composers, great ones. If the brain-work they did was so vast in quantity, so intense in energy, so sublime in quality, so far-reaching in influence, so historic, precious to the heart of ages, it surely proves the intellectuality of the tone-art itself, the element in which they wrought, and in which *we* too feel free, clear, high, and happy, nearer heaven, while we listen to and love their inexhaustible creations. If it was great to do these things, is it not great to have and use and love them when done, as long as they will last? — and that would seem to be forever. What it was good to give, is it not good also to receive, and yield us to its charm, and woo its influence? And if this imply a certain passiveness of mind, abandonment of will on our part, are we less passive, are we more intellectual under the spell of poems or whatever kind of high discourse?

Now here we have to meet perhaps the most respectable of all the phases of the scepticism with regard to music. It has its spring in certain sensitive consciences, persons intelligently, sincerely musical, but with a proneness to self-accusation when they find themselves enjoying. These, while they own their hearts are moved, as the flushed face and glistening eyes testify, while they admit the claim of music to be called the language of the heart, with power to melt, transport, instead of reasoning and convincing, appear to fancy that they but disparage it by such admission. They say it is a sentimental rather than an intellectual mood to which it ministers; that it is a matter of mere feeling and emotion; below the intellectual, the voluntary, moral principle, inferior to poetry, philosophy, or doctrine, since in it we simply yield ourselves to passive rapture. Strange if one could always enjoy tasting fruit, and never planting!

It is common to define music as the natural language of feeling, while words are the expression of ideas, of thoughts. And so, indeed, it is; but not in a mere sentimental sense; for do we not distinguish between music which awakens feelings wholesome, high, impersonal, and more allied to intellect than sense, enamored not with pleasure solely, but with truth, and beauty as a type and symbol of the highest truth, and music which is shallow, maudlin, commonplace in its expression, attractive to the selfish, sentimental, vulgar mind? The truest feeling, such as true art, true music breathes and makes appeal to, is of a more intellectual temper. Heart quickens brain; then thought reacts on feeling, and carries it up to a sense of perfect order, to a holy love and yearning after unity.

It by no means covers the whole significance of music to call it the lan-

guage of feeling; though, rightly understood, there might not be a higher definition. The poet truly sings,

> "Thought is deeper than all speech,
> Feeling deeper than all thought."

But then he means the feeling which *is* "deep," and which relates us to the highest universal ends of being. Now musical art, to be sure, does not describe objects, nor narrate histories, nor unfold cosmogonies and systems of philosophy and ethics, as some imaginative expounders of "Ninth Symphonies" would have us think. It does not express ideas, except of the kind technically known as *musical ideas*, pregnant little germs of melody, capable of logical development in a way analogous to the development of thoughts. And here, by way of caution, lest we be misunderstood in claiming that music is intellectual and has meaning, we would take occasion once for all to wash our hands of all responsibility for that kind of musical interpretation which seeks to trace a story, a mythology, a thread of doctrine, throughout such or such a symphony, sonata, or "tone-poem"; and to express our conviction that music stoops from its proper, higher mission when it undertakes to describe scenes or imitate sounds in nature; and that it is never less intellectual, or more regardless of its own chaste integrity, than when it takes the form of "programme music," not trusting its own proper element, but borrowing chances of effect *ab extra*, and dividing the attention as if to cover its own insufficiency. Music must be sufficient in itself. The highest kind of music is *pure* music, that which lives and moves in purely musical ideas. Yet nothing is more natural than to try to describe the effect upon you of a piece of music by calling up such images, associations, trains of thought, analogous effects in other spheres, as it may have awakened in your mind. You clutch at all these feeble helps in your enthusiastic, vain endeavors to describe the witching thing. This you may do legitimately, so long as you profess no more, and do not try to reverse the order, and make it appear that the music was written to describe your thought. For here we find the true relation between thought and feeling in the sphere of music. Music in one sense describes, by awakening the feelings with which objects, thoughts, experiences, are inevitably associated; every such feeling may of course awaken many images and many memories in many minds; but there will be, at least, some vague analogy, affinity between them; so that music, even of the most pure and abstract sort (such as a stringed quartette by Mozart) is always heard to best advantage on the fit occasion. If it be wedded to words, as in a song, an opera, an oratorio, these in a measure must determine its expression, though it bring out new meanings such as the words alone could hardly have conveyed. Yet take the words away, the music could not be translated into them, would not enable you to find them, though it would put you in a state of mind and feeling in which those or kindred thoughts and words might offer themselves most aptly.

This brings us to the heart of the matter. Leaving objections, we come back to positive statement. The highest definition of music, its full significance and worth, is to be sought mainly in the highest kind of music; that is to say, *pure* music, dealing in purely musical ideas, conscious of no outward purpose, content in its own world, preoccupied with its own peculiar mission, which is too divine to need the justification of any end to serve. This, indeed, is the first principle of truth in art of any kind.

In this we find the intellectuality of music. For music, in this view, is the most abstract, pure embodiment and type of universal law and movement. It is a key to the divine method throughout all the ordered distribution of the worlds of matter and of spirit. It is the most fluid, free expression of form, in the *becoming* (what the Germans call *das Werden*); form developing according to intrinsic and divine

necessity. There is nothing arbitrary in music; no acquiring any power in it except by patient, reverent study and mastering of divine proportions and the eternal laws of fitness. Goethe says: "The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no *material*, no *subject-matter*, whose effect must be deducted; it is wholly *form* and *power*, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses."

Hence the study of the laws of fugue and counterpoint, the subtile art of what is called the *polyphonic* interweaving of the *parts* in harmony, the learning to develop out of a little melodic phrase of theme or motive, as from a seed thought, all the wealth of meaning and of beauty there concealed and waiting for the touch of fairy wand of genius, is at least as good a kind of higher intellectual gymnastics as the transcendental mathematics, or the categorical chains of logic, or the perpetually shifting, vanishing cloud-forms of metaphysics. Good music has a logic of its own; none more severe, more subtile, and surely none so fascinating, for it leads, it charms into the Infinite.

Even to contemplate the elementary phenomena in nature, upon which all the wonders of the musical art are founded, is to find ourselves in presence of enchanting facts, of laws so intellectual, so inexhaustible in their suggestion, such startling revelations of an infinitely beautiful organic, all-pervading, living order, that the soul is filled with awe as if the very air were tremulous with Deity. For what is music? Its substance, common air. Its form, vibration. All beauty, in whatever art, is the result, the impressed form of motion, — free, unimpeded, even motion; and motion, movement, is the universal sign and undeniable assertion of force, of power, of inspiration, in a word, of life; and, finally, all free, undisturbed motion is vibratory, undulating, measured, proportionate, rhythmical. Physically, then, music is motion, and it is nothing else. And nothing moves that does not impress upon the air a vibration, or (which is the same thing) a sound, a *tone*. If I sing to you, a vibration of my soul, my feeling, imparts itself to the atmospheric medium, travelling on until it becomes a vibration in *your* soul, your feeling. The spiritual fact of music answers to this physical fact. Its business is directly with the motive principle in human life, and not with thoughts, perceptions, memories; for these are passive, prompted by some motive force behind them.

Vibrations beget vibrations; a vibrating chord or column of air divides into vibrating portions of itself, whose tones a fine ear will detect, mysteriously, faintly blending, harmonizing with the parent tone as it dies out. Thus one tone generates a whole series of tones, and we have virtually all tones in one. The first begotten and the most distinctly audible are those two, which, on being reduced within the compass of one octave, form with the principal its third and fifth, — and then we have that never-fading miracle, the *trichord*, which is the soul and substance of all harmony. Hauptmann (quoting Goethe, "*Jedes natürliches ist ein frisch ausgesprochenes Wort Gottes*") says the trichord is "a word of God"; and who that heard the clear, fresh voices of ten thousand children in the "Coliseum," when they, after holding out a long, pure tone in unison, suddenly struck the blended tones of the trichord, — purity itself, like the white beam of "holy light" divided by the prism, — will not heartily agree with him? Three trichords, based respectively on the principal or keynote, its first "over-tone" or fifth, and the tone of which it is itself the fifth, give all the tones of the diatonic musical scale; in other words, the operative melodic scale is really a mingling of three harmonic scales or series of tones generated by the first vibration; and this trine origin, this "trinity" of the scale, carries in it the germ of all the possibilities of harmony, indeed, the whole beautiful secret of all musical development. Rhythm, too, lay coyly hidden

in these same vibrations of the primal tone, and knew by instinct how to regulate the time career, the onflow of the tune, the composition as a whole, by measured intermittent stress or accent, so that it all should run in waves as uniformly as the "tone-waves" of the air which waft the message of each single tone upon the ear. Given the diatonic scale, which tempts continually to modulation, change, excursion among tones; given beforehand, with it, that earlier, original harmonic scale of tones first generated by the vibrations of a ground-tone ("over-tones") to hold this free propensity still back to unity, as well as furnish samples of most pleasing and harmonic intervals (thirds, sixths, etc.); add to these rhythm, and lo! Melody is born. And harmony is not far off: for can the stream forget its source? Here too "the child is father of the man." And now is music fully armed, to leap forth like Minerva from the brain of Jove. Now out of the harmonious strife of melody and harmony we presently shall see spring up all sorts of kaleidoscopic hints of *imitation* (themes, motives, bits of motives, echoed or reflected from one part to another of the harmony); sharp-flavored passing discords, piquing expectation, pressing to solution; all the arts of polyphonic interweaving of the parts, each part pursuing its own independent, individual, melodic way, yet all enforcing, celebrating the one common theme, co-operating to one end; in short, the whole development — as beautiful and wonderful as growth of plant or crystal — of counterpoint and fugue and all the inner structural and outer architectural varieties of form which music has from time to time assumed, and some of which she cherishes forever; till, donning finally her rainbow robe of many colors, she thrones herself upon the orchestra and shines forth in her crowning glory in the consummate form of forms, the Symphony.

Thus logically, as tree from germ, out of the first tone ("word of God") that ever rang, may we deduce the art of music in its infinite varieties, all singing, pleading for and prophesying UNITY, as the grand hope of human mind and heart, the highest word of science and religion. Here is no room, of course, for the history, any more than for the theory of music. Yet this exceedingly brief hint of its origin, at least, was quite essential to our argument. Such origin and such development who can fairly contemplate, and for a moment longer doubt the intellectuality of music?

As there is nothing arbitrary in music of itself, in music as a science, so too there is nothing arbitrary, or merely accidental, in its true forms of art. And here, before concluding, we would dwell a moment upon two of the more important forms, which are too commonly imagined to be arbitrary experiments, inventions of one man, indolently aped by others, fashions of too long a day, doomed to be swept away with other traditional rubbish of the past; but which we believe to have grown out of the very nature of things, — types moulded into shape by a necessity intrinsic and enduring.

The first is the FUGUE FORM. The fugue is the vital principle of musical form; it is the prime secret of all form, the very soul of it. Whatever music does not more or less imply the fugue principle, though it need not be strict fugue, is likely to be poor and shallow music. For fugue is but the logical development of what is latent in a germ or theme. It is in music what the spiral law of growth is in the plant. It has its prototypes in nature: in the surf billows rolling up the beach; in the waves that run along a field of grain before the wind; in the widening vortex of the whirlpool and the waterspout; in the tongues of flame losing themselves and reappearing as the fire soars and seeks the sky. It has its correspondences in other arts; in nothing, perhaps, so strikingly as in those wonderful creations of religious architecture, which are the furthest removed from mere mechanics and geometry, which speak so to the soul

and the imagination, and almost seem alive and growing, as it were yearning, reaching, soaring upward while we look at them, — the old Gothic churches. There we *see* the fugue in solid form; that is what Madame De Staël meant when she called architecture "frozen music"; there we find the same precision of minute detail, the same endless echoing and imitation of motives and parts of motives, phrases, with quaint particulars; a thousand pointed arches, clustered columns, cunning tracery, and, peeping out of unexpected corners, exquisite or grotesque shapes of plants, of men, of animals, and monsters, as if to include all the images that ever filled the waking thoughts or dreams of man in history, — all aspiring, growing to a climax, yet to the mind still hinting further growth, still seeming in the process of *becoming*, never absolutely *done;* utmost finish in detail mechanically, actually, but ideally suggesting still the Infinite, the unattainable in time. This suggestion of the Infinite is what we would call the *expression* of the fugue. (Only, to be expressive, it must be a fugue of genius.)

Yes, in music, the fugue is the perfect type of unity in variety. It is nature's own law; the true instinct of genius felt it out, obeyed it unconsciously by the inmost necessity of art and of its own soul. True to nature, genius could not do otherwise; it was simply letting germs, seed-thoughts (*motives* technically) *grow*. To be bound always strictly to the fugue form is pedantry; but not to know it, not to feel it, not to imply it even in free composition, is to forsake the real fount of inspiration. All the great composers, the real creators whose works live forever, — Beethoven, for instance, who did not very often write fugues *as such*, — working by a true instinct with nature and the divine laws of essential form, or unity, still imply the fugue in whatever form they write; they have its secret in them, its law is in their hearts, the soul of all their method; indeed, so familiar are they with it, that they need not literally present it. It lay at the basis of their culture. No one is fairly master of the free forms, until he is master of the fugue. That is, wherever there is harmony, wherever there is more than one *part*, true art dictates that the parts move individually, that there be some contrapuntal texture. Where Counterpoint sits down to work, Fugue looks over its shoulders.

And now we see why one never exhausts the interest of a good fugue. There have been plenty of mechanical, dry fugues, results of plodding calculation, ingenious, learned, but without much expression. But there are also live ones; a live one never gets hackneyed, never dogs and persecutes the mind like tunes in fashion, which the street-organs keep forever murdering, but will not bury. Mere melody has in it a principle of decay; it stales by repetition; and therefore the music that proclaims the Infinite, the great religious music from of old, has worn the undecaying form of fugue and counterpoint. For fugue *treats* its theme, develops, "works" it up in such a noble way that it becomes a perpetual renovation and new illustration of itself, and so invests it with perennial youth and freshness: it can no more *bore* you now than can the themes, the motives, multiplied, repeated, echoed, imitated, or contrasted throughout the whole upward floating, spirit-like, scarcely material mass of a Strasbourg or Cologne cathedral. All its possibilities of repetition are provided for, anticipated in this structural development, this contrapuntal transfiguration, lifting it into a purer atmosphere beyond reach of the curse of commonplace, so that it cannot spoil. Right healthy music are the fugues of Bach, and hearty too; no sickly sentimentality there; no poor ambition for effect; but sincere expression always of deep, genuine, religious feeling. To him the fugue form had become a native, pliant, and obedient language, in which he could express himself most readily; and between one fugue and another of

his there is a wide range of expression, from airy, fairy fancy to deepest tenderness, to holy meditation, to noonday brightness of sublimest joy. Expression you will find too, as well as learning, in many more of the old fuguists. A century before Bach, the fugues of Frescobaldi, chapel-master at St. Peter's, in Rome, breathe a delicate and tender sentiment. So do some by Bach's pupil, Kirnberger. Handel, too, was grand in fugue, but far less various than Bach. Nor was his nature quite at home in so interior and mystical an element. Mozart, consummate master in all music, could not write without expression. A deep, musing sort of feeling goes with subtile art in the fugues of the older Scarlatti. Then there were the sons of Bach; nor even in such types of learned and severe musicianship as Albrechtsberger and the Padre Martini is the fugue always dry and unsuggestive.

The fugue form pertains more to internal and organic structure in one homogeneous musical piece or movement. Our other example of form shall be one of what we may term architectural *massing* of several movements in a great symmetrical musical whole. Look at the SYMPHONY, or what is technically called the SONATA form, common to sonatas, symphonies, trios, stringed quartettes, classical concertos, etc.

This form, too, we say, is not mere accident or imitation of one man's success beyond its reasonable term of life. The reason of it is to be sought in the nature of the human soul and in the corresponding nature of music.

How is it with us when a matter interests us and excites us to that pitch of feeling in which music steps in as the natural language? Our whole nature is engaged in it. The head, or thinking principle; the heart, or feeling, loving principle; the will, or active principle; and more or less (amid these earnest powers) the lively, recreative play of fancy, — all take part in it, all in turn are principally addressed by it. Reason, passion, frolic humor, will: these seek each its type and representative in the forms of an art so perfectly human and so pliant to the motions of the human soul as music. If a matter taxes our reasoning, truth-seeking faculties for one spell, it is a law of our nature that we then quit thinking and only *feel* about it for another spell. We modulate out of the dialectic into the religious and accepting mood. It *was* an argument, an emulous labor of the brain; it has become a lyric of the heart, a prayer, a hymn, a softly rising incense and aroma of the faith and love and longing in us. And then, the more we have been in earnest, the more naturally comes the reaction of frolic fantasy and humor, the more lively the suggestions and "heat-lightnings" of a quick, surcharged, midsummer fancy, — the *scherzo* humors that so often flash from characters of deepest pathos. But the circle of moods is not yet complete. Thought, feeling, fancy, are but phases of the living stream that yet must ultimate itself in action, must rush into *deed*, and so pour its life into the great ocean whence all proceed and to which all tend. That is the *finale*. Now for the musical correspondence.

The first, or allegro movement of a symphony, takes up a theme, or themes, and proceeds to their discussion and elaboration. It begins with a principal *theme* or subject; presently, with the natural modulation into the dominant or relative key, comes in a *counter theme;* these two are developed and contrasted a little way, when the whole passage is literally repeated to fix them firmly in the mind. Then begins a sort of analytic canvassing of all that they contain; fragments, phrases of the one are blended with or off-set against the other; the two propositions (often waking up a number of accessory subjects by the way) are subjected to a sort of exhaustive musical logic, till what is in them is brought fully out and verified. By a sort of refining, differentiating, intellectual argumentation these themes are held up in various lights, are developed singly and in contrast, and are worked through various keys, abridgments, augmentations, episodes, digres-

sions, into a most various and complex whole, in which the same original threads or themes continually reappear, yet with perpetual sense of novelty. The intellectual principle delights in analysis, in the detection of differences and distinctions. So the symphonic allegro betrays a tendency to continual divergence and escape from the first starting-point. Here is an art type of *discussion*, whose whole aim and tendency is unity and truth. What a type of catholicity in thought! Discussion, no denial; music is incapable of that; Mephistopheles in music must make sad work, or forget his nature.

Then comes the *adagio*, *larghetto*, *andante*, — some slow movement, which has more of calm, still feeling and unquestioning religion in it. This is the central sanctuary in this musical abridgment of man's life, which every good symphony appears to be. This the heart; that the head.

The serious *andante* passes, — sometimes directly, sometimes through the frolic *scherzo*, and the *minuet* and *trio*, — into the *rondo finale*, which is rapid and full of the spirit and preparation for action, full of resolve and fire. The sentiment which has passed through the crucible of the judgment in the *allegro*, and sought its divine repose at the religious altar of feeling in the *adagio*, having traversed its intellectual and its effective phases, now puts on its armor and moves on with alacrity for action. (Though, in many lighter symphonies, it is more like a school-boy pulling on his hat and rushing out of doors in pure animal spirits.) It seems to act itself out with buoyant confidence; sometimes with sublime triumph, as in the march concluding the C Minor Symphony.

Such is the model or typical form of a symphony, or a sonata. We do not say, all symphonies must closely conform to it; no two things in nature are precisely alike, no two leaves upon a tree, no two human forms or faces; but every one, with more or less divergence, illustrates its own proper type. And, be it remembered, we are citing only one of many admirable great forms of music, — greater and truer in that they are not arbitrary, but determined by intrinsic reason and necessity, and therefore enduring. Search into the secret, then, of musical form, and you will learn other secrets, learn much of yourself, of the divine organic method in the material and moral universe. Said we not rightly that music is as good a school for intellectual discipline as mathematics, logic, or philosophy?

But the superior potency of these studies in musical form appears in this: that they are æsthetical as well as abstract; they are imaginative and free in absolute obedience to law; they seek beauty as an end, and pour forth glowing feeling from the heart, while they so finely illustrate the method of the universe, the principle of one in all. And so (even without the theoretic study as such), by mere familiar intimacy with such forms, such music in the concrete, by frequent listening to the beautiful sonatas, overtures, and symphonies, till we become possessed with them, informed with their own spirit, our instincts get attuned into a sympathy with universal law and unity. Here is an intellectual culture, where intellect as it were rises into sentiment, and the two are henceforth one; where scientific, dry analysis blooms out and fructifies into poetic, loving synthesis. Indeed, may not this be, perhaps, the highest kind of intellectual culture: this cultivation not so much of reasoning or perceptive powers, as of *the harmonic mood* and temper; this disposing and attuning of the whole mind to law, to the perpetual embrace of truth in beauty?

At once emotional and intellectual in so pure a sense, music with good right has been called a universal language, and, above all, the native language (so to speak) of the religious sentiment. This aspect of the subject claims consideration, but not now.

John S. Dwight.

A NOVEMBER PASTORAL.

I.

WRAPPED in his sad-colored cloak, the Day, like a Puritan, standeth
Stern in the joyless fields, rebuking the lingering color, —
Dying hectic of leaves and the chilly blue of the asters, —
Hearing, perchance, the croak of a crow on the desolate tree-top,
Breathing the reek of withered weeds, or the drifted and sodden
Splendors of woodland, as whoso piously groaneth in spirit:
"Vanity, verily; yea, it is vanity, let me forsake it!
Yea, let it fade, for Life is the empty clash of a cymbal,
Joy a torch in the hands of a fool, and Beauty a pitfall!"

II.

Once, I remember, when years had the long duration of ages,
Came, with November, despair; for summer had vanished forever.
Lover of light, my boyish heart as a lover's was jealous,
Followed forsaking suns and felt its passion rejected,
Saw but Age and Death, in the whole wide circle of Nature
Throned forever; and hardly yet have I steadied by knowledge
Faith that faltered and patience that was but a weary submission.
Though to the right and left I hear the call of the huskers
Scattered among the rustling shocks, and the cheerily whistled
Lilt of an old plantation tune from an ebony teamster,
These behold no more than the regular jog of a mill-wheel
Where, unto me, there is possible end and diviner beginning.
Silent are now the flute of Spring and the clarion of Summer
As they had never been blown: the wail of a dull *Miserere*
Heavily sweeps the woods, and, stifled, dies in the valleys.

III.

Who are they that prate of the sweet consolation of Nature?
They who fly from the city's heat for a month to the sea-shore,
Drink of unsavory springs, or camp in the green Adirondacks?
They, long since, have left with their samples of ferns and of algæ,
Memories carefully dried and somewhat lacking in color,
Gossip of tree and cliff and wave and modest adventure,
Such as a graceful sentiment — not too earnest — admits of,
Heard in the pause of a dance or bridging the gaps of a dinner.
Nay, but I, who know her, exult in her profligate seasons,
Turn from the silence of men to her fancied, fond recognition,
I am repelled at last by her sad and cynical humor.
Kinder, cheerier now, were the pavements crowded with people,
Walls that hide the sky, and the endless racket of business.
There a hope in something lifts and enlivens the current,
Face seeth face, and the hearts of a million, beating together,
Hidden though each from other, at least are outwardly nearer,
Lending the life of all to the one, — bestowing and taking,
Weaving a common web of strength in the meshes of contact,

Close, yet never impeded, restrained, yet delighting in freedom.
There the soul, secluded in self, or touching its fellow
Only with horny palms that hide the approach of the pulses,
Driven abroad, discovers the secret signs of its kindred,
Kisses on lips unknown, and words on the tongue of the stranger.
Life is set to a statelier march, a grander accordance
Follows its multitudinous steps of dance and of battle:
Part hath each in the music; even the sacredest whisper
Findeth a soul unafraid and an ear that is ready to listen.

IV.

Nature? 'T is well to sing of the glassy Bandusian fountain,
Shining Ortygian beaches, or flocks on the meadows of Enna,
Linking the careless life with the careless mood of the Mother.
We, afar and alone, confronted with heavier questions,
Robbed of the oaten pipe before it is warm in our fingers,
Why should we feign a faith? — why crown an indifferent goddess?
Under the gray, monotonous vault what carolling song-bird
Hopes for an echo? Closer and lower the vapors are folded;
Sighing shiver the woods, though drifted leaves are unrustled;
Ghosts of the grasses that fled with a breath and floated in sunshine
Hang unstirred on brier and fence; for a new desolation
Comes with the rain, that, chilly and quietly creeping at nightfall,
Thence for many a day shall dismally drizzle and darken.

V.

"See!" (methinks I hear the mechanical routine repeated,)
"Emblems of faith in the folded bud and the seed that is sleeping!"
Knowledge, not Faith, deduced the similitude; how shall an emblem
Give to the soul the steadfast truth that alone satisfies it?
Joy of the Spring I can feel, but not the preaching of Autumn.
Earth, if a lesson is wrought upon each of thy radiant pages,
Give us the words that sustain us, and not the words that discourage!
Sceptic art thou become, the breeder of doubt and confusion,
Powerless vassal of Fate, assuming a meek resignation,
Yielding the forces that moved in thy life and made it triumphant!

VI.

Now, as my circle of home is slowly swallowed in darkness,
As with the moan of winds the rain is drearily falling, —
Hopes that drew as the sun and aims that stood as the pole-star
Fading aloof from my life as though it never had known them, —
Where, when the wont is deranged, shall I find a permanent foothold?
Stripped of the rags of Time I see the form of my being,
Born of all that ever has been, and haughtily reaching
Forward to all that comes, — yet certain, this moment, of nothing.
Chide or condemn as ye may, the truant and mutinous spirit
Turns on itself, and forces release from its holiest habit;
Soars where the suns are sprinkled in cold, illimited darkness,
Peoples the spheres with far diviner forms of existence,
Questions, conjectures at will; for Earth and its creeds are forgotten.

Thousands of æons it gathers, yet scarce its feet are supported;
Dumb is the universe unto the secrets of Whence? and of Whither?
So, as a dove through the summits of ether falling exhausted,
Under it yawns the blank of an infinite Something — or Nothing!

VII.

Let me indulge in the doubt, for this is the token of freedom,
This is all that is safe from hands that would fain intermeddle,
Thrusting their worn phylacteries over the eyes that are seeking
Truth as it shines in the sky, not truth as it smokes in their lantern.
Ah, shall I venture alone beyond the limits they set us,
Bearing the spark within till a breath of the Deity fan it
Into an upward-pointing flame? — and, forever unquiet,
Nearer through error advance, and nearer through ignorant yearning?
Yes, it must be: the soul from the soul cannot hide or diminish
Aught of its essence: here the duplicate nature is ended:
Here the illusions recede, at man's unassailable centre,
And the nearness and farness of God are all that is left him.

VIII.

Lo! as I muse, there come on the lonely darkness and silence
Gleams like those of the sun that reach his uttermost planet,
Inwardly dawning; and faint and sweet as the voices of waters
Borne from a sleeping mountain-vale on a breeze of the midnight,
Falls a message of cheer: "Be calm, for to doubt is to seek whom
None can escape, and the soul is dulled with an idle acceptance.
Crying, questioning, stumbling in gloom, thy pathway ascendeth;
They with the folded hands at the last relapse into strangers.
Over thy head, behold! the wing with its measureless shadow
Spread against the light, is the wing of the Angel of Unfaith,
Chosen of God to shield the eyes of men from His glory.
Thus through mellower twilights of doubt thou climbest undazzled,
Mornward ever directed, and even in wandering guided.
God is patient of souls that reach through an endless creation,
So but His shadow be seen, but heard the trail of His mantle!"

IX.

Breathless and silent I sit, and clearer now is the message:
"Showing Himself as to thee he is shown, he liveth in all men.
So, on the wings of desires that never were framed for fulfilment,
Soar as thou list, but stand in love on the earth with thy fellows.
Still will the mystery haunt, the infinite problem perplex thee,
Still the flesh will fail and the weight of the day be a burden,
Yet the self, that reigns in the soul, the heart must abolish
Less by strength of its own than the one immortal example, —
Christ, of infinite pity, divine, inexhaustible pardon,
Healing the wounds of time, and righting the wrongs of existence,
Comforter, Saviour, Brother of Man and Son of the Father!"

Bayard Taylor.

MR. BURLINGAME AS AN ORATOR.

THOSE who were personally intimate, or even casually acquainted, with the late Mr. Burlingame will remember his ease and fluency of speech in ordinary conversation. But writing was labor and weariness to him. It seemed impossible for him to establish a rapid transit between his brain and the end of a pen. What he prepared in the way of official communication was graceful, strong, and effective, but it was generally, if not always, the result of dictation to an amanuensis, whilst he walked back and forth, phrasing aloud as though he were directly addressing an eager and interested listener.

Mr. Burlingame's public speeches, whether in the legislative chamber, or the American platform, or as ambassador at the courts of the civilized world, were always prepared with great elaboration and with minute attention to details. But not one word was ever written. He possessed the rare and singular faculty of not only casting the general outline of his discourse, but of ordering also the exact style of his diction, without resorting to the use of note or memorandum to aid his memory. His habit was to form in his own mind a clear and accurate comprehension of the subject, to mark its natural divisions, and thoroughly analyze its sequences and connections, and then with utmost care to frame the sentences and paragraphs which should make up the speech. After silently and thoroughly digesting the whole subject, rhetorically as well as logically, he would repeat the entire oration aloud, over and over again. He used frequently to say "that no one could tell how a phrase or sentence would strike the ear of an audience until it was tested by actual hearing." And in the same connection he would add that he "very often changed and corrected the structure of a whole paragraph on finding that the way he had *thought it out* was not the way that *sounded best.*" Charles James Fox had no confidence in the effect upon the House of Commons of a speech that read well; and Mr. Burlingame seemed to have a similar intuition in regard to the requirements of both the popular and the parliamentary ear.

With a speech thus prepared, Mr. Burlingame's delivery was exceedingly effective. He spoke with the unerring correctness of one who had thoroughly studied his part, and yet with the absolute freshness and apparent spontaneity of a man who had sprung to his feet with the abundant fulness of the subject and the uncontrollable impulse of the occasion. And he had the remarkable gift of retaining this freshness and spontaneity, no matter how frequently he repeated the speech. And the precision of his repetition was among the noteworthy features of his oratory. In what is termed a campaign speech it is difficult for the best filled mind and the readiest tongue to make more than one really valuable effort. The issues to be discussed on successive days, pending one election, are so entirely identical as to admit of but slight variation in the mode of their presentation by the same speaker. The prince of all campaign orators, Tom Corwin of Ohio, was in the habit of saying that "a man who should attempt a fresh speech on every stump would never have any speech worth listening to." While, therefore, it is to be expected that a general similarity will of necessity pervade the speeches of any man who attempts to discuss the issues of a political campaign, it was peculiar to Mr. Burlingame to deliver day after day the same speech exactly, *verbatim et literatem et punctuatim.* And he was wise in so doing. Any attempt to change the thread of his argument or to vary the felicitous illustrations of

his rhetoric would have deranged the entire framework of that which he so fitly compacted and joined together. He always kept in mind that he had a different audience every day, and that no matter how hackneyed the speech became to himself it was fresh and new to each succeeding crowd of hearers But, in fact, the speech did not become hackneyed to himself, for the moment he faced a sympathetic audience he partook of their temper, grew elated with their interest, and forgot in the intensity of to-day's magnetism that he was repeating the sayings of yesterday.

And it was the magnetism of Mr. Burlingame that made him pre-eminently effective before an assemblage of the people. What we mean precisely by magnetism it might be difficult to define, but it is undoubtedly true that Mr. Burlingame possessed an immense reserve of that subtle, forceful, overwhelming power which the word *magnetism* is used to signify. It was with him, as with every one that has it, quite independent of volition, not in any sense under his control, and not indeed influencing others until it had made him all aglow with its fiery enthusiasm. *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.* Mr. Burlingame was not an actor; he never simulated a part, and he never sought to stir his hearers with a passion or a sentiment with which he was not himself profoundly stirred in advance. In Mr. Webster's famous description of Samuel Dexter, he says that "the earnestness of his conviction wrought conviction in others." It was so with Mr. Burlingame. What he believed he believed with such intensity, what he spoke he spoke with such fervor, that the unbidden impulse was "to believe and assent and be convinced," we again quote Mr. Webster, "because it was gratifying and delightful to think and feel and believe in unison with him."

And this power which Mr. Burlingame possessed was not dependent on language, though of course it was greatly deepened and strengthened by it. But its influence was never more potential and commanding than at the capital of China, where, after seven years of brilliant success as American Minister, he was selected by the government to represent the Celestial Empire at all the courts of earth. He did not understand the Chinese language, did not attempt to write it, and never essayed to speak it; and yet, through the broken circuit of an interpreter, the current of his magnetism reached the Mandarins of Pekin as effectively as his living voice ever electrified a Boston audience in Fanueil Hall.

And this is no small praise. Indeed, Mr. Burlingame's success at Pekin will always remain the distinguishing feature of his remarkable career. The eminence he achieved, the influence he exerted, and the reputation he acquired in China are almost without parallel. Prior to Mr. Burlingame, our country had been represented at the Chinese court by ministers of superior culture and commanding talent. Away back in John Tyler's day we had Caleb Cushing, then in the early prime of an illustrious career. He went to China full of learning, a linguist of rare attainments, with diplomatic talent of the highest order, thoroughly learned in international law, and with an acute intellect singularly fitted to cope with and control the mind of the Orient. A few years later, in Mr. Fillmore's Presidency, we sent Humphrey Marshall of Kentucky to represent us at Pekin. Less eminent in culture than Mr. Cushing, he is scarcely the inferior of any man in natural ability. To the talent of the Marshalls, conspicuous and brilliant through four generations, he added the blood and the brains of the Birneys. He went upon his mission when young, with military laurels won in the Mexican war, and with the further *prestige* of a distinguished career in Congress. Following Marshall we had William B. Reed of Pennsylvania, sent thither by his devoted personal friend, President Buchanan. Mr. Reed has long been a leading member of the Philadelphia

bar, learned not merely in the law, but with generous culture outside the limits of his profession, and regarded by those who know him best as among the readiest and most acute of American jurists. Such were the men whom Mr. Burlingame succeeded in his diplomatic career. It is not stating the case too strongly to say that at no European court did we have superior talent during the service of the three gentlemen we have named. And yet the influence of these men, with all their conceded gifts and accomplishments, did not compare with the influence exerted by Mr. Burlingame. Indeed, it was the testimony of Sir Frederic Bruce, who was at Pekin as the representative of England, at the same time, that no foreign minister had ever gained such ascendency in the councils of the Chinese as Mr. Burlingame. His selection, therefore, for the most important mission which China ever sent to Christian nations was not matter of accident or luck, but grew naturally from the exalted estimate placed upon his ability and fitness by the leading minds of the Pekin government. As an example of the influence of a single man, attained over an alien race, whose civilization is widely different, whose religious belief is totally opposite, whose language he could not read nor write nor speak, Mr. Burlingame's career in China will always be regarded as an extraordinary event, not to be accounted for except by conceding to him a peculiar power of influencing those with whom he came in contact; a power growing out of a mysterious gift, partly intellectual, partly spiritual, largely physical; a power whose laws are unknown, whose origin cannot be traced, and whose limits cannot be assigned; a power which, for the want of a more comprehensive and significant term, recurring to our postulate, we designate as magnetism.

And this, in fine, was his power as an orator. It was not so much what he said as the magnetic manner of his saying it, that gave a peculiar charm and force to his words. Dependent on this quality for success, he sometimes failed, for "lack of inspiration," as he termed it. The very same speech on one occasion would carry his hearers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and the triumph be repeated perhaps a score of times; and yet another effort, and he would fail. He could not get himself *en rapport* with his audience, and the whole speech would prove the dreariest of drudgery to him. His success in 1856, advocating the cause of Fremont, and again in 1860 as the supporter of Lincoln, was a leading feature in each of those memorable campaigns. In New England, in the Middle States, in the West, he was equally and immensely popular. It is perhaps not extravagant to assert that, so far as public speaking contributed to Republican victory in the nation, no one bore a more conspicuous and influential part than Mr. Burlingame. And seven years' absence from American association had not diminished his power over American audiences. His addresses, made when he passed through our country in 1868, as the head of the Chinese Embassy, were full of his old force and fire. And had he lived to realize his cherished desire of once more participating in the public and political affairs of his native land, he would have taken and maintained a foremost position. But this final triumph was not reserved for him. His career closed suddenly, and, to mortal vision, prematurely. He died at the early age of forty-seven, lamented, honored, beloved, on three continents.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Only a Fiddler. A Danish Romance. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New York. Hurd and Houghton.

IT seems to us that this romance is not only much better than that of Herr Andersen, which we noticed two months ago, but an improvement even upon "The Improvisatore," which we were then inclined to think the best of the author's works. "Only a Fiddler" is almost as good as "The Improvisatore," in respect to the charm of the different characters and the setting of the story, while the plot is far more connected and interesting than that of "O. T.," in which the succession of events retarded quite as often as hastened the *dénouement*. There is more vitality of general purpose, more certainty of design, in the details of this than in either of the other romances. The author speaks scornfully of realism in fiction, but he is a pre-Raphaelite in some things; and he is apt to spend so much time upon the beautiful rendering of particulars in his pictures, as to lose his control over the whole effect; but here everything promotes this. That there is much novelty in the types presented we believe we cannot say; and we do not know that it is granted to more than two or three very great poets to create more than two or three characters, which are thereafter obliged to produce the desirable variety in the different fictions by changes of attitude and expression. Herr Andersen's hero, as far as we have made his acquaintance, is likely in each of the author's works to be an unworldly-minded, innocent-hearted youth, placed at odds with mankind by a blot upon his birth, or by the possession of genius, — which is, perhaps, the worst sort of illegitimacy. After a gloomy or weirdly pathetic childhood, this hero falls in love with the most unattainable young lady he can set eyes on, and lives for her, and loses her to her great advantage, and wins somebody he had no notion of getting; or, as in the case of the fiddler, dies of his broken hope. The maiden in his case is more than commonly hard-hearted, or no-hearted: she is the beautiful daughter of a Jewess and a Norwegian noble, with whom the Jewess had played her noble Danish lover false. In their childhood, this little Naomi and Christian (the fiddler) meet, and he never ceases to love her through all the changes of fortune that lift her so far above him, when the Danish count takes her and rears her as his own daughter. She grows up a brilliant, lovely, wicked girl, who attracts all that is bad from her surroundings. She has a strong brain and a strong will, and submits them both to a handsome, ignorant savage of a gypsy circus-rider, with whom she elopes and with whom she wanders about Europe in a man's dress. But finally she marries a French marquis, and is left in perfect prosperity and unhappiness; while poor Christian, the musician, having failed to win the fame on which he had set his heart, greatly for her sake, dies in poverty and loneliness.

This is the outline of a work which is full of the most charming lights, the most melancholy shadows, the most pathetic blending of both. In Christian's father the sadness and the humor meet with delightful result: he is so filled with the memory of his youthful travels in southern countries, that he is forever sighing for them, and at last to see them once more he leaves wife and child, and enlists in a southward-marching army. He is reported killed; but he has been taken prisoner to Russia, which is far more unlike Italy than Denmark even, and when he returns home and finds his wife married a second time, he sets his face towards Rome, where he ends as a lay-brother in a Capuchin convent.

The darkest figure in the book is Christian's godfather, who is conjecturally Naomi's father, and who, with all good and beautiful impulses, has been forced by evil passions in his youth to the commission of two dreadful crimes. In very strong contrast to him is the benevolent shipmaster, Peter Vieck, who does not torment Christian by telling him of the possibilities of his genius under efficient protection, as the Count does, but places him where he can study his art with the best musician the shipmaster knows. This is Mr. Knepus of Odense, who with his admirable lady thus appears to the reader: —

"It was in the last days of April when Christian, with his little bundle under his arm, and the letter of introduction from Peter Vieck in his hand, stood upon two stone steps and knocked with the iron knocker upon the ever-closed door.

"A thin lady, with fluttering and somewhat dirty cap-ribbons, opened the door. That was Mrs. Knepus.

"'You are, probably, Mr. Peter Vieck's foster-son?' said she, welcoming him, pressed his hand, and conducted him amid a torrent of words through the long passage, which was not very cleanly swept, but which yet was strewn with fresh sand. Two old gravestones, which, on the breaking up of the church of the Grey Brothers, had been purchased together with several monumental tablets, ornamented the naked walls, and one did not rightly know whether here one was in a chapel or in a dwelling-house.

"'We lead a very quiet life here,' said the lady; 'the shooting-club and the king's birthday are the only two festivals in which Knepus takes any part. He amuses himself, as you will see, in his own way.'

"With this the man himself made his appearance. He wore a dirty, yellow night-cap on his bald, pointed head, and a somewhat narrow overcoat, which did the duty of a sleeping-coat, for it was bound round the waist with a leathern belt. A pair of drawers completed the whole costume of the shrivelled legs."

. . . . .

"The walls of one room were pasted over with caricatures, and round about hung all kinds of instruments. Upon a shelf playthings were hung; but the child for which these were intended, Mr. Knepus himself, lay in bed. Upon a table before him steamed a spirit-lamp, with a little punch-bowl. The child, from time to time, took a draught and looked through a perspective-glass. The servant changed the pictures when Mr. Knepus nodded with his head, and his wife read aloud to him in one of the German classics. These Mr. Knepus called his 'childish hours,' and he had them every evening. As soon as he sunk his head wearied upon the pillow, and returned no answer to the question of his wife, 'Art thou sleeping, my little lamb?' she and the servant glided softly out of the room, and were their own masters.

"Thus also now lay Mr. Knepus in his bed, and as the company this evening was so numerous, he proposed a game at forfeits, in which he in bed, and the rest out of it, could take part; and which, according to his opinion, must be uncommonly amusing. Christian was sentenced to give Mrs. Knepus a kiss under the great carpet, which her husband threw over her. The good Christian closed his eyes and commended himself to God. At length he received a glass of punch, and in the end went to his room in the most cheerful state of mind. The greater part of the room was occupied as a great repository, in which were arranged the collected works of Wieland, Schulzen's 'Handbook of Medicine,' and the remainder entirely musical works. An ancient gravestone, that had its origin also in the now disappeared convent of the Grey Brothers, stood with all its saintly images at the foot of his somewhat short bedstead, composed of an old arm-chair and a kneading-trough. Behind the gravestone hung a smoked salmon and several pounds of candles; just beside stood a butter-cask: two chairs and a table completed the whole of his chamber furniture.

"'Now I have arranged everything quite conveniently,' said Mrs. Knepus, as she conducted the young inmate to his chamber. 'In the table-draw you can keep your clean linen; and here, under your bed, is a knapsack in which you can put your dirty things; because order must rule in everything. Mr. Knepus goes, to be sure, always below to the pump to wash himself; but a young man like you shall have everything as it ought to be. Here you have a beer-bottle with water; you can, perhaps, pour the water over your hands out of the window when you wash yourself: when opportunity occurs we will buy a wash-basin."

The whole study of this amusingly slipshod household is in the best vein of the author, whose humor certainly gains from the despised spirit of realism in which he paints the Knepuses. One more glimpse of the picture we must give, advising the reader, however, that the characters so fully presented are not important ones in the story. One night when Christian had returned home late, —

"He suddenly heard a scraping sound at the window; at any other time he would have paid no attention to it, but now! He covered himself in bed and looked toward the window; the head of a human being was moving before it. He now recognized the voice; it was that of Mrs. Knepus. 'I must steal,' said the lady, as she

boldly swung herself into our hero's chamber, who presented himself to her in that selfsame nightly costume in which Gil Blas and other heroes have stood.

"The servant-maid could not manage to make the quantity of butter which Mrs. Knepus allowed for weekly consumption hold out, and this the mistress said was only owing to her wastefulness; and that she might prove the truth of this, she laid a wager of three marks with the girl that she would make the allotted portion of butter last out the week. But, in order that the lady might not go and eke out the quantity from that which was in the store-room, which, as we know, was Christian's bedroom, the servant was to keep the key when he was gone to bed. The lady, however, found herself short in her calculation; but for all that she would not lose her wager, because upon that depended three marks and her reputation. From this cause she vaulted, at this hour of night, through the window into the little garret, — to steal from herself.

"'I am in a horrible situation,' said she; 'if anybody saw me getting through the window in this way, what would they say? But I do it on account of my honor, and "to the pure all things are pure!"'

"And the lady helped herself to the butter."

We do not know that any personage of the story is infirmly done, and the persons are of sufficient number to have excused some inefficiency of characterization. As is usual with Andersen's romances, this is told in what affects one as a series of episodes, though every chapter as a whole contributes to the progress of the story. Of the passages which are to be chiefly admired in and for themselves, none is more touching and remarkable than that which presents the tragedy of Steffen-Margaret, — of the poor wretch who would have turned from her life of sin, and could only do so through death's door. Let us make haste to secure our author against a supposition that his story deals much with such characters. In the vast range of his romance, this one appears naturally with the rest, and is neither invited nor repelled. It is, in fact, an air of freedom in the movements of the persons which is one of the greatest charms of the book: they come and go; perhaps we see them but once; they are never strictly accounted for; the changes wrought in them by time are only incidentally noted.

It will be easily believed that this romance abounds in happy descriptions, and that it is full of Denmark as well as humanity; a book by Andersen could not be otherwise. The only thing to say against it is that it is too sad for so gloomy a world as we are obliged actually to live in.

The translation is more vulnerable; it is mainly good, but the foreign order is too often retained, and occasionally the translator seems to forget that he ought to be writing English.

The Handy-Book of Husbandry: A Guide for Farmers, Young and Old. By GEORGE E. WARING, JR., of Ogden Farm. Illustrated. (Sold by subscription.) New York: E. B. Treat & Co.

WE own that we praise Mr. Waring's book without any of that practical knowledge of farming which has enabled him to write it; but we cannot carry our candor to the vicious excess of pretending ignorance of the very obvious merits of the book, namely, its clear, straightforward method, its sensible style, and its wholesome limitations in matters of theory and advice. The spirit of the work is revealed in a passage of the Preface, which we shall do it the service to quote, and which we think will put every one in good-humor with it: —

"It is sad to look back to the days when 'Agriculture' was a rosy future with me; when my work was done with the regularity and precision of clock-work by cheap and respectable farm hands; when my crops were all large and my cattle were all fat; when an analysis of my soil, and a chemical ledger-account with each field, kept fertility at the top mark; and when the balance-sheet at the end of the year was always adding to my fortune, — and then to bring my sobered gaze down over the hillside of hard realities that ended in a plain of simple 'Farming,' of humdrum hard work, dear labor, scant manure, small crops, bad markets, sick animals, and — the least in the world — a sick heart; with 'soil analysis' an *ignis-fatuus*, and nothing but patience and toil and skill and experience and hard study to take its place. I make no complaint of my disappointment, for even the harder experiences of life are not without their advantages, — when they are past, — but the hope that I might turn the steps of other young farmers into pleasanter paths was not the least of my motives in writing this book."

From a farmer who writes in this spirit, it is probable that his brother-farmers will get an amount of good sense about their vocation that is seldom talked to them, or that, saving their respect, they are apt themselves to talk about it; for Mr. Waring has in his own case overcome the prejudices of the practical farmer and the enthusiasm of the book-farmer, and has reconciled the experience of the first with the ideas of the last.

The scope of the book is sufficiently great. It treats of buying and leasing farms, of fencing, buildings, and implements, of drainage, ploughing, and trenching, of manures and rotation of crops, of stock of all kinds and their management, and of the dairy in all its departments; and each of these particulars is discussed in the same temper as characterizes the passage we have quoted from the Preface. Just how much Mr. Waring's advice upon any one point is worth, the nearest farmer would be better able to say than the present critical authority; but in all modesty, we can assure that farmer, from a pretty wide conversation with recent literature, that Mr. Waring does not write in the least like a quack; whereas, and we are open to correction if wrong, many agricultural authors do. Farming seems, indeed, to have been the science destined, after medicine, to evoke the greatest charlatanry and pretence; and now, if we may judge from the general tone of Mr. Waring's book, it is destined like medicine to return with an enlightened intelligence to the use of simples, and a system of wise and careful nursing.

Prenticeana; or, Wit and Humor in Paragraphs. By GEORGE D. PRENTICE. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by G. W. GRIFFIN. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger.

WHEN Mr. Prentice, eleven years ago, made this collection (now newly republished) of paragraphs from the columns of his newspaper, the Louisville Journal, he seemed to appreciate somewhat accurately its character by writing: "I am as well aware as any one can be that there are just grounds of grave objection to this book. Probably in many things that it contains little else than partisan bitterness will be found." This is too true, and the volume would give a lay preacher sufficient texts for an historical sermon on the grievous personalities of Western political editors thirty years ago; which doubtless might be harmlessly addressed and brought home to certain Eastern newspaper editors of to-day. A large number of these paragraphs were written in reply to quoted expressions from other contemporary editors, whose names were used often in the original publication, but are here indicated chiefly by dashes, and whose known or presumed personal habits, morals, and reputation for truth or honesty were treated as public property and characterized with such words or phrases as served the political purposes and ministered to the popular or local taste of the time.

To his well-grounded apprehension concerning this prevailing characteristic of partisan bitterness, Mr. Prentice added further concerning his paragraphs, and with no less truth: "I have no doubt that a very considerable proportion of them, which perhaps from partisan partiality were deemed 'good hits' at the time, will, now that the occasion which called them forth has passed, be read with comparatively little interest. I know that such things do not *keep* well." We feel sure that the self-criticism here hinted (with the modesty of its expression) was sincere with Mr. Prentice. And, indeed, many, very many, of these paragraphs, far removed from the heats of politics and the petty local enmities and quarrels that produced them and gave them their pertinence and force, rise up, stale, flat, and unprofitable, after a twenty years' sleep in the dusty newspaper files. Yet we know that city and country journals overflowed with these things in the palmy days of the old Whig party, when Clay was a Kentucky giant and Webster a Massachusetts Jove, and that the name of Prentice became familiar everywhere, currency for witty retorts, shrewd and humorous turns of expression, and numberless epigrammatic sayings. And perhaps, after all, wit is chiefly to be known and should be judged by its immediate influence and effect; a pun that makes nine men laugh at the dinner-table (where it keeps company with the wine) is genuine and good, in spite of the tenth man, who, with grim and dyspeptic face and in bed next morning, professess critically that there was nothing in it. Wit, like eloquence, often is to be recognized and appraised in the effervescence of the occasion, new-born; its sparkle seen and felt to-day is vague, dull, lost, to-morrow. Yet this immediately contemporary and local interest, now,

often almost entirely escaped, is only one phase, although it is not a slight one, of the book before us. There are in it hundreds of paragraphs that are as good now as they ever were, and can be still appreciated by the nine men at table, whenever they happen to come together.

This volume of Prenticeana (the title was not chosen by the author) was collected at the solicitation of the original publishers in 1859, and it was reissued, doubtless, because of a presumed revival of interest created by the recent death of Mr. Prentice. Perhaps it may be said justly that the book is hardly the best showing that might be given of his wit, for the collection, somewhat hastily made from the files of his newspaper, was almost twice as large in manuscript as in print. Mr. Prentice intrusted the sifting of this original material to one or two friends, and it may be doubted if many paragraphs were not rejected that might properly have taken precedence of many here retained. Yet, with the volume as it is, it would be difficult to deny the possession by Mr. Prentice of the abundant wit for which he had during many years a reputation by no means confined to this country.

But, although best known perhaps to the general public by his paragraphs, it is fair to say that Mr. Prentice was not merely a writer of paragraphs. He was a scholar familiar with and loving the best literature, having been while yet a child a marvel of proficiency in Greek and Latin studies, and in his youth a close and industrious student, remarkable for his memory; in his early manhood and during his life he wrote poems that showed great tenderness and delicacy of feeling, and the possession of a fine fancy; several of these have long been popular favorites; and throughout his long editorial life in Kentucky, which he entered poor and unknown in 1830, he was a man who, through his real ability and his tireless devotion to the persons and policies of his choice, exercised for many years a power and influence second to no other man in the whole Western country, second to no other editor in the land. This is hardly the place to enlarge upon his political life; we may venture to say, however, that those who judge of Mr. Prentice by his presumed attitude during the war of the Southern Rebellion judge ignorantly and uncharitably of as true a patriot, unfortunately placed, as spoke a word or drew a sword for the government. At a time when two of his sons were in the Rebel Army (one of them, to the father's great grief, killed in battle less than a month after, against his father's anxious entreaties, he had entered the Confederate service), he was true enough to the country to volunteer himself, and shoulder a gun, in company with a very few others in a city full of Rebel personal friends, who would have idolized him had he joined their cause instead, to defend Louisville against the expected enemy. This we think worthy of record on behalf of a veteran editor who has been too carelessly regarded as a doubtful friend of his country in its time of trial. This was his time of trial, too, — a trial which, to an emotional and sensitive old man who loved his children passionately, was an ordeal of fire that did not come to many younger editors who volunteered to fight battles, and spared no presumedly lukewarm comrades — on paper.

Hammer and Anvil. A Novel. By FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. From the German. By WILLIAM HAND BROWN. New York: Leypoldt and Holt.

IT is an open question whether this book has established in all its excessive length a *raison a'être*, at least in its English form. It will hardly hold its own in point of interest with the average three-volume novel of Great Britain, and the lesson it would teach is not brought out with the directness and clearness even of the better class of American didactic fiction. We already have abundance of both these styles of imaginative literature, and therefore we may have honest doubts as to the measure of hospitality we ought to extend in this instance to the foreigner who comes to us, not as a guest, but as a naturalized citizen of the same literary republic. If his claims to honorable consideration have no better ground than is to be found in his performance in the "Hammer and Anvil," Spielhagen will, it strikes us, have to make his way through a formidable burden of proof, in showing cause why he should be here at all.

This ponderous work, the "Hammer and Anvil," as nearly as we can understand it, designs to teach the duty of mutual helpfulness. The lesson, however, is not taught by the action of the story, but is dragged in, rather, in distinct paragraphs of reflection and whole pages of dreary monologue. Wheth-

er in the mouth of his characters, or in the author's proper person, his preaching has that vague body, without head or legs, which one discovers to be a predominant family peculiarity in a great deal of the political talk and writing of the Germans. If these pages of endless moral labels could be cut out bodily, the reader might in the first and perhaps in the second part enjoy the pleasant but delusive impression that he had met that *rara avis* of the present literary period, a novel without a purpose. Still, the three parts of the story taken in connection and read thus, without the aid of the author's too frequent scholia, would seem to convey a moral exactly opposite to the one professed, namely, the one taught in many very ordinary works of fiction in all modern languages, — that it is the duty of a healthy young man, with no money, but with great personal independence, to marry a rich wife. In spite of his virtuous lemmas and postulates, it does not become at all clear why George Hartwig, the autobiographical hero of this work, at a time when he is worth but a beggarly fifty *thalers* in the world, refused the good old Dr. Snellius's proffered loan of fifty thousand, to marry Hermine and a million. Now Herr Hartwig is, in some respects, a tolerably natural human being, notwithstanding his shadowy theories about the hammer and anvil, and we incline to the opinion that in allowing himself to be persuaded into this first marriage, while he was confessedly in love with her who was to be his second wife, he acted, as much as he does at any other time, in conformity to the dictates of our fallen nature. From a worldly point of view, at least, it was the most successful and practical stroke of business of the many he has to record of himself.

There are some dramatic scenes in the book, and some good characterization; but the former are by no means great, and the latter is never quite natural and consistent throughout. There is to be observed, too, the fatality which seems so generally to attend imaginative works overburdened with high precept, that the bad characters are the best drawn and act much more like human beings than the model heroes and heroines. If the story were not told in the first person singular, it would be difficult to see how the most patient reader could ever get through it. The autobiographical form and a personal narrative have a stronghold in human curiosity which, in this instance, six hundred and ninety-one large pages cannot wholly break down. The unity and the natural touches which this form of telling his story have forced upon Spielhagen are, we confess, the only things which have lent interest enough to the "Hammer and Anvil" to get us through its interminable length.

The Flying Mail. By M. Goldschmidt. *Old Olaf.* By Magdalen Thoreson. *The Railroad and the Churchyard.* By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated by Carl Larsen. Boston and Cambridge: Sever, Francis, & Co.

We tried to tell the reader some months ago what kind of writer Björnson is, and we do not know that his story in this collection affords cause for fresh dissertation upon him. It is of his realistic rather than his idyllic mood; but as his delicacy never fails him, the portraits of the simple, kind-hearted, sensitive Canute Aakre, and the shrewd, hard, unscrupulously ambitious Lars Hogstad are as exquisitely painted as any ideal figure that the poet has done. The story is only the narrative of these two country politicians, in their early friendship and their later rivalry, the success of Lars in having the railroad run through the old village churchyard, which Canute had striven to protect from the sacrilege, and the final triumph of the latter in the good offices which he renders Lars when a spark from one of the first-passing locomotives has burned that successful man out of house and home. It is all very interesting, because it make us so intimately acquainted with the working of the local political machinery in Norway, and, better still, with the character of the people and their feeling when confronted with such modern thoughts as shake mankind through the railway and the steamship. The author has availed himself of the right of every one who tells a good story, to omit the application.

Björnson is further represented in this book by two little tales which are not named in the title, "The Eagle's Nest" and "The Father," and which are wonderful in showing how much can be achieved in small space with simplest material and the quietest manner. One merely tells how the young man that climbed to the eagle's nest slipped and fell dead at the feet of his betrothed; the other, how the ever-prospered father was not truly blest in his only son

till he had lost him; but in the limits of these narrow plots the author contrives to touch the strongest chords in his reader with thrilling and irresistible force. Only himself can do justice to the idea of his most sincere and unaffected art.

In "The Flying Mail" we are charmingly made acquainted with a Danish writer hitherto strange to us, who shows himself master of a very neat and accurate knowledge of the human heart as affected by love and society. The pretty conceit of the young man intrusting to the winds a declaration of love for that unseen and unknown fair, one syllable of whose conjectured name they have blown into his attic window, is sufficiently daring, but it is managed with the utmost skill and grace; and in the slightly sketched personages, Ingeborg and Miss Brandt, we realize two very lifelike and natural people. It is in them, and in the surpassing daintiness and the fine humor with which their characters are indicated, that the new author secures his hold upon the reader, and that will make him welcome with whatever romance he appears hereafter.

Mrs. Thoresen, who writes "Old Olaf," is also a Dane, but Norway is her home, and the poetical feeling of her story is rather like that of Björnson than of Goldschmidt. She reminds us here and there of the former, as if she had made a study of his method; and her story is the least forcibly original of all in the book. This is not saying that it is not very touching in matter and good in form, we hope; for it is all this, and something better: studied from nature, we should think, as well as from Björnson, and characterized by a pure womanly feeling. We must add also that the sex of the author is shown in her disregard of human life among her characters, for she apparently thinks nothing of destroying one generation of lovers, that another may profit by their sad fate.

First Steps in English Literature. By ARTHUR GILMAN, A. M. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

THIS little book is a creditable attempt to reduce the study of English literature to the form of a scientific treatise. The works which it is designed to supplant have been composed almost entirely of details of the lives, and unsatisfactory quotations from the writings of individual authors. Mr. Gilman has avoided this error, and has produced a manual of unquestionable value. Whether it is adapted in every way to the uses of a text-book, only the practical teacher can say. It may be hardly simple enough for schools, and hardly full enough for colleges, and it must in any case, as is evidently the intention of the author, be studied in connection with more exhaustive reading or lectures.

The careful charts, introducing each main division of the subject, and the "Bibliography" at the end of the volume, are what will make it especially valuable to the general reader as a book of reference. American literature has not been slightingly passed over, as it is so often in works of this kind. The general divisions of the subject are, it strikes us, very good and philosophical, and we wish we could say the same of some of Mr. Gilman's definitions. It is awful to think what will be the feelings of those who produce the average magazine and newspaper poetry, when they read, under the head of "Definition of Terms," this edict of exclusion against themselves as follows: "*Poets* are those writers who so combine the materials of the natural and moral world as to present them in new shapes, or in unaccustomed or affecting points of view, and in metrical language." Mr. Gilman, however, is not peculiarly severe upon poets, for if he has succeeded in carrying out his purpose, he has placed his book outside of his own definition of literature.

Days in North India. By NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D., Author of "Wee Davie," "Eastward," etc., and Editor of "Good Words." Profusely illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

DR. MACLEOD was of course justified in writing of what interested him most in North India, but at first thought it seems not quite fortunate for his readers that it was the memories of the Sepoy mutiny which most interested him there. It is hard to have that story circumstantially rehearsed again in a book where you had a right to look for fresh speculations, if not fresh information, about Indian life; though the sense of loss proves not so great as it would have been if, in the few passages the author gives to his own experiences, he had shown himself a better observer than he does. He is not a good observer, we should say, nor

a good philosophizer of his facts; and for a thoroughly earnest book we do not know of one more entirely trivial and empty than this. The humor is of the kind that we are glad to get from the pulpit, but that we do not find it so easy to smile at on week-days, and the eloquence has the loose texture of sermons. Neither the past nor the present of India is sufficient to make the author say anything not perfectly expected and commonplace; but with the help of the beautiful pictures of Saracenic and Hindoo architecture, the descriptions of certain tombs and temples becomes agreeable reading. What is the oddest thing is, that in the vast empire, which we have always supposed to be teeming with millions of native population, Dr. Macleod seems to have seen only three or four Indians.

Report on Education. By JOHN W. HOYT, United States Commissioner to the Paris Universal Exposition in 1867. Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1870.

MORE than fifty pages octavo of this able Report are given to a general comparative review of the state of education of every one of the European nations, and of Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Hawaii, the Canadian Provinces, and the United States of America. It may surprise some of us to know that the United States by no means bears the palm, in the proportion of public appropriations, for even the primary education, nor in the proportion of the comparative number of children educated; but must yield this at least to all the German States, to Scandinavia, Holland, and Switzerland. That the superior education is beyond all comparison in Europe has been always conceded; but we have generally supposed ourselves beyond all nations in the diffusion of primary education, which term in this Report includes what we call the grammar schools.

To say nothing of Prussia, with its 25,000 primary schools alone, in Saxony, with a population of 2,000,000, 331,854 pupils are in the primary schools. In Baden, with a population of 1,500,000, there are 15,000 primary schools. Ninety-four per cent of the children of the German provinces of Austria are in the primary schools. In the canton of Berne, whose population is 500,000 (less than that of the *city* of New York), there are 13,393 primary schools, as well as thirty high schools, five gymnasia, six normal schools, one real (or practical) school, two cantonal schools, and one university, besides one hundred and forty-four private institutions. In Zug, with a population of 2,000, there are forty-five primary schools, besides a university, and thirty-nine superior schools, of which only five are private.

But it is not the comparative number of educational opportunities that is most noticeable in this comparative review, but the quality of the schools, as shown in the comparison of the courses of study and methods of teaching. Instead of being confined to reading, writing, and mental arithmetic, as most of our country primary schools are, singing and logical exercises (that is, careful oral exercises in the power of expressing what is impressed by a superintended observation) are included in the teaching of all below eight years of age; and in the grade of schools corresponding to our so-called grammar schools, geometry, drawing, the science of music, gymnastics, history, geography, and natural history are always included in the course.

Nor is it even by enumerating the things taught that we can fully estimate the superior quality of European primary education, but we must consider the *quality* of the teachers; for, as Dr. Hoyt says, "the excellence of whatever schools are excellent, of whatever grade they may be, and wherever found, is to be traced to the provisions made for competent teachers"; and he adds: "Economically considered, the expense of furnishing first-class teachers to schools otherwise poorly equipped is small as compared with schools in other respects well provided, but falling into the hands of incompetent instructors; since the one may, to a considerable extent, supplement every other lack, while the other will assuredly pervert what he does not know how to use."

"The first movement in the German States for the careful preparation of teachers was made directly in the interest of *primary* instruction; and the foresight that decided upon the qualification of teachers for this grade of schools is justified by the results to every other, the office of teacher, from the highest to the lowest, having become professional, permanent, remunerative, and respectable."

"To make it professional, and to give high tone as such in addition to the acquirements demanded of those who aspire to the

office of teacher, tests are adopted to ascertain the natural aptitudes of candidates for this profession, without which the wider range of scholarship may be comparatively valueless; *and it is the practice to discourage all such persons as are tempted to teach as a resource, after failing in other pursuits.*"

"After having been accepted as candidates for normal training, each student is requested to verify, from time to time during the entire course of several years, his practical ability to make the instructions given him available to the uses intended; and any failure in this puts an end to further preparation for an office the individual is not likely to fill acceptably."

"When graduated from the instructions of the most accomplished teachers of the kingdom, a yet further test of one year, as the assistant of an accredited master, is necessary to gain the coveted position; and a failure in any particular here insures the profession riddance of so much incompetency; no attempt to make up for such failure being ever permitted in a State institution; and no such person being ever admitted to the staff of public-school instructors! Nor ought it to be omitted that any discreditable conduct, any discoverable tendency to moral delinquencies, anything but the tone and practice of a Christian gentleman, is in itself a disqualification for preparation or practice in this art of arts, so cherished and environed by the combined watchfulness of state, church, and people.

"Slowly and surely this trio has co-operated to raise the standard and improve the methods of qualifying teachers, to the end that the primary instruction of advancing years might keep pace with the growth of national prosperity and the demands of civilization." And "when all is done, and every test is satisfied, the installation of a teacher into the sacred duties of his office is made the occasion of a civil and religious ceremonial, in which the honor conferred is bound to be that of a lifelong and beloved profession."

"Of course, the wisdom of the authorities also provides for the contingencies of withdrawal from the service, when the best good of either the individual or the public demand it"; and for the support of those who have spent their lives in this public service.

"Such is the system in Prussia, and, with slight modification, in other of the German and Scandinavian States, for qualifying, retaining, and dignifying the teachers of their primary schools"; and Dr. Hoyt contrasts it with our "almost universal habit of placing the children of our country school districts under the school management of quite young," and he should say quite untrained, "persons of either sex, because they have given, at the hastily passed over examinations, some 'smart' answers, and because they can be had *cheap*," which he justly characterizes as "execrable."

"Placing children in their most plastic conditions of soul and body, with every nerve and sense and faculty keenly alive to impressions, under the tuition of mere children themselves, so far as fitness for this duty comes of experience and matured observation, is a crime against the child who is the subject of it, in comparison to which allowing the child to grow up unlettered is excusable. There is no crusade that could be inaugurated in behalf of childhood and its rights *so holy* as a combination against such practices. Better, a thousand-fold better, send out this army of innocents, — children whose early years are not merely defrauded of their most sacred rights, but perverted to irremediable results, — to spend their school-days amid the novelties and interesting objects of nature; and while they at least invigorate their bodies, let the empty school-houses of the land bear the inscription, 'Poor teachers worse than no teachers.'"

We have let Dr. Hoyt plead for himself the value of his Report by the above extracts, in order to attract to it the attention of those of our readers who have a voice in the election of school committees, and especially those who are ever themselves elected to discharge the duties of committees. We hope these will send to the members of Congress for copies of what should be spread broadcast over our land, and carefully studied, especially at this moment, when Mr. Prosser's speech in the last Congress has brought to view the appalling state of things in many sections of the United States with respect to the deficiency of educational opportunities, and Mr. Hoar's bill for a national compulsory education to supplement the shortcomings of the State provisions is coming up for debate.

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CONFESSIONS OF A PATENT-MEDICINE MAN.

"I TELL you, sir, it is all a matter of destiny! If a man is going to be a great patent-medicine man, or anything else, he can't help it; he is just going to be one, that's all."

This remark was addressed to me one evening last summer on the veranda of the Congress-Water Hotel at Saratoga. The sentence was pointed at its close by a very decided brushing of the ashes from a cigar which had the unmistakable aroma of high price and direct importation about it. The finger which precipitated the hot, ashy meteor to the gravel-walk below gleamed for a moment in the light of what with us ordinary mortals would be termed two extravagances: first, of course, in the new baptism of fire at the end of the weed, — a coal of great cost; and second, in the multitudinous sparkle of a large diamond, — a crystallized coal, as you know, of still greater cost. The speaker had his heels exalted to the top bar of the railing, and his silk hat thrust arear at such a perilous angle with his capacious occiput, that, as he leaned back in his arm-chair, the pose of his whole form came very near presenting, in the uncertain light of that summer evening, the admired semi-spiral line of sculpture. When he took his cigar from his mouth his hat became invisible in the corner of the veranda. Then it was that the indescribable something of acknowledged authority in his tone and manner, and in the independent elevation of his feet and legs, suggested a Western justice of the peace in full court.

But no justice of the peace, I take it, ever wore so gorgeous a *solitaire* diamond ring. As this glittered in the light of his cigar, or was eclipsed in the clouds of fragrant smoke, you might have taken him for a shoddy contractor come to the Springs to marry his daughters, or you might, perhaps, have taken him for a first-class sporting gentleman come merely to drink the waters and establish a faro-bank. Indeed, there is no end of surmises you might have made, if it had not been generally known that he was the great patent-medicine man, a millionnaire whose name has been so married to the board fences of our land that one has come to suggest the other. His

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advent at Saratoga was considered of so much importance as to be announced in the newspapers; and I am very much mistaken if one of the local journals of that Spa did not, the day after his arrival, insert a free advertisement of his celebrated "Tecumseh Oil," out of mere compliment and gratuitous good-nature.

He had been nearly a week at Saratoga, and the hopeless tedium and lonesomeness of a crowded hotel had begun to work upon him. I know not what else could have made him so confidentially communicative to me that evening; nor can I remember the conversational stages leading to the remark quoted at the beginning of this paper. It was not till then that the reportorial instinct of taking notes of his observations asserted itself in me. I think the first expression of interest I discovered in his brown face and black eyes, for three whole days, was when he saw that his story seemed attractive to me.

"You 've noticed my wife?" he asked. Yes, I had; it would have been hard not to have noticed her, as she came down to breakfast of a morning in the same diamonds which she had worn at the "hop" the previous evening. There was a certain determination about her walk, and about the plumpness of her form, even. Her dark gray eye had a managing, financiering look which would of itself have drawn attention to her, I should say, if its owner had not been the proprietor also of the unseasonable diamonds, and if, too, it had not been noised about wherever she went that she was the wife of the great patent-medicine man.

"Well, sir," he continued, "I 'll give you an introduction to my wife to-morrow. She 's up stairs at the 'hop' there. She likes such things, you see, for she — well, we 're neither of us old yet." As he spoke the music of a *trois temps* came swooning out of the open windows of the ball-room above. I had barely time to think of that portly, middle-aged lady moving with her wonted heavy determination to the exhilarating strain, and of her breakfast-table jewelry glancing in the festal gaslight, when her admiring husband went on: "Now, sir, that wife of mine made my fortune."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir. You think, perhaps, she was rich, but she was n't; just smart, sir: that 's all, — smart. It was her and two dollars that made my fortune."

Then, without any further solicitation on my part than was made inadvertently, perhaps, by my manifest interest, he gave me a running account of his life. I wrote down all I could remember, and as nearly in his words as possible, when I reached my room that evening. The one or two recipes which occur in the course of the narrative he gave me in his own writing the next day. I shall here try, however, to follow his facts rather than his phraseology; and the general correctness of the former can be relied upon. Any attempt to reproduce his exact language, without the aid of a verbatim report, would result, I fear, in disastrous failure. His grammar especially was that of the American *nouveau riche*, which is remarkable in this, that it gets well over all the real difficulties of our syntax, but sticks perversely at all the simplest points.

What seemed to me the most extraordinary thing about his whole narration was that he never in any way betrayed the slightest consciousness of the want of principle which marked, as you shall see, so many of his exploits. In fact, his most questionable operations were the ones in which he evidently delighted most. I fear that he does not present the loveliest sort of character, and that, in a moral point of view, he has little claim to attention, except as the representative of a class in all kinds of colossal fortune-making which is still growing and which is already appalling in numbers. But the reader can form his or her own judgment. Herewith is submitted as faithful an account as I have been able to give of the confessions of the great patent-medicine man: —

I commenced to serve the public with liquid at an early age. I was a mere lad when I opened a lemonade-stand in my native place. Some one was building a large factory in the town, and I began business in the immediate neighborhood. My principal customers were the workmen employed upon the building. I sold two glasses of lemonade for five cents; and before that factory was done I had made twenty-two dollars, all in silver, not counting what was trusted out and which I never got. I had n't my present knowledge of chemistry in those days. I did not know the virtues of old lemon-peels, tartaric acid, and brown sugar, in the concoction of lemonade; but no matter. I made money out of the legitimate article, though it was rather weak.

It was about this time, I think, that I commenced to wonder if I should, when I grew to be a man, have to work so hard as I saw most of the people in my thrifty neighborhood working, and I resolved that I would not. To sell lemonade to the builders of that factory, for instance, was far easier than to carry a hod toilsomely up the building, I thought, and about as profitable. So I determined that some one else must carry the hod through life, and leave me to merchandise in the shade.

My next venture was in sewing-silk. The foreign article was then selling for five cents a skein. I purchased the American stamp for sixty cents the hundred skeins, and peddled it at immense profit, two skeins for five cents. The only connection which I can discover between this and my next business is such an imaginary one as would be suggested by two wooden spools. These I had turned together, with artful little creases between for the insertion of a bogus cement which I took to selling. Of course I challenged people to pull the two spools apart, and, when they failed in the attempt, I generally sold them some of my ware. My cement was represented to be infallible in the mending of leather, wood, and crockery. I had a pair of traces from an old harness which I allowed the incredulous teamster to try with his horse. The places where they had ostensibly been stuck together had been merely peeled up and filled around with cement, leaving the leather all sound beneath. That test was, in the main, satisfactory to the unsophisticated farmer and others, and my sales were large. My attempts, however, with crockery were for a long time hazardous, and often humiliating. Finally I hit upon the discovery that my cement would not hold in that brittle ware till it had had three days to dry; and before the three days expired I took good care to be well out of reach.

This venture was generally profitable, but some uncontrollable influence, as you will see, kept me always drifting toward the great pursuit of my life, the patent-medicine business. By some lucky inspiration I now made my first invention in that line. I discovered a new style of cough-lozenges and corn-salve. One invention sprang directly out of the other. It was in a consumptive country, which of course suggested the cough-lozenges; but everybody could not be supposed to have a cough, so it occurred to me that, in that country at least, those who did not have the consumption had corns: hence the complemental inspiration of the salve. It was a boyish guess, but proved tolerably correct. I had the general public, as you see, by the throat and feet. I have since learned, of course, that if you get their heads alone interested in a professional venture of any kind, their stomachs will take almost anything prescribed. I think, however, any unprejudiced person will see a natural talent for my peculiar line of business in the comprehensiveness which, in this early scheme, took in human nature, as I may say, by means of its two extremities. Indeed, a scientific gentleman now in my employ assures me that I had even then hit upon what he announces as the most general principle in the

application of patent *materia medica*, namely, produce for sale only such medicaments as shall be deemed the necessary products of the extremes of the general public, and they will always be equal to the products of their means.

My corn-salve was made of potash and gum-arabic. It would do its work in five minutes, but of course it made the foot outrageously sore afterward. This was a matter of very little inconvenience to me, because my business required me to be moving continually from place to place. I always managed to get out of town on the flood tide of my reputation as an effective chiropodist. It will be easily believed that I did not acquire my skill and self-reliance as an operator all at once. My corn-salve grew in my confidence from the feet it fed on. You think that is a queer expression? You cannot, then, be aware of the corrosive nature of potash. Well, sir, experience and special knowledge are everything in one's business. I will confess that I was nervous before my first patient. The salve had never been tried, and a friend told me I had better not try it. But my subject was a good one, and rather an anomaly, too, in life. I think you hardly ever heard before of a poor shoemaker with corns. That describes my first patient. I mustered up courage, at last, and flourished an old razor at him with quite a professional air for a youth of sixteen. The job was not as neat a one as I learned to do afterward, but still it gave temporary satisfaction; and I sold that shoemaker two boxes of the salve.

And thus I went about over a wide extent of territory, leaving I know not what number of sore feet behind me. I have no better idea how much more pedal distress I might have worked on a credulous community, had it not been for an accident which, at the end of a couple of years, overtook me in my career. I had left a great quantity of my salve and lozenges stowed away in a town which I was then making my head-quarters. They were carefully packed, I remember, in neat paper boxes. On my return, after an unusually long trip, I found that the infernal potash had eaten up the paper boxes, and, making its devouring way to my cough-lozenges, had involved my whole stock in one agglomerate mass of ruin.

Out of my temporary despair, however, sprang a lucky inspiration. You have doubtless heard much of the happy elasticity of youth. There is, I grant, something available in that, but I found something a great deal better for my business in the rapid growth and physical changes of that period of my life. The fact is, I had grown and altered so in appearance since I had first started out with my corn-salve, that at the time of this appalling accident no one of my first patients would have recognized me from a mere surgical acquaintance of two years before. I may say here, in fact, that these repeated changes in my physical appearance, aided by the cropping of my hair, or the abandoning of it to excessive length, and at last by the coming of my beard, were, all through my early experiences, of untold advantage to me. Thus, in the course of time, I became personally acquainted with all the people who could be duped in a given region of country, and with every new project or nostrum I returned unrecognized to them over and over again. Now out of the potashes of the agglomerate ruin of my entire stock in trade sprang, Phœnix-like, a lucky inspiration, as I have before said, without the present indifferent joke, which is altogether accidental. While contemplating my irretrievable loss I conceived the idea of a patent pain-killer, which I would go about selling to cure the sores left by my corn-salve.

As a general thing, money, or, *I* should say, the want of it, gets the immortal work out of first-class brains. I read the substance of that remark in a newspaper; or was it a magazine? It does n't matter; I believe it, and I verified it in the production of that pain-killer; that 's enough. Well, sir, the project worked to a charm. I com-

menced operations, of course, in almost the exact traces of my former chiropodal exploits. It was not long, therefore, till I came upon my first patient, the shoemaker. I began cautiously to extol the stomachic virtues of my medicine, and gradually led up to its external application. It was good, I assured him, for bruises, sprains, — still keeping my eye stealthily on his, from under my hat, to catch any faint gleam of recognition, — bruises, sprains, wounds, sores —

"On the feet?" asked he, interrupting me in my catalogue of positive cures.

"Certainly; better for the feet than for anything else."

"Well, I have sore feet, and that 's the fact," said the shoemaker. "You see there was a rogue of a fellow around here a couple of years ago curing corns, and he made my feet so — If I ever catch the villain I 'll use a strap on him; that 's what I 'll do."

I now felt sure, I need scarcely add, that my former patient did not recognize me, and so I sold him two bottles of pain-killer to cure the sores I had made two years before.

It was not, perhaps, a remarkable fact that my pain-killer went faster than my pain-maker, the corn-salve. I did a thriving business in this, — so thriving, indeed, that I gradually caught up, as I may say, with the intervening time between the sale of the latter and former articles. That is, my earlier traces became so recent that my disguise grew perilous. But there was such a demand for the pain-killer that I went on, notwithstanding the danger. One day, however, I encountered a sturdy young fellow upon whose feet I had operated not very long before. In his eagerness for relief he was in the act of purchasing it at my hands, when, suddenly recognizing me, he changed his mind and gave me a sound thrashing instead.

That put an end to the pain-killer business. I returned considerably bruised to my head-quarters, and set all my energies to work on the invention of something less perilous to others as well as myself. I may say here that I always kept the little town which I have called my head-quarters open to me as an asylum, by leaving it and its immediate neighborhood free from all my medical and surgical experiments. The result of my arduous creative thought culminated this time in a paste to make old razor-strops new. It professed to do its rejuvenating work by a simple application; yet it did not sell very well. From the very nature of things I did not have the credulous woman half of the world to work upon: they had little or no interest in superannuated razor-strops. It was this consideration more than any other, I think, which inspired me with the brilliant afterthought of changing the name of my paste into that of a healing salve. Thus the same article became at once endowed with universal curative virtues, and became also the professed desideratum of all human nature. I suppose it would not be modest in me to say that my salve was too good for its original purpose. It is at least true that, if it failed upon razor-strops, it succeeded admirably upon mankind. You will hardly believe me when I tell you, but still it is also true, that, by means of an incipient beard and my hair grown long, and of a broad-brimmed slouch hat, as a disguise, I sold a box of my celebrated healing salve to that same innocent shoemaker who has already twice figured as my customer. Owing to my pain-killer, or the recuperative nature of his healthy frame, his feet were about well; and I am glad to add that there was nothing in my healing salve that would materially prevent his ultimate recovery.

At this time my life was rather wild and thoughtless. I looked upon money only as a means of enjoyment. I did not save it for itself, as I learned to do afterward. Still, I had quite a sum by me, and I resolved to take a trip of pleasure and exploration to the South. I sold out my healing salve and started. I know not what ill-advised courses I adopted; but youth is youth, you

know, and at last I found myself without money in the middle of one of the remotest Southern States. I cannot tell what but the exigency of my circumstances prompted me to the thought, but I straightway announced myself as a plain, fancy, and ornamental painter. I had, of course, served no apprenticeship. Still, my Yankee cheek and versatility helped me out, and I did tolerably well till I was taken sick of one of their Southern fevers. I lay helpless for six weeks. It was a long struggle between life and death; but I lived through it, and on my first return to consciousness I was made aware that all my money was exhausted.

As I lay there on my bed in tedious convalescence, I thought and thought again how I could earn the means to get immediately out of that deadly climate. My weak stomach revolted at the idea of resuming my toilsome attempts as a painter; and, if I had not long ago forsworn hard manual labor, my feeble condition then would have been enough to make that impossible. What *could* I do? How many times I asked myself that question, in utter hopelessness, I am glad that I cannot now remember. Of course my thought wandered back again and again to what was to be the absorbing pursuit of my life. Numberless panaceas, crude and shapeless, floated about in my mind just above my grasp, breaking themselves to pieces, as I may say, one against the other, and never leaving anything tangible behind in the wreck. I think a grand universal fever-cure was, at this time, the principal burden of my thought, suggested, as you will understand, by the malady from which I was slowly recovering. I am not sure that I would not have discovered something in that line which would have been beneficial to the world, or, at least, to my depleted pocket, if the idea of vinegar had not in some way been suggested to me. Vinegar was very dear in that country just then, — fifty cents a gallon, — and a good article could hardly be obtained at that price. I determined forthwith to get up some plausible receipt for making vinegar at a cheaper rate. As my plan took form gradually in my mind it seemed to communicate new courage, and my body positively recovered a portion of its old strength under the exhilarating pecuniary prospects held out by my vinegar receipt. It even occurred to me, as an afterthought, to change the name of my invention to that of a fever catholicon, in view of its reviving effects upon myself; but then I was so anxious to get out of that malarious climate that I applied my discovery only to the object for which it was first made.

As it was an invention to depend for its success wholly upon its plausibility, I did not need to make any experiments. As soon, therefore, as I was able to leave my bed, my receipt was ready. It was as follows: Take five gallons of soft water, one gallon of whiskey, two pounds of alum, one pound of cream of tartar, and one gallon of yeast. Let them work three days. A prime article of vinegar, it was claimed, would be the fair result, at the cost of from three to five cents a gallon. I borrowed or begged a bottle of good cider-vinegar for a sample, and commenced operations. Having no money to get my receipts printed, I stated that they were copyrighted — whatever that meant — in Charleston, S. C., and that I was expecting a new supply in a few days. I would, however, as a favor, write out a limited number of them for any impatient customer who was willing to pay the regular price, which was one dollar. I called my invention United States Premium Vinegar; and by means of challenging people to discover the difference between my sample and the best article made from the old, exploded, conventional cider, I sold eight receipts the first half-day. Going on to the next town, I had five hundred receipts printed, purchased an additional bottle of cider-vinegar, and started on my travels North.

I never waited long enough in a place to learn the results of my amateur chemistry; but one day I hap-

pened to be overtaken at some village by one of my recent customers, residing at a town a little way back in my route gone over. He beckoned to me across the street. I professed not to see him. He beckoned again, and I had a mid-den call around the first corner. Following, he overtook me and observed: "Hello! my friend, that vinegar does n't seem to work." "My friend," I answered, "your yeast was probably not good." He had never thought of it in that light, and would take my advice to get some yeast that he was sure to be fresh, and go home and try it again. Escaping him, I left that town by the first conveyance.

I have said that I purchased an additional bottle of cider-vinegar, and it is strange what advantage this was to me. I would often come across some village wiseacre, loafing about a blacksmith or shoe shop, who, tasting the first sample, would elevate his eyebrows, purse out his lips, and say that did n't taste like cider-vinegar. He knew something about that article himself. Then it was my custom to produce the other bottle; and this village wiseacre, whether man or woman, would almost invariably pronounce that "something like it," "the original article," etc.; being in reality the same as the vinegar first presented. Some days I cleared by the sale of my valuable recipe as high as ten dollars above expenses. I would often give the printed secret of my vinegar in payment for a night's lodging and breakfast. Sometimes I paid for my dinner at a farm-house in the same way, taking a half-dollar in change. When I found people doubtful about investing, I would agree to show the recipe on condition that they would take it if they thought it would make vinegar. This move, as strange as it may seem, was almost infallible. They could see at once that alum alone, or cream of tartar, or yeast, would make something sour, and which, united with whiskey, they were easily convinced would make vinegar. By the time I reached the Western States my health was established again. But the fever had so changed my appearance that I longed to get back and try my new venture upon my old acquaintances, or rather patients. I did eventually drive a thriving business in U. S. P. Vinegar receipts in the scenes of my first professional exploits. My shoemaker, however, had moved away and was never afterward one of my constituency. Nor did I ever again meet my pugilistic friend who ruined the pain-killer business for me, because I omitted his town thereafter in my travels.

Going out West again, I took a friend in partnership with me. He was too big a coward ever to be successful as a patent-medicine man; but then he was a jovial rascal, and was good company. I know now, it was a great mistake to take him with me, for, some way, we managed to spend not only all I had made by myself, but all we made jointly. There must have been something bad about that fellow's face. One evening in a thinly settled country where we were travelling afoot, as we generally did, we knocked at the door of a farm-house, and the farmer, eying us a moment, told us we could not stay all night. We were importunate, for it was late and the nearest tavern was miles away. The farmer, persisting in his refusal, said at last that they had had horses enough stolen in his neighborhood lately, and bang went the door in our faces. We took it, of course, as an insult to ourselves and to United States Premium Vinegar, through us; but the case was closed with the door, and we had to trudge on wearily to the distant village. At another time we were belated, and we sought shelter at a respectable-looking frame-house by the roadside. It was very dark, and the person who opened the door came without a light. To our plea for a night's lodging a man's voice said that its owner thought he could hardly accommodate us. We asked him why; was his house not large enough? Yes, but he was a little short of groceries, and on the whole thought he had better not try to

entertain us. We wanted a bed, we assured him, more than his groceries, and by remarkable persistency we gained admission to the house. We found it to be the home of a well-to-do negro, who had made the excuses fearing that we would not care to lodge in his house, if we knew the color of its occupants. That, of course, was long before the time of the Fifteenth Amendment, but, in our fatigue, we had no scruples, as we afterward had no cause to complain of the quantity or quality of his groceries. Even at that period, it seems, men were 'free and equal' in the dark.

My partner somewhere stole a dog, carrying him away in a bag. When well outside of the town he threw away the bag, but could not make the dog follow. In the midst of his struggles with the animal a man suddenly appeared from some unexpected place on the road. It was a fine thing to see the terror of my companion, so long as he took the stranger for the owner of the dog; but when that innocent fellow paused and regarded philosophically the amusing scene, it was a still finer thing to see the swaggering airs which my partner straightway assumed. He accused the silent spectator of preventing the dog from following, and made him stand to one side of the road. Seeing the non-resistance of the man, he vented his spleen furthermore on him in all manner of opprobrious epithets, and ended by making him get over the fence. I don't know when I ever saw anything so neatly illustrating the peculiarities of your true coward. The recalcitrant disposition of the dog was conquered in the course of time, and he followed us faithfully. He was christened "United States Premium Vinegar," a name which he heard so often, in the course of our business, that he knew it well. His title finally crystallized into "Vin"; but he was never present at the sale of a recipe without pricking up his ears and manifesting a lively interest, at least in the name under which the transaction was brought about. He became very fond of me in time, and had a disagreeable and expensive way of showing his fondness by going through windows after me of nights. So there was a sense of pecuniary gain mingled with our sorrow at his loss, when he was stolen from us and we saw him no more.

After a while, when there was little left of the gullible world to conquer, we changed our business into the sale of recipes for a "lightning" process of tanning which I invented. There was, as you shall see, more merit and money in this venture. But in dismissing here my United States Premium Vinegar, it is due to it to state, that, for the next few years whenever, in the course of a wild life, I found myself without money, I was in the habit of distilling it, as I may say, from the secret of this bogus compound. If I was overtaken in a strange place by Saturday night, without the means of paying my way over Sunday, I always sallied forth and sold vinegar recipes enough to put me in funds. One time, I remember, I was penniless in St. Louis, and made a hundred dollars in an afternoon by confiding my secret to wholesale and retail grocers of that city.

My tanning process would, in reality, tan the smaller furs in twenty-five minutes. It required our presence therefore in the far Western States, where furs were abundant. Our custom was to stop at a tavern for a week or so, exhibiting the merits of our recipe in the bar-rooms to all comers. We hired boys to bring us cat-skins, paying ten cents apiece for them. Thus it happened that the honest villagers would be the unconscious and astonished witnesses of the swift tanning of their own grimalkins. When we stayed long in a place, "the neighbors" would miss their cats and the animals would become scarce. To prevent an undue supply and a too promiscuous slaughter, we learned at last to insist upon paying for only such cats as should be all white or all black. This equalized matters.

There was an old tan, from which I

partly plagiarized mine, whose principal ingredient was oil of vitriol. When asked — as I sometimes was — whether my tan had that in it, "No," I always told my inquisitor; "O no, nothing but sulphuric acid"; which, as you know, is the same thing. To carry on this sort of business, in fact, it always requires a good degree of presence of mind. One day, I remember, I was tanning a black cat-skin before a great crowd in a bar-room, and holding it up to dry before a red-hot stove, I inadvertently burned and ruined it. By a dexterous movement, however, I substituted for it another of the same color, which I had tanned admirably the day before; and I sold a half-dozen recipes on the spot. The usual price was five dollars for a recipe. I will give it to you as nearly as I can recollect it herewith for nothing: Take wheat bran and pour hot water on it; then strain; also dissolve salt in water at blood heat until no more will dissolve; mix equal parts of the bran and salt water, and to each two quarts of the mixture add one ounce of sulphuric acid; put the pelts in and stir for twenty-five minutes; then rinse and dry.

We made more money than even my reckless partner could spend; but still we were not contented. We got out some sort of a great legal document nearly three feet long, with immense seals appended, and went to "selling territory," that is, we disposed of our right to use or peddle the recipe in certain towns, townships, and counties, giving one of these vast documents to the purchaser. Now we prospered grandly. We took horses, sheep, and all sorts of live stock in pay for "territory." We drove our business everywhere. On one occasion a fellow out hunting crossed the road we were travelling, and we gave him one of our great documents for an old musket which he carried, and which from its exceeding length and weight we were forced to throw away before we reached the next town. On another occasion we met a man driving a heifer, and sold him a township for her. We always disposed of our live stock at auction.

We finally hit upon a still more lucrative move; we disposed of our territory by lottery. We put up in sealed envelopes the recipe of the lightning tan and documents entitling the winner to the right of a town or township in the particular county where the drawing took place. We rated a county generally at a hundred dollars, and charged five dollars for an envelope, which was, as I have said, the regular price for the recipe alone. Each purchaser was assured of an individual right to use the recipe, and had a chance of winning the right of selling it to a whole town or township. Our profits were so large now that I convinced my partner of the benefit which would accrue to both of us by operating separately. For the consideration of eight hundred dollars cash down and safely in my pocket, the arrangement was completed. A line, very much like the one drawn up by the good Pope for the kings of Spain and Portugal, I once read about, in Irving's Works, was agreed upon by us. This line divided between us all the New World not yet discovered and disposed of by us jointly. We parted and never met again. He was scarcely out of sight, when I took my eight hundred dollars with my other gains and started directly for the East.

I was young and very reckless yet. My money did not last me long. When it was almost gone, I paid my fare West as far as it would take me. It was not a great while, therefore, till I found myself in a far inland town, without a cent. I resolved this time to go into something that would make money so fast and in such quantities that I could not get poor again. Our late success in our lottery ventures inspired me with the plan of a grand gift concert. The authorities of the town told me that they did not see any objection; and though I was not able to pay my board at the time, I entered into negotiations with my concert company, engaging them to

come own from the nearest large city for the appointed evening. I secured my tickets on credit, and paid with them the rest of my printing bills. I managed to get the editors, lawyers, doctors, and principal citizens interested in my long list of building-lots, horses, carriages, watches, etc., etc., by securing their prizes to them in advance. This style of lottery was a new thing in the country then, and everything worked admirably till I roped in a deacon of one of the local churches. I gave him, two or three weeks before the concert and drawing were to come off, a splendid watch which cost me fifty-two dollars at wholesale, buying it with the money accruing from the rapid sale of tickets. The deacon himself, thus encouraged, purchased twenty-five tickets at one dollar each; but he was in reality the source of all my subsequent misfortune in this promising scheme. His share in the enterprise, some way, got to the ears of his church, and he was expelled. This seemed to change the minds of the town authorities about the legality of my measures, and they refused to give me my license. That exploded the whole scheme. As fast as my money had come in for tickets I had expended it in prizes for the principal citizens. The thing was well planned. I have not time to enter into details, but if they had let me alone I would certainly have cleared ten thousand dollars. As it was, I came out of the enterprise, not only without a cent, but in debt; and I had to leave the town in the night.

I made my way to a smaller town farther West, and turned my hand to making baskets, resolved, however, that I would soon go back to the patent-medicine business, but not till I could do something worthy in that line. I had, of course, no previous experience in basket-making, any more than I had had in drugs and simples before I went into constructive chemistry. It takes, I suppose the same kind of Yankee confidence and handiness to make a basket or a patent catholicon. At any rate, I was tolerably successful at my new business. When I had had finished enough of my wares, I went around selling them. It was in a neighboring village, where I was peddling my baskets, that I encountered what I have learned to call my destiny. My knock at the door of a trim little cottage was answered by a plump, gray-eyed young lady of about nineteen. She looked to me the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life. She had on a neat-fitting calico dress, and then such lovely slippers! Well, sir, when she would n't buy a basket, I asked her for a drink of water. That was an excuse to have her ask me to sit down. It succeeded, and when she returned with the water in a bright tin cup, I thought of Rebecca at the well, and all the good things that I ever heard of in my childhood. You see, of course, I was in love with that girl. In some way I became inspired with a sudden interest in the adjoining country, and I asked her innumerable questions about the distances of the neighboring towns, just to keep her talking; for it seemed so pleasant to hear her. Finally getting back to the subject of my wares, I observed that if she did n't want a basket, probably she might want a willow cradle, if I would make her one. She turned red, and looking right down at the toe of her lovely slipper, she said that she reckoned she did n't need any of those things. I told her that she might, and she replied that she was sure she did n't know, — which latter remark I took for encouraging. So when I saw that I could not properly stay any longer, I assured her that I would be around in a week or ten days, and then, probably, she would have made up her mind about the cradle. Well, to make a long story short, I went to her house so regularly, with and without baskets, that she agreed, at last, to marry me.

The 11th of March was set for the wedding-day. I resolved in the mean time to make a large stock of baskets, hire a one-horse wagon, and peddle them out so as to have ample funds for the great occasion. As soon

as I could get my baskets done, I started. I wandered away sixty or a hundred miles, I suppose, through all sorts of late winter and early spring storms, before my wagon was empty of its stock. At last my baskets were all sold and I was on my return journey. The rivers and watercourses were swollen with the usual floods of that season of the year; but it lacked only four days of the 11th of March, and I hurried on faster, I suppose, than was prudent. I attempted to ford a river after dark, I know, and drowned the horse and lost the wagon, barely escaping with my life from the swift current. I had to pay for the horse and wagon, and that left me just money enough to buy a marriage license, and no more. I went and stated the case to my intended. She was a brave girl, and made only this memorable remark: "I reckon our wedding-day was set for to-morrow; the old folks is willing; and I don't see why it should n't come off."

And come off it did. While working over my baskets, my mind had been constantly struggling over a great idea; no other, sir, than the composition of what has since become my celebrated "Tecumseh Oil." I borrowed two dollars of my wife, and made the first half-dozen bottles of that famous medicine. You have seen it advertised all over the world; so that two dollars, I need not tell you, was the foundation of my fortune. I sold the six bottles and made eighteen more. Selling those, I increased my stock further, and started out through the country to introduce my invention. For a long time it was my custom to travel afoot, my medicine on my back and my paint-jug in my hand, blazoning the fences on my way with "Tecumseh Oil." Gradually I got to leaving it at the drug-stores, working up a demand for it rather than peddling it wherever I went. My wife stayed at home, manufacturing the medicine. Our business grew so that she had to have a man to help her, then two men, and then I had to build a little house, separate from my own, over which I painted "Laboratory" in mammoth letters. I commenced now that great system of advertising which has since been imitated by so many interlopers in the business. All the money that could be possibly spared from the manufacture of the oil was invested in heralding its merits about over the land. Ornate woodcuts of Indians scalped and healed by my medicine were scattered everywhere. The death scene of Tecumseh himself became our trade-mark. His last agonies were so vividly portrayed in colored ink, that the sympathetic beholder was at once inspired with regret that the great chief's namesake, my celebrated oil, had not been discovered in time to relieve his terrible sufferings.

My humble laboratory at last made way for a great manufactory, and my wife retired to the exclusive management of her household. I spent thousands and thousands upon advertisement, and yet my money came back to me tenfold. You will probably think I was satisfied with this prosperity, but I was n't. I had introduced all sorts of other medicines, but never could succeed in getting up a "bitters" that could compete with a certain Eastern article of the kind. I finally determined, if I could not make a better one, or even as good a one, I would at least make the same "bitters." I went quietly incognito to the great factory of my rivals, and enticed away one of the principal men in their laboratory. I say "their," because it was a joint-stock concern. I took home the new man whom I had bribed, and set him to work; but the "bitters" did not sell as I expected they would, on their own merit. So I came out with the trade-mark of my rivals, adding an "o" and doubling an "l" in the name of the medicine. This, of course, brought a great lawsuit, which, however, at great expense to lawyers and witnesses, I won, ostensibly on the strength of my additional letters. But my rivals now brought a more formidable suit against me for infringement of their patent. I might have added some new ingredient

to the mixture, I suppose, and have beaten them in that way; or I might have adduced in defence, what was actually the fact, that, in the failure of the necessary supply of cherry-bark, — the base of the "bitters," — I had substituted prussic acid; but that being well known as a poison, I did not care in either case to take the trouble. I had beaten my rivals once by means of the best counsel, and I had no doubt I could do it again. When, however, I came to consult the most eminent lawyer I could find, he shook his head, and told me that I was a ruined man; he, at least, would not go into court with such a suit. He spoke of injunctions which the opposition could bring, and in fact talked to me in the most hopeless, discouraging way. I told him of other injunctions which we might get out, since I might claim the invention of the "bitters" myself, for the sake of law; and I ended by asking him how long he thought, by appeals and counter-injunctions, he could probably stave off the suit. He was of opinion that it might be delayed for two years. I told him to spare no pains or money, and trust the rest to me. He left me with the assurance that he would obey orders, but that the case would certainly be my ruin.

I went back to my manufactory, trebled my force, and put them all to work in the concoction of the "bitters." The medicine sold hundreds of thousands of bottles. The original makers of the "bitters" were, as I have said, a joint-stock company. Well, in that two years I made money enough out of the infringement of their patent to buy up, in an underhanded way, the greater part of the stock of the whole rival concern; and, when it came time to bring on the suit, I had the majority of the votes to cast as I would, and, of course, the suit was abandoned. Both of the great establishments are now wholly in my hands, and I think you have heard for yourself how prosperous they are.

My wife manages her house on Fifth Avenue as well as she did her cottage, when it was half laboratory; and, by the way, I must go up and see how she and the "hop" are getting on.

Ralph Keeler.

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

ALONG the aisle where prayer was made
A woman, all in black arrayed,
Close-veiled, between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone, —
Pray for me!

Back from the place of worshipping
She glided like a guilty thing:
The rustle of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard;
While, full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped:
"*Pray for me!*"

Back to the night from whence she came,
To unimagined grief or shame!

Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul, —
Pray for me!

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin!
Thou leav'st a common need within;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid.
Pray for us!

Pass on! The type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the common heart!
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Dumbly imploring as we go:
Pray for us!

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads
Our want perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain,
And Heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair:
Pray for us!

In vain remorse and fear and hate
Beat with bruised hands against a fate,
Whose walls of iron only move,
And open to the touch of love.
He only feels his burdens fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all.
Pray for us!

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast.
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know.
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine.
Pray for us!

John G. Whittier.

OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES.

THE GHOST IN THE CAP'N BROWN HOUSE.

"NOW, Sam, tell us certain true, is there any such things as ghosts?"

"Be there ghosts?" said Sam, immediately translating into his vernacular grammar; "wal, now, that are 's jist the question, ye see."

"Well, grandma thinks there are, and Aunt Lois thinks it 's all nonsense. Why, Aunt Lois don't even believe the stories in Cotton Mather's Magnolia."

"Wanter know?" said Sam, with a tone of slow, languid meditation.

We were sitting on a bank of the Charles River fishing. The soft melancholy red of evening was fading off in streaks on the glassy water, and the houses of Oldtown were beginning to loom through the gloom, solemn and ghostly. There are times and tones and moods of nature that make all the vulgar, daily real seem shadowy, vague, and supernatural, as if the outlines of this hard material present were fading into the invisible and unknown. So Oldtown with its elm-trees, its great square white houses, its meeting-house and tavern and blacksmith's shop and mill, which, at high noon, seem as real and as commonplace as possible, at this hour of the evening were dreamy and solemn. They rose up blurred, indistinct, dark; here and there winking candles sent long lines of light through the shadows, and little drops of unforeseen rain rippled the sheeny darkness of the water.

"Wal, you see, boys, in them things it 's jist as well to mind yer granny. There 's a consid'able sight o' gumption in grandmas. You look at the folks that 's allus tellin' you what they don't believe, — they don't believe this and they don't believe that, — and what sort o' folks is they? Why, like yer Aunt Lois, sort o' stringy and dry. There ain't no 'sorption got out o' not believin' nothin'.

"Lord a massy, we don't know nothin' 'bout them things. We hain't ben there, and can't say that there ain't no ghosts and sich, can we now?"

We agreed to that fact, and sat a little closer to Sam in the gathering gloom.

"Tell us about the Cap'n Brown house, Sam."

"Ye did n't never go over the Cap'n Brown house?"

No, we had not that advantage.

"Wal, yer see, Cap'n Brown he made all his money to sea, in furrin parts, and then come here to Oldtown to settle down.

"Now, there ain't no knowin' 'bout these 'ere old ship-masters, where they 's ben or what they 's ben a doin', or how they got their money. Ask me no questions and I 'll tell ye no lies, is 'bout the best philosophy for them. Wal, it did n't do no good to ask Cap'n Brown questions too close, 'cause you did n't git no satisfaction. Nobody rightly knew 'bout who his folks was, or where they come from; and ef a body asked him, he used to say that the very fust he know'd 'bout himself he was a young man walkin' the streets in London.

"But, yer see, boys, he hed money, and that 's about all folks wanter know when a man comes to settle down. And he bought that are place, and built that are house. He built it all sea-cap'n fashion, so 's to feel as much at home as he could. The parlor was like a ship's cabin. The table and chairs was fastened down to the floor, and the closets was made with holes to set the castors, and the decanters, and bottles in, jist 's they be at sea; and there was stanchions to hold on by; and they say that blowy nights the Cap'n used to fire up pretty well with his grog, till he had about all he could carry, and then he 'd set and hold on, and hear the wind blow, and kind o'

feel out to sea right there to hum. There was n't no Mis' Cap'n Brown, and there did n't seem likely to be none. And whether there ever had been one, nobody know'd. He had an old black Guinea nigger woman named Quassia, that did his work. She was shaped pretty much like one o' these 'ere great crookneck-squashes. She wa'n't no gret beauty, I can tell you, and she used to wear a gret red turban and a yaller short gown and red petticoat, and a gret string o' gold beads round her neck, and a gret big gold hoops in her ears, made right in the middle of Africa among the heathen there. For all she was black, she thought a heap o' herself, and was consid'able sort of predominative over the Cap'n. Lordy massy, boys, it 's allus so. Get a man and a woman together, — any sort o' woman you 're a mind to, don't care who 't is, — and one way or another she gets the rule over him, and he jist has to train to her fife. Some does it one way and some does it another; some does it by jawin', and some does it by kissin', and some does it by faculty and contrivance; but one way or another they allers does it. Old Cap'n Brown was a good stout stocky kind o' John Bull sort o' fellow, and a good judge o' sperits, and allers kep' the best in them are cubboards o' hisn; but, fust and last, things in his house went pretty much as old Quassia said.

"Folks got to kind o' respectin' Quassia. She come to meetin' Sunday regular, and sot all fixed up in red and yaller and green, with glass beads and what not, lookin' for all the world like one o' them ugly Indian idols; but she was wal-behaved as any Christian. She was a master hand at cooking. Her bread and biscuits could n't be beat, and no could n't her pies, and there wa'n't no such pound-cake as she made nowhere. Wal, this 'ere story I 'm a goin' to tell you was told me by Cinthy Pendleton. There ain't a more respectable gal, old or young, than Cinthy nowheres. She lives over to Sherburn now, and I hear tell she 's sot up a manty-makin' bisness, but then she used to do tailorin' in Oldtown. She was a member o' the church, and a good Christian as ever was. Wal, ye see, Quassia she got Cinthy to come up and spend a week to the Cap'n Brown house, a doin' tailorin' and a fixin' over his close; 't was along toward the fust o' March. Cinthy she sot by the fire in the front parlor with her goose and her press-board and her work, for there wa'n't no company callin', and the snow was drifted four feet deep right across the front door; so there wa'n't much danger o' anybody comin' in, and the Cap'n he was a perlite man to wimmen, and Cinthy she liked it jist as well not to have company, 'cause the Cap'n he 'd make himself entertainin' tellin' on her sea stories and all about his adventures among the Ammonites, and Perresites, and Jebusites, and all sorts o' heathen people he 'd been among.

"Wal, that are week there come on the master snow-storm. Of all the snow-storms that hed ben that are was the beater, and I tell you the wind blew as if 't was the last chance it was ever goin' to have. Wal, it 's kind o' scary like to be shut up in a lone house with all natur' a kind o' breakin' out, and goin' on so, and the snow a comin' down so thick ye can't see 'cross the street, and the wind a pipin' and a squallin' and a rumblin' and a tumblin' fust down this chimney and then down that. I tell you, it sort o' sets a feller thinkin' o' the three great things, — death, judgment, and eternity; and I don't care who the folks is, nor how good they be, there 's times when they must be feelin' putty consid'able solemn.

"Wal, Cinthy she said she kind o' felt so along, and she had a sort o' queer feelin' come over her as if there was somebody or somethin' round the house more 'n appeared. She said she sort o' felt it in the air, but it seemed to her silly, and she tried to get over it. But two or three times, she said, when it got to be dusk, she felt somebody go by her up the stairs. The front entry wa'n't very light in the daytime, and

in the storm, come five o'clock, it was so dark that all you could see was jist a gleam o' something, and two or three times when she started to go up stairs she see a soft white suthin' that seemed goin' up before her, and she stopped with her heart a beatin' like a trip-hammer, and she sort o' saw it go up and along the entry to the Cap'n's door, and then it seemed to go right through, 'cause the door did n't open.

"Wal, Cinthy says she to old Quassia, says she, 'Is there anybody lives in this house but us?'

"'Anybody lives here?' says Quassia; 'what you mean?' says she.

"Says Cinthy, 'I thought somebody went past me on the stairs last night and to-night.'

"Lordy massy, how old Quassia did screech and laugh. 'Good Lord!' says she, 'how foolish white folks is! Somebody went past you? Was 't the Captin?'

"'No, it wa'n't the Cap'n,' says she; 'it was something soft and white, and moved very still; it was like somethin' in the air,' says she.

"Then Quassia she hawhawed louder. Says she, 'It 's hiy-sterikes, Miss Cinthy; that 's all it is.'

"Wal, Cinthy she was kind o' shamed, but for all that she could n't help herself. Sometimes evenings she 'd be a settin' with the Cap'n, and she 'd think she 'd hear somebody a movin' in his room overhead; and she knowed it wa'n't Quassia, 'cause Quassia was ironin' in the kitchen. She took pains once or twice to find out that are.

"Wal, ye see the Cap'n's room was the gret front upper chamber over the parlor, and then right opposite to it was the gret spare chamber where Cinthy slept. It was jist as grand as could be, with a gret four-post mahogany bedstead and damask curtains brought over from England; but it was cold enough to freeze a white bear solid, — the way spare chambers allers is. Then there was the entry between run straight through the house; one side was old Quassia's room, and the other was a sort o' store-room, where the old Cap'n kep' all sorts o' traps.

"Wal, Cinthy she kep' a hevin' things happen and a seein' things, till she did n't railly know what was in it. Once when she come into the parlor jist at sundown she was sure she see a white figure a vanishing out o' the door that went towards the side entry. She said it was so dusk that all she could see was jist this white figure, and it jist went out still as a cat as she come in.

"Wal, Cinthy did n't like to speak to the Cap'n about it. She was a close woman, putty prudent, Cinthy was.

"But one night 'bout the middle o' the week this 'ere thing kind o' come to a crisis.

"Cinthy said she 'd ben up putty late a sewin' and a finishin' off down in the parlor, and the Cap'n he sot up with her and was consid'able cheerful and entertainin', tellin' her all about things over in the Bermudys, and off to Chiny and Japan, and round the world ginerally. The storm that had ben a blowin' all the week was about as furious as ever, and the Cap'n he stirred up a mess o' flip and hed it for her hot to go to bed on. He was a good-natured crittur, and allers had feelin's for lone women, and I s'pose he knew 'twas sort o' desolate for Cinthy.

"Wal, takin' the flip so right the last thing afore goin' to bed, she went right off to sleep as sound as a nut, and slept on till somewhere about mornin', when she said somethin' waked her broad awake in a minute. Her eyes flew wide open like a spring, and the storm had gone down and the moon come out, and there, standin' right in the moonlight by her bed, was a woman jist as white as a sheet, with black hair hangin' down to her waist, and the brightest, mournfullest black eyes you ever see. She stood there lookin' right at Cinthy, and Cinthy thinks that was what waked her up; 'cause, you know, ef anybody stands and looks steady at folks asleep it 's apt to wake 'em.

"Any way, Cinthy said she felt jist as ef she was turnin' to stone. She

could n't move nor speak. She lay a minute, and then she shut her eyes and begun to say her prayers; and a minute after she opened 'em and it was gone.

"Cinthy was a sensible gal, and one that allers hed her thoughts about her, and she jist got up and put a shawl round her shoulders and went first and looked at the doors, and they was both on 'em locked jist as she left 'em when she went to bed. Then she looked under the bed and in the closet, and felt all round the room; where she could n't see she felt her way, and there wa'n't nothin' there.

"Wal, next mornin' Cinthy got up and went home, and she kep' it to herself a good while. Finally, one day when she was workin' to our house she told Hepsy about it, and Hepsy she told me."

"Well, Sam," we said, after a pause, in which we heard only the rustle of leaves and the ticking of branches against each other, "what do you suppose it was?"

"Wal, there 't is; you know jist as much about it as I do. Hepsy told Cinthy it might 'a' ben a dream; so it might, but Cinthy she was sure it wa'n't a dream, 'cause she remembers plain hearin' the old clock on the stairs strike four while she had her eyes open lookin' at the woman; and then she only shet 'em a minute, jist to say 'Now I lay me,' and opened 'em and she was gone.

"Wal, Cinthy told Hepsy, and Hepsy she kep' it putty close. She did n't tell it to nobody except Aunt Sally Dickerson and the Widder Bije Smith and your grandma Badger and the minister's wife, and they every one o' 'em 'greed it ought to be kep' close, 'cause it would make talk. Wal, come spring somehow or other it seemed to 'a' got all over Oldtown. I heard on 't to the store and up to the tavern, and Jake Marshall he says to me one day, 'What 's this 'ere about the Cap'n's house?' And the Widder Loker she says to me, 'There 's ben a ghost seen in the Cap'n's house'; and I heard on 't clear over to Needham and Sherburn.

"Some o' the women they drew themselves up putty stiff and proper. Your Aunt Lois was one on 'em.

"'Ghost,' says she; 'don't tell me! Perhaps it would be best ef 't was a ghost,' says she. She did n't think there ought to be no sich doin's in nobody's house; and your grandma she shet her up, and told her she did n't oughter talk so."

"Talk how!" said I, interrupting Sam, with wonder. "What did Aunt Lois mean?"

"Why, you see," said Sam, mysteriously, "there allers is folks in every town that 's jist like the Sadducees in old times; they won't believe in angel nor sperit, no way you can fix it; and ef things is seen and done in a house, why, they say it 's 'cause there 's somebody there; there 's some sort o' deviltry or trick about it.

"So the story got round that there was a woman kep' private in Cap'n Brown's house, and that he brought her from furrin parts; and it growed and growed, till there was all sorts o' ways o' tellin' on 't.

"Some said they 'd seen her a settin' at an open winder. Some said that moonlight nights they 'd seen her a walkin' out in the back garden kind o' in and out 'mong the bean-poles and squash-vines.

"You see it come on spring and summer, and the winders o' the Cap'n Brown house stood open, and folks was all a watchin' on 'em day and night. Aunt Sally Dickerson told the minister's wife that she 'd seen in plain daylight a woman a settin' at the chamber winder atween four and five o'clock in the mornin', — jist a settin' a lookin' out and a doin' nothin', like anybody else. She was very white and pale, and had black eyes.

"Some said that it was a nun the Cap'n had brought away from a Roman Catholic convent in Spain, and some said he 'd got her out o' the Inquisition.

"Aunt Sally said she thought the

minister ought to call and inquire why she did n't come to meetin', and who she was, and all about her; 'cause, you see, she said it might be all right enough ef folks only know'd jist how things was, but ef they did n't, why, folks will talk."

"Well, did the minister do it?"

"What, Parson Lothrop? Wal, no, he did n't. He made a call on the Cap'n in a regular way, and asked arter his health and all his family. But the Cap'n he seemed jist as jolly and chipper as a spring robin, and he gin the minister some o' his old Jamaicy; and the minister he come away and said he did n't see nothin'; and no he did n't. Folks never does see nothin' when they ain't lookin' where 't is. Fact is, Parson Lothrop wa'n't fond o' interferin'; he was a master hand to slick things over. Your grandma she used to mourn about it, 'cause she said he never gin no p'int to the doctrines; but 't was all of a piece, he kind o' took everything the smooth way.

"But your grandma she believed in the ghost, and so did Lady Lothrop. I was up to her house t' other day fixin' a door-knob, and says she, 'Sam, your wife told me a strange story about the Cap'n Brown house.'

"'Yes ma'am, she did,' says I.

"'Well, what do you think of it?' says she.

"'Wal, sometimes I think, and then ag'in I don't know,' says I. 'There 's Cinthy she 's a member o' the church and a good pious gal,' says I.

"'Yes, Sam,' says Lady Lothrop, says she, 'and Sam,' says she, 'it is jist like something that happened once to my grandmother when she was livin' in the old Province House in Bostin.' Says she, 'These 'ere things is the mysteries of Providence, and it 's jist as well not to have 'em too much talked about.'

"'Jist so,' says I, — 'jist so. That are 's what every woman I 've talked with says, and I guess, fust and last, I 've talked with twenty, — good, safe church-members, — and they 's every one o' opinion that this 'ere ought n't to be talked about. Why, over to the Deacon's t' other night we went it all over as much as two or three hours, and we concluded that the best way was to keep quite still about it, and that 's jist what they say over to Needham and Sherburn. I 've been all round a hushin' this 'ere up, and I hain't found but a few people that had n't the particulars one way or another. This 'ere was what I says to Lady Lothrop. The fact was, I never did see no report spread so, nor make sich sort o' surchings o' heart as this 'ere. It railly did beat all, 'cause ef 't was a ghost, why there was the p'int proved, ye see. Cinthy 's a church-member, and she *see* it, and got right up and sarched the room; but then ag'in ef 't was a woman, why that are was kind o' awful; it give cause, ye see, for thinkin' all sorts o' things. There was Cap'n Brown, to be sure, he wa'n't a church-member, but yet he was as honest and regular a man as any going, as fur as any on us could see. To be sure, nobody know'd where he come from, but that wa'n't no reason ag'in him; this 'ere might a been a crazy sister or some poor crittur that he took out o' the best o' motives, and the Scriptur' says, 'Charity hopeth all things.' But then ye see folks will talk, — that are 's the pester of all these things, — and they did some on 'em talk consid'able strong about the Cap'n; but some how or other there did n't nobody come to the p'int o' facin' on him down and sayin' square out, 'Cap'n Brown, have you got a woman in your house, or hain't you, or is it a ghost, or what is it?' Folks somehow never does come to that. Ye see there was the Cap'n so respectable, a settin' up every Sunday there in his pew, with his ruffles round his hands and his red broadcloth cloak and his cocked hat. Why, folks' hearts sort o' failed 'em when it come to sayin' anything right to him. They thought and kind o' whispered round that the minister or the deacons oughter do it; but Lordy massy, ministers I s'pose has feelin's like the rest on us; they don't want to eat all the hard cheeses that nobody

else won't eat. Anyhow, there was n't nothin' said direct to the Cap'n, and jist for want o' that all the folks in Oldtown kep' a bilin' and a bilin' like a kettle o' soap, till it seemed all the time as if they 'd bile over.

"Some o' the wimmen tried to get somethin' out o' Quassy. Lordy massy, you might as well 'a' tried to get it out an old Tom-turkey, that 'll strut and gobble and quitter and drag his wings on the ground and fly at you, but won't say nothing. Quassy she screeched her queer sort o' laugh, and she told 'em that they was a makin' fools o' themselves, and that the Cap'n's matters wa'n't none o' their bis'ness; and that was true enough. As to goin' into Quassia's room, or into any o' the store-rooms or closets she kep' the keys of, you might as well have gone into a lion's den; she kep' all her places locked up tight, and there was no gettin' at nothin' in the Cap'n Brown house, else I believe some o' the wimmen would 'a' sent a sarch-warrant.'

"Well," said I, "what came of it? Did n't anybody ever find out?"

"Wal," said Sam, "it come to an end sort o', and did n't come to an end. It was jist this 'ere way. You see along in October, jist in the cider-makin' time, Abel Flint he was took down with dysentery and died. You 'member the Flint house; it stood on a little rise o' ground jist lookin' over towards the Brown house. Wal, there was Aunt Sally Dickerson and the Widder Bije Smith, they set up with the corpse. He was laid out in the back chamber, you see, over the milk-room and kitchen; but there was cold victuals and sich in the front chamber, where the watchers sot. Wal, now Aunt Sally she told me that between three and four o'clock she heard wheels a rumblin', and she went to the winder and it was clear starlight, and she see a coach come up to the Cap'n Brown house, and she see the Cap'n come out bringin' a woman all wrapped in a cloak, and old Quassy came after with her arms full of bundles, and he put her into the kerridge and shet her in and it driv off; and she see old Quassy stand lookin' over the fence arter it. She tried to wake up the widder, but 't was towards mornin', and the widder allers was a hard sleeper; so there wa'n't no witness but her.'

"Well, then it was n't a ghost," said I, "after all, and it *was* a woman."

"Wal, there 't is, you see. Folks don't know that are yit, 'cause there it 's jist as broad as 't is long. Now look at it. There 's Cinthy, she 's a good, pious gal; she locks her chamber doors, both on 'em, and goes to bed, and wakes up in the night and there 's a woman there. She jist shets her eyes and the woman 's gone. She gits up and looks and both doors is locked jist as she left 'em. That 'ere woman wa'n't flesh and blood now, no way, — not such flesh and blood as we knows on, but then they say Cinthy might have dreamed it!

"Wal, now, look at it t' other way. There 's Aunt Sally Dickerson, — she 's a good woman and a church-member; wal, she sees a woman in a cloak with all her bundles brought out o' Cap'n Brown's house and put into a kerridge and driv off, atween three and four o'clock in the mornin'. Wal, that 'ere shows there must 'a' ben a real live woman kep' there privately, and so what Cinthy saw was n't a ghost.

"Wal, now, Cinthy says Aunt Sally might 'a' dreamed it, — that she got her head so full o' stories about the Cap'n Brown house, and watched it till she got asleep and hed this 'ere dream; and as there did n't nobody else see it, it might 'a' ben, you know. Aunt Sally 's clear she did n't dream, and then ag'in Cinthy 's clear *she* did n't dream; but which on 'em was awake or which on 'em was asleep is what ain't settled in Oldtown yet."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

RESEMBLANCES BETWEEN THE BUDDHIST AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGIONS.

THOSE who strive to establish a monopoly of labor are accustomed to sneer at the Chinese as "Pagans." They urge that citizenship ought not to be granted to them, because their religion is different from ours. Yet those who talk in this way make no objection to receiving Irish emigrants and intrusting them with the elective franchise. But is the Buddhist religion, which prevails in China, much more foreign to our customs and our modes of thinking and believing than the Roman Catholic religion is? There are, in fact, many striking resemblances between the two, and in some particulars the parallel is so close that it is difficult to perceive any difference, except in names. I will verify this declaration by pointing out some of the most obvious points of similarity.

Buddha Sakia — which means the Holy Sakia, or Saint Sakia — is reverenced by his numerous followers as Christians reverence Jesus Christ. The date of his birth is veiled in obscurity, and varies much in different countries. According to Mongol records it was two thousand one hundred and thirty-four years before the Christian era; but, according to Chinese records, it was one thousand twenty-nine years. Sir William Jones and other learned Oriental scholars, who have examined the subject, think they find sufficient evidence that he came into this world about a thousand years before Christ.

The Hindoo Trinity consists of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva; often represented by an image with one body and three heads. The populace worship these as separate gods, but the more intelligent say: "There is but One First Cause, One Supreme Source of Being, who is invisible, infinite, and incomprehensible. We say Brahma creates, Vishnu preserves, and Siva destroys; but all these expressions denote but One Supreme Being."

Buddha Sakia is believed to have been an incarnation of Vishnu. His advent upon this earth is thus described: "He who is omnipresent and everlastingly to be contemplated, the Supreme Being, the Eternal One, the Divinity worthy to be adored, appeared in this ocean of natural beings, with a portion of his divine nature." He was born into a family of a kingly line. His mother is said to have been a Virgin named Maia, who conceived him by a ray of light. His birth was foretold by a miraculous dream, and when he was born, a marvellous light shone all around. A holy hermit in far-off forests received supernatural information that Vishnu had just become incarnated in a human form. He flew through the air to the place indicated, and said, "I come to see the new-born child." As soon as he looked upon him, he pronounced him to be an incarnation of Vishnu, who had come into the world to introduce a new religion. The Buddhist Sacred Books describe him as having left the joys of Paradise and descended to this earth because he was filled with compassion for the sins and sufferings of mankind. It being a divine law that every sin must be atoned for by an ordained amount of suffering, he relinquished his princely rank, denied himself all worldly pleasures, and underwent severe penances, that he might thereby expiate the sins of mortals. So great was his tenderness, that he even descended into the hells to teach the souls in bondage there, and by his own sufferings abridge their period of punishment. By the perfect holiness of his life he was enabled to ascend to Paradise without dying. The rocks in various countries are covered with inscriptions and sculptures recording his sayings and doings. In

some places he is represented as crushing a serpent under his heel. Many titles are bestowed upon him: such as "Lion of the Race of Sakia," "Lord of the Earth," "Son of Maia," "Dispenser of Grace"; but his most common title is "The Saviour of the World." The Buddhist Sacred Writings describe him as "One with the Supreme from all eternity"; as "one substance and three images." By prayers offered in his name, his followers expect to secure for themselves the rewards of Paradise, and to become one with him, as he was one with the Supreme Being. They believe he will again appear on earth to bring mankind into a state of order and happiness.

Hindoos believed themselves to be exclusively intrusted with revelations of divine truth. They held no communication with foreigners, regarding them as spiritually unclean, because they had not been purified according to their own religious rites. The laws of their Sacred Books divided society into four castes, and the higher castes became polluted by any companionship with the lower. Buddha Sakia conformed in the main to the religious doctrines, ceremonies, and customs of his native land; but he sought to introduce several important reforms, the most offensive of which was his abrogation of the laws of caste. Many centuries before his time, it was a very common thing for Hindoo devotees to retire from the world and live in the depths of forests, where they devoted themselves to perpetual prayer and to the mortification of the senses by a variety of painful penances, as the appointed means of becoming one with the Supreme Being, — an object which was with them paramount to all others. These devotees gained such great reputation for wisdom and holiness, that they were believed to be inspired teachers and workers of miracles. The young flocked to them in great numbers to be instructed; and in this way religious communities grew up in the forests, filling the solemn silence with their prayers and psalms. Women were not allowed to devote themselves to this saintly life; and the lower castes, as well as foreigners, were rigorously excluded from these religious instructions. Buddha Sakia rejected these narrow limitations. He declared that the road to oneness with God was open to all the world, natives and foreigners, high and low, men and women. This is recorded as one of his sayings: "All men are equal; and my doctrines are a favor and grace to all mankind." The priestly caste, called Brahmins, despised him for this, and said sneeringly, "He and his disciples teach even mean and criminal men, and most wrongfully admit them to a state of grace." As the new sect increased, its innovations not only offended the spiritual pride of the Brahmins, but also alarmed their selfishness; for if all men were allowed to become teachers of righteousness, the hereditary priesthood must, as an inevitable consequence, find its importance and its revenues diminished. Persecution waxed hotter and hotter. Great numbers of Buddhists were put to death. They were finally driven entirely out of Hindostan, where the sect has been extinct for many centuries. But persecution only fired them with increased zeal for their doctrines, which they preached in all the surrounding regions. It is said that eighty thousand Buddhists went forth from Hindostan as missionaries to other lands. Their doctrines spread peacefully and quietly, but with wonderful rapidity. Their religion now prevails in China, Japan, Thibet, Ceylon, the Birman Empire, and a large part of Tartary. Its votaries are computed at four hundred millions, — more than one third of the whole human race. The birth of Buddha Sakia is the era from which many nations count. His followers everywhere consider Hindostan as their Holy Land, and great numbers of them make pilgrimages to Benares, which they especially regard as their Holy City.

Thousands of years ago, the Hin-

doo hermits and communities of saints, who lived in the forests, were accustomed to go through their ritual of many prayers by the help of strings of beads. Buddhists have retained this ancient habit. Pilgrims are constantly met on their way to Benares repeating prayers incessantly, while they pass their fingers over long strings of beads, just as Catholic pilgrims, on their way to Jerusalem or Rome, may be seen performing their devotions by the help of rosaries.

Centuries before Buddha Sakia was born, it was one of the leading doctrines of the Hindoos that each individual sin must be expiated by an exact admeasurement of suffering, and its consequences averted or diminished by a prescribed number of prayers; and it was believed that these penances could be borne and these prayers repeated efficaciously by proxy. Hence, if a man inflicted upon himself more penances and recited more prayers than were necessary for the expiation of his own sins, the overplus might be placed to the credit of deceased relatives or friends, whose term of punishment was supposed to be abridged thereby. As prayers were deemed efficacious in proportion to the holiness of the intercessor, it became a general practice to pay priests for reciting prayers for the dead. This mode of helping souls out of purgatory brings in a large revenue to the Buddhist priesthood as well as to the Roman Catholic.

Buddhists revere a multitude of saints, who by their great holiness became one with Buddha Sakia, and thereby attained to his power of working miracles. Large images of these saints abound in their temples, and small ones are consecrated by the priests with divers ceremonies and forms of prayer. These last are sold in great numbers to the people, who wear them as amulets, and believe them to be a sure protection from witchcraft and other forms of evil. The Roman Catholic priesthood likewise derive a large revenue from the sale of Crosses and images of the Virgin and of a multitude of saints, which people believe to be safeguards against peril, and endowed with miraculous power to help them in emergencies. A small image of a Lamb, called Agnus Dei, is almost universally worn by the peasantry of Catholic countries, who have undoubting faith that the consecrating ceremonies performed over it by the priests have rendered it a sure protection against evil spirits.

In Japan almost every mountain, hill, and cliff is sacred to some Buddhist saint, to whom travellers are requested to address a prayer. In all parts of Catholic Europe images of the Virgin and the saints are placed by the roadside, with inscriptions inviting the traveller to leave offerings on their altars, accompanied by the recitation of a prayer.

Every Buddhist house contains the image of some saint, to whom the inmates pray for abundant harvests, healthy children, prosperous journeys, and such other blessings as they may desire. If they fail to receive what they pray for, they sometimes beat the poor images and call them ugly names. The people of Catholic countries make similar intercessions to the images and pictures of saints which they keep in their dwellings; and if their prayers prove fruitless, they often turn the picture of their saint to the wall, or strike his image, saying, "You ungrateful good-for-nothing! Every day I have brought you prayers and offerings, and not a thing have you done for me."

Buddhist priests exhibit many relics of saints, which are believed to have the same power of working miracles that the saints themselves had while living. The temples which contain the most celebrated relics attract the largest number of pilgrims, whose offerings become a great source of wealth. The richest of all is a temple in Ceylon, where is preserved a tooth of Buddha Sakia, said to have worked many wonderful miracles. It is enshrined within four golden cases, set with precious gems. A vast concourse of pilgrims continually resort thither,

with the hope of being cured of "all the ills that flesh is heir to." Roman Catholic churches abound with similar holy relics, to which miraculous power is ascribed. The cross on which Jesus was crucified was said to be dug up on Mount Calvary three centuries afterward. Small bits of the wood, set in gold and adorned with precious gems, were eagerly bought by the people and worn as a protection against dangers and all sorts of evil influences. The demand was so great it would have been impossible to supply it, had not the priests discovered that the holy wood was endowed with a miraculous power of reproducing itself as fast as it was diminished. An immense amount of it is now extant. There are two entire skeletons of St. Denis, beside two other skulls of him, exhibited in different places, each having a papal certificate of genuineness. Samples of the Virgin's hair are enshrined in various churches; some of it is flaxen, some brown, some red, and some black. The house where she lived is believed to have been brought in the night by an angel to Loretto in Italy, where a magnificent church was built over it. Thousands of pilgrims go there to deposit offerings, more or less costly, for the privilege of dipping their rosaries in a little mug from which it is supposed the infant Jesus was accustomed to drink. Volumes might be filled with accounts of Catholic relics and the miracles they are said to have performed.

In every Chinese house there is an altar covered with inscriptions and images of saints, before which the members of the family kneel and say prayers, as Catholics do before the image, usually set up in some part of their dwellings. The most common image on Chinese household altars is that of Shing Mou, which means the Mother Goddess. It represents a woman with a glory round her head and a babe in her arms. The tradition is that she was a Virgin who conceived by contact with a water-lily, and gave birth to a wonderful child, who became a holy man and performed great miracles. If the Chinese were to visit the churches and chapels of Catholic Europe and see the numerous images of the Virgin Mary in spangled garments of blue and crimson, with a gilded halo round her head, and that of the infant Jesus she carries in her arms, they might easily mistake them for representations of their Shing Mou. It is said that holy images in Buddhist countries sometimes raise their eyelids and nod their heads in response to prayer; and, even within a few years we have heard of similar miracles performed by images of the Virgin Mary.

Water from the Ganges and other holy rivers is supposed by Buddhists to be imbued with some supernatural qualities. They travel far to obtain jars of it to use for religious purposes. Catholics have a similar feeling concerning the river Jordan, from which water was brought for the especial purpose of baptizing the Prince Imperial of France. Buddhist priests also consecrate water with prayers and ceremonies, and sell it to the people as a protection from evil. They are often summoned to sprinkle it over the sick and the dying, on the thresholds of dwellings where a bridal pair are entering, and over new-born infants. Catholics also attach great value to water which their priests have consecrated by certain religious ceremonies. It is a common practice with them to keep little vials of such holy water under their pillows or by their bedside. A vase of it is always placed at the entrance of their churches, in which they dip their fingers and make therewith the sign of the cross. Priests also scatter it over their congregations with little sprinklers.

Buddhists burn fragrant sandal-wood for incense in their temples. Catholics make similar use of frankincense in their churches.

On the approach of evening all the men, women, and children in Thibet, at a signal given by the priests, quit their avocations and plays and assemble in the public squares, where they

kneel and chant prayers. Catholics do the same at the sound of the vesper-bell.

As Buddhists became numerous, the huts they originally used for places of worship disappeared, and magnificent temples rose, gorgeous with gilding and filled with painted and sculptured representations of Buddha Sakia and the saints. Most of these have the grotesqueness characteristic of Asiatic works of art. But the likenesses of Buddha Sakia have always a serene, majestic expression, with large, mild eyes, and long, curling hair. Lassa, in Thibet, is the Rome of the Buddhists; and the temple they have erected there ranks above other temples in grandeur, as St. Peter's does above other Catholic churches. It is four stories high, surrounded with columns covered with gold, and terminating in a dome roofed with golden plates. The interior is adorned with innumerable sculptures, and filled with sacred images in gold and silver.

The priests of Thibet are called Lamas, which means Shepherds. The Supreme Pontiff is called the Grand Lama, or Great Shepherd. He resides at Lassa, which originally became a holy city by the presence of Buddha La, or Saint La, a celebrated follower of Buddha Sakia, who by exceeding holiness became one with him, as he was one with the Supreme. The soul of Saint La is supposed to be regularly transmitted to every successive Grand Lama, who thereby becomes the direct successor and visible representative of the immortal old saint. By this process he is supposed to be rendered immaculate and infallible. He is regarded as the vicegerent of God, with power to dispense blessings on whomsoever he will. His exposition of the Sacred Books is regarded as Divine inspiration; and when he lays his hand on the head of a worshipper, he is supposed to confer remission of sins. When he is carried in grand procession to the temple, princes and beggars alike prostrate themselves as he passes; and when he enters the holy building, the attendant priests follow him barefoot, and prostrate themselves before him. One of the ceremonies he performs is dispensing little bits of consecrated dough, which are eagerly sought for amulets. On state occasions he wears a yellow mitre and a mantle of purple silk, and carries in his hand a long staff in the form of a cross.

There is no known record concerning the period when the devotees, who from time immemorial had lived a life of celibacy and prayer in the great forests, began to congregate together in buildings. But institutions strikingly similar to monasteries have been numerous in Buddhist countries for many centuries. It is said that the city of Lassa alone contains three thousand such establishments, which are called Lamaseries. They are usually built on mountains or hills, in the most picturesque situations, and are the handsomest buildings in Asia, except the royal palaces. Some of them are occupied by sisterhoods of holy women. All who adopt this mode of life take a vow of celibacy, shave their heads, and drop the name by which they were known in the world. Children are sent to the Lamaseries to be taught religious ceremonies and doctrines, and instructed in such knowledge as Asiatics have to impart. The sick and the poor are received there, and are kindly ministered unto. The other occupations of the Lamas are to recite prayers and perform ceremonies to shorten the punishment of the dead and protect the living from the influences of evil spirits; to consecrate images and other amulets; to distribute holy water; to gather herbs, prepare medicines, and preserve fruit. They sell many extracts from their Sacred Books, which they write with great care and often embellish with gilding and bright colors. Many rich men seek to obtain the rewards of Paradise by leaving large bequests for the erection of Lamaseries, where prayers are said for their souls, where the sick are tended, the poor relieved, and travellers hospitably entertained. Borri, a Jesuit

missionary to Cochin China, says: "It looks as if the Devil had endeavored to represent among the Gentiles the beauty and variety of religious orders in the Catholic Church. The priests have chaplets and strings of beads about their necks. There are among them persons resembling bishops, abbots, and archbishops; and they use gilt staves, not unlike our crosiers. If any man came newly into that country, he might easily be persuaded there had been Christians there in former times, so nearly has the Devil attempted to imitate us."

When Father Huc, a French Jesuit missionary, visited one of these Lama-series, not many years ago, he was struck with the same resemblance. He says: "The reception given us recalled to our thoughts those monasteries raised by our own religious ancestors, in which travellers and the poor always found refreshment for the body and consolation for the soul." The same missionary tells us that when he tried to persuade the Regent of Lassa to become a Roman Catholic, he listened courteously and replied, "Your religion is the same as ours."

Some of the Lamas do not live in communities, but lead a wandering life and subsist entirely by beggary. This class is numerous in China and very troublesome; the members being often as filthy in their persons and manners as are many of the mendicant monks in Italy and Spain. Some of the Buddhist priests are truly good, intelligent men, while others are licentious and knavish, and know no more about the meaning of the Sanscrit language, in which they repeat their prayers, than some Catholic priests do of the Latin they recite by rote.

Intelligent Catholics find spiritual significance in their various ceremonies, and are far from indorsing many of the superstitious observances of the ignorant multitude. The case is the same with the more enlightened among the Buddhists. When Father Huc spoke of the Lamas who claimed presents as the means of casting out devils from people who were possessed by them, a Superior of one of the Lama-series replied: "That devils may possess rich persons is credible; but that they will depart in consequence of costly presents is a fiction invented by ignorant and deceiving Lamas, who seek to accumulate wealth at the expense of their brothers." And the Regent of Lassa said to the same missionary: "You have doubtless seen and heard much to be blamed in Tartary and Thibet, but you must not forget that the numerous errors and superstitions you may have observed were introduced by ignorant Lamas, and are rejected by well-informed Buddhists."

L. Maria Child.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XXX.

IT was hard for the company of rejoicing friends, at the hotel in Magnolia, to part from each other. Mr. Blessing had tact enough to decline Joseph's invitation, but he was sorely tempted by Philip's, in which Madeline heartily joined. Nevertheless, he only wavered for a moment; a mysterious resolution strengthened him, and taking Philip to one side, he whispered:

"Will you allow me to postpone, not relinquish, the pleasure? Thanks! A grave duty beckons, — a task, in short, without which the triumph of to-day would be dramatically incomplete. I must speak in riddles, because this is a case in which a whisper might start the overhanging avalanche; but I am sure you will trust me."

"Of course I will!" Philip cried, offering his hand.

"*Foi de Belsain!*" was Mr. Bless-

ing's proud answer, as he hurried away to reach the train for the city.

Joseph looked at Philip, as the horses were brought from the stable, and then at Rachel Miller, who, wrapped in her great crape shawl, was quietly waiting for him.

"We must not separate, all at once," said Philip, stepping forward. "Miss Miller, will you invite my sister and myself to take tea with you this evening?"

Philip had become one of Rachel's heroes; she was sure that Mr. Blessing's testimony and Joseph's triumphant acquittal were owing to his exertions. The Asten farm could produce nothing good enough for his entertainment, — that was her only trouble.

"Do tell me the time o' day," she said to Joseph, as he drove out of town, closely followed by Philip's light carriage. "It's three days in one to me, and a deal more like day after to-morrow morning than this afternoon. Now, a telegraph would be a convenience; I could send word and have chickens killed and picked, against we got there."

Joseph answered her by driving as rapidly as the rough country roads permitted, without endangering horse and vehicle. It was impossible for him to think coherently, impossible to thrust back the single overwhelming prospect of relief and release which had burst upon his life. He dared to admit the fortune which had come to him through death, now that his own innocence of any indirect incitement thereto had been established. The future was again clear before him; and even the miserable discord of the past year began to recede and form only an indistinct background to the infinite pity of the death-scene. Mr. Blessing's testimony enabled him to look back and truly interpret the last appealing looks, the last broken words; his heart banished the remembrance of its accusations, and retained only — so long as it should beat among living men — a deep and tender commiseration. As for the danger he had escaped, the slander which had been heaped upon him, his thoughts were above the level of life which they touched. He was nearer than he suspected to that only true independence of soul which releases a man from the yoke of circumstances.

Rachel Miller humored his silence as long as she thought proper, and then suddenly and awkwardly interrupted it. "Yes," she exclaimed; "there's a little of the old currant wine in the cellar-closet! Town's-folks generally like it, and we used to think it good to stay a body's stomach for a late meal, — as it'll be apt to be. But I've not asked you how you relished the supper, though Elwood, to be sure, allowed that all was tolerable nice. And I see the Lord's hand in it, as I hope you do, Joseph; for the righteous is never forsaken. We can't help rejoice, where we ought to be humbly returning thanks, and owning our unworthiness; but Philip Held is a friend, if there ever was one; and the white hen's brood, though they are new-fashioned fowls, are plump enough by this time. I disremember whether I asked Elwood to stop — "

"There he is!" Joseph interrupted; "turning the corner of the wood before us! Lucy is with him, — and they must both come!"

He drove on rapidly, and soon overtook Elwood's lagging team. The horse, indeed, had had his own way, and the sound of approaching wheels awoke Elwood from a trance of incredible happiness. Before answering Joseph, he whispered to Lucy: —

"What shall we say? It'll be the heaviest favor I've ever been called upon to do a friend."

"Do it, then!" she said: "the day is too blessed to be kept for ourselves alone."

How fair the valley shone, as they came into it out of the long glen between the hills! What cheer there was, even in the fading leaves; what happy promise in the mellow autumn sky! The gate to the lane stood open; Dennis, with a glowing face, waited for the horse. He wanted to say something,

but not knowing how, shook hands with Joseph, and then pretended to be concerned with the harness. Rachel, on entering the kitchen, found her neighbor, Mrs. Bishop, embarked on a full tide of preparation. Two plump fowls, scalded and plucked, lay upon the table!

This was too much for Rachel Miller. She had borne up bravely through the trying days, concealing her anxiety lest it might be misinterpreted, hiding even her grateful emotion, to make her faith in Joseph's innocence seem the stronger; and now Mrs. Bishop's thoughtfulness was the slight touch under which she gave way. She sat down and cried.

Mrs. Bishop, with a stew-pan in one hand, while she wiped her sympathetic eyes with the other, explained that her husband had come home an hour before, with the news; and that she just guessed help would be wanted, or leastways company, and so she had made bold to begin; for, though the truth had been made manifest, and the right had been proved, as anybody might know it would be, still it was a trial, and people needed to eat more and better under trials than at any other time. "You may not feel inclined for victuals; but there 's the danger! A body's body must be supported, whether or no."

Meanwhile, Joseph and his guests sat on the veranda, in the still, mild air. He drew his chair near to Philip's, their hands closed upon each other, and they were entirely happy in the tender and perfect manly love which united them. Madeline sat in front, with a nimbus of sunshine around her hair, feeling also the embarrassment of speech at such a moment, yet bravely endeavoring to gossip with Lucy on other matters. But Elwood's face, so bright that it became almost beautiful, caught her eye: she glanced at Philip, who answered with a smile; then at Lucy, whose cheek bloomed with the loveliest color; and, rising without a word, she went to the latter and embraced her.

Then, stretching her hand to Elwood, she said: "Forgive me, both of you, for showing how glad I am!"

"Philip!" Joseph cried, as the truth flashed upon him; "life is not always unjust! It is we who are impatient."

They both arose and gave hands of congratulation; and Elwood, though so deeply moved that he scarcely trusted himself to speak, was so frankly proud and happy, — so purely and honestly *man* in such a sacred moment, — that Lucy's heart swelled with an equally proud recognition of his feeling. Their eyes met, and no memory of a mistaken Past could ever again come like a cloud across the light of their mutual faith.

"The day was blessed already," said Philip, "but this makes it perfect."

No one knew how the time went by, or could afterwards recall much that was said. Rachel Miller, with many apologies, summoned them to a sumptuous meal; and when the moon hung chill and clear above the creeping mists of the valley, they parted.

The next evening, Joseph went to Philip, at the Forge. It was well that he should breathe another atmosphere, and dwell, for a little while, within walls where no ghosts of his former life wandered. Madeline the most hospitably observant of hostesses, seemed to have planned the arrangements solely for his and Philip's intercourse. The short evening of the country was not half over, before she sent them to Philip's room, where a genial wood-fire prattled and flickered on the hearth, with two easy-chairs before it.

Philip lighted a pipe and they sat down. "Now, Joseph," said he, "I 'll answer 'Yes!' to the question in your mind."

"You have been talking with Bishop, Philip?"

"No; but I won't mystify you. As I rode up the valley, I saw you two standing on the hill, and could easily guess the rest. A large estate, in this country, is only an imaginary fortune. You are not so much of a farmer, Jo-

seph, that it will cut you to the heart and make you dream of ruin, to part with a few fields; if you were, I should say, get that weakness out of you at once! A man should *possess* his property, not be possessed by it."

"You are right," Joseph answered; "I have been fighting against an inherited feeling."

"The only question is, will the sale of those fifty acres relieve you of all present embarrassments?"

"So far, Philip, that a new mortgage of about half the amount will cover what remains."

"Bravo!" cried Philip. "This is better than I thought. Mr. Hopeton is looking for sure, steady investments, and will furnish whatever you need. So there is no danger of foreclosure."

"Things seem to shape themselves almost too easily now," Joseph answered. "I see the old, mechanical routine of my life coming back: it should be enough for me, but it is not; can you tell me why, Philip?"

"Yes: it never was enough. The most of our neighbors are cases of arrested development. Their intellectual nature only takes so many marks, like a horse's teeth; there is a point early in their lives, where its form becomes fixed. There is neither the external influence, nor the inward necessity, to drive them a step further. They find the Sphinx dangerous, and keep out of her way. Of course, as soon as they passively begin to accept *what is*, all that was fluent or plastic in them soon hardens into the old moulds. Now, I am not very wise, but this appears to me to be truth; that life is a grand centrifugal force, forever growing from a wider circle towards one that is still wider. Your stationary men may be necessary, and even serviceable; but to me — and to you, Joseph — there is neither joy nor peace except in some kind of growth."

"If we could be always sure of the direction!" Joseph sighed.

"That's the point!" Philip eagerly continued. "If we stop to consider danger in advance, we should never venture a step. A movement is always clear after it has been made, not often before. It is enough to test one's intention; unless we are tolerably bad, something guides us, and adjusts the consequences of our acts. Why, we are like spiders, in the midst of a million gossamer threads, which we are all the time spinning without knowing it! Who are to measure our lives for us? Not other men with other necessities! and so we come back to the same point again, where I started. Looking back now, can you see no gain in your mistake?"

"Yes, a gain I can never lose. I begin to think that haste and weakness also are vices, and deserve to be punished. It was a dainty, effeminate soul you found, Philip, — a moral and spiritual Sybarite, I should say now. I must have expected to lie on rose-leaves, and it was right that I should find thorns."

"I think," said Philip, "the world needs a new code of ethics. We must cure the unfortunate tendencies of some qualities that seem good, and extract the good from others that seem evil. But it would need more than a Luther for such a Reformation. I confess I am puzzled, when I attempt to study moral causes and consequences in men's lives. It is nothing but a tangle, when I take them collectively. What if each of us were, as I half suspect, as independent as a planet, yet all held together in one immense system? Then the central force must be our close dependence on God, as I have learned to feel it through you."

"Through me!" Joseph exclaimed.

"Do you suppose we can be so near each other without giving and taking? Let us not try to get upon a common ground of faith or action: it is a thousand times more delightful to discover that we now and then reach the same point by different paths. This reminds me, Joseph, that our paths ought to separate now, for a while. It is you who should leave, — but only to come back again, 'in the fulness of time.'

Heaven knows, I am merciless to myself in recommending it."

"You are right to try me. It is time that I should know something of the world. But to leave, now — so immediately — "

"It will make no difference," said Philip. "Whether you go or stay, there will be stories afloat. The bolder plan is the better."

The subject was renewed the next morning, at breakfast. Madeline heartily seconded Philip's counsel, and took a lively part in the discussion.

"We were in Europe as children," she said to Joseph, "and I have very clear and delightful memories of the travel."

"I was not thinking especially of Europe," he answered. "I am hardly prepared for such a journey. What I should wish is, not to look idly at sights and shows, but to have some active interest or employment, which would bring me into contact with men. Philip knows my purpose."

"Then," said Madeline, "why not hunt on Philip's trail? I have no doubt you can track him from Texas to the Pacific by the traditions of his wild pranks and adventures! How I should enjoy getting hold of a few chapters of his history!"

"Madeline, you are a genius!" Philip cried. "How could I have forgotten Wilder's letter, a fortnight ago, you remember? One need not be a practical geologist, to make the business report he wants; but Joseph has read enough to take hold, with the aid of the books I can give him! If it is not too late!"

"I was not thinking of that, Philip," Madeline answered. "Did you not say that the place was — "

She hesitated. "Dangerous?" said Philip. "Yes. But if Joseph goes there, he will come back to us again."

"O, don't invoke misfortune in that way!"

"Neither do I," he gravely replied; "but I can see the shadow of Joseph's life thrown ahead, as I can see my own."

"I think I should like to be *sent* into danger," said Joseph.

Philip smiled: "As if you had not just escaped the greatest! Well, — it was Madeline's guess which most helped to avert it, and now it is her chance word which will probably send you into another one."

Joseph looked up in astonishment. "I don't understand you, Philip," he said.

"O Philip!" cried Madeline.

"I had really forgotten," he answered, "that you knew nothing of the course by which we reached your defence. Madeline first suggested to me that the poison was sometimes used as a cosmetic, and on this hint, with Mr. Blessing's help, the truth was discovered."

"And I did not know how much I owe to you!" Joseph exclaimed, turning towards her.

"Do not thank me," she said, "for Philip thinks the fortunate guess may be balanced by an evil one."

"No, no!" Joseph protested, noticing the slight tremble in her voice; "I will take it as a good omen. Now I know that danger will pass me by, if it comes!"

"If your experience should be anything like mine," said Philip, "you will only recognize the danger when you can turn and look back at it. But, come! Madeline has less superstition in her nature than she would have us believe. Wilder's offer is just the thing; I have his letter on file, and will write to him at once. Let us go down to my office at the Forge!"

The letter was from a capitalist who had an interest in several mines in Arizona and Nevada. He was not satisfied with the returns, and wished to send a private, confidential agent to those regions, to examine the prospects and operations of the companies and report thereupon. With the aid of a map the probable course of travel was marked out, and Joseph rejoiced at the broad field of activity and adventure which it opened to him.

He stayed with Philip a day or two longer, and every evening the fire made a cheery accompaniment to the deepest and sweetest confidences of their hearts,

now pausing as if to listen, now rapidly murmuring some happy, inarticulate secret of its own. As each gradually acquired full possession of the other's past, the circles of their lives, as Philip said, were reciprocally widened; but as the horizon spread, it seemed to meet a clearer sky. Their eyes were no longer fixed on a single point of time wherein they breathed. Whatever pain remained melted before them and behind them into atmospheres of resignation and a wiser patience. One gave his courage and experience, the other his pure instinct, his faith and aspiration; and a new harmony came from the closer interfusion of sweetness and strength.

When Joseph returned home, he at once set about putting his affairs in order, and making arrangements for an absence of a year or more. It was necessary that he should come in contact with most of his neighbors, and he was made aware of their good-will without knowing that it was, in many cases, a reaction from suspicion and slanderous gossip. Mr. Chaffinch had even preached a sermon, in which no name was mentioned, but everybody understood the allusion. This was considered to be perfectly right, so long as the prejudices of the people were with him, and Julia was supposed to be the pious and innocent victim of a crime. When, however, the truth had been established, many who had kept silent now denounced the sermon, and another on the deceitfulness of appearances, which Mr. Chaffinch gave on the following Sabbath, was accepted as the nearest approach to an apology consistent with his clerical dignity.

Joseph was really ignorant of these proceedings, and the quiet, self-possessed, neighborly way in which he met the people gave them a new impression of his character. Moreover, he spoke of his circumstances, when it was necessary, with a frankness unusual among them; and the natural result was that his credit was soon established on as sound a basis as ever. When, through Philip's persistence, the mission to the Pacific coast was secured, but little further time was needed to complete the arrangements. By the sacrifice of one fourth of his land, the rest was saved, and intrusted to good hands during his absence. Philip, in the mean time, had fortified him with as many hints and instructions as possible, and he was ready, with a light heart and a full head, to set out upon the long and uncertain journey.

CHAPTER XXXI.

I. Joseph to Philip.

Camp ——, Arizona, October 19, 1868.

Since I wrote to you from Prescott, dear Philip, three months have passed, and I have had no certain means of sending you another letter. There was, first, Mr. Wilder's interest at ——, the place hard to reach, and the business difficult to investigate. It was not so easy, even with the help of your notes, to connect the geology of books with the geology of nature; these rough hills don't at all resemble the clean drawings of strata. However, I have learned all the more rapidly by not assuming to know much, and the report I sent contained a great deal more than my own personal experience. The duty was irksome enough, at times; I have been tempted by the evil spirits of ignorance, indolence, and weariness, and I verily believe that the fear of failing to make good your guaranty for my capacity was the spur which kept me from giving way. Now, habit is beginning to help me, and, moreover, my own ambition has something to stand on.

I had scarcely finished and forwarded my first superficial account of the business as it appeared to me, when a chance suddenly offered of joining a party of prospecters, some of whom I had already met: as you know, we get acquainted in little time, and with no introductions in these parts. They were bound, first, for some little-known regions in Eastern Nevada, and then, passing a point which Mr. Wilder

wished me to visit (and which I could not have reached so directly from any other quarter), they meant to finish the journey at Austin. It was an opportunity I could not let go, though I will admit to you, Philip, that I also hoped to overtake the adventures, which had seemed to recede from me, rainbow-fashion, as I went on.

Some of the party were old Rocky Mountain men, as wary as courageous; yet we passed through one or two straits which tested all their endurance and invention. I won't say how I stood the test; perhaps I ought to be satisfied that I came through to the end, and am now alive and cheerful. To be sure, there are many other ways of measuring our strength. This experience would n't help me the least, in a discussion of principles, or in organizing any of the machinery of society. It is rather like going back to the first ages of mankind, and being tried in the struggle for existence. To me, that is a great deal. I feel as if I had been taken out of civilization and set back towards the beginning, in order to work my way up again.

But what is the practical result of this journey? you will ask. I can hardly tell, at present: if I were to state that I have been acting on your system of life rather than my own, — that is, making ventures without any certainty of the consequences, — I think you would shake your head. Nevertheless, in these ten months of absence I have come out of my old skin and am a livelier snake than you ever knew me to be. No, I am wrong; it is hardly a venture, after all, and my self-glorification is out of place. I have the prospect of winning a great deal where a very little has been staked, and the most timid man in the world might readily go that far. Again you will shake your head; you remember "The Amaranth." How I should like to hear what has become of that fearful and wonderful speculation!

Pray give me news of Mr. Blessing. All those matters seem to lie so far behind me, that they look differently to my eyes. Somehow, I can't keep the old impressions; I even begin to forget them. You said, Philip, that he was not intentionally dishonest, and something tells me you are right. We learn men's characters rapidly in this rough school, because we cannot get away from the close, rough, naked contact. What surprises me is that the knowledge is not only good for present and future use, but that I can take it with me into my past life. One weakness is left, and you will understand it. I blush to myself, — I am ashamed of my early innocence and ignorance. This is wrong; yet, Philip, I seem to have been so unmanly, — at least so unmasculine! I looked for love, and fidelity, and all the virtues, on the surface of life; believed that a gentle tongue was the sign of a tender heart; felt a wound when some strong and positive, yet differently moulded being approached me! Now, here are fellows prickly as a cactus, with something at the core as true and tender as you will find in a woman's heart. They would stake their lives for me sooner than some persons (whom we know) would lend me a hundred dollars, without security! Even your speculator, whom I have met in every form, is by no means the purely mercenary and dangerous man I had supposed.

In short, Philip, I am on very good terms with human nature; the other nature does not suit me so well. It is a grand thing to look down into the cañon of the Colorado, or to see a range of perfectly clear and shining snow-peaks across the dry sage-plains; but oh, for one acre of our green meadows! I dreamed of them, and the clover-fields, and the woods and running streams, through the terrific heat of the Nevada deserts, until the tears came. It is nearly a year since I left home: I should think it fifty years!

With this mail goes another report to Mr. Wilder. In three or four months my task will be at an end, and I shall then be free to return. Will you welcome the brown-faced, full-bearded

man, broad in cheeks and shoulders, as you would the — but how did I use to look, Philip? It was a younger brother you knew; but he has bequeathed all of his love, and more, to the older.

II. Philip to Joseph.

Coventry Forge, Christmas day.

When Madeline hung a wreath of holly around your photograph this morning, I said to it as I say now: "A merry Christmas, Joseph, wherever you are!" It is a calm, sunny day, and my view, as you know, reaches much further through the leafless trees; but only the meadow on the right is green. You, on the contrary, are enjoying something as near to Paradise in color, and atmosphere, and temperature (if you are, as I guess, in Southern California), as you will ever be likely to see.

Yes, I will welcome the new man, although I shall see more of the old one in him than you perhaps think, — nor would I have it otherwise. We don't change the bases of our lives, after all: the forces are differently combined, otherwise developed, but they hang, I fancy, to the same roots. Nay, I'll leave preaching until I have you again at the old fireside. You want news from home, and no miserable little particular is unimportant. I've been there, and know what kind of letters are welcome.

The neighborhood (I like to hover around a while, before alighting) is still a land where all things always seem the same. The trains run up and down our valley, carrying a little of the world boxed up in shabby cars, but leaving no mark behind. In another year, the people will begin to visit the city more frequently; in still another, the city people will find their way to us; in five years, population will increase and property will rise in value. This is my estimate, based on a plentiful experience.

Last week, Madeline and I attended the wedding of Elwood Withers. It was at the Hopetons, and had been postponed a week or two, on account of the birth of a son to our good old business-friend. There are two events for you! Elwood, who has developed, as I knew he would, into an excellent director of men and material undertakings, has an important contract on the new road to the coal regions. He showed me the plans and figures the other day, and I see the beginning of wealth in them. Lucy, who is a born lady, will save him socially and intellectually. I have never seen a more justifiable marriage. He was pale and happy, she sweetly serene and confident; and the few words he said at the breakfast, in answer to the health which Hopeton gave in his choice Vin d'Aï, made the unmarried ladies envy the bride. Really and sincerely, I came away from the house more of a Christian than I went.

You know all, dearest friend: was it not a test of my heart to see that *she* was intimately, fondly happy? It was hardly, any more, the face I once knew. I felt the change in the touch of her hand. I heard it in the first word she spoke. I did not dare to look into my heart to see if something there were really dead, for the look would have called the dead to life. I made one heroic effort, heaved a stone over the place, and sealed it down forever. Then I felt your arm on my shoulder, your hand on my breast. I was strong and joyous; Lucy, I imagined, looked at me from time to time, but with a bright face, as if she divined what I had done. Can she have ever suspected the truth?

Time is a specific administered to us for all spiritual shocks; but change of habit is better. Why may I not change in quiet as you in action? It seems to me, sometimes, as I sit alone before the fire, with the pipe-stem between my teeth, that each of us is going backward through the other's experience. You will thus prove my results, as I prove yours. Then, parted as we are, I see our souls lie open to each other in equal light and warmth, and feel that the way to God lies through the love of man.

Two years ago, how all our lives were tangled! Now, with so little agency of our own, how they are flowing into smoothness and grace! Yours and mine are not yet complete, but they are no longer distorted. One disturbing, yet most pitiable, nature has been removed; Elwood, Lucy, the Hopetons, are happy; you and I are healed of our impatience. Yes, there is something outside of our own wills that works for or against us, as we may decide. If I once forgot this, it is all the clearer now.

I have forgotten one other, — Mr. Blessing. The other day I visited him in the city. I found him five blocks nearer the fashionable quarter, in a larger house. He was elegantly dressed, and wore a diamond on his bosom. He came to meet me with an open letter in his hand.

"From Mrs. Spelter, my daughter," he said, waving it with a grand air, — "an account of her presentation to the Emperor Napoleon. The dress was — let me see — blue moiré and Chantilly lace; Eugénie was quite struck with her figure and complexion."

"The world seems to treat you well," I suggested.

"Another turn of the wheel. However, it showed me what I am capable of achieving, when a strong spur is applied. In this case the spur was, as you probably guess, Mr. Held, — honor. Sir, I prevented a cataclysm! You of course know the present quotations of the Amaranth stock, but you can hardly be aware of my agency in the matter. When I went to the Oil Region with the available remnant of funds, Kanuck had fled. Although the merest tyro in geology, I selected a spot back of the river-bluffs, in a hollow of the undulating table-land, sunk a shaft, and — succeeded! It was what somebody calls an inspired guess. I telegraphed instantly to a friend, and succeeded in purchasing a moderate portion of the stock — not so much as I desired — before its value was known. As for the result, *si monumentum quæris, circumspice!*"

I wish I could give you an idea of the air with which he said this, standing before me with his feet in position, and his arms thrown out in the attitude of Ajax defying the lightning.

I ventured to inquire after your interest. "The shares are here, sir, and safe," he said, "worth not a cent less than twenty-five thousand dollars."

I urged him to sell them and deposit the money to your credit, but this he refused to do without your authority. There was no possibility of depreciation, he said: very well, if so, this is your time to sell. Now, as I write, it occurs to me that the telegraph may reach you. I close this, therefore, at once, and post over to the office at Oakland.

Madeline says: "A merry Christmas from me!" It is fixed in her head that you are still exposed to some mysterious danger. Come back, shame her superstition, and make happy your

PHILIP.

III. JOSEPH TO PHILIP.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3, 1869.

Philip, Philip, I have found your valley!

After my trip to Oregon, in March, I went southward, along the western base of the Sierra Nevada, intending at first to cross the range; but falling in with an old friend of yours, a man of the mountains and the sea, of books and men, I kept company with him, on and on, until the great wedges of snow lay behind us, and only a long, low, winding pass divided us from the sands of the Colorado Desert. From the mouth of this pass I looked on a hundred miles of mountains; there were lakes glimmering below; there were groves of ilex on the hillsides, an orchard of oranges, olives, and vines in the hollow, millions of flowers hiding the earth, pure winds, fresh waters, and remoteness from all conventional society. I have never seen a landscape so broad, so bright, so beautiful!

Yes, but we will only go there on

one of these idle epicurean journeys of which we dream, and then to enjoy the wit and wisdom of our generous friend, not to seek a refuge from the perversions of the world! For I have learned another thing, Philip: the freedom we craved is not a thing to be found in this or that place. Unless we bring it with us, we shall not find it.

The news of the decline of the Amaranth stock, in your last, does not surprise me. How fortunate that my telegraphic order arrived in season! It was in Mr. Blessing's nature to hold on; but he will surely have something left. I mean to invest half of the sum in his wife's name, in any case; for the "prospecting" of which I wrote you, last fall, was a piece of more than ordinary luck. You must have heard of White Pine, by this time. We were the discoverers, and reaped a portion of the first harvest, which is never equal to the second; but this way of getting wealth is so incredible to me, even after I have it, that I almost fear the gold will turn into leaves or pebbles, as in the fairy tales. I shall not tell you what my share is: let me keep one secret, — nay, two, — to carry home!

More incredible than anything else is now the circumstance that we are within a week of each other. This letter, I hope, will only precede me by a fortnight. I have one or two last arrangements to make, and then the locomotive will cross the continent too slowly for my eager haste. Why should I deny it? I am homesick, body and soul. Verily, if I were to meet Mr. Chaffinch in Montgomery Street, I should fling myself upon his neck, before coming to my sober senses. Even he is no longer an antipathy: I was absurd to make one of him. I have but one left; and Eugénie's admiration of her figure and complexion does not soften it in the least.

How happy Madeline's letter made me! After I wrote to her, I would have recalled mine, at any price; for I had obeyed an impulse, and I feared foolishly. What you said of her "superstition" might have been jest, I thought. But I believe that a true-hearted woman always values impulses, because she is never at a loss to understand them. So now I obey another, in sending the enclosed. Do you know that her face is as clear in my memory, as yours? and as — but why should I write, when I shall so soon be with you?

CHAPTER XXXII.

THREE weeks after the date of Joseph's last letter Philip met him at the railroad station in the city. Brown, bearded, fresh and full of joyous life after his seven days' journey across the continent, he sprang down from the platform to be caught in his friend's arms.

The next morning they went together to Mr. Blessing's residence. That gentleman still wore a crimson velvet dressing-gown, and the odor of the cigar, which he puffed in a rear room called the library (the books were mostly Patent Office and Agricultural Reports, with Faublas and the Decamerone), breathed plainly of the Vuelte Abajo.

"My dear boy!" he cried, jumping up and extending his arms, "Asten of Asten Hall! After all your moving accidents by flood and field, back again! This is — is — what shall I say? compensation for many a blow of fate! And my brave Knight with the Iron Hand, sit down, though it be in Carthage, and let me refresh my eyes with your faces!"

"Not Carthage yet, I hope," said Joseph.

"Not quite, if I adhere strictly to facts," Mr. Blessing replied, "although it threatens to be my Third Punic War. There is even a slight upward tendency in the Amaranth shares, and if the company were in my hands, we should soon float upon the topmost wave. But what can I do? The Honorable Whaley and the Reverend Dr.

Lellifant were retained on account of their names; Whaley made president, and I, — being absent at the time developing the enterprise, not only *pars magna* but *totus teres atque rotundus*, ha! ha! — I was put off with a Director's place. Now I must stand by, and see the work of my hands overthrown. But 't is ever thus!"

He heaved a deep sigh. Philip, most heroically repressing a tendency to shriek with laughter, drew him on to state the particulars, and soon discovered, as he had already suspected, that Mr. Blessing's sanguine temperament was the real difficulty; it was still possible for him to withdraw, and secure a moderate success.

When this had been made clear, Joseph interposed.

"Mr. Blessing," said he, "I cannot forget how recklessly, in my disappointment, I charged you with dishonesty. I know, also, that you have not forgotten it. Will you give me an opportunity of atoning for my injustice? — not that *you* require it, but that I may, henceforth, have less cause for self-reproach."

"Your words are enough!" Mr. Blessing exclaimed. "I excused you long ago. You, in your pastoral seclusion —"

"But I have not been secluded for eighteen months past," said Joseph, smiling. "It is the better knowledge of men, which has opened my eyes. Besides, you have no right to refuse me; it is Mrs. Blessing whom I shall have to consult."

He laid the papers on the table, explaining that half the amount realized from his shares of the Amaranth had been invested, on trust, for the benefit of Mrs. Eliza Blessing.

"You have conquered — *vincisti!*" cried Mr. Blessing, shedding tears. "What can I do? Generosity is so rare a virtue in the world, that it would be a crime to suppress it!"

Philip took advantage of the milder mood, and plied his arguments so skilfully that at last the exuberant pride of the De Belsain blood gave way.

"What shall I do, without an object, — a hope, a faith in possibilities?" Mr. Blessing cried. "The amount you have estimated, with Joseph's princely provision, is a competence for my old days; but how shall I fill out those days? The sword that is never drawn from the scabbard rusts."

"But," said Philip, gravely, "you forget the field for which you were destined by nature. These operations in stocks require only a low order of intellect; you were meant to lead and control multitudes of men. With your fluency of speech, your happy faculty of illustration, your power of presenting facts and probabilities, you should confine yourself exclusively to the higher arena of politics. Begin as an Alderman; then, a Member of the Assembly; then, the State Senate; then —"

"Member of Congress!" cried Mr. Blessing, rising, with flushed face and flashing eyes. "You are right! I have allowed the necessity of the moment to pull me down from my proper destiny! You are doubly right! My creature comforts once secured, I can give my time, my abilities, my power of swaying the minds of men, — come, let us withdraw, realize, consolidate, invest, at once!"

They took him at his word, and before night a future, free from want, was secured to him. While Philip and Joseph were on their way to the country by a late train, Mr. Blessing was making a speech of an hour and a half at one of the primary political meetings.

There was welcome through the valley, when Joseph's arrival was known. For two or three days the neighbors flocked to the farm to see the man whose adventures, in a very marvellous form, had been circulating among them for a year past. Even Mr. Chaffinch called, and was so conciliated by his friendly reception, that he, thenceforth, placed Joseph in the ranks of those "impracticable" men, who *might* be nearer the truth than they seemed: it was not for us to judge.

Every evening, however, Joseph took his saddle-horse and rode up the valley to Philip's Forge. It was not only the inexpressible charm of the verdure to which he had so long been a stranger, — not only the richness of the sunset on the hills, the exquisite fragrance of the meadow-grasses in the cool air, — nay, not entirely the dear companionship of Philip which drew him thither. A sentiment so deep and powerful that it was yet unrecognized, — a hope so faint that it had not yet taken form, — was already in his heart. Philip saw, and was silent.

But, one night, when the moon hung over the landscape, edging with sparkling silver the summits of the trees below them, when the air was still and sweet and warm, and filled with the diffused murmurs of the stream, and Joseph and Madeline stood side by side, on the curving shoulder of the knoll, Philip, watching them from the open window, said to himself: "They are swiftly coming to the knowledge of each other; will it take Joseph further from my heart, or bring him nearer? It ought to fill me with perfect joy, yet there is a little sting of pain somewhere. My life had settled down so peacefully into what seemed a permanent form; with Madeline to make a home and brighten it for me, and Joseph to give me the precious intimacy of a man's love, so different from woman's, yet so pure and perfect! They have destroyed my life, although they do not guess it. Well, I must be vicariously happy, warmed in my lonely sphere by the far radiation of their nuptial bliss, seeing a faint reflection of some parts of myself in their children, nay, claiming and making them *mine*, as well, if it is meant that my own blood should not beat in other hearts. But will this be sufficient? No! either sex is incomplete, alone, and a man's full life shall be mine! Ah, you unconscions lovers, you simple-souled children, that know not what you are doing, I shall be even with you, in the end! The world is a failure, God's wonderful system is imperfect, if there is not, now living, a noble woman, to bless me with her love, strengthen me with her self-sacrifice, purify me with her sweeter and clearer faith! I will wait: but I shall find her!"

Bayard Taylor.

A STRIP OF BLUE.

I DO not own an inch of land,
  But all I see is mine, —
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
  The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
  They bring me tithes divine, —
Wild scents and subtle essences,
  A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
  My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity, —
  A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
  Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
  Won by the inland breeze

To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams,
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew, —
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes, —
The people of the sky, —
Guests in white raiment coming down
From Heaven, which is close by:
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh.
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea,
All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and south,
Spread out from morn to night:
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
By hints are mysteries told.
The fringes of eternity, —
God's sweeping garment-fold,
In that bright shred of glimmering sea,
I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones, —
Sapphire and amethyst
Washed from celestial basement walls,
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gray stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on, a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child:
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,

The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before.
Thy universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

Lucy Larcom.

BLACK CHRISTMAS AT DIX COVE.

HAD the gifted Scheherezade of Arabian Nights' memory required the materials for a one thousand and second tale, she could have supplied herself with them by a visit to Dix Cove. There is groundwork there for entertaining stories enough to have enchanted her tyrannical lord for many a night. I must, however, annihilate centuries to make this supposition a possibility, and therefore agree with my readers that it is a little "far-fetched."

Dix Cove is a place to put the most serene imagination out of its usual steady pace, and send the thoughts of the most sensible and practical traveller tripping about in regions that seem more suitable to the pages of a romance than the experience of real life. No wonder I leaped from on board our unattractive old vessel into the realms of the caliphs, so familiar to childhood, and thought of Scheherezade.

We had long been cruising about on the coast of that land, concerning which most people are quite content with knowing that it is a hot country where negroes originated, and that somewhere out there are the "sunny fountains" rolling "down their golden sands," that the great Heber wrote about in his widely known Missionary Hymn.

We dropped anchor one day in sight of Dix Cove. This is, as one might imagine from the very civilized name, one of those old trading-posts established by England on the Gold Coast of Africa, that in former times attracted so much attention. So important was this point considered, that here was built a massive fort for the protection of the long-known and long-forgotten African Trading Company. The fort stands on a promontory, and behind it lies the native town of clay houses with thatched roofs, presenting a very dingy and muddy appearance. From our anchorage they were scarcely distinguishable from the soil, out of which they seemed to spring like very ugly weeds.

Around the little bay or cove still stand houses that were built for the use of traders, together with a few substantial stone edifices erected by natives who have gained sufficient European civilization to make them glory in structures very different from the rude habitations of their forefathers. The style of these houses is decidedly Spanish. On the projecting point, under the battlements, there are other buildings of mud embowered in cocoanut-trees, making a grotesque contrast to the fort, but with it as a central object forming a pleasant picture as seen from the other side of the Cove.

The bay is so filled with rocks that it requires considerable skill to pilot a boat safely to the beach, but that skill is possessed in abundant measure by the Kroomen, who are always to be found lounging about places where foreign vessels stop, ready to work for, steal from, and impose upon every captain who desires to land or ship goods. It is in this way that so many of the coast

natives gain a smattering of English, and are of so much service to both English and American traders, who enjoy dubbing them with all sorts of odd names.

Every one who has been on a long voyage knows the impatience to set foot on shore which seizes the traveller as soon as "Land ho!" is heard from the mast-head. We accordingly had our boots blacked, and with clean collars on, and all the necessities of an "on-shore" toilet attended to, and stood on deck in childish eagerness of expectation long before the boat was ready to carry us over the few waves that rolled between us and the beautiful surf-draped beach.

"I say, Sea Breeze" (that airy appellation belonged to our tall head Krooman), "I want to go on shore; have you room in that boat?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Sea Breeze, cheerily, "mammy like for go too?"

"Yes. — Here, Jack Smoke," — and a very smoke-dried child of Ham looked up at my call, — "spread that tarpaulin on the seat for my wife."

"Ya'as, saar," was the reply.

"Look out there, push off there." And the boys began their monotonous song, keeping time with their oars; and thus we glided toward the shore that sparkled like gold in the morning sunlight.

A word about African songs. Every one visiting the Western Coast must be impressed with this apparent *necessity* of singing, exhibited by the darky at his work. Indeed, it is hardly needful to seek him in his native clime to notice that. All who were familiar with life on a Southern plantation, before the blessed dawn of freedom, will remember the melodies of corn-shucking; the wild, quaint, but often very musical hymn-tunes at prayer-meetings; the impromptu choruses on every occasion among the field hands. I have heard a leading voice improvise and chant innumerable verses on Bible history, with fifty or more voices joining in the chorus. That was the African music, modified by our civilization and religion. Take the same in its primitive state, and there is a great want of melody. All sounds of nature are monotonous, — the roaring of the sea, the wailing of the wind, the song of most birds, the sounds made by different animals, and though above all these, those produced by man before the voice is educated by art. I doubt even if the scale called by musicians *natural* be really so in the fullest sense; certainly the songs of the Kroomen seldom if ever embrace more than five of its notes, — three tones and two half-tones. But to return to our boat; the boys chanted and paddled over the sunny water, and in a few moments we stood on shore.

The first glimpse about us suggested that here *had been* a place of consequence, and the present desolate scene was but a memory of what had been.

Like moths, attracted by the largest luminary in sight, our party started at once for the castle. To gain this point we threaded our way between some of the tumble-down mud-houses, by a path that seemed doubly intricate to us who for many weeks had pushed our way ahead on the vasty deep, with nothing to obstruct us, and with more elbow-room than even Daniel Boone could have sighed for. I took notice during that walk that hoop skirts were not adapted to the style of building in Dix Cove. We ascended the hill by a flight of wide, low steps, evidently formed for the accommodation of a regiment which, as we might suppose, always went up ten or more abreast. No guard or sentry had been stationed there for many long years, so we passed unmolested through the massive portals and up the winding stair. Looking into a small apartment (for with true Yankee curiosity we *looked into* everything on our way), we discovered a native with his long-cloth thrown over him sitting at a table *writing*. "Why, who on earth is that?"

"That," said a friend, "is the custom-house officer, and the young man beside him is his son, whom we saw on board as soon as we cast anchor, and who, by the way, asked you if you had

any neckties, etc., to dispose of. He put on his clothes for the express purpose of making you a call." This last remark explained the very neat suit, obtained from an English clothing establishment, in which the young man appeared.

A few minutes after we met and were saluted by another individual really civilized in appearance, clad in broadcloth, with a very white shirt and a very black face, who in few words introduced himself to us as a Wesleyan missionary from Sierra Leone, and offered to conduct us through the castle, if we wished to see it.

Of course we did, and so followed our new guide up stairs and down stairs and through long gloomy passages. Here this good man lived, with his family, carrying on, single-handed, a very different warfare from that for which the old castle was intended. A mighty warfare it was, indeed, in such a land of heathenish darkness, where Satan's hosts abound, and of Christ's soldiers this was the only one.

We took leave of our kind guide with thanks, and turned from the fort to wander about by ourselves, and see what there was to be seen down among the mud-huts. We were in doubt which way to turn on this exploring expedition, till a pretty loud noise — a combination of sounds supposed to be musical, from a great many indescribable instruments and the throats of many people — decided us to go and see the cause of such a commotion. Before one of the old storehouses previously mentioned was a large open space, around, but not within, which were assembled most of the male, female, and infant population of the Cove. The varied and peculiar costumes reminded me, at the first glimpse, of a certain line in Mother Goose's Melodies, describing the beggars coming to town,

> "Some in rags, and some in tags,
> And some in velvet gowns,"

though I think the velvet gowns on this occasion were in the minority. It was a crowd not only of the "great unwashed," but the great undressed. There were a few exceptions, — persons who, under former British rule and influence, had learned to appreciate the beauty and use of shirts and pantaloons; to such I have already alluded.

It was the crowd that had first attracted us, but only for a moment did we pause to look at the people. The object which brought them all together claimed our attention as well. The terrible music kept on without an instant's cessation, and one figure after another (I can hardly say *man*, they all looked so wizard-like) shot like an arrow into the circle, and flung itself about in the most fantastic attitudes. The performer would begin the movements of the dance quite moderately, then as the music grew quicker and quicker, would throw off first a piece of cloth, then whatever ornaments he wore, as if to be entirely unfettered, and then kept spinning round at an incredible speed, till, exhausted, he tottered back and gave place to a new actor. All this was carried on amid a perfect din of shouting. It was, as we learned, Fetish dancing, and I had really, with my own eyes, beheld the rite exhibited by a picture in the geography I studied so many years ago; a picture which so greatly pleased me that I remember painting it up in the most gorgeous tints my little color-box afforded.

We were told presently that all this excitement was in honor of the day, the festival known in that region as *Black Christmas*.

I doubt if any of my readers, however well they may be acquainted with the most sacred festival in Christian lands ever celebrated a *black* Christmas.

As near as I could learn, the name and the day originated on this wise. When the English occupied Dix Cove, the yearly recurrence of the holy day was recognized by very boisterous mirth, — dinner-parties and hard drinking. I will quote my informant's own words: "When white people live here they have one time when they all get

drunk and they call him Christmas; I s'pose it be time when they get pay; so when black man get him rice cut, him corn husked, then him say it be good time and he get drunk, s'pose him get de rum and call him time *Black Christmas*."

We turned from the exciting scene for a quiet walk up the hill, from whence we judged a good view might be obtained, and we were not disappointed. At the summit we found the ruins of the former Wesleyan Mission House, — which had witnessed so much energy and toil expended for this degraded people, and whose influence for good, however great it might have been at one time, had quite died out, for aught we could see during our brief visit. A few uncared-for orange-trees remained to mark the spot where had been the mission garden, now, but for them, a wilderness of weeds. The many who live in an atmosphere of religious light and truth, and know nothing of the work of missionaries in "that land of darkness as darkness itself," except a short article occasionally glanced over in some missionary paper, cannot feel, on reading this brief description, as we felt standing there at the grave, as it were, of those devoted servants of God, who had in hope sowed the seed and then lain down to their rest, waiting for the great day of days to disclose what manner of harvest the Lord should reap from their portion of his vineyard. The colored representative of the same missionary society, who now resided in the castle, had but lately come out.

On the road we noticed a mud schoolhouse, and were minded to walk in and find what style of education the youths of Dix Cove were receiving; but as the worthy teacher was not there, it being recess, we thought it not worth while to linger. A few boys within caught a glimpse of us through the open door, and, anxious to exhibit their attainments, instantly began shouting, in a chorus of very queer English, the multiplication-table.

At length, hot and weary, we reached the hospitable abode of Quabina Mensah, the chief man of the place, who treated us most courteously during our stay. His house was one of the large stone buildings already alluded to, very massive and rather stately, especially as compared with the poor dwellings all around. Over the doorway, cut in a large stone, were the owner's name and a date, probably that of the erection of the house. We were ushered up a flight of steps to a long hall, used as a reception-room or parlor; indeed, I know not what name to give the apartment, for it was unlike anything we see in American houses. The furniture was familiar enough; no doubt it had been bought, one piece at a time, from trading-vessels, and might, by dint of considerable polishing and scrubbing, have appeared quite genteel in a cosey sitting-room at home. There were pictures, too, hung along the wall on either side. Evidently, this gentleman had a more correct idea of the use of foreign articles than one whom I had known elsewhere on the coast, and who invested his money in a really handsome set of chairs, and a china dinner-set. The chairs he hung upon nails in the wall of his hut, and the china plates, etc. he piled up on his table by way of ornament, exhibiting them to his less wealthy friends as foreign curiosities. Well, perhaps he was quite as reasonable as we who decorate our parlors with little articles kept by the Celestials and others in as common use as chairs and dinner-plates are with us.

For some time we sat in Mensah's parlor, commenting on his furniture and enjoying what there was of fresh air, after our long walk, conscious all the time of black heads bobbing in and out of the doors, and of the curious glances freely bestowed on us white people.

At last the master of the house, the great man of Dix Cove, appeared and welcomed us. I wish I could paint the portrait of this queer little old man. He was black as if the sun had long looked upon him; shrivelled as the last remaining pea-pod on the vine when

the season is over. His shaven head resembled a polished mahogany ball, and was encircled by a sort of scarf, the ends of which fell gracefully over one shoulder. On his feet were a pair of embroidered slippers, while his lank form was enveloped in a robe covered with beautiful needle-work in bright colors. One caught sight occasionally of some under-garments not quite hidden by the fine robe, of that delicate tint which is known as *couleur d'Isabelle*. As this visit of ours occurred before that peculiar shade came in vogue, I am afraid Mensah appeared in it solely from the scarcity of good washerwomen at the Cove. His thin, old ebony hands set off to advantage immense rings of native gold and manufacture. One, on the thumb of the right hand, was broad and thick beyond any ring I had ever seen. Over his breast hung a massive chain of gold, and to one end of this his keys were suspended, while the other secured a fly-brush, — I know no better name for it, — which every few minutes he caught and shook vigorously about him, and then replaced.

Sundry bows and smiles and hand-wavings from the old gentleman took the place of the polite speeches he would have made had he been master of the English language.

Finally we were all seated, and then came a fresh shaking of the fly-brush, another ceremonious hand-shaking all round, and then we were regaled with a spicy drink, which I supposed at first to be of native manufacture, but found from the label on the bottle to be some European beverage. It was surprising to see a number of such little foreign luxuries as this, while in other respects real African barbarism prevailed.

Meantime some remarkable sounds were again beginning to annoy our unaccustomed ears, from various directions. It would trouble a more learned musician than I to define the peculiar sounds. There were drums certainly, and there were things that squeaked, others that wailed, some that clinked; and with all was a steady accompaniment of jabbering in the native tongue, while every now and then a small piece of artillery was fired off.

A crowd gradually collected around the house and on the stairs, and presently one by one the men gathered in the room. Each of these as he entered let fall the drapery on the left side, sufficiently to leave the shoulder and breast exposed, — evidently a mark of respect. They received each a solemn greeting, and then Mensah, standing before them, made a little speech, of which we could appreciate nothing but the emphatic gestures. This done, the little old man took a large bottle of lavender-water and honored our party with some liberal dashes on the hands, dress, or wherever the refreshing liquid chanced to find its way. The ceremony was continued with the native guests, each receiving a most refreshing shower on head, hands, garments, and even on the back. This, to us unaccustomed, act of courtesy we received with all gravity, resolved when in Dix Cove to do as the Dix-Covans did. The natives then left us, and we were attracted to the windows overlooking the street. We there discovered Mensah seated on a sort of throne at the entrance of the house. In front of him were ranged four youths, whisking what looked like horse-tails, whether as fly-brushes or simply as a mark of honor we were unaware. At his side stood a man with a leopard's face for a cap, who at short intervals shouted out a few words and then stopped. He was, no doubt, proclaiming the heroic deeds of the chief, as is the custom on different parts of the coast. Behind the seat stood another attendant, holding a bottle of rum and a glass, and I noticed that the old gentleman pretty frequently demanded his services. The crowd surrounding Mensah was composed first of special attendants, then musicians, then wives and children (of the latter I learned he had about one hundred), and then a promiscuous multitude. Of the special attendants some

held very large and curious-looking cutlasses, the handles plated with gold; others carried huge canes or staves, with strange devices on their tops.

In less time than I have taken to note these things a procession was formed, which marched about town and then returned. The strangest feature in this, perhaps, was a kind of umbrella or tent (the former in shape, but almost the latter in size), made of brilliant-colored cloth, one of them more like a patchwork bedquilt in color and design than anything else. These were carried on long poles, and made to revolve in the hands of the bearers, as they marched. On top of each was the gilded representation of some animal, and no doubt these, as many other things, had a meaning of which we were ignorant. As the company were in motion, we had a better opportunity of noticing the various styles of dress. The men were clad in robes of different colors and materials, but all worn in the same way. They were squares of cloth about the size of ordinary table-covers, wound round the body with one end brought over the left shoulder and suffered to fall over the back in quite a graceful manner. The women wore cloth, some silk and other handsome fabrics, hanging from the waist, and, as is the style all along the gold coast, a large and awkward imitation of a bustle, known to us among the fashions of a period anterior to hoop-skirts. These, however, differed from any I ever saw on civilized belles, being prominent oblong *seats* on the back. As such they were used by the little ones, who each mounted on this block behind his mother, with one end of her drapery sometimes flung around him, or clinging like a monkey with his hands in her arm-pits.

The procession over, there was a dance, in which again we noticed but one at a time occupying the ground. A part of this dance consisted of a number of whirls and flings and frantic gestures, executed with much vehemence, and ending in the prostration of the man before the chief.

At last the old man, who, be it remembered, had been steadily emptying the cups of gin while these ceremonies were going on, himself took a turn in the dance. Having flung aside all his trappings, except a single cloth about his loins, his old limbs went as if on springs, and he kept up the exciting motion longer than any of the rest.

So the dancing, drinking, and tom-tomming went on, until the day began to wane, and we were summoned back to the ship. The whole crowd, headed by our host, who by this time was only half conscious of external things, accompanied us to the beach to bid us farewell. A gun was fired as we left the shore, and the British flag was dipped on the pole at the custom-house, and we gladly moved out of sight and sound of these savage festivities.

I must not, however, forget to mention the last feature of the day, which was perhaps the best. Quabina had honored one of our party by the presentation of a "*new* (young) *wife*." The recipient of so great a compliment, with all the politeness he could, declined the gift; but, notwithstanding this, the young "fair one" appeared with her little bundle, ready to accompany her intended but unintending husband to the vessel. He managed, however, to excuse himself, and I noticed was careful not to be seen on shore again.

Although we had been so eager to leave the old vessel that had begun to seem to us almost a prison, we were not sorry to regain the quiet deck, and there talk over the events of the day; but a night's rest renewed the desire for land. Soon after breakfast, therefore, we were again in the boat, minus our friend, "the intended," listening to the Kroomen's song as they rowed us toward shore. The sea was not so tranquil as the day before, and we had to encounter some furious-looking waves, where the sea rolled heavily into the Cove. One of these dangerous-looking mounds of water startled a member of our party into an appeal to

the head Krooman to be very careful.

"O daddy," confidently spoke out Sea Breeze, "no be 'fraid. Sea have plenty sass, it be true, but I be old Krooman, sea know dat; he no fit sass old Sea Breeze." The assured tone of this modern Canute established the heart of our fearful friend, and, whether or no old Ocean acknowledged the skill of this boastful darky, we rode safely over wave after wave, and, after being as usual carried to the beach on the shoulders of the men, walked among the scenes of the previous day. But how changed! The day of drinking and the day of recovering from drink are widely different from each other. No dancing, no procession, no shouting was there to attract us. Dix Cove was in doors to-day, as yesterday it was out. I had come, however, more with a desire to get acquainted with the place than the people; and with sketch-book in hand I sauntered up the hill to take a view, and then to seek out the stream of the sacred crocodiles, of which I had heard. This latter, when found, I discovered to be a muddy little creek, fenced on either side with mangroves, and here and there a large tree branching over. Here I saw several of the ugly creatures lazily enjoying a nap in the sun. I wondered if there were anything on earth too repulsive for man to select as an object of worship. This West African Coast has a long list of deities that include, at one place monkeys, at another snakes, at another the insignificant little insect called *mantis*, and here the horrible crocodile. The people come to feed them, so that they are not at all shy, being well acquainted with the human countenance; but what they thought of a white face I do not know. One of our fellow-travellers, fond of sport, proposed shooting one of them, but the outcry was so fierce at the mention of such a thing, that for the safety of his own life he spared that of the crocodile.

We returned again to the vessel, and the next day we saw only sea and sky.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

II.

AT the end of my three days' probation, I spent a week constantly with my friends. Our mornings were, of course, devoted to churches and galleries, and in the late afternoon we passed and repassed along the Grand Canal or betook ourselves to the Lido. By this time Miss Evans and I had become thoroughly intimate; we had learned to know Venice together, and the knowledge had helped us to know each other. In my own mind, Charlotte Evans and Venice had played the game most effectively into each other's hands. If my fancy had been called upon to paint her portrait, my fancy would have sketched her with a background of sunset-flushed palace wall, with a faint reflected light from the green lagoon playing up into her face. And if I had wished to sketch a Venetian scene, I should have painted it from an open window, with a woman leaning against the casement, — as I had often seen her lean from a window in her hotel. At the end of a week we went one afternoon to the Lido, timing our departure so as to allow us to return at sunset. We went over in silence, Mr. Evans sitting with reverted head, blowing his cigar-smoke against the dazzling sky, which told so fiercely of sea and summer; his daughter motionless and thickly veiled; I facing them, feeling the broken swerve of our gondola, and watching Venice grow level and rosy

beyond the liquid interval. Near the landing-place on the hither side of the Lido is a small *trattoria* for the refreshment of visitors. An arbor outside the door, a horizontal vine checkering still further a dirty table-cloth, a pungent odor of *frittata*, an admiring circle of gondoliers and beggars, are the chief attractions of this suburban house of entertainment, — attractions sufficient, however, to have arrested the inquisitive steps of an elderly American gentleman, in whom Mr. Evans speedily recognized a friend of early years, a comrade in affairs. A hearty greeting ensued. This worthy man had ordered dinner: he besought Mr. Evans at least to sit down and partake of a bottle of wine. My friend vacillated between his duties as a father and the prospect of a rich old-boyish revival of the delectable interests of home; but his daughter graciously came to his assistance. "Sit down with Mr. Munson, talk till you are tired, and then walk over to the beach and find us. We shall not wander beyond call."

She and I accordingly started slowly for a stroll along the barren strand which averts its shining side from Venice and takes the tides of the Adriatic. The Lido has for me a peculiar melancholy charm, and I have often wondered that I should have felt the presence of beauty in a spot so destitute of any exceptional elements of beauty. For beyond the fact that it knows the changing moods and hues of the Adriatic, this narrow strip of sand-stifled verdure has no very rare distinction. In my own country I know many a sandy beach, and many a stunted copse, and many a tremulous ocean line of little less purity and breadth of composition, with far less magical interest. The secret of the Lido is simply your sense of adjacent Venice. It is the salt-sown garden of the city of the sea. Hither came short-paced Venetians for a meagre taste of *terra firma*, or for a wider glimpse of their parent ocean. Along a narrow line in the middle of the island are market-gardens and breeze-twisted orchards, and a hint of hedges and lanes and inland greenery. At one end is a series of low fortifications duly embanked and moated and sentinelled. Still beyond these, half over-drifted with sand and over-clambered with rank grasses and coarse thick shrubbery, are certain quaintly lettered funereal slabs, tombs of former Jews of Venice. Toward these we slowly wandered and sat down in the grass. Between the sand-heaps, which shut out the beach, we saw in a dozen places the blue agitation of the sea. Over all the scene there brooded the deep bright sadness of early autumn. I lay at my companion's feet and wondered whether I was in love. It seemed to me that I had never been so happy in my life. They say, I know, that to be in love is not pure happiness; that in the mood of the unconfessed, unaccepted lover there is an element of poignant doubt and pain. Should I at once confess myself and taste of the perfection of bliss? It seemed to me that I cared very little for the meaning of her reply. I only wanted to talk of love; I wanted in some manner to enjoy in that atmosphere of romance the woman who was so blessedly fair and wise. It seemed to me that all the agitation of fancy, the excited sense of beauty, the fervor and joy and sadness begotten by my Italian wanderings, had suddenly resolved themselves into a potent demand for expression. Miss Evans was sitting on one of the Hebrew tombs, her chin on her hand, her elbow on her knee, watching the broken horizon. I was stretched on the grass on my side, leaning on my elbow and on my hand, with my eyes on her face. She bent her own eyes and encountered mine; we neither of us spoke or moved, but exchanged a long steady regard; after which her eyes returned to the distance. What was her feeling toward me? Had she any sense of my emotion or of any answering trouble in her own wonderful heart? Suppose she should deny me: should I suffer, would I persist? At any rate, I should have struck

a blow for love. Suppose she were to accept me; would my joy be any greater than in the mere translation of my heart-beats? Did I in truth long merely for a bliss which should be of that hour and that hour alone? I was conscious of an immense respect for the woman beside me. I was unconscious of the least desire even to touch the hem of her garment as it lay on the grass, touching my own. After all, it was but ten days that I had known her. How little I really knew of her! how little else than her beauty and her wit! How little she knew of me, of my vast outlying, unsentimental, spiritual self! We knew hardly more of each other than had appeared in this narrow circle of our common impressions of Venice. And yet if into such a circle Love had forced his way, let him take his way! Let him widen the circle! Transcendent Venice! I rose to my feet with a violent movement, and walked ten steps away. I came back and flung myself again on the grass.

"The other day at Vicenza," I said, "I bought a picture."

"Ah? an 'original'?"

"No, a copy."

"From whom?"

"From you!"

She blushed. "What do you mean?"

"It was a little pretended Correggio; a Madonna and Child."

"Is it good?"

"No, it 's rather poor."

"Why, then, did you buy it?"

"Because the Madonna looked singularly like you."

"I 'm sorry, Mr. Brooke, you had n't a better reason. I hope the picture was cheap."

"It was quite reason enough. I admire you more than any woman in the world."

She looked at me a moment, blushing again. "You don't know me."

"I have a suspicion of you. It 's ground enough for admiration."

"O, don't talk about admiration. I 'm tired of it all beforehand."

"Well, then," said I, "I 'm in love."

"Not with me, I hope."

"With you, of course. With whom else?"

"Has it only just now occurred to you?"

"It has just occurred to me to say it."

Her blush had deepened a little; but a genuine smile came to its relief. "Poor Mr. Brooke!" she said.

"Poor Mr. Brooke indeed, if you take it in that way."

"You must forgive me if I doubt of your love."

"Why should you doubt?"

"Love, I fancy, does n't come in just this way."

"It comes as it can. This is surely a very good way."

"I know it 's a very pretty way, Mr. Brooke; Venice behind us, the Adriatic before us, these old Hebrew tombs! Its very prettiness makes me distrust it."

"Do you believe only in the love that is born in darkness and pain? Poor love! it has trouble enough, first and last. Allow it a little ease."

"Listen," said Miss Evans, after a pause. "It 's not with me you 're in love, but with that painted picture. All this Italian beauty and delight has thrown you into a romantic state of mind. You wish to make it perfect. I happen to be at hand, so you say, 'Go to, I 'll fall in love.' And you fancy me, for the purpose, a dozen fine things that I 'm not."

"I fancy you beautiful and good. I 'm sorry to find you so dogmatic."

"You must n't abuse me, or we shall be getting serious."

"Well," said I, "you can't prevent me from adoring you."

"I should be very sorry to. So long as you 'adore' me, we 're safe! I can tell you better things than that I 'm in love with you."

I looked at her impatiently. "For instance?"

She held out her hand. "I like you immensely. As for love, I 'm in love with Venice."

"Well, I like Venice immensely, but I 'm in love with you."

"In that way I am willing to leave

it. Pray don't speak of it again to-day. But my poor father is probably wandering up to his knees in the sand."

I had been happy before, but I think I was still happier for the words I had spoken. I had cast them abroad at all events; my heart was richer by a sense of their possible fruition. We walked far along the beach. Mr. Evans was still with his friend.

"What is beyond that horizon?" said my companion.

"Greece, among other things."

"Greece! only think of it! Shall you never go there?"

I stopped short. "If you will believe what I say, Miss Evans, we may both go there." But for all answer she repeated her request that I should forbear. Before long, retracing our steps, we met Mr. Evans, who had parted with his friend, the latter having returned to Venice. He had arranged to start the next morning for Milan. We went back over the lagoon in the glow of the sunset, in a golden silence which suffered us to hear the far-off ripple in the wake of other gondolas, a golden clearness so perfect that the rosy flush on the marble palaces seemed as light and pure as the life-blood on the forehead of a sleeping child. There is no Venice like the Venice of that magical hour. For that brief period her ancient glory returns. The sky arches over her like a vast imperial canopy crowded with its clustering mysteries of light. Her whole aspect is one of unspotted splendor. No other city takes the crimson evanescence of day with such magnificent effect. The lagoon is sheeted with a carpet of fire. All torpid, pallid hues of marble are transmuted to a golden glow. The dead Venetian tone brightens and quickens into life and lustre, and the spectator's enchanted vision seems to rest on an embodied dream of the great painter who wrought his immortal reveries into the ceilings of the Ducal Palace.

It was not till the second day after this that I again saw Miss Evans. I went to the little church of San Cassiano, to see a famous Tintoretto, to which I had already made several vain attempts to obtain access. At the door in the little bustling *campo* which adjoins the church I found her standing expectant. A little boy, she told me, had gone for the sacristan and his key. Her father, she proceeded to explain, had suddenly been summoned to Milan by a telegram from Mr. Munson, the friend whom he had met at the Lido, who had suddenly been taken ill.

"And so you 're going about alone? Do you think that's altogether proper? Why did n't you send for me?" I stood lost in wonder and admiration at the exquisite dignity of her self-support. I had heard of American girls doing such things; but I had yet to see them done.

"Do you think it less proper for me to go about alone than to send for you? Venice has seen so many worse improprieties that she 'll forgive me mine."

The little boy arrived with the sacristan and his key, and we were ushered into the presence of Tintoretto's Crucifixion. This great picture is one of the greatest of the Venetian school. Tintoretto, the travelled reader will remember, has painted two masterpieces on this tremendous theme. The larger and more complex work is at the Scuola di San Rocco; the one of which I speak is small, simple, and sublime. It occupies the left side of the narrow choir of the shabby little church which we had entered, and is remarkable as being, with two or three exceptions, the best preserved work of its incomparable author. Never, in the whole range of art, I imagine, has so powerful an effect been produced by means so simple and select; never has the intelligent choice of means to an effect been pursued with such a refinement of perception. The picture offers to our sight the very central essence of the great tragedy which it depicts. There is no swooning Madonna, no consoling Magdalen, no mockery of contrast, no cruelty of an assembled host. We behold the silent summit of Calvary. To the right are the three crosses, that of the Saviour foremost. A ladder pitched against it supports a turbaned execu-

tioner, who bends downward to receive the sponge offered him by a comrade. Above the crest of the hill the helmets and spears of a line of soldiery complete the grimness of the scene. The reality of the picture is beyond all words: it is hard to say which is more impressive, the naked horror of the fact represented, or the sensible power of the artist. You breathe a silent prayer of thanks that you, for your part, are without the terrible clairvoyance of genius. We sat and looked at the picture in silence. The sacristan loitered about; but finally, weary of waiting, he retired to the *campo* without. I observed my companion: pale, motionless, oppressed, she evidently felt with poignant sympathy the commanding force of the work. At last I spoke to her; receiving no answer, I repeated my question. She rose to her feet and turned her face upon me, illumined with a vivid ecstasy of pity. Then passing me rapidly, she descended into the aisle of the church, dropped into a chair, and, burying her face in her hands, burst into an agony of sobs. Having allowed time for her feeling to expend itself, I went to her and recommended her not to let the day close on this painful emotion. "Come with me to the Ducal Palace," I said; "let us look at the Rape of Europa." But before departing we went back to our Tintoretto, and gave it another solemn half-hour. Miss Evans repeated aloud a dozen verses from St. Mark's Gospel.

"What is it here," I asked, "that has moved you most, the painter or the subject?"

"I suppose it's the subject. And you?"

"I 'm afraid it's the painter."

We went to the Ducal Palace, and immediately made our way to that transcendent shrine of light and grace, the room which contains the masterpiece of Paul Veronese, and the Bacchus and Ariadne of his solemn comrade. I steeped myself with unprotesting joy in the gorgeous glow and salubrity of that radiant scene, wherein, against her bosky screen of immortal verdure, the rosy-footed, pearl-circled, nymph-flattered victim of a divine delusion rustles her lustrous satin against the ambrosial hide of bovine Jove. "It makes one think more agreeably of life," I said to my friend, "that such visions have blessed the eyes of men of mortal mould. What has been may be again. We may yet dream as brightly, and some few of us translate our dreams as freely."

"This, I think, is the brighter dream of the two," she answered, indicating the Bacchus and Ariadne. Miss Evans, on the whole, was perhaps right. In Tintoretto's picture there is no shimmer of drapery, no splendor of flowers and gems; nothing but the broad, bright glory of deep-toned sea and sky, and the shining purity and symmetry of deified human flesh. "What do you think," asked my companion, "of the painter of that tragedy at San Cassiano being also the painter of this dazzling idyl; of the great painter of darkness being also the great painter of light?"

"He was a colorist! Let us thank the great man, and be colorists too. To understand this Bacchus and Ariadne we ought to spend a long day on the lagoon, beyond sight of Venice. Will you come to-morrow to Torcello?" The proposition seemed to me audacious; I was conscious of blushing a little as I made it. Miss Evans looked at me and pondered. She then replied with great calmness that she preferred to wait for her father, the excursion being one that he would probably enjoy. "Will you come, then, — somewhere?" I asked.

Again she pondered. Suddenly her face brightened. "I should very much like to go to Padua. It would bore my poor father to go. I fancy he would thank you for taking me. I should be almost willing," she said with a smile, "to go alone."

It was easily arranged that on the morrow we should go for the day to Padua. Miss Evans was certainly an American to perfection. Nothing remained for me, as the good American which I aspired to be, but implicitly to

respect her confidence. To Padua, by an early train, we accordingly went. The day stands out in my memory delightfully curious and rich. Padua is a wonderful little city. Miss Evans was an excellent walker, and, thanks to the broad arcades which cover the footways in the streets, we rambled for hours in perpetual shade. We spent an hour at the famous church of St. Anthony, which boasts one of the richest and holiest shrines in all church-burdened Italy. The whole edifice is nobly and darkly ornate and picturesque, but the chapel of its patron saint — a wondrous combination of chiselled gold and silver and alabaster and perpetual flame — splendidly outshines and outshadows the rest. In all Italy, I think, the idea of palpable, material sanctity is nowhere more potently enforced.

"O the Church, the Church!" murmured Miss Evans, as we stood contemplating.

"What a real pity," I said, "that we are not Catholics; that that dazzling monument is not something more to us than a mere splendid show! What a different thing this visiting of churches would be for us, if we occasionally felt the prompting to fall on our knees. I begin to grow ashamed of this perpetual attitude of bald curiosity. What a pleasant thing it must be, in such a church as this, for two good friends to say their prayers together!"

"*Ecco!*" said Miss Evans. Two persons had approached the glittering shrine, — a young woman of the middle class and a man of her own rank, some ten years older, dressed with a good deal of cheap elegance. The woman dropped on her knees; her companion fell back a few steps, and stood gazing idly at the chapel. "Poor girl!" said my friend, "she believes; he doubts."

"He does n't look like a doubter. He 's a vulgar fellow. They 're a betrothed pair, I imagine. She is very pretty." She had turned round and flung at her companion a liquid glance of entreaty. He appeared not to observe it; but in a few moments he slowly approached her, and bent a single knee at her side. When presently they rose to their feet, she passed her arm into his with a beautiful, unsuppressed lovingness. As they passed us, looking at us from the clear darkness of their Italian brows, I keenly envied them. "They are better off than we," I said. "Be they husband and wife, or lovers, or simply friends, we, I think, are rather vulgar beside them."

"My dear Mr. Brooke," said Miss Evans, "go by all means and say your prayers." And she walked away to the other side of the church. Whether I obeyed her injunction or not, I feel under no obligation to report. I rejoined her at the beautiful frescoed chapel in the opposite transept. She was sitting listlessly turning over the leaves of her Murray. "I suppose," she said, after a few moments, "that nothing is more vulgar than to make a noise about having been called vulgar. But really, Mr. Brooke, don't call me so again. I have been of late so fondly fancying I am not vulgar."

"My dear Miss Evans, you are —"

"Come, nothing vulgar!"

"You 're divine!"

"*A la bonne heure!* Divinities need n't pray. They are prayed to."

I have no space and little power to enumerate and describe the various curiosities of Padua. I think we saw them all. We left the best, however, for the last, and repaired in the late afternoon, after dining fraternally at a restaurant, to the Chapel of Giotto. This little empty church, standing unshaded and forlorn in the homely market-garden which was once a Roman arena, offers one of the deepest lessons of Italian travel. Its four walls are covered, almost from base to ceiling, with that wonderful series of dramatic paintings which usher in the golden prime of Italian art. I had been so ill-informed as to fancy that to talk about Giotto was to make more or less of a fool of one's self, and that he was the especial property of the mere sentimentalists of criticism. But you no sooner cross the threshold of that little

ruinous temple — a mere empty shell, but coated as with the priceless substance of fine pearls and vocal with a murmured eloquence as from the infinite of art — than you perceive with whom you have to deal: a complete painter of the very strongest sort. In one respect, assuredly, Giotto has never been surpassed, — in the art of presenting a story. The amount of dramatic expression compressed into those quaint little scenic squares would equip a thousand later masters. How, beside him, they seem to fumble and grope and trifle! And he, beside them, how direct he seems, how essential, how masculine! What a solid simplicity, what an immediate purity and grace! The exhibition suggested to my friend and me more wise reflections than we had the skill to utter. "Happy, happy art," we said, as we seemed to see it beneath Giotto's hand tremble and thrill and sparkle, almost, with a presentiment of its immense career, "for the next two hundred years what a glorious felicity will be yours!" The chapel door stood open into the sunny corn-field, and the lazy litter of verdure enclosed by the crumbling oval of Roman masonry. A loutish boy who had come with the key lounged on a bench, awaiting tribute, and gazing at us as we gazed. The ample light flooded the inner precinct, and lay hot upon the coarse, pale surface of the painted wall. There seemed an irresistible pathos in such a combination of shabbiness and beauty. I thought of this subsequently at the beautiful Museum at Bologna, where mediocrity is so richly enshrined. Nothing that we had yet seen together had filled us with so deep a sense of enjoyment. We stared, we laughed, we wept almost, we raved with a decent delight. We went over the little compartments one by one: we lingered and returned and compared; we studied; we melted together in unanimous homage. At last the light began to fade and the little saintly figures to grow quaint and terrible in the gathering dusk. The loutish boy had transferred himself significantly to the door-post: we lingered for a farewell glance.

"Mr. Brooke," said my companion, "we ought to learn from all this to be *real;* real even as Giotto is real; to discriminate between genuine and factitious sentiment; between the substantial and the trivial; between the essential and the superfluous; sentiment and sentimentality."

"You speak," said I, "with appalling wisdom and truth. You strike a chill to my heart of hearts."

She spoke unsmiling, with a slightly contracted brow and an apparent sense of effort. She blushed as I gazed at her.

"Well," she said, "I'm extremely glad to have been here. Good, wise Giotto! I should have liked to know you. — Nay, let me pay the boy." I saw the piece she put into his hand; he was stupefied by its magnitude.

"We shall not have done Padua," I said, as we left the garden, "unless we have been to the Caffè Pedrocchi. Come to the Caffè Pedrocchi. We have more than an hour before our train, — time to eat an ice." So we drove to the Caffè Pedrocchi, the most respectable *café* in the world; a *café* monumental, scholastic, classical.

We sat down at one of the tables on the cheerful external platform, which is washed by the gentle tide of Paduan life. When we had finished our ices, Miss Evans graciously allowed me a cigar. How it came about I hardly remember, but, prompted by some happy accident of talk, and gently encouraged perhaps by my smoke-wreathed quietude, she lapsed, with an exquisite feminine reserve, into a delicate autobiographical strain. For a moment she became egotistical; but with a modesty, a dignity, a lightness of touch which filled my eyes with admiring tears. She spoke of her home, her family, and the few events of her life. She had lost her mother in her early years; her two sisters had married young; she and her father were equally united by affection and habit. Upon one theme she touched, in regard to

which I should be at loss to say whether her treatment told more, by its frankness, of our friendship, or, by its reticence, of her modesty. She spoke of having been engaged, and of having lost her betrothed in the Civil War. She made no story of it; but I felt from her words that she had tasted of sorrow. Having finished my cigar, I was proceeding to light another. She drew out her watch. Our train was to leave at eight o'clock. It was now a quarter past. There was no later evening train.

The reader will understand that I tell the simple truth when I say that our situation was most disagreeable and that we were deeply annoyed. "Of course," said I, "you are utterly disgusted."

She was silent. "I am extremely sorry," she said, at last, just vanquishing a slight tremor in her voice.

"Murray says the hotel is good," I suggested.

She made no answer. Then, rising to her feet, "Let us go immediately," she said. We drove to the principal inn and bespoke our rooms. Our want of luggage provoked, of course, a certain amount of visible surprise. This, however, I fancy, was speedily merged in a more flattering emotion, when my companion, having communed with the chambermaid, sent her forth with a list of purchases.

We separated early. "I hope," said I, as I bade her good night, "that you will be fairly comfortable."

She had recovered her equanimity. "I have no doubt of it."

"Good night."

"Good night." Thank God, I silently added, for the dignity of American women. Knowing to what suffering a similar accident would have subjected a young girl of the orthodox European training, I felt devoutly grateful that among my own people a woman and her reputation are more indissolubly one. And yet I was unable to detach myself from my Old-World associations effectually enough not to wonder whether, after all, Miss Evans's calmness might not be the simple calmness of despair. The miserable words rose to my lips, "Is she Compromised?" If she were, of course, as far as I was concerned, there was but one possible sequel to our situation.

We met the next morning at breakfast. She assured me that she had slept, but I doubted it. I myself had not closed my eyes, — not from the excitement of vanity. Owing partly, I suppose, to a natural reaction against our continuous talk on the foregoing day, our return to Venice was attended with a good deal of silence. I wondered whether it was a mere fancy that Miss Evans was pensive, appealing, sombre. As we entered the gondola to go from the railway station to the Hotel Danieli, she asked me to request the gondoliers to pass along the Canalezzo rather than through the short cuts of the smaller canals. "I feel as if I were coming home," she said, as we floated beneath the lovely façade of the Ca' Doro. Suddenly she laid her hand on my arm. "It seems to me," she said, "that I should like to stop for Mrs. L——,' and she mentioned the wife of the American Consul. "I have promised to show her some jewelry. This is a particularly good time. I shall ask her to come home with me." We stopped accordingly at the American Consulate. Here we found, on inquiry, to my great regret, that the Consul and his wife had gone for a week to the Lake of Como. For a moment my companion meditated. Then, "To the hotel," she said with decision. Our arrival attracted apparently little notice. I went with Miss Evans to the door of her father's sitting-room, where we met a servant, who informed us with inscrutable gravity that Monsieur had returned the evening before, but that he had gone out after breakfast and had not reappeared.

"Poor father," she said. "It was very stupid of me not to have left a note for him." I urged that our absence for the night was not to have been foreseen, and that Mr. Evans had

in all likelihood very plausibly explained it. I withdrew with a handshake and permission to return in the evening.

I went to my hotel and slept, a long, sound, dreamless sleep. In the afternoon I called my gondola, and went over to the Lido. I crossed to the outer shore and sought the spot where a few days before I had lain at the feet of Charlotte Evans. I stretched myself on the grass and fancied her present. To say that I *thought* would be to say at once more and less than the literal truth. I was in a tremulous glow of feeling. I listened to the muffled rupture of the tide, vaguely conscious of my beating heart. Was I or was I not in love? I was able to settle nothing. I wandered musingly further and further from the point. Every now and then, with a deeper pulsation of the heart, I would return to it, but only to start afresh and follow some wire-drawn thread of fancy to a nebulous goal of doubt. That she was a most lovely woman seemed to me of all truths the truest, but it was a hard-featured fact of the senses rather than a radiant mystery of faith. I felt that I was not possessed by a passion; perhaps I was incapable of passion. At last, weary of self-bewilderment, I left the spot and wandered beside the sea. It seemed to speak more musingly than ever of the rapture of motion and freedom. Beyond the horizon was Greece, beyond and below was the wondrous Southern world which blooms about the margin of the Midland Sea. To marry, somehow, meant to abjure all this, and in the prime of youth and manhood to sink into obscurity and care. For a moment there stirred in my heart a feeling of anger and pain. Perhaps, after all, I *was* in love!

I went straight across the lagoon to the Hotel Danieli, and as I approached it I became singularly calm and collected. From below I saw Miss Evans alone on her balcony, watching the sunset. She received me with perfect friendly composure. Her father had again gone out, but she had told him of my coming, and he was soon to return. He had not been painfully alarmed at her absence, having learned through a chambermaid, to whom she had happened to mention her intention, that she had gone for the day to Padua.

"And what have you been doing all day?" I asked.

"Writing letters, — long, tiresome, descriptive letters. I have also found a volume of Hawthorne, and have been reading 'Rappacini's Daughter.' You know the scene is laid in Padua." And what had I been doing?

Whether I was in a passion of love or not, I was enough in love to be very illogical. I was disappointed, Heaven knows why! that she should have been able to spend her time in this wholesome fashion. "I have been at the Lido, at the Hebrew tombs, where we sat the other day, thinking of what you told me there."

"What I told you?"

"That you liked me immensely."

She smiled; but now that she smiled, I fancied I saw in the movement of her face an undercurrent of pain. Had the peace of her heart been troubled? "You need n't have gone so far away to think of it."

"It 's very possible," I said, "that I shall have to think of it, in days to come, farther away still."

"Other places, Mr. Brooke, will bring other thoughts."

"Possibly. This place has brought that one." At what prompting it was that I continued I hardly know; I *would* tell her that I loved her. "I value it beyond all other thoughts."

"I do like you, Mr. Brooke. Let it rest there."

"It may rest there for you. It can't for me. It begins there! Don't refuse to understand me."

She was silent. Then, bending her eyes on me, "Perhaps," she said, "I understand you too well."

"O, in Heaven's name, don't play at coldness and scepticism!"

She dropped her eyes gravely on a

bracelet which she locked and unlocked on her wrist. "I think," she said, without raising them, "you had better leave Venice." I was about to reply, but the door opened and Mr. Evans came in. From his hard, grizzled brow he looked at us in turn; then, greeting me with an extended hand, he spoke to his daughter.

"I have forgotten my cigar-case. Be so good as to fetch it from my dressing-table."

For a moment Miss Evans hesitated and cast upon him a faint protesting glance. Then she lightly left the room. He stood holding my hand, with a very sensible firmness, with his eyes on mine. Then, laying his other hand heavily on my shoulder, "Mr. Brooke," he said, "I believe you are an honest man."

"I hope so," I answered.

He paused, and I felt his steady gray eyes. "How the devil," he said, "came you to be left at Padua?"

"The explanation is a very simple one. Your daughter must have told you."

"I have thought best to talk very little to my daughter about it."

"Do you regard it, Mr. Evans," I asked, "as a very serious calamity?"

"I regard it as an infernally disagreeable thing. It seems that the whole hotel is talking about it. There is a little beast of an Italian down stairs —"

"Your daughter, I think, was not seriously discomposed."

"My daughter is a d—d proud woman!"

"I can assure you that my esteem for her is quite equal to your own."

"What does that mean, Mr. Brooke?" I was about to answer, but Miss Evans reappeared. Her father, as he took his cigar-case from her, looked at her intently, as if he were on the point of speaking, but the words remained on his lips, and, declaring that he would be back in half an hour, he left the room.

His departure was followed by a long silence.

"Miss Evans," I said, at last, "will you be my wife?"

She looked at me with a certain firm resignation. "Do you *feel* that, Mr. Brooke? Do you know what you ask?"

"Most assuredly."

"Will you rest content with my answer?"

"It depends on what your answer is."

She was silent.

"I should like to know what my father said to you in my absence."

"You had better learn from himself."

"I think I know. Poor father!"

"But you give me no answer," I rejoined, after a pause.

She frowned a little. "Mr. Brooke," she said, "you disappoint me."

"Well, I 'm sorry. Don't revenge yourself by disappointing me."

"I fancied that I had answered your proposal; that I had, at least, anticipated it, the other day at the Lido."

"O, that was very good for the other day; but do give me something different now."

"I doubt of your being more in earnest to-day than then."

"It seems to suit you wonderfully well to doubt!"

"I thank you for the honor of your proposal: but I can't be your wife, Mr. Brooke."

"That 's the answer with which you ask me to remain satisfied!"

"Let me repeat what I said just now. You had better leave Venice, otherwise we must leave it."

"Ah, that 's easy to say!"

"You must n't think me unkind or cynical. You have done your duty."

"My duty, — what duty?"

"Come," she said, with a beautiful blush and the least attempt at a smile, "you imagine that I have suffered an injury by my being left with you at Padua. I don't believe in such injuries."

"No more do I."

"Then there is even less wisdom than before in your proposal. But I

strongly suspect that if we had not missed the train at Padua, you would not have made it. There is an idea of reparation in it. — O Sir!" And she shook her head with a deepening smile.

"If I had flattered myself that it lay in my power to do you an injury," I replied, "I should now be rarely disenchanted. As little almost as to do you a benefit!"

"You have loaded me with benefits. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I may be very unreasonable, but if I had doubted of my having to decline your offer three days ago, I should have quite ceased to doubt this evening."

"You are an excessively proud woman. I can tell you that."

"Possibly. But I 'm not as proud as you think. I believe in my common sense."

"I wish that for five minutes you had a grain of imagination!"

"If only for the same five minutes you were without it. You have too much, Mr. Brooke. You imagine you love me."

"Poor fool that I am!"

"You imagine that I 'm charming. I assure you I 'm not in the least. Here in Venice I have not been myself at all. You should see me at home."

"Upon my word, Miss Evans, you remind me of a German philosopher. I have not the least objection to seeing you at home."

"Don't fancy that I think lightly of your offer. But we have been living, Mr. Brooke, in poetry. Marriage is stern prose. Do let me bid you farewell!"

I took up my hat. "I shall go from here to Rome and Naples," I said. "I must leave Florence for the last. I shall write you from Rome and of course see you there."

"I hope not. I had rather not meet you again in Italy. It perverts our dear good old American truth!"

"Do you really propose to bid me a final farewell?"

She hesitated a moment. "When do you return home?"

"Some time in the spring."

"Very well. If a year hence, in America, you are still of your present mind, I shall not decline to see you. I feel very safe! If you are not of your present mind, of course I shall be still more happy. Farewell." She put out her hand; I took it.

"Beautiful, wonderful woman!" I murmured.

"That 's rank poetry! Farewell!"

I raised her hand to my lips and released it in silence. At this point Mr. Evans reappeared, considering apparently that his half-hour was up. "Are you going?" he asked.

"Yes. I start to-morrow for Rome."

"The deuce! Daughter, when are we to go?"

She moved her hand over her forehead, and a sort of nervous tremor seemed to pass through her limbs. "O, you must take me home!" she said. "I 'm horribly home-sick!" She flung her arms round his neck and buried her head on his shoulder. Mr. Evans with a movement of his head dismissed me.

At the top of the staircase, however, he overtook me. "You made your offer!" And he passed his arm into mine.

"Yes!"

"And she refused you?" I nodded. He looked at me, squeezing my arm. "By Jove, sir, if she had accepted —"

"Well!" said I, stopping.

"Why, it would n't in the least have suited me! Not that I don't esteem you. The whole house shall see it." With his arm in mine we passed down stairs, through the hall, to the landing-place, where he called his own gondola and requested me to use it. He bade me farewell with a kindly hand-shake, and the assurance that I was too "nice a fellow not to keep as a friend."

I think, on the whole, that my uppermost feeling was a sense of freedom and relief. It seemed to me on my journey to Florence that I had started afresh, and was regarding things with less of nervous rapture than before, but more of sober insight. Of Miss Evans I forbade myself to think. In

my deepest heart I admitted the truth, the partial truth at least, of her assertion of the unreality of my love. The reality I believed would come. The way to hasten its approach was, meanwhile, to study, to watch, to observe, — doubtless even to enjoy. I certainly enjoyed Florence and the three days I spent there. But I shall not attempt to deal with Florence in a parenthesis. I subsequently saw that divine little city under circumstances which peculiarly colored and shaped it. In Rome, to begin with, I spent a week and went down to Naples, dragging the heavy Roman chain which she rivets about your limbs forever. In Naples I discovered the real South — the Southern South, — in art, in nature, in man, and the least bit in woman. A German lady, an old kind friend, had given me a letter to a Neapolitan lady whom she assured me she held in high esteem. The Signora B—— was at Sorrento, where I presented my letter. It seemed to me that "esteem" was not exactly the word; but the Signora B—— was charming. She assured me on my first visit that she was a "true Neapolitan," and I think, on the whole, she was right. She told me that I was a true German, but in this she was altogether wrong. I spent four days in her house; on one of them we went to Capri, where the Signora had an infant — her only one — at nurse. We saw the Blue Grotto, the Tiberian ruins, the tarantella and the infant, and returned late in the evening by moonlight. The Signora sang on the water in a magnificent contralto. As I looked upward at Northern Italy, it seemed, in contrast, a cold, dark hyperborean clime, a land of order, conscience, and virtue. How my heart went out to that brave, rich, compact little Verona! How there Nature seemed to have mixed her colors with potent oil, instead of as here with crystalline water, drawn though it was from the Neapolitan Bay! But in Naples, too, I pursued my plan of vigilance and study. I spent long mornings at the Museum and learned to know Pompei; I wrote once to Miss Evans, about the statues in the Museum, without a word of wooing, but received no answer. It seemed to me that I returned to Rome a wiser man. It was the middle of October when I reached it. Unless Mr. Evans had altered his programme, he would at this moment be passing down to Naples.

A fortnight elapsed without my hearing of him, during which I was in the full fever of initiation into Roman wonders. I had been introduced to an old German archæologist, with whom I spent a series of memorable days in the exploration of ruins and the study of the classical topography. I thought, I lived, I ate and drank, in Latin, and German Latin at that. But I remember with especial delight certain long lonely rides on the Campagna. The weather was perfect. Nature seemed only to slumber, ready to wake far on the hither side of wintry death. From time to time, after a passionate gallop, I would pull up my horse on the slope of some pregnant mound and embrace with the ecstasy of quickened senses the tragical beauty of the scene; strain my ear to the soft low silence, pity the dark dishonored plain, watch the heavens come rolling down in tides of light, and breaking in waves of fire against the massive stillness of temples and tombs. The aspect of all this sunny solitude and haunted vacancy used to fill me with a mingled sense of exaltation and dread. There were moments when my fancy swept that vast funereal desert with passionate curiosity and desire, moments when it felt only its potent sweetness and its high historic charm. But there were other times when the air seemed so heavy with the exhalation of unburied death, so bright with sheeted ghosts, that I turned short about and galloped back to the city. One afternoon after I had indulged in one of these supersensitive flights on the Campagna, I betook myself to St. Peter's. It was shortly before the opening of the recent Council, and the city was filled with foreign ecclesiastics, the increase being of course especially noticeable in the

churches. At St. Peter's they were present in vast numbers; great armies encamped in prayer on the marble plains of its pavement: an inexhaustible physiognomical study. Scattered among them were squads of little tonsured neophytes, clad in scarlet, marching and counter-marching, and ducking and flapping, like poor little raw recruits for the heavenly host. I had never before, I think, received an equal impression of the greatness of this church of churches, or, standing beneath the dome, beheld such a vision of erected altitude, — of the builded sublime. I lingered awhile near the brazen image of St. Peter, observing the steady procession of his devotees. Near me stood a lady in mourning, watching with a weary droop of the head the grotesque deposition of kisses. A peasant-woman advanced with the file of the faithful and lifted up her little girl to the well-worn toe. With a sudden movement of impatience the lady turned away, so that I saw her face to face. She was strikingly pale, but as her eyes met mine the blood rushed into her cheeks. This lonely mourner was Miss Evans. I advanced to her with an outstretched hand. Before she spoke I had guessed at the truth.

"You 're in sorrow and trouble!"

She nodded, with a look of simple gravity.

"Why in the world have n't you written to me?"

"There was no use. I seem to have sufficed to myself."

"Indeed, you have not sufficed to yourself. You are pale and worn; you look wretchedly." She stood silent, looking about her with an air of vague unrest. "I have as yet heard nothing," I said. "Can you speak of it?"

"O Mr. Brooke!" she said with a simple sadness that went to my heart. I drew her hand through my arm and led her to the extremity of the left transept of the church. We sat down together, and she told me of her father's death. It had happened ten days before, in consequence of a severe apoplectic stroke. He had been ill but a single day, and had remained unconscious from first to last. The American physician had been extremely kind, and had relieved her of all care and responsibility. His wife had strongly urged her to come and stay in their house, until she should have determined what to do; but she had preferred to remain at her hotel. She had immediately furnished herself with an attendant in the person of a French maid, who had come with her to the church and was now at confession. At first she had wished greatly to leave Rome, but now that the first shock of grief had passed away she found it suited her mood to linger on from day to day. "On the whole," she said, with a sober smile, "I have got through it all rather easily than otherwise. The common cares and necessities of life operate strongly to interrupt and dissipate one's grief. I shall feel my loss more when I get home again." Looking at her while she talked, I found a pitiful difference between her words and her aspect. Her pale face, her wilful smile, her spiritless gestures, spoke most forcibly of loneliness and weakness. Over this gentle weakness and dependence I secretly rejoiced; I felt in my heart an immense uprising of pity, — of the pity that goes hand in hand with love. At its bidding I hastily, vaguely sketched a magnificent scheme of devotion and protection.

"When I think of what you have been through," I said, "my heart stands still for very tenderness. Have you made any plans?" She shook her head with such a perfection of helplessness that I broke into a sort of rage of compassion: "One of the last things your father said to me was that you are a very proud woman."

She colored faintly. "I may have been! But there is not among the most abject peasants who stand kissing St. Peter's foot a creature more bowed in humility than I."

"How did you expect to make that weary journey home?"

She was silent a moment and her eyes filled with tears. "O don't cross-

question me, Mr. Brooke!" she softly cried; "I expected nothing. I was waiting for my stronger self."

"Perhaps your stronger self has come." She rose to her feet as if she had not heard me, and went forward to meet her maid. This was a decent, capable-looking person, with a great deal of apparent deference of manner. As I rejoined them, Miss Evans prepared to bid me farewell. "You have n't yet asked me to come and see you," I said.

"Come, but not too soon?"

"What do you call too soon? This evening?"

"Come to-morrow." She refused to allow me to go with her to her carriage. I followed her, however, at a short interval, and went as usual to my restaurant to dine. I remember that my dinner cost me ten francs, — it usually cost me five. Afterwards, as usual, I adjourned to the Caffè Greco, where I met my German archæologist. He discoursed with even more than his wonted sagacity and eloquence; but at the end of half an hour he rapped his fist on the table and asked me what the deuce was the matter; he would wager I had n't heard a word of what he said.

I went forth the next morning into the Roman streets, doubting heavily of my being able to exist until evening without seeing Miss Evans. I felt, however, that it was due to her to make the effort. To help myself through the morning, I went into the Borghese Gallery. The great treasure of this collection is a certain masterpiece of Titian. I entered the room in which it hangs by the door facing the picture. The room was empty, save that before the great Titian, beside the easel of an absent copyist, stood a young woman in mourning. This time, in spite of her averted head, I immediately knew her and noiselessly approached her. The picture is one of the finest of its admirable author, — rich and simple and brilliant with the true Venetian fire. It unites the charm of an air of latent symbolism with a steadfast splendor and solid perfection of design. Beside a low sculptured well sit two young and beautiful women: one richly clad, and full of mild dignity and repose; the other with unbound hair, naked, ungirdled by a great reverted mantle of Venetian purple, and radiant with the frankest physical sweetness and grace. Between them a little winged cherub bends forward and thrusts his chubby arm into the well. The picture glows with the inscrutable chemistry of the prince of colorists.

"Does it remind you of Venice?" I said, breaking a long silence, during which she had not noticed me.

She turned and her face seemed bright with reflected color. We spoke awhile of common things; she had come alone. "What an emotion, for one who has loved Venice," she said, "to meet a Titian in other lands."

"They call it," I answered, — and as I spoke my heart was in my throat, — "a representation of Sacred and Profane Love. The name perhaps roughly expresses its meaning. The serious, stately woman is the likeness, one may say, of love as an experience, — the gracious, impudent goddess of love as a sentiment; this of the passion that fancies, the other of the passion that knows." And as I spoke I passed my arm, in its strength, around her waist. She let her head sink on my shoulders and looked up into my eyes.

"One may stand for the love I denied," she said; "and the other —"

"The other," I murmured, "for the love which, with this kiss, you accept." I drew her arm into mine, and before the envious eyes that watched us from gilded casements we passed through the gallery and left the palace. We went that afternoon to the Pamfili-Doria Villa. Saying just now that my stay in Florence was peculiarly colored by circumstances, I meant that I was there with my wife.

H. James Jr.

A PLEA FOR SILENCE.

IRREVERENCE and want of faith are, according to current criticism and popular delineations of life, the prevalent defects of the age. How much of both may be traced to its fluency! Sacredness and silence are twin born; expression is usually in the inverse ratio to conviction, or, rather, the more earnest a belief or an affection the more is it reticent. We discuss subjects about which our fathers only mused; we proclaim what they cherished, we expose what they concealed. Facility of intercourse breeds contempt, badinage begets scorn, talk engenders indifference. We take up a weekly journal and find the mysteries not less than the frivolities of life made a note of; womanhood is dissected as remorselessly as crime; character is assailed as recklessly as faction; society is analyzed as coolly as finance. Each of these primal and permanent elements of humanity has, or should have, to every unperverted man and woman, associations and significance hallowed to memory, to conscience, or to hope. Yet each is flippantly interpreted by garrulous tongues, caricatured by unscrupulous pens. In the vain attempt to talk or write them into "victorious clearness," they are profaned, perverted, betrayed. The distance that lends enchantment is annihilated by egotistic hardihood. Forms and phases of religion are so debated and depicted that no shrine is left whereat the devout may kneel undisturbed; love is portrayed by the novelist, not as an individual sentiment, a personal instinct, but an accidental, social phenomenon; the lofty thought, the comprehensive deed of the statesman evaporates in the jargon of the politician; the essence, the vital principle of civic and domestic integrity being thus diffused, through excess of speech, all that intensifies will and harmonizes sentiment — true passion, distinct purpose — is lost in the eclipse of faith, which germinates and flowers in silence.

Travellers of moral sensibility unite in declaring that they are brought singularly near the heart of nature in the East; the deserts, shores, ruins, and even cities there, at certain seasons, bring them into what seems like the primeval relation of humanity to the universe, — an experience fraught with grateful mystery to the weary and fevered child of modern civilization. Doubtless much of this occult charm is due to local associations acting upon sensitive minds and to the meditative mood incident to the climate; but no small part thereof is owing to silence, not only as the characteristic of the people, but as the law of life, inasmuch as the press, parliaments, and social usages of the West are in abeyance; the countless intrusions and impertinences, from politics to pastime, have died away on the eager ear of the wanderer; he is thrown back upon himself; only nature and the past appeal to his consciousness, and there is nothing in the present to remind him of the gregarious habits, the perpetual chatter of the busy routine of his life at home. He has entered the realm of silence; his pet phrases, his hoarded quotations, his conventional compliments, his partisan argument, and his table-talk have lost their significance. His soul no longer evaporates in speech, his thought is no longer diffused by expression, but ideas, emotion, and sentiment are fused and fostered in the alembic of contemplation, deepened and purified by silence. He realizes how *les Orientaux trouvent d'ineffables délices dans un beau silence*, and that this heretofore contemned element of life *est une des richesses de l'Orient.* All the poetry of the East sought by imaginative enthusiasts, from Byron to Lamartine, and from Volney

to Chateaubriand, is solemnized by this lapse of speech, by this instinctive reticence, so that a kind of religious experience, a return to the patriarchal feeling, to the simplicity of Scripture sublimity, to the content of the human heart with nature, is apparent. In a word, there is then and there brought home to consciousness a sense of the artificial relation of language to thought; it is clearly suggested to the mind that, after all, this redundant expression overlays and dwarfs quite as much as it expands the vital significance of life; that breath and brain are incalculably wasted in talk; that publicity profanes, discussion disenchants, and that to possess one's soul in peace is better than all triumphs of utterance, whether from rostrum or in *salon*. Nowhere more than in the East is it felt how "silent is the light that moulds and colors all things"; nowhere do the latent facts of consciousness so assert themselves. "Language," says Isaac Taylor, "consisting as it does of arbitrary signs, is manifestly a rudiment of the material system. It is a fruit and a consequence of our corporeity; in the recesses of the human soul there is a world of thought which, for the want of determinate and fit symbols, never assumes any fixed form." This vague but vivid sphere of ideas and feelings becomes conscious and prevalent in the East, and is one secret of her charm.

The silence of Nature is often her most expressive influence. How noiselessly are her wondrous processes carried on, — the growth of vegetation, the condensation of moisture, the ebb and flow of the tides, the gathering and illuminating of clouds, the stainless particles woven into avalanche and earth-shroud, the lull of the wind and wave, germination, efflorescence, harvest, frost, sultriness, crystallization, the tinting of flower, rainbow, and insect; all the means and methods of transformation; all the sublime movements of the universe, from the law that keeps a planet in its orbit to that which paints the lily and poises the dewdrop! And what a solemn beauty haunts the silence of the forest, beneath leafy arcades and along woodland aisles whose paths are bright with the mosaics of moss, leaves, and flowers! How ominous the hush before the thunder-storm; how serene the still lake, and sublime the calm ocean; what balmy brooding in the Indian summer, and latent vitality in the soft stillness of spring twilight; what luminous tranquillity in winter, —

> "Shod with fleecy snow,
> Who cometh, white and cold and mute,
> Lest he should wake the Spring below";

while

> "Without debate,
> The stars that are forever to endure,
> Assume their thrones and their unquestioned state!"

What a hush of expectancy heralds the gifted orator, and how impressive the silent homage when on

> "The singer's lips expires the finished song!"

I have heard a naval hero declare that the most intense experience came to him with the awful silence preceding the battle, and not in the excitement of the fray. To look upon the quiet sleep of a child is to hear the deep, "sad music of humanity," fraught with solemn tenderness; and the tranquillity of death is more awe-inspiring than life's most eager manifestation. Lamb has memorably described the religious silence of a Quaker meeting, and Taine reveals the secret of Fra Angelico's naïve art, when he refers the childlike piety that inspired it to the calm isolation of St. Mark's, where for years no sound breaks the long day's stillness but the echo of the friars' steps, gliding from chapel to refectory. Silence is the nurse of devotion, the conservator of primal instincts; and monasticism has a genuine basis in human needs; not merely penitential may be the system of La Trappe, but recuperative also; only in our age the discipline of silence should be a voluntary penance, that, like so many other forms of voluntary renunciation, it can become, as it were, a renewal, not a lapse of the best conscious life, an æsthetic resource, a physiological refreshment;

"Il repos," says Balzac, "est le silence du corps"; and it may subserve to brain and nerves, to sense and sensibility, the same benign purpose that sleep does to the whole organization. In society, says Foscolo, "we observe much, we do not meditate, but imitate; and, through much discourse, exhale the generous elements whereby we feel, think, and write with vigor."

Between the divine miracle of Pentecost and the bewildering penance of Babel there is an auspicious sphere, hallowed by religion, consecrated by art, and endeared to consciousness, — silence. Herein the complex arrangements of the Romanist and the serene simplicity of the Quaker coalesce in recognizing a spiritual agency,

> "An inward stillness, —
> That perfect silence where the lips and heart
> Are still, and we no longer entertain
> Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
> But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
> In singleness of heart that we may know
> His will, and in the silence of our spirits
> That we may do his will and do that only."

Poets and philosophers equally attest its creative power; Keats calls a Grecian urn "the foster-child of Silence and slow Time." And Heber describes the noiseless architect, —

> "No hammer fell, no ponderous axes swung:
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung,
> Majestic silence!"

While improvident and tender Steele breaks off his ardent apostrophes to Prue with the declaration that "all great emotions are dumb."

There are crises of life when silence is the forerunner of destiny; when the heart seems to cease its pulsations in the eager, breathless grasp of hope or fear; before the word is uttered that condemns or acquits the prisoner, before the shot is fired in a duel or execution, before the evidence is uttered that clears or condemns the accused, before the whisper is breathed that bids the lover hope or despair, and before the tidings awaited in agonized suspense are borne to the ear of the fond and fearful. Silence has an emphasis far beyond speech, for it is broken only to enrapture or dismay. I once saw a picture representing the "Woman taken in Adultery, and it brought home to my imagination the overwhelming eloquence of silence. The holy figure of Jesus, stooping to write on the ground; the repentant anguish of the woman at his reticence of rebuke, as he looks abstractedly down rather than reproachfully at her, in divine compassion; the shrinking away of the conscience-stricken accusers, — all suggested a depth of sorrow, a lesson of love and law, beyond the most ingenious homily; and if thus expressive in wisdom, silence is none the less so in courage. "Molti detti ha il codardo, pochi l' eroe," says the Italian tragic poet. "*And smote him thus,*" is all Othello's prelude to suicide. There is a magnetism which speech exhausts and silence hoards. Madame de Kalb said of Richter, that "there was a tone that his mind gave out, without words, sweeter than the sounds of the harmonica." It is related of Fontenelle, whose organization was as delicate as his temperament was sensitive, that he was conscious of the loss of nervous fluid through the voice; and therefore laughed inwardly, never talked in a carriage or argued, but kept a reserved force by virtue of frequent and restful silence, whereby he gained not only in enjoyment but in verbal tact and felicity.

> "There 's a minute
> When a man's presence speaks in his own cause
> More than the tongues of advocates,"

finely says Massinger; and emotion itself, in proportion to its delicacy and depth, seeks refuge in silence. "There is a gloom in deep love," says Lander, "as in deep water; there is a silence in it that suspends the foot: no voice shakes its surface." Cowper's ideal courtier is he

> "Who comes when called and at a word withdraws,
> Speaks with reserve, and listens with applause," —

a worldly type which is paralleled by the Italian maxim describing the true lover as one who *brama assai, poco spera e nulla chiede;* and Dante's proverbial phrase applied to all hopeless infamy, "*Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.*" Every poet instinc-

tively pays tribute to silence. "How sweetly did they float upon the wings of silence," is Milton's apostrophe to musical strains. Thomson, in his sense of the inadequacy of language, exclaims, "Expressive silence, muse his praise." To Coleridge gazing at Mont Blanc, it is the *silent* cataracts and pines that awe; and another is won by the spires whose "silent fingers point to heaven."

There is the Roman silence of the stoic, the non-committal silence of the diplomat, the magnanimous silence of the chivalric, the brooding silence of camp, cemetery, and cathedral, of cities at midnight, of deserted shrines, and there is the silence of prayer, of sleep, of death, — always and everywhere an oracle of humanity, a mystery of life, a revelation, an appeal, an episode marking the transitions, hallowing the experience, or signalizing the interludes of time, and giving fresh emphasis to the voices of nature.

Our pioneer author, who shrank from public speech, both from innate modesty and refined taste, having been persuaded to utter a brief prefatory discourse in elegiac honor of a brother in letters, naïvely expressed his surprise, when the painful ordeal was over, at the ease of its accomplishment. "I have found out the secret," he said; "you have only to become accustomed to the sound of your own voice, to be fearless and fluent." So many have, in this age, reached this requisite condition of elocutionary success, that the confusion of tongues and the din of words often make inaudible the eloquence of nature. A sensitive lover of books, devoted to a few and intolerant of the passing tide thereof, that bore him from his favorite moorings, was accustomed to say, when pestered by the constant mention of a new work that everybody was supposed to be reading, "O, it will blow over," — as if it were a disagreeable state of the weather instead of a literary nuisance. But few have the resolution to ignore what is talked about, and so acquire the habit of superficially reading what has no interest for them; overmuch speech in literature as in life is the bane of their culture, the chaos of their consciousness; and it would prove a benign event if the pens and presses of the world were to stop for a decade, so that such victims might sit beside the river of truth, instead of being swept on a flood, not of knowledge, but of words, "far inland" and away "from that immortal sea that brought us hither," away from the deep fountain of silence.

The old cherished Anglo-Saxon idea of domestic retiracy, of the inviolable refuge which makes every man's house his castle, the sanctity of the individual, — a sentiment which is, so to speak, a radical element of high civilization, — no longer covers, as with the ægis of traditional instinct, the privacy of society. Personal revelations are the staple of daily news; the whereabouts, costume, income, journeys, benefactions, quarrels, and opinions of all are regarded as public property; even engagements of marriage are proclaimed, and for this infringement of what was once understood to be a social law there is no legal remedy. Reiteration makes hackneyed the most fresh and sequestered name; the number of those who "mistake notoriety for fame" is countless; money is deemed equivalent for any liberty of the press. A recent comic journal in France thus humorously states this compromise between scurrility and cash: —

"Monsieur, je brûle de désir de vous appeler en public goitreux, hydrocéphale et même veau à deux têtes. Combien ces épithets réunies me coûterent-elles?"

"Monsieur, vous en auriez eu l'année dernière pour trente francs par jour. Mais j'ai baissé un peu mes prix; ce ne sera plus que vingt-cinq francs."

"Tres-bien, monsieur; voici les vingt-cinq francs demandés; je cours vous trainer dans la boue."

The ancient excuse for ostracism, that the opponents of Aristides were tired of hearing him called the Just, is, by the increase of public mediums, grown to be universal instead of exceptional, for never before was it more em-

phatically demonstrated that "Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame." Complacency and complaint are, where wisdom prevails, mute.

> "Le bruit est pour le fat,
> Le plainte est pour le sot,
> L'honnête homme trompé,
> S'eloigne et ne dit mot."

An old French writer composed an epilogue called *L'Académie Silencieuse*, wherein little writing, much thinking, and *no speech* was the rule. In our day the satire has renewed significance. Even wit loses its salt by repetition. *Tel mot qui le lundi a paru spirituel en diable, est devenu à force d'avoir été répété, insupportable le samedi d'après.* Among the platitudes of after-dinner speakers, when a new means or method of intercommunication is inaugurated, be it a journal or submarine telegraph, is the complacent declaration that "peace on earth and good-will to men" is the inevitable result of such increased facilities of human intercourse; whereas the truth is, that celerity of expression, whether by tongue, type, or electricity, is often the cause of misunderstanding, simply on account of the absence of those long intervals wherein passion once had time to cool and the sober *second* thought to triumph.

There is a certain truth, despite the apparent contradiction and the candid subtlety implied in the maxim of the veteran diplomatist, that speech was bestowed on man to hide his thoughts; for when it is the unguarded medium and the careless utterance it is so apt to be with the shallow and the vain, no more treacherous element of character exists. To the limitless mischief of the tattler and the degrading babble of the coxcomb is added the serious risks of the statesman, the soldier, and the publicist. The biography of prominent officials of every class and rank evidences the danger of imprudent speech; words uttered or written in passion or thoughtlessness have sealed the doom of many an aspirant, and compromised the welfare of a people or a cause; and the men whose record is the most clear and authoritative are those of the greatest reserve and deliberation, to whom words have been the dictate of reflection, conscientiousness, and foresight. In no one thing was the rectitude and wisdom of Washington more apparent than in his extreme care to proportion his statement to fact rather than feeling in his correspondence, the rough draft of which shows a frequent modification of the original phrase, chiefly in the adjectives, so as to give, as near as possible, the exact degree of meaning. How many a candidate for high office in our country, by an unlucky expression, which passed at once into a verbal exponent of the man, has lost his political prestige or his partisan support, until "masterly inactivity" of tongue and pen have come to be regarded as consummate tact! It is said of an eminent American jurist, that he refused to contribute to the funds of a college society, because it fostered the "gift of the gab," which he deemed the curse of the land; and, within the personal knowledge of us all, how often is this opinion justified by the example of him who with vain words wages a disgraceful strife,

> "That leads no whither, till-forgotten death
> Seizes the babbler, choking out his breath."

Even the present zeal for the acquisition of modern languages often tends to a like perverse estimate of the means, as distinguished from the end, of expression. Polyglot is no synonyme for power, except when associated with superior acumen and broad culture; and the educational system as well as the political and social ideals of the age are tainted with the pharisaic defect, — we are too apt to think we shall be heard for our *much speaking*.

On the other hand, what range for expectancy, what infinite possibilities in silence, when observed by a man of recognized ability! Its latent power is incalculable; it gives new emphasis to speech; it implies a reserved force of character, and suggests original results of thought. We soon learn to distrust the fluent, and to confide in deeds, in the self-control and the self-knowledge implied in silence; what

influence it lends to authority, and how much of the awe that kingship and priestcraft have inspired springs from its mysterious sway! It is true, indeed, that mediocrity is sheltered as well as dignity preserved by silence; that cunning lurks therein not less than conscience; and that there is nothing to choose, in point of worth, between the stolid reticence of a Bunsby and the inconsequent prolixity of a Mrs. Nickleby; that conceit has its silence as well as modesty; and that it is equally a resource to the stupid and the soulful; yet none the less is silence the benign provision of nature whereby the elements of character are deepened, its manifestation made beautiful, and its influence hallowed. Exquisite as is the more delicate adaptation of language to thought, elevating to consciousness as are its purely poetic marvels, and refreshing to mind and heart as is its honest and sympathetic interchange, it is none the less a truth that these and all other triumphs of speech are exalted and prolonged by the spell of silence, when we feel what love, wisdom, and faith "lie sepulchred in monumental thought." Many a reign has been less auspicious than that of William the Silent, and the last choice of the American people indicates that they have learned to confide in a Chief Magistrate who does not make speeches.

The Tower of Babel is as significant an emblem of our heritage of woe as the lost Paradise; in the masterful dominion of one, as well as in the confusion of many tongues, individuality, freedom, and progress are overlaid or thwarted; speech becomes an echo, a wearisome refrain, instead of an original utterance; glib expression is mistaken for personal thought, and life in the less highly endowed instead of being an intellectual experience is reduced to a mechanical exchange of words. "A man full of words," says the Psalmist, "shall not prosper upon the earth"; and it is by musing, and not talking, that the heart is kindled into worship, and the mind illuminated by truth. Sydney Smith enjoyed even Macaulay's "flashes of silence." I remember one of those placid women, neat, calm, and kindly of mien, whose expression as well as garb denotes a member of the Society of Friends, who came into the apartment of a neighbor, seated herself, smoothed the white kerchief over her gentle bosom, and, with a deep sigh of relief, exclaimed, "What safety there is in silence!" She then related, with a kind of plaintive indignation, the experiments of a trader in whom she confided, and with whom she had long had transactions, to defraud her. When the intention became apparent, her wrath rose, but, in accordance with the principles of her sect, she restrained its utterance, and left his presence. "It was hard," she confessed, "to keep the old Adam down," but it appeared the doing so was a rebuke keenly felt. Indeed, no protest is so effective as silence. We felt this on one occasion when, at a table encircled by courteous gentlemen, an underbred man made an inquiry which all present but the interlocutor felt to be indelicate and presuming. The person addressed made no reply; the query was repeated, and one of the guests asked if it was heard. "I never answer impertinent questions," said the insulted gentleman, quietly. The aggressor quailed as no reproaches could have made him. How effective, in certain cases, is what has been aptly called "the conspiracy of silence"! it is the most eloquent form of remonstrance and contempt. Calumny is thus deprived of its sting; injustice is lived down. Even will is weakened by over-expression. "I have always found," says Ruskin, "that the less we speak of our intentions the more chance there is of our realizing them." If any living writer of the English tongue owes his influence and fame to an eloquent and audacious fluency, whereby the reader is carried away on a glowing sea of words, it is John Ruskin; and yet note his recent protest and confession: "I have had what, in many respects, I boldly call the *misfortune* to set my words somewhat prettily to-

gether; not without a foolish vanity in the poor knack that I had of doing so, until I was heavily punished for this pride by finding that many people thought of the words only, and not of their meaning." And elsewhere in the same treatise he remarks: "No true painter ever speaks or ever has spoken much of his art: the greatest speak nothing. The moment a man can really do his work, he becomes speechless about it. All words become idle to him." * In the same spirit Matthew Arnold recognizes the purity and power of expression in Hellenism as the height of culture. And is it not a fatal error in our much-vaunted system of education, that the so-called clever man, in academic phrase, is he who by patient and judicious "cramming" obtains the material whence, by rhetorical elaboration, he complacently utters himself in well-timed phrases from pulpit, rostrum, or legislative halls, in a glib, gracious, but wholly conventional way, having no vital relation either to character or conviction? The historian, Finlay, pleading for Greece, says there is danger that her advanced civilization will relapse to the level of Oriental standards, *except in rhetoric:* how much of our own has no more substantial basis!

It has been said that silence has as many meanings as words, and to realize this we have but to consult the great dramatic and psychological interpreter of human life. Shakespeare tells us that silence "is the perfectest herald of joy"; that "the silence often of pure innocence persuades when speaking fails"; and that the "best part of wit will shortly turn into silence"; he recognizes the "silence of envious tongues"; now it flouts, now freezes, here welcomes, there disdains; and, in all great crises of grief or passion, usurps and transcends the office of speech. "O Imogen, I'll speak to thee in silence," — "let it be tenable in your silence still." "What shall Cordelia do? love and be silent"; and what touching significance in Lear's salutation, "My gracious silence, hail!" and again in the Midsummer Night's Dream, —

> "Trust me, sweet,
> Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome,
> And in the modesty of fearful duty
> I read as much as from the rattling tongues
> Of saucy and audacious eloquence."

Dante, arguing against the perversion of natural gifts, ascribes the incessant civic troubles of his factious countrymen to making a priest of the warrior, and preferring the man of words to the man of action: —

> "But ye perversely to religion strain
> Him who was born to gird on him the sword,
> *And of the fluent phrase-man make your king.*"

"Scripture," said Boyle, "teaches us like the sundial, not only by its light, but by its shadows." Theologians seem but recently to have discovered the significance of silence in Holy Writ, the suggestiveness of what is hinted rather than revealed; but many and memorable are the tributes to silence in the Gospel narrative, the Proverbial wisdom, and the earnest Psalms. The silence of the persecuted is compared to a sheep that is dumb before his shearers; divine wisdom silences sophistry, "they answered him not a word"; and in the remorseless faces of mendacious accusers the meek and martyred One was mute. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle," says the singer of Israel, "when the wicked are before me." "Who is this," asks Job, "that darkeneth knowledge with words?" And the wisest of kings declares that "a fool's mouth is his destruction"; and that he who "hath knowledge spareth his words."

Enforced silence is indeed a penance, as may be seen in the sad countenances of captives and the restrained eagerness of school-boys. It is a curious subject of speculation to ascertain the effect of vocation upon speech. Why is the barber loquacious and the tailor silent? To the climate and domestic habits of the English their reserved speech is attributed not less than to their temperament; while the out-of-door Continental life favors intercourse and begets an abundance of

* Ruskin's Mystery of Life and its Arts.

greetings and casual discussions; a Parisian café is the reverse of a London club in respect of talk, and the high-pitched tones of street colloquies in Naples form a wonderful contrast to the silence inside a British railroad-car: indices these of national character wherein redundant expression and its opposite evidence an essential diversity in the normal traits both as to principle and practice. When the poet of Eden describes the coming on of "twilight gray," her "sober livery" is rendered doubly impressive because "silence accompanied"; and one of our own bards has indicated as a chief attraction of night that, she

> "Lays her finger on the lips of care.
> And they complain no more."

What a beautiful hint of visual expression is that in Tennyson when he says, "her eyes are homes of silent prayer"; and of sorrow in Goldsmith where he speaks of "the silent manliness of grief"; and of the wonder of discovery in Keats, where he tells how the followers of Cortez

> "Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
> *Silent*, upon a peak of Darien!"

The effect of silence in art has scarcely been appreciated even by æsthetic analysts. The appeal to the eye alone gives to architecture and painting an impressiveness which is enhanced by the quietude that so often reigns in gallery and temple. In contemplating these, when no audible interruption mars the spell, a serene eloquence so fills the mind that we sometimes feel conscious of a living presence. Dante has a bold image of darkness when he alludes to the sphere *dove il sol tace;* and there seems to the fancy such a thing as speaking forms and hues where no vital animation exists. How much is the appeal of sculpture to the imagination deepened by its absolute calm, and what a sense of awe is inspired by lofty arch, vast dome, massive pillar, and spacious aisle, by the dream-like lull of earth's myriad voices that seem to have died away on the threshold. The scene in the Winter's Tale, when the living statue of Hermione is apostrophized, hints the mute eloquence that haunts us in the Vatican by torchlight; and the figure of the brooding Lorenzo in the Medici Chapel not merely looks but seems to breathe unutterable pathos. In the deserted cathedral there is a mysterious hush, in the masterly portrait a latent language; and every genuine work of plastic or pictorial art, when gazed upon by meditative and sympathetic eyes, fills the void of silence with ethereal tones born of beautiful tranquillity or frozen passion; it is as if the music of love, fame, or wisdom had become suddenly transfixed in eternal grace.

There is a great secret of literary art in silence; the emphatic pause in description, the sudden collapse of utterance implying more than details can reveal, and a depth of feeling or a range of imagination too deep and vast for words, is often the most rare and memorable inspiration of the poet. Alfieri renewed the intensity of his beautiful native tongue by this terse expression, this concentrated speech, leaving to the heart and imagination to complete what is so eloquently hinted; from the infinitely suggestive line with which the grim Tuscan abruptly closes Francesca's story, "that day we read no more," an English poet has elaborated a long, sweet, sad tale of love and despair. Terseness of statement is the best eloquence of judicial minds.

It is highly probable that, with the advance of physiological science, what may be called the hygiene of silence will reveal unimagined laws. The connection between the integrity of the nervous system and the use and abuse of speech, and the relation of the latter to character and culture, are as yet but vaguely defined. Dr. Trousseau of Paris has lectured on a disease called *Aphasia*, which indicates how much is to be learned before the philosophy of speech and silence is understood. We are told that "in this malady there remains an integrity of the understanding and a normal condition of the vocal chords. Thus, while preserving all his

mental aptitudes and all his intellectual wants, a man may be sequestered for weeks from his fellow-creatures, although living in the midst of them, and remaining in everything their equal, with the exception of the use of his tongue. Dr. Lordat, Professor at Montpellier, describes his own case. After a period of mental agitation and of strange nervous symptoms, accompanied by an access of tonsilitis (to which he was subject), he suddenly, although convalescing from his indisposition, found himself deprived of the power of speech. During the first weeks of the malady the patient had only lost the external part of the function of speech; the internal part, the thought and understanding, remained intact. He was capable of performing the same amount of mental labor as before his illness; in fact, the mental and physical condition was completely restored, only he could not talk. But gradually in losing the recollection of the signification of words pronounced, he lost also the recollection of their visible signs. Finally, syntax disappeared from the words; the alphabet remained, but the junction of letters for the formation of words had to be restudied. He was in despair at not being able to read the titles of his most familiar books, without spelling them out. His despair, however, did not prevent him from smiling over the absurdity of French orthography. After a few weeks of profound melancholy he perceived one day, to his great joy, that he could read at a distance the titles of the books in his library. From this time forward memory and speech returned, but only fast enough to enable him to notice a change every fortnight. As in other cases, when he first commenced to speak he confounded words, and for a while said invariably 'handkerchief' for 'book.'"

It is noteworthy that those who have the greatest sensibility to the delicate and forcible in language as an instrument of thought, who are eminent for the gift of verbal expression, are the most earnest in their protest against its excess, shrink the most from the senseless overflow of speech, and plead most emphatically for the conservation of silence. Foremost among English popular writers in this crusade is Thomas Carlyle, who, despite his extravagance in opinion and his paradox in speculation, has, in attacking shams and advocating character, will, and individuality, impressed the readers of our vernacular with salubrious powers. "The finest nations in the world, the English and American," he declares, "are going all away into wind and tongue." "Silence," he pronounces, "the eternal duty of man. He won't get any real understanding of what is complex and what is more than any other pertinent to his interests, without maintaining silence." And elsewhere: "All virtue and belief and courage seem to have run to tongue, and he is the most man and the most valiant who is the greatest talker." He seems to think a difficulty in expressing one's self a positive intellectual or moral excellence, as in Cromwell; he praises Johnson for his silence about himself, as contrasted with the egotistical utterance of Byron and Lamartine; "the silence," he observes, "which is said to be golden is not the silence of stupidity, but of self-restraint"; and it is his conviction that "the noble, silent men, scattered here and there, silently thinking, silently working, whom no morning newspaper makes mention of, are the salt of the earth." After more than fifty years had elapsed since he was a student at the University of Edinburgh, he told the young men in his inaugural speech as rector there, that he would give them the benefit of his experience. "The great qualities they should all aspire to," he said, "were strict obedience, humility, and moral conduct, but more especially, as above all, *silence*. What has been done," he asked, "by rushing after fine speech? There is a very great necessity, indeed, of getting a little more silent than we are; rarely should men speak at all, unless it is to say that thing that is to be done, and let him go and do his part

in it and say no more about it." Probably Elia's impediment of speech refined and concentrated his style, made him unconsciously more of an artist in written expression. Procter says: "Lamb knew the worth of silence; he knew that even truth may be damaged by too many words. When he did speak, his words had a flavor in them beyond any that I have heard elsewhere." And who, in our day, has more vitalized that form of speech which has become almost identified with dulness? who has made the sermon so fresh with new significance, an interest transcending sectarian limits, and glowing with reflective humanity, as Frederick Robertson? And yet he says, in one of his letters, "If you knew how sick at heart I am with the whole work of *Parliament*, 'talkee,' 'palaver' or whatever it is called; how lightly I hold the 'gift of gab,' how grand and divine the realm of silence appears to me in comparison!"

As the earth is enriched by lying fallow, as the clouds gather electricity through the calm summer day, as the dew is distilled in the hush of night, so is the soul fed and strengthened by voiceless aspiration and invisible worship. Upon the clearest perceptions and the freshest sensibility there is a pitiless pressure of words, invading the hours of his renewed consciousness with that "map of busy life," the morning journal, encroaching upon his mental self-possession with the perpetual proclamation of news from everywhere and about everything, claiming his attention now in the report of an African traveller and now in the details of a scientific discovery, here in a new novel and there in a political speech, to-morrow in the tragic rehearsals of a catastrophe, and to-day in the record of a revolution or the platitudes of a charlatan. To announce, describe, discuss, and criticise every event in politics, science, literature, art, and society has become the business of so many tongues and pens, that wise men are fain to seek the woods and the desert, in order to collect their thoughts, to recover their equanimity, and to escape the din of eternal communication. All kinds of rights are advocated but that of silence, all kinds of wrong assailed but that of gabble. Utterance is the ideal of the day; to express a thought is considered the only way to possess it; to disintegrate private intelligence by fusing it in public assimilation, to emasculate convictions by diffusive reiteration, to pervert sentiment by rhetoric, and sense by garrulity, may fill up the vacant hours of those destitute of intellectual resources, or gratify the vanity of shallow minds, but the virile in thought and the profound in feeling are sacrificed in the process.

H. T. Tuckerman.

AFOOT ON COLORADO DESERT.

TO keep cool is the principal concern of life at Fort Yuma. Just across the river, in the streets of that huddle of forlorn, bleak, flat-topped mud-houses known as Arizona City, you see certain ghostly umbrellas moving about, with a faint suspicion of whey beneath them. The principal articles of apparel worn in that delectable city are umbrellas and very high-topped boots. At sunset, so the story runs, they fold their umbrellas, like the Arabs, and as silently steal away to a series of moulds, shaped as if for taking plaster-casts, in the cool sand along the bank of the Colorado, into which they pour themselves out of their boots, and emerge in the morning solidified into the human form again.

The Yuma Indians have a method peculiar to themselves. They smear their heads with a layer of marl or clay

an inch thick, working it well into their long hair, which serves a double usefulness: first, suppressing the parasites there resident; second, screening their heads against the too ardent rays of the sun. Then they go far up the river, procure sticks or logs of driftwood, by which they buoy themselves up, and float tranquilly down the stream, leaving no part of themselves exposed to the action of the sun, except these smooth, shiny globes of mud.

The exceedingly flat banks of the Colorado, together with the low growth of cottonwoods and willows, — low, because so often beaten and broken by the floods, — remind one of the Lower Mississippi. And it is worth more than a draught of the river's thick porridge to venture out across them, for they are perfect man-traps. There is something dismal in the very presence of this great desert river; the treacherous swirl of its current sometimes appalls and drags down the strongest swimmer; and the very beasts, if they have lived their wretched lives awhile on its banks, dread the sight of it, and snort, when one attempts to drive them near it, with undisguised terror. Across the desert through which it flows there stretches a stout rocky rib, which the river plunges through in a perpendicular cañon. Thus the frail mud-walls of Arizona City are protected by a natural bulwark, and on the other side Fort Yuma lifts its walls pretentiously up on the bulwark itself.

Standing on the walls of the fort, I looked out over the haggard and sullen desert, and my soul exulted in the very greatness and the savageness of the desolation. Ah! it will be worth a century of babbling in green fields and fiddling among flowers to grapple once more, hand to hand, with Old Hideous! Words cannot express the utterly worn-out, sad, and lustreless light in which I first looked out upon Colorado Desert. It was like a kind of whitish, damp-looking haze, a condensed and visible essence of heat, as it were oozing from the very home of the heat. Nowhere else have I ever beheld such a wan, dismal, and haggard sallowness of the sun, as if it were the birthplace of Time, where the very radiance of heaven, grown old with the earth, had worn down to a mere sickly drizzle of light. The air itself seems to be curdled and dimmish, like the eye of a nonagenarian.

Who that has seen can ever forget Cole's "Voyage of Life"? His symbolic voyager, after he traverses in his flowery shallop the still waters of childhood, amid an extraordinary brilliance of floral shores, stretches out his arms in delirious eagerness after the splendid phantoms of youth; then rushes down the frightful and storm-blackened rapids of manhood; is seen at last, an old man, with his boat just entering upon the verge of ocean, over which and all around him lower the heavy mists of death, while his face, though touchingly saddened and furrowed by the long conflict of life, is radiant now with peace, — an unspeakable peace, — as he gazes tranquilly up toward the dim and shadowy walls of Paradise. The counterpart of those walls seemed to lie before me, as I looked upon the mountains of the Colorado, ninety miles away, heaped up ridge on ridge, with their turrets and domes and minarets. Nature is catholic in her architecture. The mandarin shall find yonder his pagoda; the Roman, his basilica; the Norman, his massive cathedral; the Protestant, his slender spire.

Then I went on down the Colorado flat toward Pilot Knob. By the roadside there was a Texan emigrant-wagon, which had turned aside into the almost impenetrable *mesquite* brakes, where a very auspicious event had occurred. There were some lank and haggard squaws squatting about, with sundry watermelons hardly as large as their heads. One of them, who appeared to have no children of her own, was exceedingly interested in the occurrence, and seemed, in fact, to have been playing the part of Mrs. Gamp acceptably. There was an older child, with which the father was employ-

ing his time, and this the squaw now wanted to take into her hands. By every mute and pleading gesture known to tender mothers, by every faithful promise by which she could bind herself, she seemed to urge him, and at last he gave it to her for a moment. Her childless soul was overjoyed; she chucked it and chucked it under the chin; she coddled it on her knees; she babbled, and clucked, and chirruped, and tossed it up and down, over and over and over again, as civilized women love to do. Doubtless she would gladly have given all the melons of her tribe, and one over and above, for the privilege of carrying it away to her wigwam.

A mile or two below Pilot Knob I left the flat and ascended a few feet upon the plateau of the desert. I had nearly crossed a continent to see a real desert, and I was a little disappointed. I expected sand, but here was reddish loam. I expected a sea-level, but here were thousands of little mounds. I expected nothing else, but here was *mesquite* and *cheriondia* on the mounds. Dead stems lying everywhere, dead stems leaning everywhere, dead stems standing everywhere, with their worm-eaten and loosened sheathing of bark flapping and ticking in every breeze, or dragging half-way down in cobwebs and powder of wood. The whole appearance of the desert was odiously ragged, blighted, blasted, gaunt, dusty. I had hoped to see something as sublime as the ocean, for the great and solemn remorselessness of the gloom; but this was a thing pecked at by Death, shredded, gnawed, shrivelled, hateful.

But I travelled thirty or forty miles beside the edge of a higher plateau of sand, soft and yellow to see, and most exquisitely ripple-marked in little hillocks, which the fierce simooms that at times sweep over them are continually shifting. How that great ocean of sand wimples and flickers beneath the naked, unwinking eye of the sun! It seems to shiver with a burning impatience to rush upon the luckless traveller, and whelm him fathoms deep in the scorching drifts. The whole vast field quivers with the fiery heat, and all the tops of the hillocks are dancing in the air.

Now the road drags heavily on through deep sand. O, this abhorred winter, with its waste of dead limbs, and its perennial Arctic snows! Wearily, wearily I tramp in their drifts, thrust into this arid middle and heat of autumn, with its gaunt and hungry air, its pallor, its blinding white-hot shimmer, and its stifling winds! Sometimes I hear the faint chirrup of the cicala, and think with Antipater that it is sweeter than the swan. Sometimes a gadfly hurries past me in its wide and lonesome flight. Even the crow, which labors heavily along with a strangely sharp, metallic winnowing of the air, holds a moody and solemn stillness, as if it were the last crow of time flapping over the charnel-house of all the centuries.

But the most ghastly of all ghastly things on this hideous wild was the half-eaten and blackened body of a deserter, who, avoiding the stations for fear of detection, had perished miserably on the sand and been slightly covered up, but had been dragged forth by the foul coyotes. Ah! who can picture a more fearful thing than such a death upon the desert! Fallen at last, faint with the raging thirst, he beholds the yelling beasts already gathering about him. His wild and haggard eyes strain out into the lurid glare of the desert. The burning wind sweeps in a little rounded hollow past his head, and with its hot breath sucks away his own. The hissing sand eddies thick upon him, creeping insidiously up, inch by inch, till it rests upon his glazing eye.

One forenoon, amid a fiery heat, I heard at a distance singular sounds, and stopped to listen. At first it was a discordant and rasping sound, something like that of the saw-filer; then it quickly changed to a sharp tinkling jangle, like the chime of little tea-bells, except that there was that strange half-clang which may be made by striking bells under water. I rejoiced much thereat, thinking this was a genuine

acoustical delusion; but a few steps farther brought me to the bed of a dry lagoon, in which there were flowers and buzzing bees, and again I rejoiced,

> "As some lone man who in a desert hears
> The music of his home."

Is it not just possible that all these "acoustical delusions," reported from Sahara and other deserts, are delusions indeed, which a little honest examination would have resolved into phenomena as natural as the humming of bees? Certain it is that for a moment I heard the saw-filing and then the tea-bells as distinctly as ever in my life. But where in all this hideous desert — for it was seventy miles to mountains — do these feeble bees store their juice, unless, like those of Samson, they make a hive of a carcass? It is said that on the great plains of the central basin of California bees often perish from their long wanderings; how, then, could these wing their way through this dreadful weather and return?

In approaching New River one quits the sand and enters upon a vast sea-level plain of reddish soil, which is absolutely denuded of every green thing, and stretches away to infinity, lying bare and blistering in the sun. What is this? Frost? There are patches and acres of white, which look like the early rime, but, upon close inspection, one discovers it is only the minute shells of periwinkles strewn in myriads. Mile upon mile, league after league, I strode across this naked wild, this old and hungry negative of all things, in the centre of a magic circle, frozen in on every hand by a mystic film of ice. Far out as I could see, till it rounded down below the dim horizon, stretched this arctic sheet, glistening deliciously cool and watery-blue in its delusive brilliance. If I brought down my eyes to the level of the desert, then I was frozen in within ten rods; when I rose and walked on, there hovered before me faint and phantom shapes, palaces, domes, gorgeous tropic islands, enchanted mountains, which seemed to roll up and away, far back, to make room for others constantly rising. A fanciful and proud ovation was that lone march on the desert, when weird cities danced in the air about me, and far caravans moved upon the clouds, and all the magnificent pomp of armies was seen in the shadowy panorama!

New River, unlike all well-regulated rivers of which geography brings us any knowledge, has a river for its source, and ends nowhere. Branching from the Colorado near its mouth, it glides easily down across the desert, through a "swale" a quarter of a mile wide, — a mere creek in its proportions, — till it is swallowed up on a level seventy-five feet below the Pacific.

Whom of all men should I find, away here in this desolate sink of the continent, but genuine Vermont Yankees? Northern emigration has flowed westward to the Pacific, then down the coast, then far out here on the desert, and even to Arizona City, beating back the Southern. And, what is still more characteristic, here, where the two streams meet and mingle, you find the Yankee keeping the station or owning the little grocery, while the Southerner is the teamster, or the aimless vagabondizing emigrant, coming to California this year, returning to Texas the next. There were three stations on this desert owned by an old gentleman and his sons, and so well had the father at least preserved his characteristics among the large-handled Californians, that his reputation for stinginess met me ninety miles from his station. This structure was of the usual description; a mud-built quadrangle, of which the house formed one side, while the other three sides were horse-stalls roofed with brushwood. Americans seem to become Mexicanized very soon in regard to mud. In the house part there were whole broadsides of California wine, gorgeous in heraldry of brass and scarlet labels, the fatal sardines, chewing-tobacco, heaps of sacks of barley, and canned fruits blooming in unhealthy colors on their labels. The little old man had a hard, pinched face, which the desert had burned almost black, and he kept all the while insinuating into his

nose pinches of snuff, and inflicting upon that organ most unjust and abusive thrusts with a very hard-wadded silk handkerchief, first upon one nostril, then upon the other. He was serving discharged soldiers with great assiduity. From one of them he received a currency note, which he stretched out straight; then he winked very hard at it with both eyes, examined it with his spectacles, and finally made it a part of a roll nearly as large as his hat, and carefully inserted it into his pocket.

Thirty-six miles now without a drop of water! I slung a canteen full over my shoulder, and started at sunset. All through a long September night, by the soft desert light, in the soft desert coolness, I plodded through the brooding solitude, till moonset, then slept an hour till daybreak, then forward again till three o'clock in the afternoon. Crunch, crunch, crunch forever through the gravel. When the moon went down, it disappeared before it reached the level of the desert; and though I could see nothing, I knew by the ragged outline of that which swept over it in ghostly eclipse that it had found the Sierra Nevada. Could I repress a shudder when I saw my sole companion of the night sink into blackness? Alone, all, all alone, in the darkness of the gaunt and hungry desert! There came to me something of that feeling which breathes through the noble speech of the dying Ajax, when he bids farewell forever to the beautiful light.

But on the cool, hard gravel I soon fell asleep. O, it was a mighty large bed, so big that you could n't kick off the clothes at all! And only one in a bed! I slept well therein, but the rascally coyotes awakened me at last by their yelping. Leaping up suddenly, I came within two or three rods of gripping one by the tail. As they galloped away across the cool gray gravel, in the dim light of the daybreak, it looked precisely as if they were skating away on ice.

Continuing my journey, I presently passed off the gravel, and began to traverse bald yellow or whitish knolls and steep gulches, where everything was absolutely and hideously naked. I walked among peeled hills, and through gullies rasped and washed and rinsed of every green thing. But all was hard now, and stiff in crusts, — the blear stare of the soil, — baked, and skinny, and glistering in the heat with a painful incandescence, — the hopeless reign of hardpan. Sallow old hills, lean old hills, sad old hills, forsaken by all fresh and pleasant things, they grin, and leer, and shiver through an eternal sterility.

Two spurs of the Sierra Nevada straddle far out into the desert, like a pair of tongs, and between them flows feebly down the Carrizo. I had hoped to find some shade or fertility generated by this mountain stream, but the valley is nothing but a broad vacuous sheet of sand. Some distance below the point where the waters of this creek sink, I met some Mexicans with enormous ox-teams, just venturing out into the great desert, going toward Fort Yuma. One of them had with his hands scooped a little pit in the sand, and was waiting for the water to rise. I sat down opposite him, and informed him that it was a good day, whereupon he imparted to me a like piece of intelligence, without once looking in my direction. Then he doubled his hands together, and dipped up water, which he drank. Let a man used to the springs of New England approach one, and he will bow down upon his knees to drink, but a Mexican dips it in his hands. Is it that he fears the insects which live in his warmer climate?

"How long will it take you to reach Fort Yuma?" I asked him.

"*Quien sabe, señor? Mucho tiempo.*" He said this with that exquisite mellifluous languor, which makes the veriest trifles of a peon's talk sweeter than all the eloquence of Everett.

A characteristic answer. "Much time." An American, looking only to the result, would have said, "A long time"; but this Mexican, having all the centuries for his own, and diffusing his consciousness through all the hours

as they pass, for whom mere existence is a guaranty of enjoyment, answers, "Much time."

As one advances up the valley, the mountains draw nearer together, with fringes of foot-hills, frozen-looking and stark in their ghostly pallor. Here, as everywhere in these regions, the mountain ranges gather all the moisture from the clouds, and on their yellow knobs there are a few stunted shrubs, which quiver in the heat, like green-tinged tongues of flame. Occasionally there stands up one among the foot-hills whose heart of fire seems cooled with hidden waters, and on it there are a few shrubs, in singular contrast with this polar nakedness, these grim tropical icebergs.

A little above the Carrizo Station I was rewarded for my early rising with an almost goblin spectacle, worthy of the "golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid." The tips of the mountains were just reddened by the dawn. Before me lay the immaculately white sand-floor of the valley, sprinkled over with the *cheriondia*, in its bright sea-green; dead greenwoods, in a foliage of a crisp, cool, watery gray; and sage-bushes, in a dusty yellowish-green. All the valley and the mountains around stood dim in the violet-white haze of the desert, than which

> "Never a flake
> That the vapor can make
> With the moon-tints of purple and pearl"

could be more tenderly tinted. As soon as the blood-red sun was well above the mountains, all the haze forsook the western horizon and gathered thick about it, shrouding its beams into a cold, pallid stare. This sickly light, falling full down into this white graveyard and among its occupants, the weird, spectral, arctic foot-hills, wrought a wonderful transformation. The *cheriondia*, in this mildew of sunshine, blanched its green brightness, and the whole valley seemed blighted, as if at the approach of the haggard King of Terrors in his pale vestments. Not on the final morning of time shall the sun fling his wan glare so cold through the sickening air upon the last man, freezing his thin blood.

Stephen Powers.

FATHER BLUMHARDT'S PRAYERFUL HOTEL.

IN no part of Europe has the student of the religious or political condition of peoples more difficulty in making sure of his observations than in Germany. This is due in part to the want of uniformity among the people of the different sections, requiring the observer to adopt a different standard when he passes from Bavaria to Austria, or from Saxony to Prussia or the Rhineland; but more perhaps to the extreme individuality of thought which prevails throughout Germany. In no country is the influence of public or class opinion less evident than here. The right to hold peculiar religious, philosophical, or political opinions is more generally acknowledged in all classes of society and among all religious sects than in any other country of the world.

In their waning interest in sermonizing the Germans are not much ahead of the cultivated peoples of other lands, though their manifestation of it may be a little more evident. In the cities of Germany, as in the cities elsewhere, the priest counts for little in a social way. Parochial visitation unquestionably loses its power in a dense population, where there are many more exciting matters than the visit of the minister is apt to be; but in the rural districts of Germany the Pfarrer has still all the power that it is desirable he should have, and far more than is held

by clerical official in any other Protestant country.

In 1866 I had the pleasure of visiting an old tutor of mine, — he from whom I had learned my first German lesson, — now returned to his fatherland, and Pfarrer in the hamlet of Sitzbirg, two thousand feet above the sea, on the western boundary of the canton of Zurich. I left the railway near Wyl, and went some four or five miles across the country on foot, without other guidance than my map; for the people whom I questioned, with the perverse spirit so common among the Catholic parts of the country, did not or would not know even the names of villages just across the borders of their canton. I found my friend in charge of a small but thrifty congregation of Protestants, who tilled the summit of the arid hills separating the basin of Lake Zurich from that of Lake Constance. The relation between the Pfarrer E—— and his flock seemed to be of the happiest description: he was their guide in matters temporal as well as spiritual, — not their preacher alone. He seemed to have the authority possessed by the Catholic priest, with the additional power given by his having a family which could serve as an elevated example for his parishioners, and make them feel that he was a fellow-citizen. A man of profound learning and extensive experience in the world, he had already seen that the time when the sermon could be trusted as the main agent of religious guidance had passed, and sought to replace it by the influence of example and that continual incitation which the rural clergyman can still bring to bear on his flock. By many it would perhaps have been thought that the flock of the good Pfarrer got far too little of doctrinal theology; but if we may judge the work by its fruits, the pure lives, leading through contentment and cheerfulness to a hopeful end, surely warranted the omission. In no community which I have ever visited were the happy effects of the guidance of a spiritual teacher so clearly visible. I could wish no rural parish a happier fate than to be led in the way of life by such a Christian and philosopher, who gives his valuable life to the work of shaping the humble careers of a few hundred mountaineers.

That the spirit of the enthusiastic and blind religious devotion of this people during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is not dead I am fully convinced. Its demonstrativeness is gone, for that always disappears with intellectual culture; and in Germany intellectual culture has affected a larger part of the social mass than in any other region. A chance experience which befell me in Suabia may give the reader a clearer idea of the religious fervor which lies dormant beneath the stolid exterior of this people than all the assertion which can be made.

I once had occasion to visit Boll, in Southern Würtemburg, a watering-place of much note in times gone by, but its springs have since dried up and all memory of their peculiar virtues is forgotten. My friend, Dr. F—— of Stuttgart, in answer to my inquiry about an inn, wrote the name of Pfarrer Blumhardt in my note-book, and his own beneath it, — a simple form of introduction in vogue in Germany, — telling me at the same time that I would find the place of the good parson as interesting, perhaps, as the rocks which I went to study, but that he would tell me nothing about it, leaving me to form my own impression. My experience showed that he acted wisely in allowing me to see what I afterward saw without the prejudice which would have been given by previous description. The conveyance from Geislingen, where we left the railway, brought us, after a drive of a couple of hours, to the door of an ancient and stately edifice of great size, which was evidently the hotel of the old watering-place. We were warmly welcomed, not only by the usual throng which greets the wanderer as he descends at the gate of a German country inn, but by the motherly wife of the pastor whose name I had brought, and many of the pleasant faces of the guests of the place bade

us a welcome by their looks. There was a touch of affection in these greetings which showed at once that there was something peculiar about the place, and made me half suspect that I was mistaken for some long-expected brother. We were led into the reception-room, — a pleasant apartment, where there were on every side evidences of refined taste, though everything showed that simple comfort was the end in view. We were met at the door by the good Blumhardt himself, who welcomed us with the cordial grasp of both hands and a genial earnestness which characterizes the greeting of an old German friend. My attention was so engrossed with the personal appearance of this remarkable-looking man, that I for a while forgot to show him my brief introduction. Though years have passed since that meeting, I recollect his whole appearance with marvellous distinctness : a body rather below the average in height, but much beyond it in every other dimension, and which seemed almost absurdly round and fat in his cumbrous dressing-gown, supported a head which was also round and fat and disproportionately large. Although excessive flesh had done all it could to make its bearer appear gross and animal, there shone through it all one of the cheeriest expressions I have ever seen. The features were noble, forehead and top-head high and broad, eyes of that friendly hazel which is so often seen in Germany, traces of a fine Roman were visible in the nose, and the mouth had lost nothing of its pliant, sympathetic expression from the excess of fat. One felt that there was a handsome, vigorous fellow under the load of flesh, and longed to put him in training to bring out the buried man. The most remarkable feature was the commanding look, which the affable smile and bland musical tone did not hide. It was evident that here was a good, strong nature, a determined will, long accustomed to rule ; any doubts on this point would have been at once solved by the behavior of those about him. When he spoke, all others cut short their remarks and listened.

The reader may correct this picture by that of the leader of the German Reformation. To me the good father has always been Martin Luther, quite filling my perhaps imperfect conception of the physique of that giant. When I had, in the course of five minutes, got a satisfactory impression of my host, I recollected my introduction. I thought I detected a shade of doubt on his face when he read it, but it quickly disappeared. When I answered his question as to my profession, our welcome was reiterated, and we were escorted to our rooms in a remote part of the edifice and bidden prepare for the noonday dinner.

The fourscore or more present, assembled at the long tables of the dining-room, were on all accounts the most remarkable-looking collection of people I had seen in Germany. It was evident at first sight that a considerable part of the throng were invalids, which led me to suppose that the old springs had broken out afresh, and that after all the good father was only the keeper of a bathing-place ; this hypothesis fell through, when on inquiry I found that there was no chance to bathe, not even enough water from the springs to drink. It also seemed so well accepted that I was one of them, and in earnest sympathy with their object, whatever that might be, that I could not with propriety ask any point-blank questions. When the whole company had assembled and stood in waiting behind their chairs, Father Blumhardt appeared, and, after greeting the whole company, seated himself at his place at the table and read a chapter of the Bible ; he then gave out a hymn, which was sung by the whole company, each being provided with a book, and afterwards made a long, earnest, and well-worded prayer, which closed this rather formidable preamble to the meal. The dinner took less time than the introduction to it, as it consisted of a single course of meat and potatoes, — an abundant but rather simple repast. For

dessert we had another hymn, an explication of Scripture and a blessing, which closed the performance, of which ten minutes had been given to the inner man, and one hour and fifty minutes to the religious part of the feast. It must be said, however, that the whole company seemed to care far more for a word from Father Blumhardt than for the carnal repast. There were on every side evidences of religious enthusiasm, more subdued but as intense as that which one finds in a Methodist revival-meeting.

After dinner the whole company mingled in pleasant, social conversation, and we had a chance to study the character of the people here assembled. One half could safely be set down as belonging to the rather ignorant middle class, — easy material out of which to make religious enthusiasts, and in no essential feature different from the persons whom one always finds in any scene of religious excitement; the rest, however, were evidently above the level. There were several Lutheran clergymen, university bred, and showing marks of culture; a number of ladies of refinement of manner, well read, not only in their own literature, but conversant with that of the English and French languages; — a better average, on the whole, than would be found in the ordinary churches of a large city. Nor was it a local gathering; they were from many parts of Germany, Prussia, and Austria, as well as South Germany being represented. At first sight, it was evident that the good father was the source of all the life of the place; that the greater number of those there would have at once bowed down and worshipped him, if they thought he would have allowed them to do so. The excessive devotion of the women was particularly conspicuous; it was evident that his power over them was unlimited.

In the evening, at the simple supper the religious ceremony was even longer than at dinner, lasting from seven till half past nine, and ending with the Lord's Prayer from the boy at the foot of the table, a lad of twelve years old. It seemed to be a part of the order of the services that the day should be ended by this prayer from the boy.

I was so fortunate after the supper as to find among the guests in this strange hostelry a gentleman who could give me the key to the character of the place. Father Blumhardt was one of the religious enthusiasts of the day; a strict Lutheran in faith, he had gradually added to his creed a firm belief in the curative power of his prayers. It seemed as if this conviction had been gradually forced upon him by outside influence rather than evolved from his own mind. He was in the habit of praying at the bedside of the sick, as is the custom of clergymen of all denominations. The conviction gradually grew among his parishioners that his prayers were more often answered than those of other ministers. The fame of his cures had brought so many converts to and seekers after his aid, that he was at length compelled to open a hotel to accommodate those who came to him. Besides those who came hoping to be healed, there were many others, and they constituted the better part of his guests, who resorted to his house in order to enjoy the Christian society they found there, leaving the distractions of the outside world to live the quiet, innocent life which was to be found within the old walls of Boll Bad. A very intelligent old lady told me that she came there every year to pass a few weeks, not that she believed that Pfarrer Blumhardt's prayers were more often answered than those of other ministers, but because she felt it did her soul good to live in the religious atmosphere she always found there. I owed most of my information concerning the place and its people, other than that my eyes and ears supplied, to a Scottish clergyman who, strangely enough, I found here attentively studying the strange phase of religion before him. He was a tall, stern-looking Scot who had passed many years in missionary labor in India, whence he had

just come, his Presbyterian earnestness undiminished by ten years' fight with all the discouragements which the zealous missionary meets. To him I could see that the cheerful, genial sort of Christianity which he now encountered was unaccustomed if not disagreeable. Father Blumhardt he believed, as every one who came in contact with him necessarily did, to be an honest man, misled and misleading by enthusiasm; but with the better educated of those about him he seemed to have small patience. It was exceedingly interesting to see his stern, critical face as he scanned the long lines of adoring countenances eagerly dwelling on the Pfarrer's lips. Surely there never was such a dramatic contrast between two faces, or two conceptions of Christianity as these two men afforded.

From the disciple of John Knox I learned the cause of my high favor on my first arrival, and the slight cooling which had since taken place. In answer to the question as to my profession, I had stated that I was a *Geolog*, thinking that the good man would the better understand why I appeared at Boll, which is one of the most famous places for the geologist in Europe. Owing to my bad pronunciation or his preconceived opinion, the good Pfarrer had understood me to say *Theolog*, and had welcomed me as a brother. What a triumph for the good man to have an American theologian sitting at his feet! a triumph even Luther had not had. What wonder that we got the best place at the table and in the affections of the good Pfarrer, or that when the mistake was explained I fell from grace!

The peasantry of the neighborhood were in the habit of coming to the house in the evening and on Sundays to be prayed for, in order to be healed of their bodily disorders. They came one by one to the minister, who gave them, even to the poorest, his cheery greeting, which alone was as health-giving as sunshine; then he placed his hands upon their heads, they kneeling before him, and prayed silently, or in a low voice, for a minute or two. One could see, as the patient rose, that there had been a great mental impression made, and that he believed that healing had been done upon him. This may seem absurd in description; but I am free to confess that religion, in the ordinary sense of the word, never seemed so attractive to me as when I saw these things. One may live a lifetime, nowadays, without hearing a prayer made in the unfaltering confidence that it is to be at once answered. But when the good father prayed, you felt that he was convinced that he spoke with the Omnipotent, and that if it was fitting the prayer should be granted, the sick one would be straightway healed. To his power to convince the crouching penitent beneath his hands that his prayer was heard by the Omnipotent may be attributed his singular success. I cannot convey a better idea of the strange effect of his prayers than by saying that a person the most incredulous of the power of prayer to affect the physical world would not have been surprised to see the lame rise up and walk, or the blind made to see, under their influence, so powerfully did he appeal to the instinctive confidence in prayer which is born within us all.

On Sunday there were two services in the chapel, — once a dancing-room in the old life of the place. The pastor was not as great in the pulpit as in the more familiar intercourse with his people. It was a clear, well-composed sermon, showing no erratic views, unless his unbounded confidence in prayer in general and his own in particular can be called such; on the whole, a more reasonable discourse than could have been expected from an enthusiast. In the afternoon, my patience being somewhat exhausted, — for I had listened to about four hours of religious exercises that day, — I slipped away to have a little quiet among the hills. I was detected on my way with the end of the handle of my hammer sticking out of my pocket, and on my return the bag of fossils completed my discomfiture. Henceforth I was treated very politely,

but made to feel that there was a great difference in my position. And, as on the other days of my stay it was absolutely necessary for me to "cut" the after breakfast and dinner performances, I soon found that I was rather out of place. That I could find the society of Ichthyosauri and Ammonites more edifying than the wisdom which dropped from Father Blumhardt's lips was an offence not to be forgiven, though I used all the German at my command to exculpate myself.

I have never seen any place richer in studies of character. There was a poor student with disease of the eyes, which had destroyed one eye and nearly ruined the other, with no chance of the days on earth ever being brighter to him, clinging with desperation to the hope that the Pfarrer could persuade the Almighty to do a miracle upon him. There was a clergyman, with university culture, in whom the scepticism of the educated German was contending with the spirit of credulity which was naturally strong in him. Others dying with consumption and equally fatal maladies were confident that the intercession of Father Blumhardt could change their fate. Even the aged, who were on the verge of their graves, seemed to think it might be that the fountain of youth flowed from the lips of the good father. Nothing could be more pitiful than to see those who were doomed by the inevitable laws of their bodies clinging with enthusiastic desperation to the skirts of this deluded man.

Boll was a revelation to me, and I am sincerely thankful that accident and the kindness of my friend in Stuttgart led me thither. Coming to it, as I did, at the beginning of a half-year journey through Southern and Middle Germany, it enabled me to see further into the character of the people than I could otherwise have done, and led me not to mistake their carelessness of the external signs of religion for a decay of the religious feeling. There was one thing, however, which, more than all the rest, had a peculiar interest for the student of the miraculous. It was that you could see the progress of miracles from the simple origin to the inexplicable mystery. A sprained ankle which would have got well of itself in a day or two, and which recovered as quickly under the influence of prayer, was soon magnified, until it was a broken limb which had healed under the miraculous touch of the inspired Blumhardt. The peculiarly excited condition of the people at this place seemed to deprive them of all critical power. One could have obtained willing and honest testimony to the most impossible things.

Although out of sympathy with the matters of interest and belief which brought those good people together, and thus in a somewhat awkward position, I confess it was with no slight regret that I found it necessary to leave these earnest Christian people. I paid a reckoning so modest that it could hardly have covered the cost of even the simple food we had eaten, and bade good by to Boll.

RUDOLPH: A MONOGRAPH.

[The editors print the following paper with the assurance of the author that it is substantially a statement of facts.]

PERHAPS Daines Barrington might have gone down to posterity unknown, save for having coupled his name with the youthful Mozart, in a paper illustrative of the wonderful genius of the child. With no attempt at such distinction, having a minor subject to describe, I still believe a meagre yet truthful account of Rudolph, a lad of ten, may be worth recording.

The Blimber hot-house atmosphere of the present time has forced so much precocity, that wonderful children scarcely attract attention. There are so many mental sowers, croppers, reapers, and harrowers, tearing through and pulverizing the soil, that children are producing untold crops of something immature, — we may call it fruit, if you please. Two-year-old children are pitted against two-year-old Derby colts, brains against hoofs, and, regardless of future strains, spavins, and founders, so that a rousing stride is arrived at early, a fearful pace is acquired; the future race, the long, steady pull, trying matured wind and muscle, is entirely forgotten. The escapes from this overwork are very rare; with a few most brilliant exceptions, brain or body suffer, sometimes both, mostly the latter. I should, perhaps, dislike quite as much to be taxed with the perverse taste of attending public executions, as to be laid under the imputation of a seeker-out and annalist of wonderful children; yet a strange fatality has thrown me, I believe, in contact with several precocities, and involuntarily I have kept a mental record of them.

Mélanie N—— was born in a French garrison town. At two years of age, when a strolling band passed, — her nursery was off the street, — she could distinguish every individual instrument, saying, "I hear a clarionet, a cornet, a harp, and a bass-viol." At four, by ear, not by sight, she would instantly determine what military band was performing, indicating the regiment, as, for instance, "That is the music of the 22d Chasseurs," or, "Of the 14th Infantry." There happened to be a rivalry between the two band-masters; they were contending for some musical prize, and both performed similar pieces. On being asked how she knew one from the other, she would reply, "Because the 14th has one more ophicleide than the 22d, and the drum of the 22d differs from the drum of the 14th; and, besides, if you will only wait a little while, the new ophicleide of the 14th, before he gets through, is sure to be flat." At five she improvised on the piano, and, though inaccurately, was able to note down what she composed. Then all objects animate and inanimate had a sound for her. The water-butt ran off its contents, when full, in a sliding scale commencing with *re*, or the sheep bleeted in *fa*, the cows lowed in *mi*. At seven, on the occasion of the Curé's *fête*, she wrote an Agnus Dei in four parts, charming from its *naïveté* and harmony, still performed, as far as I know, in the departmental church; and at eight she died. Melanie's parents were well-to-do shopkeepers, both fair musicians, but I cannot tax them with having forced the inclinations of their only child. If the piano was closed, Melanie was ill and would sob herself into hysterics; yet she was a sweet and amiable child. An accursed musical-box placed under a pillow when she was a twelvemonth old had started this wonderful musical machinery, had fired the train which ultimately consumed her. She was diminutive to a degree, with an oversized head; her health was wretched, and she died of a spinal complaint with cerebral disturbance.

The philological child I think I

found once in New Orleans, in Patrick. His father was an Irishman, his mother a Bavarian; their profession, keepers of a sailors' boarding-house. At nine years old Patrick spoke German, French, Spanish, Italian, and Swedish. Of course, English was his vernacular, but his German was as good as his English. In French, as to accent and genders, he was absolutely perfect. His Spanish was fair, and the peculiar *j* always right. Italian he knew less about, but in Swedish he was again perfectly at home. It was strange to see a ragged little Mezzofanti in a squalid room, from a filthy bar, dispensing spirits to all the drunken nationalities, having a word or two for each, and sometimes, when encouraged by his father, urging the payment of an old score, by the hour, with some foreign sailor. Patrick could scarcely read; his language-acquisitiveness, of course, is well understood; he had heard all manner of strange sounds from his birth, he was nothing more than a linguistic mocking-bird. Ten years ago, I chanced to meet him as a boat-hand on the Ohio River. He told me he had forgotten "all the lingo," as he expressed it. On asking the captain of the boat what kind of a person he was, he replied: "Pretty fair for an ordinary hand; not much brains, and not strong enough for boat-work." I forgot to mention his dialect was changed to that of the Hoosier; it struck me then, that the gift of language had not entirely disappeared, there was still some very faint persistence.

The inventive child, I think, very rare, because, unable to handle tools, he cannot produce materially his mental creations. Yet I must ever remember a farmer's son of seven, just able to spell, who, miles away from any mill, with a spool, some umbrella-wire, and a shingle, made an under-shot wheel, and ran it in a little brook. It was as near a turbine-wheel of a peculiar form as possible, so close that, had this child's invention been able to claim a priority, it might have settled a patent suit which eight years afterwards involved a fortune. What is, however, wonderful in this case is its pleasant *dénouement*. At ten years of age he went to school, at fifteen he entered a machine-shop, and at twenty-two, for distinguished talent and inventive power, having made a speciality of marine-engines, he now occupies the position of second engineer in the work-shop of a foreign government. He has no drawbacks, body and mind being in perfect tone and condition.

The subject of this article, whose name we will call Rudolph, is a few months over ten years old; he lives in the South, and his origin is a foreign one. This is evident from his pronunciation, shown principally by placing a wrong accentuation on the syllables. Grammatically he never makes an error; his language in treating commonplace things is stilted; for instance, he will say, having something for my children in his pocket, instead of, "Boys, I 've got something good for you," "I have brought something excellent, to propitiate you little ones with." In appearance he is somewhat below the average size; the head is rather large, the eyes blue, subdued, and dull, the complexion pallid, the mouth large and mobile, the chin massive, the ears too large and at right angles with the head, and the whole contour of the face crowned with a forehead not so high as immensely wide. Did a good mother of healthy children pass him, she would say, "That boy wants sea-bathing, careful diet, and change of air."

Rudolph is playing with my children, and the marbles are spinning over the floor, and shouts of, "Knuckle down!" "My first!" and "Fen dabs!" resound. Presently a marble rolls along and is stopped by a kaleidoscope left by one of my boys on the floor.

"What is that, Rudolph?" asks a friend of the house, a stranger to Rudolph.

"A kaleidoscope, sir," is the reply.

"Would you like to know something more about it, my lad?" inquires the gentleman, kindly.

Rudolph looks at him in a puzzled way, and shows a disposition to resume marbles. I make a sign to my friend, and motion him to allow Rudolph to explain, and the boy commences. "Sir David Brewster invented it. It is an optical toy. Copies of the forms it produces are sometimes used as designs for goods. It is made in this way: you take a tube, close one end with a double glass, the outside one semi-transparent; between these two glasses you place whatever small objects you please; in this instance it is bits of colored glass and beads; on the other side is a small aperture to look through. Inside are two mirrors or reflecting surfaces joined at an angle of sixty degrees, and the image *must be* reflected or repeated five times, causing an exact combination of images, in fact, a regular figure." This is gotten off easily, glibly, without hesitation; the only error in pronunciation is in "reduplicating," the third syllable having been over-accentuated.

My friend says to me in Latin, "A parrot." I reply in French, "Have a care, for, as far as I know, the boy will understand you." Somewhat nettled, the gentleman says: "All right, Rudolph; but pray explain to me what you mean by reflected."

"In this instance it is a plane surface which reflects. Sometimes it is a concave or convex surface which reflects; do you want the simplest, in this case, the reflection from a plane surface? When an image is thrown on a surface, it is either absorbed and is lost, or a luminous recoil takes place, visible to our senses, and the image is said to be reflected. The substance giving the picture again is called the reflector; the image is said to be reflected." This was said very quietly, with a marble in his hand. The boy paused, and then the marble dropped on the floor, and his mien changed. "Don't you think there may be other reflections than those of heat, sound, and motion? Other imponderable agents might be reflected, there is such a close connection between them all. Is it a fair inference —" and here the brain commenced to assume entire mastery of the body; the boy swerved from right to left, walked in an agitated way from side to side, entirely absorbed in his thoughts.

"Bless me, Rudolph," I interposed, "this is speculative science. Do you ever think on these subjects? Have you read anything about them?"

"No, nothing; will you give me something to read which would explain these things? But I wanted to ask you something. I precipitated a salt of copper with ammonia, and redissolved it, *of course*, in ammonia with an excess; I went further with my ammonia, and got a second trace, faint, though, of a precipitate. Now I have every reason to suppose my solution was chemically pure, as I made it myself; I used, though, a piece of an old galvanic battery, and perhaps —".

Just here Henry, who had been standing near with mouth wide open, sung out, "I say, Rudolph, come finish your game. Your first, and my second, and knuckle down!"

Rudolph joins the game, though I think the action is accomplished with a painful mental jerk.

Said my companion: "I thought at first this was an awful little prig, some little Sandford and Merton brute; but I must express myself amazed; why, it seems to me that baby is absolutely venturing on the realms of speculative science; but a word or so more, and he would have been lecturing on latent galvanism, its influence on chemical affinity. Is this cramming, or is it not? I do hate cramming so, and agree with old Epictetus, when he expresses his disgust, and how men differ from sheep in this respect; whereas the sheep give the shepherd the fragrant curd and fleecy wool, and not the undigested food of a year's grass-croppings. I should so like to find out what more this wonderfully little wretched child knows; but I deem it sinful, murderous, to tax him further. I do so hate to be a Pumblechook."

"You will not have to wait very long," I replied; "you have awakened

Rudolph; unfortunately, he never plays long enough." And presently the child abruptly left the game and approached the study-table. On it was "Tyndall on Sound." He singled it out, among numerous volumes, opened it at hazard, and in an instant, with his eyes not more than three inches from the page, was utterly lost in its contents.

"Rudolph," I said, waking him up from a brown study, taking the book gently from him, "have you ever seen this book before?"

"Never."

"Know anything about sound?"

"Acoustics? Not much; very little." Then, simply started with some elementary question, he commenced with the theory of sound, its wave motion, the exact figures of its rapidity, its differences of transmission through various media; talked of sirenes, vibrations, pulsations; presently I stopped him, and, opening the book haphazard at page 257, figure 138, asked, "What is this?" He paused for a moment, examined it eagerly, and replied: "I should think it is the form a liquid would probably take — perhaps in this particular instance mercury — when a disturbance takes place on its surface. I should think that here there may be more than one centre of disturbance; perhaps two or three." This reply from a boy of ten would have doubtless pleased the distinguished author who so worthily has taken up Farraday's mantle. "Did you ever see this picture before?" asked my friend. "No," was the reply; and Rudolph is perfectly truthful. I then sought out Chladni's figures, caused by the vibrations of glass affecting some light substances placed on them. Rudolph knew all about them, and told me he had been comparing them with somewhat similar figures caused by magnetic influences on metal-filings. My friend, in mockery of spirit, says something about singing flames: he thinks he has nonplussed Rudolph. We allow the boy a chance, and he clearly shows that he understands rather more about it than either of us.

"What more does this boy know?" asks my friend, in despair.

"Know," I reply, "why, there is scarcely a question in inorganic chemistry he cannot reply to, and as a recreation he will give you every prescription in Wood and Bache, if you want it; since you have broken the ice now, you might as well go on.

Questioning recommences, and every possible metal and earth, solids, fluids, acids, alkalis, bases, oxides, sulphates, chlorides, nitrates, we can think of are asked about. Equivalents, atomic proportions, all ordinary and extraordinary processes of manufacture, are included; the new methods of iron reductions are thrown in. We try to blow him up with the fulminates; he retorts by going into the formations of the gaseous compounds arising from their combustion. And now, as he warms up to his work, he drops all the common terms, uses the scientific nomenclature, and, as far as we know, has not made a single error. Rudolph has certainly gone through an examination which perhaps only one in a thousand of medical graduates could have stood; and, as far as chemistry is required, would have passed as assistant surgeon before an army or navy board. As he concludes he naïvely remarks, "But I don't know anything at all about organic chemistry"; and yet he takes up the alcoholic transitions, the ethers, the fermentations, gives the elements of all the common and uncommon substances we ask about, with their complex O, C, N, and H's, gives the theory of their analysis, and somehow or other, by what seemed to us to be a natural transition, winds up with the solar-spectrum, the Newtonian theory, the separation of the rays of light, the polarity, Froenhoffer's lines, a description of the new metals, the constant presence of sodium; and then Henry captures him, just as he has started ozone, and the game of marbles is resumed; we are only too glad of it, for Rudolph has exhausted us.

It is not my intention to give here

the impressions made on us. I should simply state that amazement, pain, and *irritability* were commingled. It required a constant mental effort fully to appreciate that it was a mere child talking. He is crammed, crammed, crammed, would be always uppermost in our minds. The feeling of irritability is most difficult to explain; there is intense sympathy for the child, and none for the tremendous mental power which takes the form of a monstrosity, and the two feelings clash. As to the boy himself, the physical disturbances became more manifest, the voice was even affected, the pronunciation more *outré*, the words, though correct, would sometimes halt, as if language would not come fast enough for thoughts. Any interruption (though he never would leave the train of thought commenced) was so apparently painful, that we let him have his bent.

It would be wearisome did I catalogue all this boy has at his finger's end. Chemistry is his forte, though all the kindred sciences are familiar to him. I defy a lecturer to explain to his class the process of telegraphy, its history, the nature of the instruments now in use, or that have been in use and discarded, with the entire theory, better than Rudolph can. Some time ago I lent him "Farraday's Lectures to his Younger Classes"; he returned it, saying, "I was acquainted with the facts, and it is too elementary," which, undoubtedly, it was.

But how is he in his general studies? He goes to a public school, and the head-master says: "He is first in his class in everything. He never misses. Sometimes he leaves his books in school, and I think I will pass him his recitations for the day, but he knows them perfectly. He comes five minutes before school and studies them. I never think of requiring his attention during school hours, so necessary for most other children; so he is orderly, that is all I require. I do wish he could get up a passion for butterflies. Of course he would know all about them entomologically before long, but then he would have the run of the fields, and it would do him so much good. My boys are all devoted to him; if you wanted to see a right down good fight, only let anybody crook a little finger at him. I have taught a great many children in my time, but Rudolph is the most wonderful child in every respect I ever saw. I do so wish he was stronger."

A day or so ago I met Rudolph under the trees, seated, book in hand, whilst his comrades were riotous over base-ball. "Why don't you join them, Rudolph?" I asked. "I cannot see the ball clearly enough to seize it. I tried to do so the other day. It struck me in the face. It hurt me exceedingly. I saw all the constellations. I wonder why, when the optic nerve is contused, you see a *delirium of colors?*" Just then Henry and Frank enter *en scène*, and Rudolph calls Frank "a six-legged spider."

"Why a spider, my boy, and why six-legged?" I ask.

"Because he has legs, arms, eyes, ears, a mouth, and a brain. The legs are amputated, the arms remain; the eyes are blind, the ears still hear; the mouth becomes silent, yet the brain may think: we are all six-legged creatures." The way this was said, its half intensity, its half comicality, struck me. Presently, with head down, that fearful brain of his working up, perhaps further elucidating this grotesque idea, he left us.

At my tea-table some friends were talking Max Müller, and a very weak philological conversation, adapted to the heat of the climate and the occasion, was going on. A very kind lady, not a bit *femme forte*, said Semitic-Aryan, and talked "Lothair." The boy was busy with his supper, — and, by the way, his table manners savor of the adolescent Dr. Johnson, — when this *enfant terrible* commenced on Sanscrit-Pali, spoke of the origin of languages, gave some derivations, traced it roughly up to English, and, though ignorant of any general rules, was more conversant with it, had a greater foundation to

build upon, than would have had one in ten thousand of thoroughly educated people, such as we might meet in a drawing-room.

Again, is all this cramming? Is Rudolph aught else than a mental hopper, into which all kinds of miscellaneous facts are thrown, to be discharged again? It may be so, but yet, by some wonderful adaptation, a power of assortment takes place, and the substances are separated, classed, and generalized. We may be surprised at the mental property of retaining so much, but we must think it supernatural that he should dare even to speculate on them. At three Rudolph read; it is impossible that he should have been able to take any interest in scientific subjects before seven; we know that two years ago he was ignorant, comparatively, of chemistry. How surprising, then, it must be, to think how much this boy has absorbed in two or three years! I may be taxed with an exaggeration prone to make me ridiculous, but if Humboldt at forty, in his universal knowledge, was a cosmologist, then Rudolph at ten, comparing age for age, is quite as wonderful.

Perhaps some kindly people may accuse me of cruelty towards this child. I am free to acknowledge that only once, when ignorant of his powers, I thoroughly examined him; but from that time until now I have done all I could, not to suppress exactly, — for that would, I believe, kill him, — but gradually to lead him through other paths, and to teach him how to play. "If he must devour books and digest all facts," I argued, "suppose lighter food be placed before him." To this new food, fiction, he took too eagerly, and what he did with it was *sui generis*. Alexander Dumas once told the writer, "I never enjoy my own plays or anybody else's after the curtain is up and the characters all chalked out (*calqué*). I don't know how it is, but I have a wretched way of appropriating them, just as does poor Mr. Morphy playing blindfold several games of chess. I run my characters through three or four entirely different plots; sometimes the author does as I do, but often my new *dénouement* is the better." Just so did Rudolph; when he had mastered the story, he changed everything, and made new scenes, new incidents. Of course, this I could not consider as very injurious, but, nevertheless, chemistry, physics, kept on aggregating.

Will this boy's brain be able to sustain the tension? I fear not; but should the Almighty keep up his mind and body, and the power increase, there is stuff in him to make an Arago, a Laplace, a Humboldt, or a Farraday, — perhaps the scientific illumination of this century; but I am afraid the balance between brain and body is too far apart. What he wants is a careful, tender guide, one whose task would be more than difficult. You would likely kill the child did you attempt to suppress the brain entirely at one rude push. Physiologically I believe the brain circulation is so flooded that a refluent wave might cause the blood to surge on some weaker part, and drown him. This child's intellect should be unfolded leaf by leaf, and just as tenderly, as gently, as the expert divides the old Egyptian papyrus; the question of physique might or might not be easy. We suppose a physician of undoubted talent and change of climate might effect something; and why is this not done? Because the gifts of this world are sometimes very unevenly distributed.

Here he comes now, very wan and pale, and sidles up to my table, and looks wistfully at my books. Henry is trying all he can to read "Little Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and can't. On the table is a compass; all Henry knows about the instrument is that it will keep pointing one way, and that if he faces that way it is north, and then the back of his head is south; east and west he is not very sure about yet, and Henry is seven years old.

"O Rudolph, do now do tell me about the compass. Father says I am too young yet to know much about it. I know that you know all about *her*."

(My eldest delights in the negro field-hands' peculiarities of genders and pronouns.)

"My son," I say, "have I not requested you not to bother Rudolph with questions? Go out on the veranda and play tag; make all the noise you please. Rudolph is invited here to play, not to teach you things; so clear out, both of you."

Said Rudolph, "It don't trouble me, and I am not in the mood for playing to-day." And away they go, and through the open window I watch Henry, eager at first, with mouth and eyes wide open ready to swallow the compass. I hear Rudolph, who commences at the commencement, with the Chinese, the loadstone, magnetic iron, the horse-shoe magnet, the needle, the true pole, the various methods of suspension, the artificial deviations caused by iron ships, English admiralty experiments, the natural progression of variations, how these disturbances were noted in 1576, when it varied easterly 10° 15′, when it got right again, how it went westerly again; and here he paused, for Henry, I am thankful for it (it was such a warm summer's afternoon), was sound asleep. Rudolph looked at him a moment, laughed a pleasant chuckle, then resumed his grave countenance and lounged into my study. I offer him a ball, wishing devoutly it was a pony, so that his pale face might get hale and hearty and blowzed as my boy's, with sun and wind and play. He takes the ball, then asks about the *mitrailleuse*, then develops (he who has perhaps never shot a gun, perhaps not a cracker) the theory of projectiles, talks trajectory, gravity, windage, recoil, gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine! I am not inclined to talk, so he takes the nearest book, "Galton on Hereditary Genius." In a moment he is deep in it; I surreptitiously substitute Hans Andersen; he smiles, and says, "Taboo."

If commonplace Henry, when grown to man's estate, can understand, theoretically only, as much about the compass as Rudolph does now at ten, I shall be satisfied. But I do so thank God that Henry is sound asleep, sprawling at full length on the veranda. I think when he is eight he ought to be made to read.

Barnet Phillips.

INDIAN SUMMER.

THE Widow Collins sat on the arm of a large easy-chair, ironing. The odor of lilac-blossoms from the great bush outside the window drifted in and mingled with the prosaic fragrance of what the widow called "boiled pot." A great yellow cat sat blinking and purring on the doorstep with the shifting shadow of the maple leaves wavering over his back; and a robin somewhere overhead chirped tenderly to his brooding mate. Without and within life seemed like an unwrinkled lake, with nothing darker to be reflected than a floating fleecy cloud.

For a long time there was only the purring and chirping and boiling, with the measured *chud* of Mrs. Collins's iron, and now and then the creaking of a discontented board as she walked across the floor to change it. Then of a sudden the garden gate swung to with a clack, and there came a step up the path and then a shadow in the doorway.

"I want to know if that is you, Mrs. Evelyn," said the widow, looking up and running the hot iron against her finger.

"Yes, I suppose it is," rejoined Mrs. Evelyn, heavily, dropping upon a chair and beginning at once to pull the stems from a basin of currants she held in her hand. "I thought I might as well

run in here and pick over my currants as to do it at home."

"That 's right; I am glad you did," returned the widow. "And when you go home, don't forget to take some artichokes to the children."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Evelyn, absently. "I am worried half to pieces about my husband," she added, throwing a handful of currants out of the window and putting the stems in her bowl. "Where do you suppose he is?"

"Your *husband!* I 'm sure I don't know," rejoined Mrs. Collins, glancing at the corner cupboard as though wondering if it were possible she had put him away by mistake along with her bunches of sweet-flag root and wild mint. "No," she added, shaking her head as if she had made up her mind on that point. "Why, where do you think he is? Where did he go?"

"He went to Boston yesterday morning," replied Mrs. Evelyn. "He brought me in a pail of water after breakfast, and then said he, 'I 've a great mind to go over to the city today. Anything you want to send for?' said he. Then I named over half a dozen little things, and he wrote them down in his note-book and went off. I expected him back to supper, sure, but he has n't come yet."

"Gone out to Framingham, likely. His brother or some of the folks was in with a team maybe, and so he took the chance to ride out and see his mother," returned Mrs. Collins, with satisfied assurance.

"I wish I knew it," replied Mrs. Evelyn, throwing another handful of currants out of the window.

"He 'll be at home to-morrow all right," pursued Mrs. Collins. "See! Is n't that he coming now?"

No! no! It was nobody but Captain Fanning, who stopped as he came against the window, nodded, and said, "Pretty good weather we are getting nowadays."

"Very *growing* weather," responded the widow, glancing at her garden.

"See here, Captain!" called Mrs. Evelyn, as with another nod he was about moving on. "You have n't seen anything of my husband, have you, today or yesterday?"

"Your husband? No. Why, he has n't run off and left you, has he?" replied the Captain, with a sailor laugh.

"He went to the city yesterday, and I suspect he must have gone out to his mother's to spend the night," replied Mrs. Evelyn, in a tone of cheerful carelessness, but with a nervous quickness of manner that belied her tone.

"Likely. He told me last week he was making his calculations to go to Framingham before long, and I believe this is the week of old Hunt's *vandoo* out there," responded the Captain, swinging off down the street.

Mrs. Evelyn looked relieved.

"Sure enough, so it is, and I know James never thought of it before he left home," said she, stooping to pick up some stray currants from the floor. Then she went home, singing along the path in happy thankfulness for the stone rolled away from her heart. But "day called unto day and night answered to night," while no one answered to her calling. It seemed Mr. Evelyn had not been to Framingham. He had not been to Boston, so far as anybody could prove. From the moment when his wife, calling after him at her door to be sure and not forget the saleratus, had seen him looking back with a smile and nod, he had vanished as the dew vanishes.

"Did your husband take much money with him?" asked Captain Fanning, who never found time to attend to his own affairs.

"He could n't have taken much," replied Mrs. Evelyn. And she might have added, neither could he leave much.

"What for clothes did he have on when you saw him last?" queried Captain Fanning, who was self-appointed detective police for the whole village.

"A mixed pepper-and-salt suit, with a soft hat and a blue necktie," repeated poor Mrs. Evelyn for the hundredth time, — for the hundredth time in an

agony of dread, lest *this* time she was furnishing proof for some fatal identification.

No! Not this time, nor another time. From the pitiless blue sky to the pitiless blue sea, all things were dumb.

One evening Captain Fanning stopped at Mrs. Evelyn's door, as he often did of an evening.

"My papa's *come!* Him has come!" cried little Jamie, turning his eager face toward the sound of the coming footsteps. But when he saw the stout ruddy figure of the Captain on the threshold he opened his mouth, threw back his head, and began to call, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, 'Dames! Dames! Dames! Come, papa, come! Damie wants you!"

"Poor little fellow!" said Captain Fanning, stroking the child's head tenderly. "He takes it hard, does n't he?"

Mrs. Evelyn sighed in a dreary way. "He fairly worries me," she said. "He won't eat a meal of victuals without a plate and chair being put for his father. And every time a cart stops before the door he calls out that he has come. He cries for his father in his sleep almost every night, and sometimes I am afraid he will fret himself to death."

"It is pretty rough on you all round, that is a fact," observed the Captain, pitifully. "There is one thing we have n't thought of," he continued, after a pause.

Mrs. Evelyn's white face grew whiter. What horrible thing could there be that she had not already fancied, dragged at the heels of one dreadful foreboding after another that flew with her like wild horses?

"Lincoln's Woods, they have n't been searched," said the Captain.

"What should take my husband to Lincoln's Woods?" rejoined Mrs. Evelyn, impatiently. So many weary nights she had lain awake groping with the fingers of her mind under every heap of last year's leaves and among the boughs of every thicket in Lincoln's Woods, and with the dawning light of so many mornings she had thrust aside the hideous suggestions of the night!

"Lincoln's Woods would be a master handy place to secrete a dead corpse," observed the Widow Collins, who sat with her white sun-bonnet on in Mrs. Evelyn's rocking-chair, her nose looking more like a weasel's than ever.

The Widow Collins was not what one would call a sentimental woman. She knew no difference between having a thought and expressing it in bald English. So she did not understand the shiver that ran over Mrs. Evelyn and the dash of pain that touched even the Captain's sturdy frame, but went on.

"There 's no doubt in my mind but what Evelyn has been made way with. There is a plenty of rough fellows that would as soon kill you as not for sixpence," said she, sniffing cheerfully at a great red peony.

"I suppose it would be best to have the woods searched; but don't give yourself any trouble about it, Mrs. Evelyn; I 'll see to that," resumed Captain Fanning, wishing to the depths of his great warm heart that he could take also the heavier trouble of the spirit from the fragile woman who looked like an anemone trying to breast the north-wind. Captain Fanning "saw to that." He saw to fifty other things with and without Mrs. Evelyn's knowledge. There was not an unknown body found in a hundred miles around but Captain Fanning went to see if he could identify it. He visited every prison and hospital, and saw the face of every convict and patient. He put the police of Boston and also of New York upon the search, and gave all his whole time to it for weeks. Meanwhile he beamed in like the afternoon sun at Mrs. Evelyn's door. He carried candy to the children and all the comfort he could find or imagine to the mother.

"I thought I must drop in to kind o' chirk your spirits up," said the Widow Collins, one evening, coming through the shed door just as Captain Fanning went out the front way. "No news, I

take it. 'No news is good news,' as the saying is; but I tell them it is n't so in every identical case."

Mrs. Collins seated herself and drew from her pocket a long gray stocking that she was toeing with black yarn.

"You need n't think I have n't got any gray yarn," she pursued. "It 's that I don't want to get clear out and then not have any. You 'll find, Mrs. Evelyn, you 'll have to be pretty frugal now you have n't got any provider. I know what it is to be *left*, and I can tell you a good many ways how to contrive. Do you lay out to put on mourning?"

Mrs. Evelyn drew her breath with a sharp cry.

"Barbara Collins!" said she, "why do you speak like that to me? My husband is coming back."

Mrs. Collins shut her eyes and shook her head. "Don't you give him up yet?" said she. "Well, I don't know: but kinder seems to me as though 't would n't be any privilege to think your husband had deserted you. He would n't be more than half a man if he would do such a thing as that. I would n't give fifty cents on a dollar for such a kind of a man. And now that we are on the subject, as it were, I will say, there is one thing I 've had it on my mind to give you a warning word about. I would n't have Captain Fanning calling here so often if I was you. It 'll make talk, and in your situation you can't be too particular. If you feel delicate about giving him a hint, *I* 'll do it."

Mrs. Evelyn did not reply to this proffered kindness, and when Mrs. Collins looked around she found Mrs. Evelyn had gone in her bedroom and shut the door.

The widow sat and knitted complacently away till she had toed off her stocking. Then she went serenely home in the self-approving consciousness of having done her duty as well as "chirked up" her neighbor's spirits.

"Are you brought me some candy, ma? Did you?" called out a little creature standing in her own doorway, with corn silk for hair and bachelor's-buttons for eyes.

"*My* g'acious!" responded the mother, fondly, "where do you think I 've been to get candy, Clara? I 'd have had to pick it from the currant-bushes."

"Jamie Evelyn he 's always got a crumb of candy in his drawer," returned the child, looking aggrieved and stepping on her mother's dress in her eagerness. "He 's *never* without a drop of candy. When he gets *a little ways* out, then he goes and buys more. He 's got some when he buys more: sticks, and lozenges, a-a-a-a-n-d candy-rabbits, and lots o' things."

"Fanning's work!" said the widow, rolling her eyes. "*That* 's where it comes from."

One year, another, and another were "added to the mass of buried ages," when suddenly Mrs. Evelyn disappeared.

"Where 's your ma *gone?*" asked the Widow Collins of Jamie as he came in to bring Clara a red rooster's feather.

"I do' know. To Framingham I guess, or else to Townsend," replied Jamie, who was entirely absorbed in watching Clara try the effect of the feather on her hat.

"How long does she calculate to be gone?" pursued the Widow.

"She did n't tell. Polly Slicker is there," returned Jamie, over his shoulder. "Clara," he continued, "the rain has budded up the rose on my rosy-bush, or else I was going to carry it to you."

"O, Polly Slicker! I 've a good mint I 'll slip over and borrow a cup of molasses. My jug is pretty low," soliloquized the widow, picking up her sun-bonnet that was always lying conveniently near.

She found Polly Slicker mopping the sitting-room floor, — a little berry-faced woman with a mouth like a knot-hole, that she never opened if she could help.

"So *you* 're here, Polly," began Mrs. Collins.

Polly gave an extra wring to her mop, by way of admitting that she was.

"Come to stay a spell?"

Polly nodded, without looking around.

"Mrs. Evelyn gone farther than Framingham?"

Polly grunted a grunt that might mean yes or it might mean no; but it did not mean anything.

"Funny that Mrs. Evelyn should go off so, without saying nothing to nobody. But Mrs. Evelyn 's a little peculiar, and she don't care for the speech of people. Not so much, I think sometimes, as she ought to," pursued Mrs. Collins. "I don't calculate there is anything wrong about her, though. I 've always looked upon her as a likely woman. Did she take a carpet-bag?"

"Certain," replied Polly, beginning to pump a pail of water.

"I never could determine," said Mrs. Collins to herself on the way home, "whether Polly Slicker is a *compos* or a *non*. But it is odd as election in the winter, for Mrs. Evelyn to steal off in the dead of the night, as you may say, without a word to her nearest neighbor."

For two weeks Polly Slicker drew up her mouth, stuck a little brass comb in her back hair, and kept Mrs. Evelyn's house. And then one morning, as Mrs. Collins was picking lettuce in her garden, always with an eye upon the things that were her neighbor's, according to Scripture, she saw Mrs. Evelyn shaking a tablecloth at her own door, and at the same time Captain Fanning going in through the front gate.

"The land!" ejaculated Mrs. Collins, referring perhaps to her lettuce-bed, but with *two* eyes now upon her neighbor.

Mrs. Evelyn shook her tablecloth, folded it mechanically in the old creases, smoothed it out, and put it in the table-drawer, as Captain Fanning entered the open door.

"Did you see him?" he asked at once.

"Yes, I saw him, but it was n't he," replied Mrs. Evelyn, steadying her voice. "I *knew* it would n't be," she added, with a touch of pride.

"Jabe was very confident, and he said he ought to *know* Evelyn," said the Captain, in a musing way.

"Not so well as I do," she replied. "And I saw that man was n't my husband before I heard the sound of his voice, though to be sure there is a resemblance."

"Did you have any conversation with him?" asked the Captain.

"Only a general one. I did n't tell him my object in going to Indiana, and the postmaster promised he would n't mention the letters from you to him. I should be sorry to have the man's wife hear there had been even the rumor of a suspicion about her husband," said Mrs. Evelyn.

Captain Fanning sat picking at a shred on his coat for a long time in thoughtful silence. Then he looked up suddenly.

"Mrs. Evelyn," said he, "I don't think there is a possibility that your husband is living."

The blood curdled back upon Mrs. Evelyn's heart, but she did not speak, and the Captain went on. "I wish I could tell you how glad I would be to take his place," said he, softly.

"My husband is not dead," replied Mrs. Evelyn, putting out her hand with a warning motion.

"Then he has left you," resumed the Captain, more boldly. "Do you know you can get a divorce now, for desertion?"

There was a tender and longing look in the Captain's face that made it luminous, as he stood there offering help and home and love, while on the other side stretched out a lonely road hedged in by care and poverty. But Mrs. Evelyn turned away her head and waved him back.

"Never, never! My husband is not dead," she repeated. "He is coming back."

Captain Fanning went away, and the years slipped on and on and on; while Mrs. Evelyn did everything that could be done without leaving woman's sphere; and unless digging her own potatoes belongs to woman's sphere, she sometimes overstepped it. She

sewed straw, she bound shoes, she sold garden vegetables and milk, she dried apples and picked berries, and took boarders when she could get them to take; until at last her two boys, with her help and their own, were through Harvard, and her two girls were well educated, the one teaching in the city and the other married and gone to California. Then Captain Fanning came again.

"Don't you give him up yet?" he asked.

"I don't give him up yet," replied Mrs. Evelyn, without a ripple of doubt.

"I 'll be buttered if I don't believe she knows all the while where Evelyn is," quoth the Captain, as he walked away stroking his silver-gray beard, and casting one backward look at the silver-gray dress among the trumpet-honeysuckles, where he had come upon her as she stood nailing them to the wall. Mrs. Evelyn's lovely bloom was all gone, her shining hair faded and thin, her delicate skin parched and wrinkled. But along with the soft Quaker colors into which she had slipped had come the look of peace and repose we see on the faces of elderly Friends, as of those who after great tribulation have overcome at last. The quiet face was only the title-page to a quiet heart, as the Widow Collins knew, although she did not express it exactly so.

"Proud! I never saw a woman who wore higher heeled shoes than your ma used to, but she has mellowed down since her trouble, like a russet does when it comes June," she was saying at this very time to James Evelyn, who sat on her threshold making frogs of house-leeks, and waiting for Clara to appear.

James heard Mrs. Collins's steady drip of words, as he heard the old eight-day clock ticking behind her. So he had no idea upon what bridge her conversation crossed, when suddenly he heard her say, "'A wild goose never laid a tame egg,' as the saying is, and I can't give my consent for a daughter of mine to run a chance of undergoing any such a trial as your ma has underwent."

James clasped his hands behind his head, and lay back upon the kitchen floor.

"O, now, Mrs. Collins, you know I 'm the tamest kind of an egg," said he, lightly; "just my mother right over again. Ask Captain Fanning if I am not; he knows."

"What do I know?" asked Captain Fanning, who stood, as though James had been a diviner, at the gate.

"O you 're there, are you, Captain? Well, I say you know Mrs. Collins can't do better than to give Clara to me."

The Captain threw his arm around the gate-post, and swung himself off in a sailor-like way.

"That 's all right, but Mrs. Collins can do one thing still better," said he, after a pause.

Mrs. Collins looked out from behind the lilacs, sharp-eyed and positive, and Clara peeped through the shutters in the chamber above, with wet eyelashes and pink blotches on her pretty young cheeks.

"One thing still better," repeated the Captain, "she can give *herself* to somebody."

"To whom, for instance?" asked James, pulling a blade of grass by the doorstep and beginning to eat it."

"To whom? To *me*," rejoined the Captain. "I 'm in sober earnest, Mrs. Collins. You need n't look so incredulous. I 've made up my mind to be married, and I wish you would make up your mind to the same thing."

The widow rubbed her forehead.

"What *do* you mean, Captain Fanning?" said she.

"I mean exactly what I say," he replied. "Seriously, I am heartily sick of boarding-house fare, and wish to come and keep house with you."

"He has an eye on your apple-dumplings, Mrs. Collins," interposed James. At which a faint giggle sounded from behind the chamber window blinds. But the elderly admirers took no notice of these asides.

"Have you any objection to taking me in?" asked the Captain.

"I don't know as I think of any," answered the widow, after a little consideration, having apparently argued the case for and against in her own mind. "I 'd sooner marry you than any other man I know."

"Then don't let 's make two bites of a cherry. For my part, I 've no time to lose," rejoined the Captain, immediately coming in with the air of the proprietor.

"And as sure as you live, mother, they are going to be married on the 25th," said James Evelyn, an hour after. "But whether the Captain had thought of such a thing as marrying five minutes before, or only threw himself into the gulf to distract Mrs. Collins's attention from us, Clara and I can't make out. He is self-sacrificing enough to do it, I 've no doubt. Anyhow he made it all right; I don't exactly know how, but you know he has what Mrs. Collins calls a *coaxing* way; and Clara and I are going to be married on the 25th too," continued James, crowning himself with one of Clara's ringlets. "Mrs. Collins was going to begin to take care of Clara, so she had got her up stairs crying; little Miss Silliness, just as though I should have stood that!"

"Mother seemed very decided, Jamie; and I did n't believe I should ever smile again," protested Clara, with a happy quiver in her voice.

So there were two weddings on the 25th; and then Captain Fanning took his two dogs, Lill and Fan, his canary-bird with one eye and his canary-bird with one leg, his writing-desk and reading-chair and his Encyclopædias, over to the house of "her that was" the Widow Collins.

On the other hand, several boxes of ribbons and laces, five bottles of cologne, and a closet full of pink and blue dresses, moved across the garden to Mrs. Evelyn's front chamber. At the same time, along went a great many curls the color of pecan-nuts, several deep dimples, a pair of tender eyes, and two cheeks like the heart of a watermelon.

James edited one newspaper and wrote for a dozen, his mother kept house, and Clara smiled and said, "Yes, indeed!"

Somewhat in this way the family labors were divided, until Mrs. Evelyn's hair was as gray as her gowns, and there were four little Evelyns with dimples and tender eyes and ringlets the color of pecan-nuts.

"Mother," said James, upon one of these far-off Junes, "had n't you better take the children and go up to Hatt's? The change will do you good."

"O no, my son," replied Mrs. Evelyn, "I 'm getting too old to travel. Harr'et must come here if she wants to see mother. I doubt if I ever get so far from home as that again."

Harriet was Mrs. Evelyn's youngest daughter, who was married and living on a farm in Vermont. Her brothers had each furnished themselves a chamber in her house as a summer resort.

But this year James's children went to the country with their nurse, while Mrs. Evelyn slipped farther and farther into the ways of an old woman.

One day Captain Fanning and his dog Lill happened in James Evelyn's editorial office, and found him sitting with his hands behind his head, and his hair stuck full of pens.

"I 've had the most remarkable letter from Emily," he said, at once. "She has seen father."

The Captain dropped upon a chair, and felt that if he had been a woman he might have fainted. As it was he only stared at James without speaking, which showed how far gone he was.

"Emily says the day father disappeared he happened on an East Indiaman that was lading, and before he knew it she had left her dock," continued James.

"Your father always had a great itch for travel, but your mother was as much of a stay-at-home as an oyster, and she never would hear a word to it," interposed the Captain.

"So Emily says. And father thought,

seeing he had been taken off without his intention, he 'd make the best of it and see something of the world. He does n't seem to have realized the worry and trouble he was giving the folks at home," said James, with a kind of filial apology in his tone.

"No. It was n't his make to think much about anything that was out of sight," again interposed the Captain. "He was always as easily diverted and as thoughtless as a child."

"So he drifted about," continued James, "pretty much wherever it happened, till he found himself in California. Then he took a fancy he would make a fortune before he came home. But I judge his success has n't been great."

"I can easily believe it," returned the Captain, dryly. "Does your mother know it?"

"No," replied James, "and that is what I 'm considering, how best to tell her. Mother is getting old and is rather feeble, and I am afraid of the shock of an excitement."

"Send for her husband and let him tell her himself," said the Captain, decidedly.

And so, wisely or unwisely, it was done.

James sent the old appeal, though not in the old pathetic words of his childhood. And in good time the answer came.

A gray, weather-worn man, with the eagerness and hopefulness of a boy, with the heart of a kitten, and the foresight of a lamb: that was Mr. Evelyn.

Mrs. Evelyn had put the yeast rising and gone to her room for the night, when he arrived, and they would not excite her by the news till morning.

So in the morning she went unconsciously into the breakfast-room with her muslin cap, her silvery gray gown, and her placid face. She paused at the doorway at sight of a stranger, looked sharply at him, went forward a few steps, stopped and looked again, then going forward with her hands out she said, "The Lord be praised, James! I knew you would come."

They need not have feared for the excitement on her. It was like a draught from the fountain of youth. She sat all that day with her hand in her husband's, but the next she was up and doing with her old energy.

"I want Penelope should see something besides Essex County," said Mr. Evelyn, comfortably. "She has always been rather homebound, but she is foot-free now, and there seems to be nothing in the way of her taking a tour and enjoying herself."

"Yes, we 've concluded after we 've been to see Harr'et and William, that we 'll pay Emily a visit," assented Mrs. Evelyn, radiantly. "Poor thing! she misses us all, off there by herself so. I always was rather skittish about the water, but now the cars have got to running through, it does n't seem like much of a journey to California."

"To see that poor bewitched woman you 'd suppose she 'd just had her first offer," said Mrs. Captain Fanning, paring apples for a dumpling, by her kitchen window. "She has got herself a regular setting out of clothes. I counted laid out on her bed one day, ready for packing, eight India silks, all different shades of this 'ere dirt color she takes such a notion to."

And so, on a hazy brooding-day in late autumn a train of cars glided off over the first mile of its journey to San Francisco, bearing the married pair, who, after the heats and tempests of summer and the harvests and vintages of early autumn, had now begun together the Indian summer of their wedded life.

Frances Lee Pratt.

THE MIRACLE PLAY OF 1870, IN BETHLEHEM, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

ONE does not need to go to Ammergau. On a night, not of appointment beforehand, so far as we knew, we went to sleep in Bethlehem, N. H. We were content, but not expectant. Ranges of mountains, solid, blue, and stately, hedging us round, yet leaving open for our untiring gaze so wide a circle, that at its outer rim, even in clearest days, lingers a purple haze; near fields of brown ferns, scarlet cornels, and gray boulders frosted with myriad lichens; woods, spicy and sheltered with firs, soft under foot with unnumbered mosses and mats of Linnæa, and rich in all sorts of forest growths of bush and shrub and low flowering things: all this seemed enough. We went to sleep, as I say, content, but not expectant of more than we had had. We heard no sound in the night. We made no haste in the morning.

With the delicious leisureliness which wraps solitary people in the warm, autumn mountain weather, we set ourselves to beginning the day, and by chance looked out of our window.

Like children at sight of a merry juggler's show, we first shouted with delight, then drew in long, silent breaths, with bewilderment too like awe to find easy shape in speech. O whence! O who! How had their feet passed by so noiselessly? Who had touched with this enchantment every leaf of every tree which stood within our sight? Every maple-tree blazed at top with tint of scarlet or cherry or orange or pale yellow. Every ash-tree had turned from green to dark purple or to pale straw-color. Every birch-tree shimmered and quivered in the sun, as if gold-pieces were strung along its branches; basswoods were flecked with white; beeches were brown and yellow; poplars were marked and spotted with vermilion; sumachs had become ladders, and bars, and fringes of fire; not a single tree was left of solid, dark green, except the pines and the larches and the firs; and they also seemed to have shared in the transformation, looking darker and greener than ever, as setting for these masses of flashing color. Single trees in fields, near and far, looked like great hewn jewels; with light behind them, the tint flickered and waved as it does in transparent stones held up to the sun. When the wind shook them, it was like nothing but the tremulousness of distant seas burning under sunset. The same trees, filling in by tens of thousands in spaces of the forests, looked not like anything which *we* know and name as gem, but as one could fancy midair spaces might be and look in some supernatural realm whence the souls of ruby and amethyst and topaz come and go, taking for a little while the dusty shapes of small stones on earth.

All this in this one night! To north, to south, to east, to west, it was the same. Scores of miles away, at the very feet of the farthest green mountains, shone the glory; within our hands' reach, at neighbors' gates, stood the stately splendor.

With reverent eyes we went close into territory after territory; coming nearer, we found that the scarlet or the claret or the crimson or the orange, which we had seen from the distance as one pure, uniform tint, was no longer scarlet or claret or crimson or orange, but all of these, and more than all of these, shading up and down and into each other by gradations indistinguishably fine and beyond all counting; alternating and interrupting each other, in single leaves or in clusters on boughs, with an infinity of change and combination almost like caprice or frolic.

I have seen our Western prairies in June flowering; I have seen also the

mosaic fields of blossoms in the Ampezzo Pass, at which one cannot so much as look without shaded eyes, and from which Titian learnt color; I have seen old altar fronts on which generations and centuries of kings have lavished jewels, till they are so thick set that not one more dot can be added: but I have never seen such flaming, shading, shaping, changing, lavishing, rioting of color as in this death of the autumn leaves on these Bethlehem hills.

Every day we said, "This will be the last"; and it was the last, bearing away with it its own tint of glory never to return. But the next day was as beautiful, sometimes we thought more beautiful, except that the brilliance of the long royal line before it had dulled our sense. Bright days dazzled us and made us leap in their sun. Gray days surprised us, revealing new tints and more gorgeous heats in the colors; we had unthinkingly believed that sunshine helped instead of hindering. In this was a lesson. Also in the sudden discovering, hour by hour, tiny hidden leaves of unnoted things, under foot in fields, tucked away in hedges, lying low even in edge of dusty roads, but bright and burnished and splendid as any one of those loftiest in air. Strawberry leaves dappled with claret spots, or winy red with rims of yellow; raspberry and blackberry shoots as brilliant as maples; the odd little shovel-shaped sorrel leaves a deep, clear cherry just pricked with orange; patient old "hardhack" sticking to its heavy plumes of seed through thick and thin of wind, its pretty oval leaves all tinted with delicate browns and yellows and pinks blended; "fireweed" by thickets, in desolate places, six feet tall, and no two of its sharp, slender, spike-shaped leaves of a tint, some mottled, some yellow, some scarlet, some green; — all these we found and more, whose colors I cannot define, and whose names, more shame to me, I do not know. And so the days of the miracle play went on, to seven, to ten, to two weeks. There were few to see it; but even the busy and usually unobservant farming people took note of it. "Never 'n all my days did I see such a sight 's 't is here naow," said one man, driving his oxen off to the right of the road to make room for me with the best part of a maple-tree on my shoulder. And, "Hev yew ben daown on the Winy Road?" said another.

"No," said I; "are the leaves very fine there?"

"Wall, I jest wish you 'd go 'n' see! I was a thinkin' abaout yew only last night, 'n' I sez to my wife, 's we wus drivin' along ther, sez I, 'Naow them folks that 's allers a gittin' these 'ere leaves 'd better come daown this road.'"

And another, a good old deacon, in pathetic mixture of piety and poetry, with grammar left out: "Wall, I 've lived here on this Bethl'em Street all my born days, 'n' I never see no sich a color to these 'ere woods afore. I guess the Lord he knows abaout 's well haow to fix this world o' hisn 's any on 'em do thet 's allers a tryin' to make aout haow he might ha' done it."

There is no doubt that many years will come and go before Bethlehem hills will see such sights again. All her people agree in saying that they never saw such before; and I myself, during fifteen autumns of such mountain living and rambling as only a passion for them can inspire, have never seen anything like it. As I write, the air is full of whirling leaves, brown and yellow and red. The show is over. The winds, like noisy carpenters, are taking down the scenery. They are capricious and lawless workmen, doing nothing for a day or two, and then scurrying about madly by night to make up for lost time. Soon the naked wood of the stripped trees will be all that we shall see to remind us of last week's pomp and spectacle. But the thing next in beauty to a tree in full leaf is a tree bare; its every exquisiteness of shape revealed, and its hold on the sky seeming so unspeakably assured; and, more than the beauty of shape and the outlining on sky, the

solemn grace of prophecy and promise which every slender twig bears and reveals in its tiny gray buds.

Last night, as if in final symphony to the play and grand prelude of welcome to the conquering winter which draws near, the color spirits took possession of the sky, and for three hours shook its very folds with the noiseless cadence of their motions. There they all were, the green, the pink, the fiery red, which we had been daring to touch and pick in leaves off stems, now floating and dancing in disembodied ecstasy over our heads, wrapped and twined in very light of very light, as in celestial garments. Fixed stars seemed reeling in their embraces; the whole firmament seemed to furl and sway and undulate, as if it might presently be borne off like captured banner in their passing. From the zenith to the eastern and western and northern horizons, not one spot was dark. If there had been snow on the ground, it would have been lit to redness as by fire. The village looked on in solemn silence; bareheaded men and women stood almost in awe at every threshold and gate. This also was such sight as had never before been seen from their doors. The oldest man here does not remember such an aurora. It is hard to believe that Lapland itself ever saw one more weird, more beautiful.

Next morning white frost and a clear, sparkling air, the first of the autumn; the very street seemed alive with quickening sense of its stimulus. There was separate delight in each footfall; it felt like a wing stroke.

"Guess it 's cleared off naow, the right way," called out one old man to another, as they passed on the road.

"Wall, yes. I call this abaout 's pooty a day 's ye ever see fur *enny* kind o' bizness," replied his friend.

I did not smile at the phrase of his speech. Our hearts were in unison; and he was better off than I, for his homely simplicity had found words where I had been dumb!

H. H.

FLITTING.

I WOULD not willingly repose upon the friendship of a man whose local attachments are weak. I should not demand of my intimate that he have a yearning for the homes of his ancestors, or even the scenes of his own boyhood; that is not in American nature; on the contrary, he is but a poor creature who does not hate the village where he was born; yet a sentiment for the place where one has lived two or three years, the hotel where one has spent a week, the sleeping-car in which one has ridden from Albany to Buffalo, — so much I should think it well to exact from my friend in proof of that sensibility and constancy without which true friendship does not exist. So much I am ready to yield on my own part to a friend's demand, and I profess to have all the possible regrets for the house that was lately home.

When the new house was chosen, we made preparations to leave the old one, but preparations so gradual, that, if we had cared much more than we did, we might have suffered greatly by the prolongation of the agony. We proposed to ourselves to escape the miseries of moving by transferring the contents of one room at a time, and if we did not laugh incredulously at people who said we had better have it over at once and be done with it, it was because we respected their feelings, and not because we believed them. We took up one carpet after another; one wall after another we stripped of its pictures; we sent away all the books to begin with; and by this subtle and ingenious pro-

cess, we reduced ourselves to the discomfort of living in no house at all, as it were, and of being at home in neither one place nor the other. Yet the logic of our scheme remained perfect; and I do not regret its failure in practice, for if we had been ever so loath to quit the old house, its inhospitable barrenness would finally have hurried us forth. In fact, does not life itself in some such fashion dismantle its tenement until it is at last forced out of the uninhabitable place? Are not the poor little comforts and pleasures and ornaments removed one by one, till life, if it would be saved, must go too? We took a lesson from the teachings of mortality, which are so rarely heeded, and we lingered over our moving. We made the process so gradual, indeed, that I do not feel myself all gone yet from the familiar work-room, and, for aught I can say, I still write there; and as to the guest-chamber, it is so densely peopled by those it has lodged that it will never quite be emptied of them. Friends also are yet in the habit of calling in the parlor, and talking with us; and will the children never come off the stairs? Does life, our high exemplar, leave so much behind as we did? Is this what fills the world with ghosts?

In the getting ready to go, nothing hurt half so much as the sight of the little girl packing her doll's things for removal. The trousseaux of all those elegant creatures, the wooden, the waxen, the biscuit, the india-rubber, were carefully assorted, and arranged in various small drawers and boxes; their house was thoughtfully put in order and locked for transportation; their innumerable broken sets of dishes were packed in paper and set out upon the floor, a heart-breaking little basketful. Nothing real in this world is so affecting as some image of reality, and this travesty of our own flitting was almost intolerable. I will not pretend to sentiment about anything else, for everything else had in it the element of self-support belonging to all actual afflictions. When the day of moving finally came, and the furniture-wagon, which ought to have been only a shade less dreadful to us than a hearse, drew up at our door, our hearts were of a Neronian hardness.

"Were I Diogenes," says wrathful Charles Lamb in one of his letters, "I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogshead, though the first had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret." I fancy this loathing of the transitionary state came in great part from the rude and elemental nature of the means of moving in Lamb's day. In our own time, in Charlesbridge at least, everything is so perfectly contrived, that it is in some ways a pleasant excitement to move; though I do not commend the diversion to any but people of entire leisure, for it cannot be denied that it is, at any rate, an interruption to work. But little is broken, little is defaced, nothing is avoidably outraged or put to shame. Of course there are in every house certain objects of comfort and even ornament, which in a state of repose derive a sort of dignity from being cracked, or scratched, or organically debilitated, and give an idea of ancestral possession and of long descent to the actual owner; and you must not hope that this venerable quality will survive their public exposure upon the furniture-wagon. There it instantly perishes, like the consequence of some country notable huddled and hustled about in the graceless and ignorant tumult of a great city. To tell the truth, the number of things that turn shabby under the ordeal of moving strikes a pang of unaccustomed poverty to the heart which, loving all manner of makeshifts, is rich even in its dilapidations. For the time you feel degraded by the spectacle of that forlornness, and if you are a man of spirit, you try to sneak out of association with it in the mind of the passer-by; you keep scrupulously in-doors, or if a fancied exigency obliges you to go back and forth between the old house and the new, you seek obscure by-ways remote from the great street down which the wagon flaunts your ruin and

decay, and time your arrivals and departures so as to have the air of merely dropping in at either place. This consoles you; but it deceives no one; for the man who is moving is unmistakably stamped with transition.

Yet the momentary eclipse of these things is not the worst. It *is* momentary; for if you will but plant them in kindly corners and favorable exposures of the new house, a mould of respectability will gradually overspread them again, and they will once more account for their presence by the air of having been a long time in the family; but there is danger that in the first moments of mortification you will be tempted to replace them with new and costly articles. Even the best of the old things are nothing to boast of in the hard, unpitying light to which they are exposed, and a difficult and indocile spirit of extravagance is evoked in the least profuse. Because of this fact alone I should not commend the diversion of moving save to people of very ample means as well as perfect leisure; there are more reasons than the misery of flitting why the dweller in the kilderkin should not covet the hogshead reeking of claret.

But the grosser misery of moving is, as I have hinted, vastly mitigated by modern science, and what remains of it one may use himself to with no tremendous effort. I have found that in the dentist's chair, — that ironically luxurious seat, cushioned in satirical suggestion of impossible repose, — after a certain initial period of clawing, filing, scraping, and punching, one's nerves accommodate themselves to the torment, and one takes almost an objective interest in the operation of tooth-filling; and in like manner after two or three wagon-loads of your household stuff have passed down the public street, and all your morbid associations with them have been desecrated, you begin almost to like it. Yet I cannot regard this abandon as a perfectly healthy emotion, and I do not counsel my reader to mount himself upon the wagon and ride to and fro even once, for afterwards the remembrance of such an excess will grieve him.

I mean to imply by all this that moving sometimes comes to an end, though it is not easy to believe so while moving. The time really arrives when you sit down in your new house, and amid whatever disorder take your first meal there. This meal is pretty sure to be that gloomy tea, that loathly repast of butter and toast, and some kind of cake, with which the soul of the early dining American is daily cast down between the hours of six and seven in the evening; and instinctively you compare it with the last meal you took in your old house, seeking in vain to decide whether this is more dispiriting than that. At any rate that was not at all the meal which the last meal in any house which has been a home ought to be in fact, and is in books. It was hurriedly cooked; it was served upon fugitive and irregular crockery; and it was eaten in deplorable disorder, with the professional movers waiting for the table outside the dining-room. It ought to have been an act of serious devotion; it was nothing but an expiation. It should have been a solemn commemoration of all past dinners in the place, an invocation to their pleasant apparitions. But I, for my part, could not recall these at all, though now I think of them with the requisite pathos, and I know they were perfectly worthy of remembrance. I salute mournfully the companies that have sat down at dinner there, for they are sadly scattered now; some beyond seas, some beyond the narrow gulf, so impassably deeper to our longing and tenderness than the seas. But more sadly still I hail the host himself, and desire to know of him if literature was not somehow a gayer science in those days, and if his peculiar kind of drolling had not rather more heart in it then. In an odd, not quite expressible fashion, something of him seems dispersed abroad and perished in the guests he loved. I trust, of course, that all will be restored to him when he returns — as every man past thirty feels he may when he likes,

and has the time — and resumes his youth. Or if this feeling is only a part of the great tacit promise of eternity, I am all the more certain of his getting back his losses.

I say that now these apposite reflections occur to me with a sufficient ease, but that upon the true occasion for them they were absent. So, too, at the first meal in the new house, there was none of that desirable sense of setting up a family altar, but a calamitous impression of irretrievable upheaval, in honor of which sackcloth and ashes seemed the only wear. Yet even the next day the Lares and Penates had regained something of their wonted cheerfulness, and life had begun again with the first breakfast. In fact, I found myself already so firmly established that, meeting the furniture-cart which had moved me the day before, I had the face to ask the driver who they were turning out of house and home, as if my own flitting were a memory of the far-off past.

Not that I think the professional mover expects to be addressed in a joking mood. I have a fancy that he cultivates a serious spirit himself, in which he finds it easy to sympathize with any melancholy on the part of the moving family. There is a slight flavor of undertaking in his manner, which is nevertheless full of a subdued firmness very consoling and supporting; though the life that he leads must be a troubled and uncheerful one, trying alike to the muscles and the nerves. How often must he have been charged by anxious and fluttered ladies to be very careful of that basket of china, and those vases! How often must he have been vexed by the ignorant terrors of gentlemen asking if he thinks that the library-table, poised upon the top of his load, will hold! His planning is not infallible, and when he breaks something uncommonly precious, what does a man of his sensibility do? Is the demolition of old homes really distressing to him, or is he inwardly buoyed up by hopes of other and better homes for the people he moves? Can there be any ideal of moving? Does he, perhaps, feel a pride in an artfully constructed load, and has he something like an artist's pang in unloading it? Is there a choice in families to be moved, and are some worse or better than others? Next to the lawyer and the doctor, it appears to me that the professional mover holds the most confidential relations towards his fellow-men. He is let into all manner of little domestic secrets and subterfuges; I dare say he knows where half the people in town keep their skeleton, and what manner of skeleton it is. As for me, when I saw him making towards a certain closet door, I planted myself firmly against it. He smiled intelligence; he knew the skeleton was there, and that it would be carried to the new house after dark.

I began by saying that I should wish my friend to have some sort of local attachment; but I suppose it must be owned that this sentiment, like pity, and the modern love-passion, is a thing so largely produced by culture that nature seems to have little or nothing to do with it. The first men were homeless wanderers; the patriarchs dwelt in tents, and shifted their place to follow the pasturage, without a sigh; and for children — the pre-historic, the antique people of our day — moving is a rapture. The last dinner in the old house, the first tea in the new, so doleful to their elders, are partaken of by them with joyous riot. Their shrill trebles echo gleefully from the naked walls and floors; they race up and down the carpetless stairs; they menace the dislocated mirrors and crockery; through all the chambers of desolation they frolic with a gayety indomitable save by bodily exhaustion. If the reader is of a moving family, — and so he is as he is an American, — he can recall the zest he found during childhood in the moving which had for his elders — poor victims of a factitious and conventional sentiment — only the salt and bitterness of tears. His spirits never fell till the carpets were down; no sorrow touched him till order re-

turned; if heaven so blessed him that his bed was made upon the floor for one night, the angels visited his dreams. Why, then, is the mature soul, however sincere and humble, not only grieved but mortified by flitting? Why cannot one move without feeling the great public eye fixed in pitying contempt upon him? This sense of abasement seems to be something quite inseparable from the act, which is often laudable and in every way wise and desirable; and he whom it has afflicted is the first to turn, after his own establishment, and look with scornful compassion upon the overflowing furniture-wagon as it passes. But I imagine that Abraham's neighbors, when he struck his tent, and packed his parlor and kitchen furniture upon his camels, and started off with Mrs. Sarah to seek a new camping-ground, did not smile at the procession, or find it worthy of ridicule or lament. Nor did Abraham, once settled, and reposing in the cool of the evening at the door of his tent, gaze sarcastically upon the moving of any of his brother patriarchs.

To some such philosophical serenity we shall also return, I suppose, when we have wisely theorized life in our climate, and shall all have become nomads once more, following June and October up and down and across the continent, and not suffering the full malice of the winter and summer anywhere. But as yet, the derision that attaches to moving attends even the goer-out of town, and the man of many trunks and a retinue of linen-suited womankind is a pitiable and despicable object to all the other passengers at the railroad station and on the steamboat wharf.

This is but one of many ways in which mere tradition oppresses us. I protest that, as moving is now managed in Charlesbridge, there is hardly any reason why the master or mistress of the household should put hand to anything; but it is a tradition that they shall dress themselves in their worst, as for heavy work, and shall go about very shabby for at least a day before and a day after the transition. It is a kind of sacrifice, I suppose, to a venerable ideal; and I would never be the first to omit it. In others I observe that this vacant and ceremonious zeal is in proportion to an incapacity to do anything that happens really to be required; and I believe that the truly sage person would devote moving-day to paying visits of ceremony in his finest clothes.

As to the house which one has left. I think it would be preferable to have it occupied as soon as possible after one's flitting. Pilgrimages to the dismantled shrine are certainly to be avoided by the friend of cheerfulness. A day's absence and emptiness wholly change its character, though the familiarity continues, with a ghastly difference, as in the beloved face that the life has left. It is not at all the vacant house it was when you came first to look at it: for then hopes peopled it, and now memories. In that golden prime you had long been boarding, and any place in which you could keep house seemed utterly desirable. How distinctly you recall that wet day, or that fair day, on which you went through it and decided that this should be the guest chamber and that the family room, and what could be done with the little back attic in a pinch! The children could play in the dining-room; and to be sure the parlor was rather small if you wanted to have company; but then, who would ever want to give a party? and besides, the pump in the kitchen was a compensation for anything. How lightly the dumb-waiter ran up and down, —

"Qual piuma al vento!"

you sang, in very glad-heartedness. Then estimates of the number of yards of carpeting; and how you could easily save the cost from the difference between boarding and housekeeping. Adieu, Mrs. Brown! henceforth let your "desirable apartments *en suite* or single, furnished or unfurnished, to gentlemen only!" — this married pair is about to escape forever from your extortions.

Well, if the years passed without

making us sadder, should we be much the wiser for their going? Now you know, little couple, that there are extortions in this wicked world besides Mrs. Brown's; and some other things. But if you go into the empty house that was lately your home, you will not, I believe, be haunted by these sordid disappointments, for the place should evoke other regrets and meditations. Truly, though the great fear has not come upon you here, in this room you may have known moments when it seemed very near, and when the quick, fevered breathings of the little one timed your own heart-beats. To that door, with many other missives of joy and pain, came haply the despatch which hurried you off to face your greatest sorrow, — came by night, like a voice of God, speaking and warning, and making all your work idle and your aims foolish. These walls have answered, how many times, to your laughter; they have had friendly ears for the trouble that seemed to grow by utterance. You have sat upon the threshold so many summer days; so many winter mornings you have seen the snows drifted high about it, so often your step has been light and heavy upon it. There is the study, where your magnificent performances were planned, and your exceedingly small performances were achieved; hither you hurried with the first criticism of your first book, and read it with the rapture that nothing but a love-letter and a favorable review can awaken. Out there is the well-known humble prospect, that was commonly but a vista into dreamland; on the other hand is the pretty grove, — its leaves now a little painted with the autumn, and faltering to their fall.

Yes, the place must forever be sacred, but painfully sacred; and I say again, one should not go near it unless as a penance. If the reader will suffer me the confidence, I will own that there is always a pang in the past which is more than any pleasure it can give, and I believe that he, if he were perfectly honest, — as heaven forbid I or any one should be, — would also confess as much. There is no house to which one would return, having left it, though it were the hogshead out of which one had moved into a kilderkin; for those associations whose perishing leaves us free, and preserves to us what little youth we have, were otherwise perpetuated to our burden and bondage. Let some one else, who has also escaped from his past, have your old house; he will find it new and untroubled by memories, while you under another roof enjoy a present that borders only upon the future.

W. D. Howells.

A VIRGINIAN IN NEW ENGLAND THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

IV.

"Thursday, July 3d. NORTHAMPTON.

"A CANAL, for boats drawn by horses, with locks and tow-path, is nearly completed from New Haven to a point 1½ miles above this place, where it is to *lock* into the Conn. River. All except the 20 miles, from Westfield to that point, is already done; and in a month this little remainder will be completed. It is designed to be continued hereafter, into Canada; i. e. to Lake Memphremagog, and thence to the River St. Francis: all by an incorporated company, — the State no share in it. Stock worth only 20 or 30 per cent. Lumber, and other bulky articles, are chiefly expected to be carried on the canal. Before breakfast, I walked along the tow-path, to its meeting with the river — 1½ miles. Locks, 70 feet long, boats, 60 or 65 feet. Width of canal, 20 feet. Returned, — went into a barber's stall to be shaved. A white barber. Talkative, like all his tribe,

but curiously conceited. I asked him the time o' day. 'I guess it 's half past six — but I don't wear a watch — I 'm no fop.' The old reply, about 'the greater pride of Diogenes,' would have been perfectly put.

"To breakfast with Mrs. and Miss S.

"Afterwards, walked out with the latter. Ascended Round Hill, an eminence overlooking the village, and the valley for many miles around. It is a prospect unrivalled, in my experience. Man and Nature have vied together, in crowding it with beauties. Villages, and spires, and scattered buildings, orchards, gardens, and crop-fields; the winding and majestic River, hills, woods, gorges, and mountains — these last forming an enclosure, fantastic yet magnificent, of the beauteous and vast amphitheatre comprising all the rest; — are swept by a slight turn of the eye. Mount Holyoke fronts the view, due eastward from Round Hill. On its top stands a house, reduced by distance to the size of a hut — with a flag waving over it. Down the side, between us and the house, seemed a flight of steps, made to climb the mountain by. I afterwards found it to be only a naked rocky steep, down which stones had been rolled by visitors, or tumbled by frost and storms, till trees and shrubbery were swept away. Northward from Mt. Holyoke stretched a chain of mountains, whose top seems curled like a snow-wreath. Near the foot of Round Hill, is the house of a Mr. Bowles, made (as are the stable, and other outhouses) in the Gothic style — all of wood. His handsome garden is cultivated in a great degree by his own hands. — Round Hill has some fine buildings, once occupied by an Academy of great renown, under the care of Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft, two eminent scholars. They had once, several hundred pupils. It has now gone down.

"Returned by the Court House. Its interior was shown us by an elderly gentleman, Mr. Stebbins, the County Treasurer. Its conveniencies surpass all that I have before met with, in such a building. Mr. S.'s office is in one room. He had quite a collection of curiosities: and producing a pile of Agricultural Addresses delivered in past years by different persons at meetings of the Hampshire A. Society, he would have made me take them all; but I got off with only five. An old bachelor, I warrant him.

. . . . .

"My landlord is a sulky scrub: and though I complained of his dining room maid's officiousness, there is in general a plentiful lack of proper attentions to a guest at his house.

"After an early and loathed dinner, having directed that my trunk be sent by tomorrow's stage to Hartford, I set out on foot, westward, into the country; with no baggage but an umbrella. Crossed the canal. Poor lands — pine and hemlock hills. Hay growing, or 'being mowed,' in three fourths of the fields. Roads ridged up in the middle, like turnpikes. Met two young ladies, driving unattended in a chaise, going to N. Hampton. Called in at a right large but shabby looking farm house, for a draught of water. The owner looked intemperate: yet he asked if strong drink was not the cause of the late riot and murder among the Irish on the Rl. Road near Baltimore. — A school house, where a good-looking young woman taught. Longed to go in, and see how it was managed: but could not frame an excuse, or muster boldness enough. Westhampton meeting-house, 9 miles from N. Hampton. There I meant to stay all night; and asked quarters of a decent man, who kept a sort of store near the meeting house — his wife, to whom I first applied, referring me to him — Mr. Jordan, or Mr. Judd, — uncertain which. After saying there was a tavern but a mile off, and being told by me that I was tired, and wanted to see the ways of private houses, he consented to my stay. I asked him to sell me a sheet of paper. He offered to *give* it. Wrote a letter for the mail: and then my host and I ascended the church steeple to see the prospect. It was sunset; and

he had but a dim spy glass. However, the view was extensive, and fine if not compared with that at Round Hill. It reached to East, and South-hampton — six or 8 miles off. Just above the church rose a mountain, offering a far wider prospect. Before writing my letter, I had joined them in their evening meal; taken, in the sensible New England manner, at six o'clock, instead of near bedtime. It consisted of tea, with brown sugar, currant tart, and warm rolls, leavened with salæratus. The master prefaced it with a grace, which showed him evangelical. Another, giving thanks, when we had done.

"He has much to esteem. Was a student at Williams College, among the mountains of Berkshire, in the extreme N. W. of Massachusetts. There, Dr. Justin Edwards, the great Temperance champion, was also a student — used to walk thither from his home near this place where he was born — and back again.

"After our descent from the steeple, my host went out to milk the cow for his wife. He filled one pail brimming, and called for another — 18 quarts a day! — Rich butter.

"Temperance and Colonization, he says, flourish hereabouts. When he attended me up stairs to bed, (intending to set out very early in the morning,) I offered him the usual compensation, for my entertainment. He would not touch a doit. 'He had always heard much of Virginia hospitality; and if he should ever visit Va., perhaps I might show him some of it.' — After I got into bed, I heard him at family prayers.

"Friday, July 4th.

"It was not 4 o'clock when I rose, dressed, and left the house — no one else being awake, that I could perceive.

"Took the road to Southhampton. At Sunrise, heard cannon, at Northhampton or Springfield, welcoming the FOURTH. — Country hilly, and wooded — barren. Much of the fern, which I saw the day before yesterday. Hemlock too, and white pine. Approaching a cabin, where an old man and his family were at breakfast, I plucked a sprig of fern, and asked him what it was? 'Why, that 's sweet *farn*,' said he, rather testily. No invitation to breakfast, or to come in. — Hay fields; and cattle grazing.

"Reached S. hampton (6 miles) at 7 o'clock; and asked for breakfast at the Tavern. It was soon ready, — a good breakfast. Price, 17 cents! Tipplers there. Landlady.

"Off towards Springfield — eastwardly. Come again to yesterday's canal. At it, met an erect old man, of 75; 6⅛ feet high, and very well proportioned; who with alacrity entered into conversation, though he had seemed in a hurry, driving some oxen. He 'was out agin Burgyne,' in '77. Inveighed against the canal, and its Company. It was useless, and an imposition. For lands taken to dig it, the damages assessed were paid in *canal-stock!* Can it be so?

"Presently a man overtook me, who was in a Jersey wagon, collecting rags to make paper. He invited me to ride with him. Accepted, of course. He was chatty to a degree! and quite intelligent — the very man I needed. The tall, fine looking malecontent I had just parted with was old Squire Judd. My new Palinurus and Automedon (both in one) explained to me a simple and admirable system of mutual insurance against fire, which is concurred in by almost every householder hereabouts. Example — On a valuation of $ 1000, the insured pays a premium of $ 12 for 7 years, and gives bond for $ 25 more, to answer quotas, should losses require them. Thus, for $ 37 at the utmost, he is insured 7 years to the amount of $ 1000. — Cost of painting a house 40 feet by 30, $ 60. Renewed every 5 or 6 years. — Passed a natural mole, or mound, dividing the 2 Springfield Ponds. They are a mile long; ¼ wide. — Here my new friend and I parted.

"Passed through W. Springfield, along the stage road of day before

yesterday. Got a man to ferry me over Connecticut River in a canoe. It was 80 rods (440 yards) wide, and swollen with rain; yet he asked only 6¼ cents. A by-path carried me through fields into a public road. Some fine oxen grazing. — Stood half an hour to see a man cutting shingles out of white-pine blocks, with a circular saw. It made I forget how many hundred, or thousand, revolutions in a minute. The machinery was turned by the water of Chickopee River; and just beyond was a cotton factory, in the Lower Chickopee Village. The factory was not at work, as it was the 4 of July.

"Being informed that the famous Paper-Mills, nominally of Springfield, were at the Upper Chickopee Village, 2 or 3 miles up the River, I proceeded thence, guided a little way by a strapping fellow in a round jacket, and of the surliest manners that I had yet encountered. He strode on so far before, regardless of my briefer stride and jaded limbs, that I let him go his ways, with a muttered curse upon his rudeness; and trusted to my own sharpness in finding the road, — which was quite plain.

"The Paper Mills were shown me thoroughly by an obliging man who belonged to them. Luckily, they were not stopped, in honor of the day: and all stages of the curious and interesting process were for the first time presented to my view. Perhaps the greatest curiosity was a newly invented cylinder (hollow, and filled with steam) for drying the paper which passed under it. —'T was near 2, p. m. I was then 4 miles from Springfield. The sun had been, all day, and still continued, absolutely torrid: feet sore, and somewhat blistered. Signs of drinking, rife as I walked. Between Lower and Upper Chickopee, a man staggered on before me, and after many diverting tacks and gyrations in his course, losing his hat by the way, he tripped and tumbled into a ditch by the roadside. I 'left him alone in his glory.' Rum is here the popular drink; not whiskey.

"Proceeded to Springfield, along a fine turnpike road, thickly planted with sorry-looking refectories, or grog shops, and now and then, sumptuous dwelling houses. Bought a bottle of spruce beer, and drank it. Approaching Springfield, heard cannon. Presently, saw a group, who were firing it. Went to them. Close by was an extempore enclosure, boarded over at top, whence waved a flag. In it, I was told, a dinner was 'being eaten' by a large company, in honor of the Fourth. The toasts began. A man near the flag waved it when a toast was announced; and immediately the cannon was fired. Then followed loud cheers from within. This was the Jacksonian celebration, and was near the U. S. barracks, and arsenal, where a body of troops are stationed. The cannon had its name, 'La Perilleuse,' stamped upon it — a brass 6 or 9 pounder. A bystander said, it was one of those taken from Burgoyne. I stood by, till 18 or 20 discharges had been made; a silent spectator and listener: then went on into the town — but not the thickest, or genteelest part of it. Entered a 3d. or 4th. rate tavern, where people (rustics, evidently) were crowded to get refreshments. Ate a poor dinner, and then sat, to rest, and hear, and talk, in the portico.

"The glass, manifestly, had circulated and was yet circulating very freely. The buzz of voices was incessant; equal to what I am used to on a Louisa Court day. — Specimens of Yankee speech abounded; *guessings* were numberless. — A decent young man (perhaps of my own age, or older — i. e. 32), in blue broad-cloth, with metal buttons — reminding me of the South — and with head perhaps half as gray as mine, entered into conversation with me. He was communicative and right sensible, though no scholar. His reverent demeanor towards me, whether for my gray-hairs, or for my being a stranger, was marked, and amusing. 'Leg*is*'s-latúre,' was his pronunciation of that word; with a strong accent upon the 2d. syllable. He says that *breeds* of horses are not much thought of. The serviceable ones are sought. — Racing almost unknown. — Not a race-course

in Massachusetts, or (as he supposes) in New England. Does not know whether colonization is popular or not.

"Two orations were delivered in town today; one to the Jackson party, by Mr. Eldridge, editor of the Hampden *Whig;* one to the National Republicans,* by Wm. B. Calhoun, speaker of the Mass. H. of Representatives. The latter seems to fill a large space here, in the public eye.

"At 4 or 5, p. m., I walked down the hill, towards the dense part of the town — a mile from my first hostelrie. A company of volunteers, in uniform, enlivened the walk by their music, and marching with me. The arsenal was closed, so that its interior could not be seen. — Entered, and explored an extensive Brewery, and drank a glass of the porter made there — pretty good. It makes 1700 barrels a year, each containing 144 bottle-fuls, i. e. a gross. Worth $ 23 a gross, including bottles. Barley sells for 90 to 100 cents a bushel. It is *malted*, then dried, then cracked, between rollers. After malting, it is sweet, because the saccharine principle is retained, while others pass off.

"Chose for mine inn a Temperance Tavern, kept, as the sign said, by B. Fuller Jr. very churlish, and unaccommodating — Either every body is put out of mood by the festivities of the Fourth, or this is a house whose doors ought never to be darkened by another traveller. However, my beard was long, and I must have looked very shabby.

"Heard conversation about Temperance, between Mr. Fuller and Mr. Morris, a lawyer, who said he had been out into the country today, to make a Temperance address.

"Paid my bill before going to bed. For supper and lodging, it is only 42 cents! — Distances today, — to Southampton 6 miles, to Lower Chickopee 10, to Upper do. 2, to Springfield 4 — Total 22, of which 4 were performed in the carryall of my friend the paper-mill agent.

* The name of *Whig* was not then taken by the Anti-Jackson party.

"Saturday, July 5.

"Up at 4. Legs and feet very sore, and aching. Off at ¼ past 4. Nobody up, as I walked the street, except a man 2 or 3 hundred yards before me. — Met an old woman going to market, and asked her which was the road to Enfield. 'Well, you keep straight ahead, and you 'll come to it in time. Ah, you slept too late this morning!' — What or whom could she take me for? — Not far out of town, along the bank of the Connecticut, met sundry laughing lads and lasses, in curricles; returning, probably, from some place of pleasure, where they had spent 'Independence,' as the 4th. is called here. From a curve in the river and its bank, 2 miles below Springfield, is a view of the town &c. which would that I could spread upon canvas. The graceful bend of the stream — its glassy smoothness, reflecting houses, trees, church, and spire, clouds and blue sky — The adjacent hills, with some shagginess of woods and rocks — made the whole scene, soon after sunrise, one of rare beauty. — Two or 3 miles yet lower down was the State line, between Mass. and Conn. On the boundary stone I sat 20 or 30 minutes, writing the notes from which this paragraph is penned. 'Long-Meadow,' a neat village, is not far above — Several handsome houses.

"Having walked 8 miles, — the heat waxing tropical, again — my lower limbs began to feel much worried. The Enfield Hotel, said to be near the meeting house, which of course was near the centre of that village, was to be my breakfasting place. Asking a rough fellow in a carter's frock, how far to Enfield? in my civilest manner, — he replied, in a tone of curdling surliness, and without looking at me, 'Little more 'n a mile to th' meetin' house" — not stopping — his voice coarse and ill-natured in the extreme.

"Enfield (Conn.) — Meachum's Hotel, at 7 — shaved — breakfasted — and walked on. The village extends 5 or 6 miles, at least, along the road. Handsome and populous. While my breakfast was getting ready, I took a short

nap on a bench in the bar room. Landlord's razor passing dull, and all his appointments for shaving no better than would be met with at a country tavern in Va.

"In ten or 15 minutes after leaving the Hotel, reached the village Meeting house. Large — with a cupola, and spire of immense height. — Presently, not far to my right, and down upon the River Bank, appeared *Thompsonville*, a manufacturing village, — tho' I did not hear of any but a carpet-factory. The shuttles are thrown by hand, without steam, or water power. *Warehouse point* was another village. Canal. *Windsor*, township and village.

"Saw a bluff, fat, and extremely stupid old man at his own door, churning cream with a paddle, in an earthen pot. I could not, by any cross-examination, extract from him an intelligible account of how the churches are built here. From his house-door, on a beautifully swelling knoll, was a prospect more extensive and hardly less beautiful than that of the early morning, just below Springfield. It commanded E. and W. Suffield, 7 or 8 miles up the river, Warehouse point, and Windsor, — with a large extent of farm-land, meadows, hills, woods, and water, agreeably diversified. — The low grounds near Warehouse Point contained much tobacco; 100 acres of it, in one body. A long shed there for curing it. It looks nearly or quite as well as ours usually does at this season. The corn very thickly planted, and luxuriant — knee high, and more.

"Just before reaching the stupid old man's house, I lay down for an hour under a walnut-tree, on some deliciously soft grass; napping, part of the time. While there, heard the church-clock at Warehouse Pt., nearly a mile off, strike 10 and 11.

"Stept into a tinner's shop by the road side. Process of wiring tin pans. Saw much of the ware making, which in childhood used so to dazzle me, when displayed by the pedlers. — East Windsor — West Windsor.

"Two carryalls drove by me. No invitation to ride. But one seemed in a prodigious hurry; and 't other carried a fat man, of 250, at least, with a horse poor and small.

"Many good rye and hay crops — fed away on the farm, or sold in Hartford, or at some neighboring tavern.

"About 3 miles from Hartford, overtook a low, weather beaten, badly dressed man, walking with apparent difficulty, in darned and ragged socks and no shoes, with an especially shabby old Leghorn hat, half brimless, and no coat. He greeted me with much frankness, and proposed having my company to H. — We were forthwith *hail fellow* &c. to each other. He presently told me that he was an English seaman, just 2 months from Plymouth, in the brig of war Falcon, of 18 guns, commanded by Capt. Auplin, a great tyrant, from whom he had deserted at Halifax. Had walked all the way from Bath, Maine; was moneyless, shoeless — feet blistered and sore — now suffering under a fever and ague. Evidently (as he self-complacently said he was) a right well informed man. Spoke far better English than many of our gentry — said he knew something of navig^{n}, could write a good hand, &c. Had begged his way, — and never asked for food or lodging in vain, among these Yankees. Going to Elizabeth Town, N. J., where he has an uncle. His name, Robt. Johnson. — Was once given to drink; and is now, if appearances do not deceive me. On being paid off once, he had £ 123, 5, 6 — It was all gone in 3 weeks! — Expressed great surprise at my asking for a glass of water, by the wayside: a gentleman of my appearance, he said. He thought I should have called for wine, ale, or cider. No Temperance reform in the British Navy, that he ever heard of. The grog-ration (half a pint daily) still drawn, and drunk. Is quite sure that sailors never can be cured of drinking. A good deal staggered at hearing of the reform in our service. — Said he had been at the Battle of Navarino, and received 2 wounds. Sir E. Codrington was promoted only from the Asia, a 2

decker, to the Caledonia, a 3 decker [quære?]. Thought, or pretended to think, that I was beyond all doubt a naval officer, — from some of my phrases and demeanor. —

"As he said a Doctor had prescribed flannel for him, I took him to a clothing store in the suburbs of Hartford, near the river, and gave him a flannel shirt and drawers, a new hat, jacket, &c. He begged earnestly to know my name, but I childishly refused — and we parted. He said he should embark in a small steamboat, which goes hence to New York.

"Bought a summer frock-coat, (of faded green bombazette), pantaloons, and waistcoat as a walking suit for myself: directing the bundle to be sent to the City Hotel.

"On my way thither, called at the storehouse and counting room of Mr. Charles Sigourney, husband of the poetess, and delivered to him a letter of introduction from Mr. Cresson to her. — He will do himself the pleasure to wait on me at the Hotel in the morning; and engages me to call and see Mrs. S. tomorrow afternoon.

"Found my trunk at the Hotel; brought by the stage from N. hampton. Peeped into Miss Sedgwick's Hope Leslie, lent me by Miss H. S.

"I have walked 26 miles today. The Thermometer has been at 91 or '2. — I am overdoing the matter. Such fatigue takes away much of the pleasure, and profit, of travel. — To bed at 9½.

"*Mem.* The factory at Thompsonville, Enfield, makes 800 yards of carpeting a day. 200 hands employed. The fly shuttle not used, because it cannot be changed readily enough, for the different colors. The highest priced made there, $ 1.75 per yard.

"Sunday, July 6th. HARTFORD.

"Rose at half past 5 — stiff, sore, and feverish — with a headache. Lounged in the Barroom, conversing with several gentlemen; especially a young Mr. Horace Barber, a native of Connecticut, who seems to have lived in Louisville, Kentucky — a lawyer, I take him to be — intelligent, clever, accessible. He confirms, that N. England contains not a race ground; nor any race horses, proper.

"Judges in Conn. chosen by Legislature: judges of county courts, for one year; of Sup^r courts, during good behavior, or till 70 years of age, when they are disqualified by the Constitution. This provision sometimes deprives the state of matured and most valuable minds; but perhaps oftener, saves the Bench from being incumbered by dotage or its cousin german. Clerks, appointed by the respective courts.

"After 10, Mr. Sigourney called to take me with him to Church (Episcopal). A grand, solemnly elegant structure. Nothing could better suit its reverend nature and imposing ceremonials, than the dark, yellowish brown sandstone of which it is built, from the Chatham quarry, 14 miles down the river. The material has an appropriate gravity, which, connected with the great height and bulk of the building, is absolutely awe-striking. The steeple is not a "taper spire," but has a tower-like top. It surpasses in beauty and grandeur any church that I have ever seen. Cost $ 70,000! — We sat in Mr. Sigourney's pew — Mrs. S. not being there this morning. The organ seemed to me the best-sounding I had ever heard. Mr. S. read the Bible passages of the Service in a copy of the Greek, Septuagint Bible, and a Greek Testament of 1592, "Coloniæ" — Cologne. (?) I read with him — never having seen the Septuagint before. The chapter we read (in Exodus) was very easy. I marked some strange freedoms which either the Greek version, or the common English one read by the preacher, had taken with the original: for they differed from each other in a startling manner. The New Testament chapter (Acts) was in the contracted letter, hardly decipherable to me. Short, and indifferent sermon: a preparation for the Lord's Supper — finished soon after 12. Mr. S. invites me again to his pew in the afternoon, and

then to his house, to see Mrs. S. — Agreed.

"P. M. To Church again at 3. Took my seat in Mr. S.'s pew, alone. Survey of the church, inside. Four very large, Gothic arched windows, on each side — sashes divided into small panes of the *rhombus*, or diamond form — catercornered squares — about 6 or 7 inches long and wide. Galleries and pews, painted of a sort of jalap color — rest of the interior, white — some gilding about the orchestra and pulpit. Presently, Mrs. and Mr. Sigourney entered the pew. A bow, as courteous as might beseem the Synagogue, — an appearance of conjectural recognition, — met me from Mrs. S. — I sat by her during the service and sermon — she putting her own prayer book into my heathenish hand, and pointing out the several places to be read. The heat was still oppressive: and she lent me her fan. She looked not over 40, if so much. Her cheeks bloom like 18. With bonnet on, countenance very pleasing. Mr. S. seems 55 or 60.

"Sermon by the morning preacher — Mr. Wheaton, of Rh. Island — rather better. His cousin (a Mr. Wheaton too) is pastor of this church, and read the services, hymns, &c. The latter is of decided ability. He announced a Colonization Meeting for next Saturday, and his own design to enter at length then into the Abolition question, — which, he said, he regarded as a most delicate one; doing, or threatening, great mischief to the community. His few words betokened power; and a justness of thinking on that topic, highly grateful to me.

"Mrs. Sigourney accepted my arm — her husband politely affording me the opportunity: and we chatted all the way to their house, a beautiful retreat, 100 rods or more (5 or 600 yards) from church, and just out of town. Among her inquiries, was 'Do you enjoy many religious *privileges* in Virginia?' My answer, blundering out something about our Act of Religious Freedom, and the perfect unrestraint upon conscience which we enjoy (for I was dunce enough not to see at first, that she used the word *privileges*, evangelically) plainly showed her what a pagan I was.

"Common-schools, and the fund ($2000000) in a great degree useless, because people did not pay out of their own pockets for their schools. A plan like that of Massachusetts is talked of; where the State gives a sum towards a school in a district, only upon condition that its people raise an equal sum. This makes them feel an interest in the school; and send their children punctually, to get the worth of their money. Female Academy. Female education much attended to in Connecticut. Girls not seldom taught the learned languages. Infant schools discontinued in Hartford, because the Doctor said they injured the brains, and nervous systems of children, by over-excitement. The mental effect not good, either learn like parrots, by sound, by rote, alone — without exercise of thought. Domestic education now preferred, for young children. Infant schools perhaps still useful, for children of very poor parents, who else would have to leave them at home alone, at working hours. College here, of which Mr. Wheaton the Episc[l] pastor, is President. Mr. S. had asked him to tea with me, but he was pre-engaged. Some wine produced, which my host said was genuine Samian.

"Mrs. Griffin, wife to an eminent lawyer of N. Y. was with us. After Tea (which was at 6) Mr. S. proposed to attend me to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and introduce me to the principal, that I might more conveniently find access tomorrow. Went. It is not above a hundred yards or so from Mr. S.'s. Miss Peazlee, the matron, — whom I called Miss Beazley, — and Mr. Weld, the principal — I called him Mr. Wells. Julia Brace, deaf, dumb, and blind. Her clothing, mostly made by herself. Laurent Clerc, a polite Frenchman, (a teacher) deaf and dumb, and so is his wife: yet their children not. One of them a blooming, beauti-

ful daughter of 16. "This," said Mr. S., "solves an interesting problem in physics."

"On our return, rambled thro' Mr. S.'s grounds — garden — corn — truck patch — grove, on a rather steep hill side. I verily thought there were 50 acres at least, astonished to learn that there were but 5! Between it and town was a moderate stream, called Mill River. A flour manufacturing Mill on it, makes 8 or 10000 barrels a year. Flour is worth 5 or 6 $ a barrel. &c. &c. &c. Went to my lodging at ½ past 8. Read half and more of the 1st volume of Hope Leslie.

"Monday, July 7. HARTFORD.

"Up at 6. After breakfast, Mr. Barber offered me his guidance about the city; with expressions which showed a delicate sense of a stranger's wants and embarrassments. Thankfully accepted. The State House — Senate Chamber, and Representatives' Hall. Portrait of Washington by Stuart in Senate chamber. Top of Cupola. View of city, and surrounding country. Obligingness of Mr. Huntington, comptroller, and Mr. Butler, keeper of the keys. Compensation "out of the question," — said Mr. Barber.

"To Deaf and Dumb Asylum again. Miss Peazlee and Mr. Weld. Prayers about to be held, in the chapel — we were invited in. A text explained, and prayer uttered, entirely by signs of the hands, fingers, and eyes. Asked Mr. Weld if in his exposition and prayer, he had spelled words on his fingers? "Oh, no!" (with a look of some chagrin at my supposition.) "I did not make a single letter. The signs express *ideas*, only." He then ran over some of them to me. The Asylum has 133 pupils, or patients — 57 girls. 127 were at prayers.

"Witnessed the morning's instruction given to two classes — 1st Mr. Clerc's, and 2d Mr. Turner's, in whose absence Mr. Weld has it in charge. Examination on Saturday's lesson. During these exercises, and at the prayer, the pupils' faces indicated wonderful depth and fixedness of attention. There was legible, too, in their looks, the highest love and respect for Mr. Weld. Many, very intelligent countenances.' Those aged from 12 to 16 learn the best. Adults, usually with difficulty — exception, one young woman of 25 or 26, from Wethersfield. Their writing, extremely plain and exact. Term of stay, 4 years. Deafmuteness sometimes superinduced by disease and hardship: not always from birth. Alms-box for Julia Brace.

"Back to town. With my new friend Mr. Barber, who seems to think he cannot do enough for my entertainment, — visited two of the belles of Hartford — Miss Woodbridges. One of them handsome — both tall, clever, and agreeable. No dancing parties in Hartford — no ball for the last 6 years. No theatrical amusements in N. England, except in Boston.

"Called at the law-office of Messrs. H—— and C——, leading lawyers here. Many particulars concerning Law-practice in Connecticut — fees — income of lawyers. No special pleading. Chancery and law jurisdiction blended in same judges. Superior Courts held by judges of supreme court. Salary only $1000, and no mileage. — No Rhode Isl[d] lawyers come into Conn., unless perhaps some borderer. Mr. H—— says that Mr. Burges is not eminent as a lawyer. 'C—— is a young man, of 22 or 25. Mr. H—— about 50. Has a singular and unpleasant twitch upwards, of his nose and upper lip, — two or 3 times a minute. Articulation, and delivery in general, not good — ideas, not original, or striking, or well-clothed. Yet he is near the head of the Bar here. Concentration of faculties is the secret, (no doubt) of his success. — Roger M. Sherman lives at Fairfield — practises in the Supreme court here. Best mind in Connecticut, Mr. Barber says. [Supreme C[t] sits once a year, in each of the 8 counties].

"Call at Mr. Sigourney's counting room. He gave me a copy of the last Report of the Deaf and D. asylum — and an engraved view of his residence.

He had a selfish aim, he said, in wishing me to take, and exhibit that engraving: as, he regretted to tell me, embarrassments in his fortune obliged him to offer the place for sale. Worth $ 20,000; but he expects it to bring less. — Offered me letters of introduction to Mr. *Perdicaris*, a native Greek, now teaching and lecturing at New Haven; and to Mr. *Richmond*, a great Greek scholar at Salem, Mass. He tells me, too, of one *Demetrius* * * * * * a native Greek, engaged in teaching, 25 miles from Hartford; who, as himself and Mr. Sigourney think, has the right, ancient pronunciation of ancient Greek. Homer is not musical, as read by him. He disregards quantity, and goes by accent altogether. [Such is Mr. S.'s account.]

"To dinner at City Hotel. At the bar, found a parcel containing two books from Mrs. Sigourney (author) — "Letters to Young Ladies," and "Sketches by Mrs. Sigourney." Also, letters from Mr. S. not only to Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Richmond, but to "Hon. Nathan Smith, U. S. Senator," New Haven.

"At ½ past 2 p. m., set off in stage for New Haven, by a route lying some miles W. of that by which I came up thence on the 1st instant. Wethersfield on our left — also Rocky Hill, in the same Township. New-Britain on our right. Through Worthington (once Berlin). Kensington on the right. Meriden. Chinipiack River. Wallingford. Hampden on the right. Saltmeadow. Farmington Canal, and basin. New Haven. Put up at the Tontine Coffee House, reputed to be equal to any other Hotel in the city. While on the road, having no stage-companions who seemed to promise interest, and rendered listless by the heat as well as by remains of last week's fatigue, I read through the 1st vol. of Hope Leslie; and the Report of the Deaf and D. Asylum.

"At the Tontine, met in the parlor, with a young N. Ca. lawyer named Huske, whom I remembered to have seen on board the steamboat between Baltimore and Philadelphia. There, we were shy and unsocial towards each other: but here, so far from our homes, we seem near neighbors, and coalesce in a moment. He seems, like me, to be travelling for curiosity. Agreed to walk over the town with him before breakfast tomorrow: and then, to bed at 10½.

"The Heat has been extreme, today. A gentleman at Hartford told me it was 97°· of Fahrenheit. But this was doubtless an exaggeration — from not having the instrument fairly secluded."

JOHN BULL AT FEED.

IF London were not the most wonderful result of civilization, the commissariat of London would be. I hate statistics, for they give no more idea of great concatenations of fact than logarithms do of the relations of the heavenly bodies; and the Arabian substitutes for the Roman numerals, though more convenient for the purposes of arithmetical calculation, are equally impotent in expressing the magnitude of assemblages of units. Very few men have a clear conception of how large a crowd ten thousand men make, still less what I should mean when I say that a definite number of thousands of beef and mutton animals are driven into London every day to be eaten *two or three days after*. My dislike for figures has always justified itself by their extreme inutility.

And then the wonder of London's commissariat is not in its raw material, but in its use of it; a realizing sense

of London dining might be induced into the average brain, while the huddles of oxen and sheep, the clouds of all kinds of fowl, and schools of all kinds of fish (known to London tables), the torrent of wheat, and the high-piled wagon-trains of vegetables that pour steadily, unvaryingly into that unvarying vortex, that maelstrom of comestibles, would defy a mind trained on study of the Arabian Night's Entertainments to gather them into simple conception.

Looking over the list of labels with which we ticket our conceptions before putting them into their places, we find, dealing with the genus *homo*, the proper one for the species *Britannicus* to be *prandialis*. The Frenchman makes love (love never returns the favor by making him), the Italian conspires, the German smokes, the Yankee *enterprises*, but the Englishman alone dines. It is n't the only great thing he does; even *we* admit him to the compliment of a comparison with *ourselves*, which is more than ever occurs to us with respect to any other nationality (and if we knew him as well as ourselves, we should probably be less boastful); but dining is his greatest achievement, and is the parent of most of the minor ones. To work as John works, to build as he builds, to grow rich as he grows rich, to be at once great and strong, and humane and merciless as he is; to grasp heaven with one hand and hell with the other as he does; to exalt his eldest children to such thrones and crush his youngest into such devil's mud as his are lifted to and crushed into, he must dine as he does. Nothing else will answer the purpose.

Solid, substantial, leisurely eaten, well-digested, contemptuously exclusive of all dubious nutriment, and taken at the end of the day's work, John's dinner brings oblivion for to-day and strength for to-morrow. You may palm bad architecture and wretched pictures on him for the best, make him believe that an improvement on the Japanese praying-machine is the gate of eternal happiness (i. e. for John rich), put his money in a railroad to the impossible, — do anything (*except generalize*), — but you can't make him take bad beef for good, eat it too much done, or keep his temper over a bad dinner.

In that mysterious and uncreeded religion which is, despite the nominal and external Church Establishment, the true faith of the unmitigated John Bull, — a religion I cannot define because it never defines itself, and because, with many years of acquaintance, I have never got to know John *well*, but which I conjecture to be a peculiar and subtle form of *I*-worship, — dinner is the great rite. The celebration is surrounded with precaution and ceremony, the initiated are required to appear in a peculiar costume and to observe a most sedate deportment; and before the conclusion of the rite, ladies are expected to retire, from a belief that their presence interferes with the efficacy of the observances; and as it is never celebrated in perfect form except in a place whose sacredness no idle gossip should desecrate or satirical intent invade, where indeed, I may say, no one capable of social sacrilege should ever be permitted to enter, — an English gentleman's home, — I am permitted only to say *here*, that in no other place is the dinner, in all its perfections of form, substance, and surrounding, ever to be known.

Who, indeed, to whom it has been permitted to enter into these elysian mysteries, and whose heart was properly attuned to the concomitant influences, can ever look back to the old land without the sympathetic recurrence of some flash of the emotions due to his participation in John's worship, and a simultaneous fading out of the satiric and pugnacious impulses which Americans almost always retain towards the land whence we derive our best blood and brain, the most of our national virtues, and not all of our national vices!

One occasion I remember above all others (which, if I should, as I hope I may, participate in these rites a hun-

dred times, will remain their crown), where all the conceivable perfections of accident or intention combined. The high-priest was one of those to me most charming of all civilized men, a true Englishman, who understands and likes America, and the priestess, — O reader, do you know a perfect English-woman, the *juste milieu* between our nervous American type and the too docile and sedate Teutonic in one direction; and between the *mitrailleuse* Frenchwoman, exploding with repartee and bristling with coquetries, the fair, fond, and incomprehensible (incomprehending too) Fleming in the other, — wise, faithful, housewifely, and so well educated that you only know how well by never finding her at fault, so well-bred that you never suspect that she thinks you ill-bred if you are, — do you know one such? Then I suspect you know *her*. No matter who beside was there, or what; wit and beauty, letters and arts, titled and untitled, there were. I felt like one of those wayfarers whom the Caliph Haroun al Raschid used to invite to his suppers, and I never think of the occasion without remorse. I violated the social law; I wore a black cravat! I never wear white ones; I detest and abhor them; I regard them as the last of the malignant contrivances of the devil Fashion to disfigure *man*kind; but I always regret that I did not sacrifice my antipathy on the peculiar altar for that particular dinner. I did not appreciate the audacity of my sacrilege till too late. It was not the first time that I had dined in a black cravat; but in this case I felt that mine was a halter, that I had gone to the wedding without a wedding garment, and deserved putting into the outer darkness.

I am inclined to believe that all this form and formality are necessary to the perfection of the dinner; certain conventionalisms enter into all the fine arts; the *prima donna* brings the house down with her conventional cadenza, foreseen and heard *ad infinitum*, but a necessary part of the aria; Turner curls his black dog's tail in the foreground of his pictures; Phidias, without a doubt, thought his straight nose and conventional brow the sign and seal of his work's perfection. Art always stands on one eminence, Nature on another, and the conventional is the bridge between them; and the difference between the two is that between the dinner and Charles Lamb's roast pig.

In speaking of the dinner as a religious rite, I am mindful of the fact that all religious rites are surrounded by mysterious formalities; and when religion is freed from mystery, it becomes rationalism at once, and is repudiated by every devotee; there is no sense of worship without mystery and mysterious formality. The Eleusinian mysteries no doubt wound up with a banquet, and (being a *pagan* celebration) we are permitted to believe that the so-called mysteries and secrets were only an invention of the priests to add to the solemnity of the real event, the banquet; and so when I have said that the dinner rites are only *perfectly* known in the notoriously inviolate Englishman's house, I have (not being Jenkins) precluded myself from divulging their mysteries. If my reader (Yankee) would know the enchantment thereof, let him (or her) drift about the world until he has forgotten the Yankee speech, lost the Yankee inquisitiveness, and found the invisible cap of a cosmopolitan manner (more or less), acquired the conviction that there is something that cannot be done in Yankee land, get a letter of introduction to an English gentleman, and give himself up to the hierophant, doubting and cavilling in no wise; and afterward imitate my wise discretion, if he hopes ever to dine again.

I know Americans who have an idea that they can dine in Paris; no, no nation has more than one art. In Paris they *can* cook dinners, but in England only can they be eaten. He who thinks of a French dinner thinks of Vefour, the Trois Frères, etc.; but who in thinking of an English dinner recalls Simpson or The London? Who ever

dreams that he dines in New York, except in the restoratorial sense? In Boston, before the war, perhaps, — but now the deadly ferment of Americanism is invading even the veins of the capital of our Puritan forefathers.

We are too feverish, too hurried, too prosperous, for the leisure, the impassiveness, the self-satisfaction necessary to dine. The bill of fare in America is by far too important a part of the dinner. The *embarras des richesses* of our market spoils the dinner, and would even if we knew how to cook.

The one secret of an Englishman's dinner which I may be permitted to disclose is, that the dinner and the company are perfectly *d'accord*, and the dinner is for the sake of the company, not, as in one of the imperial spreads of New York, to display the state of the entertainer. When this element enters into the ceremony, the goddess withholds her face. *The* English hostess whom I like most of all I ever knew said to me once, "To get your friends around you, you must give them something to eat; they won't come to tea and toast." And though the London market is poor and limited compared to that of New York, it has two things which are not to be found anywhere else, — perfect beef and mutton; and this is a difference so radical, that all our advantages cannot compensate for it. Multiply courses as you will, you can no more make a dinner perfect (in that element which depends on the cook) without a good roast, than you can build a ship without a keel. For we must now dismiss from our consideration that better part which neither taking thought will provide nor cookery attract, but only the magnetism of the host and hostess, the guesthood, which is Hamlet to the play, the gods to Olympus.

John's market is a poor one; his fish are few; the cosmopolite salmon, the turbot, and sole are in their respective provinces all that any one can have; all other kinds are better elsewhere. His oyster is an abomination, though people do get used to it as to tobacco; his venison poor stuff; his grouse, indeed, is his only good game. Veal is only to be eaten in Paris, which is also the *habitat* of the fowl; the turkey, if not wild, is only to be known in the Levant: the canvas-back can scarcely be said to be known on English tables. John entertains the innocent fallacy that his hothouse pines are better than any the tropics can produce, his wall-clinging peaches comparable to those of our Southern States, and the fruit of his grapery equal to that of Sicilian and Levant vineyards; and I know Englishmen who believe that the figs which struggle into insipidity on the north side of their fog-besieged gardens are sweeter than those which burst with their ripeness on Neapolitan shores, or those which one eats in the early morning amongst the Sabine hills, still cool from the chill of the midsummer night.

And yet, such is the quality of the substantials of the English cuisine, that is, the joints, that you can, in the public sense even, dine in no city in the world beside as you can in London; for the great *I*-worship has its lesser shrines where the publican is high-priest, and the ruder celebration is without mystery. Here and there are wayside temples, where a makeshift worship is performed, always with a reminiscent isolation from the vulgar, and a monitory severity of manner like the deportment of a Puritan at meeting; for John abhors that glory of an American hotel, the *table d'hôte*, evil invention, to him, of French democracy and culinary economy, and has a wise and healthy detestation of boarding-houses. Conservative in all things, and especially in his rites and ceremonies, he resists innovation at the table, and the tavern haunts its ancient locality, when everything else except the parish church has "undergone" improvement; he eats what his father liked, as his father liked it, and where his father ate it.

Who, recalling Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue as I did, bachelor-wise casting about in my mind where to dine in London, would not have

pitched on "The Cock" for one dinner for Tennyson's sake? Dingy, buried deep from Fleet Street close by Temple Bar, you seek in vain for it till you remember the legendary flight of its founder, with his "pottle-bodied" Ganymede,

> "Till, where the street grows straiter,
> One fixed forever at the door
> And one became head-waiter."

And you find the golden bird keeping his immemorial watch above the door that opens into a dark and narrow passage, at the end of which you enter the antique room, — the stronghold of chop-house conservatism, — the narrow pews, straight-backed, comfortless, railed and curtained in, that the devotion of no two shall interfere with other two, — but *no* plump head-waiter, — he, like his prototype, has been translated maybe long ago, and waits somewhere in the heaven of the *I*-worshippers. Here have I eaten my chops, but at the hands of no relative of him whom the Laureate celebrates; a meagre, wasted mannikin, feverish from thinking on the rarity of his customary gift-pence, gave it me "hot and hot" enough, and doubtless under the same "polished tins," with most excellent ale; I not daring to trust the port which even in Will Waterproof's days was of doubtful *provenance*, since he was obliged to order specially,

> "Not such as that
> You set before chance comers,
> But such whose father-grape grew fat
> On Lusitanian summers."

And if even then London docks had made port dubious, what shall it be now with the progress of chemistry and dishonesty? And, with all the conservatism of the Cock, I doubt if they have kept any of the old bin or the old honesty between host and guest.

The Cock is specially a chop-house; chops and steaks it furnishes, but nothing more. Of this class of houses one specially to be known is the Blue Post, Burlington Arcade, where it is said a sole is fried and a beefsteak broiled with the highest attained perfection. And here as in the Cock it is held that a good wine needs no bush, for you must painfully seek out the Blue Post, and entering find your unplacarded way up stairs to a dining-room — whose convenience scarcely reckons on a score of guests, dark — unfriendly.

There is something in this grim seclusion which seems congenial to the Britannic mood. John is a sort of moral porcupine, always on the *qui vive* towards a stranger, and at the tavern his quills are alarmingly erect. Of all taverns in which to dine and study him, give me Simpson's in the Strand, celebrated for fish dinners, which I advise no one to eat unless he be desirous of trying Agassiz's experiment. The joint at Simpson's is perfection, and, as far as comestibles go, you may dine completely and satisfactorily; the claret is excellent and the attention, *while you are dining*, faultless.

At other taverns you may meet eccentric people, literary people, or artistic; as at the Horseshoe, where artists resort, or the Cambridge, where political refugees console their exile with a *table d'hôte;* but at Simpson's you find the unmitigated John Bull, — merchants too busy to get home to dine, men of the law who have only bachelor homes, men of all kinds of business from the provinces who stay in lodgings, — all tolerably well-to-do (for those who wish to economize go to Upton's or the Salisbury or Lake's), fair, round faces, rosy and inclined to gout (as at Parker's they are thin and hurried and inclined to dyspepsia). Punch has the type of him, — Punch, prophet and seer *on his side the Atlantic:* you 'll find him any day at Simpson's.

You enter your pew bowed in by a reverent, white-jacketed pew-opener; the silent and attentive "head" presents you with the bill of fare. "The dinner" is half a crown, and includes joint, vegetables, bread, with a sequence of cheese, celery, butter, etc., etc.; of any or all as much as you care for. If you are wise, you will begin with the joint, beef or mutton, for nothing else is, in its way, so good; you

order this accordingly. Each pew has a table with a bench each side. If on the opposite seat you find a diner, don't speak to him; if he sits on the outside of his bench, get on the inside of yours; if you have occasion for the mustard which he has just used (don't use it on mutton, unless you wish him to know you are a Yankee), don't ask him for it, but call the waiter; or, if you do ask him, expect to have it shoved within your reach, as we used to have our provisions shoved to us in the quarantine, with a look out from under the brow; don't make any remark about the weather or anything else.

I sat three days in succession at the same table and the same hour at Simpson's, with the same Englishman at the other side, without a sign of intelligence passing between us, until at the end of the third dinner, when having brought in the latest edition of the Echo and finished the perusal I tucked it away behind the water-bottle, he timidly and falteringly asked if he might be allowed to see the paper. Imagine Hercules calling on the wagoner to help *him* out of the ditch! I melted at once and looked at the man. Not another word passed between us, but I am sure he felt more humanized for the breach of the Taurine decorum.

I sat one day with an American friend opposite an unmitigated Taurus, in whose manner, as soon as our nationality was betrayed, was shown all the antipathy the animal, pure and simple, ever feels for one of his fellow-men. With a hint to my companion, I determined to try to call him out of his seclusion; and so completely did we ignore his existence, that he really melted before the greater chill of Transatlantic contumely, and began to listen to our conversation; and betraying the topics he was most interested in, we followed up in that direction until, finding himself still unnoticed, his reserve broke down, and he positively entered into the colloquy. I 'll lay a wager that he remembers the hour he passed with two Yankees, neither one of whom asked him a question or cared to know who he was.

The fees to servants and waiters in England is an intolerable nuisance, and one which John has not the self-respect to abate. The custom at all taverns, etc. is to charge a fee for the waiters. At Simpson's this is threepence, but this, included in the bill, once paid, the waiter quietly hints that "*he* gets none of that, sir." The first time I dined there, the cool assurance of the thing took me by assault, and I surrendered the extra fee, but another day went to another table, to hear the same story, to which I replied with a contemptuous shrug; but changed again the next day, and the next, until I found a waiter who said nothing, on whom I settled, and deliberately began to demoralize him by giving the fee I refused the others, simply because he did not ask it. Go where you will, this respectable mendicancy appears. I have seen an English gentleman accept and pocket a half-crown for showing his pictures; and not only must you tip all the servants who have managed at your hotel to serve you, but if you visit a friend in the country, you are expected to fee the servants at leaving.

A most comfortable restaurant, more quiet and less English, is "The London," Fleet Street, a little dearer than Simpson's, the "London dinner" being for three shillings, but including the traditional courses of the *dîner complet*, quiet, with good attendance and no importunities from the waiters. It is a little more aristocratic, yet less to the taste of the genuine Taurus, and does n't offer the opportunity to study the animal that Simpson's does; but otherwise would be more agreeable than this to Americans, and, not wishing the regular dinner, you may order what you like.

But John at feed always exhibits one trait in which we must imitate him, before we become the great nation we fancy ourselves to be, — he never eats in a hurry. Sitting in Simpson's, an American must be struck by the slow, grave, thoughtful way in which every-

body devotes himself to his dinner. If an alarm of fire should occur next door, John would leave his dinner, get his hat, and walk deliberately out, not forgetting to pay the penny to the waiter, while the Yankee would bolt what he had paid for and run with his hat in his hand.

John does everything deliberately, and therefore well (even if it 's an evil thing); and, in my opinion, he owes it to his learning the habit at dinner. We do everything in a hurry, and do it as flimsily and incompletely as circumstances permit. We never have time to dine except on state occasions, and then we gorge. Our nerves are in a constant state of tension from hurry, and our brain never consents to alimentation. This, and not badly cooked food, gives us dyspepsia, which is a mental disease. We don't care much what we eat or how it is cooked, because we are so absorbed and preoccupied that we forget our appetites until we are famishing, when we stow away a quantity of food and return to our preoccupations, and the overworked brain refuses to give the stomach its forces. Indigestion is only a symptom, the disease is hurry.

If we had English dinners, I doubt not that we should be dyspeptic over them as over our hot bread and oven-dried meats, or fried cutlets of beef; the steak responds kindly to its appreciation, but it won't help *us* till we eat it deliberately enough to enjoy it thoroughly. That the dinner should be after the day's work is done is therefore a *sine qua non* of the English (or any good) system.

The "doctors disagree" as to the utility of wine, etc., etc., as aids to digestion, and have even proved by accurate experiment that alcohol in any form retards it; but did they weigh the soul with the body? Did they ascertain the digestive power of a contented and cheerful mind or the effect of the genial exhilaration which even good ale produces? If molten lead enabled us to forget our cares and be gay while we ate our dinners and an hour or two after, I think molten lead would be more healthful than our gloom and temperance. He who dines not in hope and cheerfulness had better fast, and who can only dine in haste had better lunch at leisure; he will so keep his brain clear, even if he starve his body.

This is to me the philosophy of John's feeding. I am not certain even that, if we ever gave time and thought to *our* roast beef to know whether it was good or not, we might not have as good beef grown in this country as in England. Nature serves us as the Italian picture-shops do, — not knowing what is good, she foists the rubbish on us. She never wastes her goods; and if perchance in some night surprise they fall into inappreciative hands, the morning finds them like fairy-gold, chips and leaves. We can never feed as John does till we have learned his philosophy as well as bought his beeves and sheep.

One of the most curious manifestations of the alimentiveness of London is in the show-windows of the smaller eating-houses, which are so numerous as to make a predominant feature in certain parts of the city, and which sometimes display their whole stock in trade apparently in the show-windows. Saddles of mutton abnormally fat, platters of chops, piles of steaks, rabbits, fowls, etc., etc., lighted at night by huge flames of gas, prognosticate a bluntness of the æsthetic if not the gustatory faculties not uncharacteristic of John in his ordinary forms. Before these windows one may see poor devils who never dined, enjoying with ravenous eyes the Barmecide feasts of their own suggestion, and famishing and ravening still more, when the policeman, who knows them, tells them to move on, when maybe they plunge into one of those streets where are the meat-markets of the poor. Hand-barrows loaded with scraps of refuse meat, vegetables of the day before, fish which to-morrow no one can eat, conchs and the coarse shell-fish and cheap salt-fish, all lit up with flaming lamps and proclaimed by a Babel clamor as to

price and quality, — an Inferno of alimentation in which I wonder that Doré never dipped.

Having dined comfortably at Simpson's some Saturday afternoon, let the American visitor to London go up Tottenham Court Road about 9 P. M., (it may be changed now or "moved on" to some other suburb of the Inferno), and smoke his cigar in the glare of lights and blare of brazen throats over the marketing of the poor, and then (remembering that this is not the cheapest in London, for to some no stranger ought to venture) make his comfortable estimate of John Bull at feed.

W. J. Stillman.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life and Times of David Zeisberger, the Western Pioneer and Apostle of the Indians. By EDMUND DE SCHWEINITZ. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

IN an article entitled "Gnadenhütten," which was printed in the Atlantic for January, 1869, the principal facts of the noble career here so fully described were sketched, and the present work, which we heartily welcome, was mentioned as in preparation. It has all the value which we then predicted for it, and is certainly "a most important contribution to American history in a department hitherto neglected by students, and almost an unknown land to the mere general reader"; it is something more than this, and is to be praised, not only for the thorough research and conscientious industry shown in it, but for the enlightened spirit in which it is written, and the candid manner in which Zeisberger's labors are considered. The author, who is now a bishop of the Moravian Church, yields to none probably in zeal for his ancient faith, and pride in its apostles; but as to the practical result of the Moravian mission to our Indians, no one could be more courageously and unsparingly outspoken. This mission resulted at Gnadenhütten and elsewhere in the conversion and civilization of a limited number of Indians, who, as long as they were isolated from the influences of the border, maintained themselves in Christian communities, but who disappeared before the advancing whites almost as quickly as their wild heathen brethren. Of all the stations established among the Indians by the Moravians, during the last century and a half, but three are now left, — one in Canada, another in Kansas, and another in the Cherokee country. "The time may not be far distant," says our author, "when even these will disappear, and nothing remain of the Moravian mission among the North American Indians, as nothing remains of the work of the Jesuit fathers, except its wonderful history, to teach future generations zeal for God and faithfulness unto death." He contrasts the failure of this mission with the success of the Moravian missions to other heathen, and attributes it to the vastly more indocile character of our aborigines, as well as the more adverse circumstances; and a less generous and patient historian would perhaps have inferred from his facts that the Indians were not worth the sublime sacrifices made for them. But neither the Moravians nor the Jesuits would admit this, and every one else should be loath to do so. It is not a justifiable interpretation of Bishop de Schweinitz's language even where he deals most frankly with the subject, and paints the Indians in a spirit which is very far from ideal or romantic. His colors are from Zeisberger's own records, now for the first time used; but we do not know that they are darker than those of other observers of Indian life, though they are certainly not those of the novelist: —

"Morally considered, they belonged to the most ordinary and the vilest of savages. Upon this point Zeisberger's testimony is as clear as it must be deemed conclusive. He loved the Indians. He spent his life in doing them good. It is impossible to suppose that he would have depicted their character in darker colors than truth warranted. And yet, instead of clothing it with those illustrious features which other writers have portrayed, he represents it as low and detestable. Lying, cheating, and

theft were universal. The marriage relation was of the lowest kind. Husbands forsook their wives whenever they pleased. To grow weary of a woman was a sufficient cause of desertion. Fornication and adultery prevailed. The ordinary state of a majority of both sexes was unchastity. Other vices, of the most abominable kind, were common. The false estimate which has been made of the aborigines of the last century arose from their aptitude to dissemble and their eagerness for praise. Zeisberger has laid this bare by a single pithy sentence. 'They love to be deemed honest and good,' he writes, 'even when detected in the worst of villanies.' In almost every respect, therefore, they were double-faced and double-hearted; one character they assumed for show, the other was theirs in reality."

Bishop de Schweinitz concludes that "among such a race the triumphs of the Cross were the more wonderful," and no one, in spite of the early decay of the Christian communities, can deny this when he considers the changes wrought in the savages by the efforts of the missionaries.

It is probable that the question of the conversion and civilization of the Indians will not be settled much before the extinction of their race; it is and always has been principally in the hands of the savages themselves and the frontiersmen who could not offer them a life desirable for imitation, but who freely made an exchange of vices with them, the heathen for once, in a bargain with the whites, getting probably as much as they gave. It is not for us here to pronounce which side is more or less in the wrong; we do not believe in the relegation of the Indian question to the next world; but this appears to be its destiny, whatever the right opinions may be, and we acquiesce without being persuaded.

In the mean time, the history of such a man as Zeisberger is very melancholy, very interesting reading. The man's character is brought out clearly, and the facts of his endurance and perseverance are not more surprising than the fact that he was not a zealot or an enthusiast. He certainly was a firm believer in the power of Christianity over all other forces, and if ever it seemed to fail, he recognized the will of God where a less religious spirit would have seen only evil. But he judges the Indians with perfect common sense, both before and after their conversion, and from the most thorough acquaintance with every phase of their life. He entered upon his work among them when a very young man, and he labored for their conversion and civilization with varying success in different parts of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and Canada, though nearly always among Indians of the great Delaware race. Whatever could be done to ameliorate or enlighten them by the devotion of a clear, sound mind and strong, loving heart, he did for sixty-two years. He founded community after community, and saw them wasted and dispersed by the malice of circumstances, by war, murder, and corruption; but, undismayed, he proceeded to other efforts in new fields. In the midst of the labors of his vocation, and its manifold dangers and deprivations, he was able to study scientifically the native dialects, and to publish many works in them and upon them. He took all a scholar's pride and interest in these matters, and it is amusingly characteristic that, commenting upon Bishop Loskiel's History of the Mission to the North American Indians, in which Zeisberger is himself the chief figure, he should praise it somewhat, and then add, that "the orthography of the Indian words, however, was a disgrace to the work." An affecting evidence of the same fondness for his literary performances is the fact that, in his last hours, "nothing soothed him so much as Delaware hymns from his hymn-book, especially those appointed for the dying, which the Indians sung grouped around him."

This was at Goshen, the town on the Muskingum founded near the site of Gnadenhütten, where the dreadful massacre took place. The poor fellows who sung these hymns were often given over to the sin of drunkenness, to which they were tempted with a devilish perseverance by the white settlers; and Zeisberger was now dying, to all human perception, amidst the final ruin of his life-long hopes.

In the article "Gnadenhütten" we discussed so fully the Moravian theory and practice of civilizing the Indians, that it would be repetition to say anything here. Zeisberger was the great embodiment of their system, and in his life its history is told. How well Bishop de Schweinitz has done his work in acquainting us with this life we have said in general terms, but we must not fail to speak of the means he has had for making it thoroughly good. He has based it mainly upon the manuscripts in the archives of the Moravian Church, which consist not only of the reports of Zeisberger

and his fellow-missionaries to the Mission Board, but of the "voluminous journals of their every-day life among the Indians, as also complete reports of any occurrences of special interest." The author's careful study of these gives peculiar value to his chapters on Indian history and character, and freshness to his whole work. It is in every way complete, one of its final chapters being devoted to an account of Zeisberger's literary labors, some notion of which may be gained by an examination of several of his manuscript works presented to the library of Harvard College.

The style of Bishop de Schweinitz's history is very clear and simple, with no ambition for mere artistic effect; while the work is at once full of a sincere piety, and remarkably free from the cant of "other-worldliness."

Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection: a Series of Essays. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE reader of Mr. Wallace's Essays will be greatly interested in the new facts and reasonings here brought to bear upon the theory of Natural Selection; and not a little interested in the person of Mr. Wallace himself, who, in addition to his qualities as a scientific observer, shows himself even remarkably free from that vicious temper of self-seeking and dogmatism with which the pursuit of science is not infrequently associated. Certainly no man can well exceed Darwin himself in the modesty, candor, and supreme devotion to truth which characterize all his researches. But we may freely say that in all these characteristics Mr. Wallace does not fall observably behind him.

Mr. Wallace's work consists of ten essays, all bearing more or less closely upon the law of Natural Selection, but all tending quite equally to spiritualize our conception of creative order, in leading us to regard creation no longer as a direct exhibition of Divine power, exerted in the production of existing species, but rather as an indirect or mediate exhibition of it, employed in giving them generic or universal substance. According to Mr. Darwin, Mr. Wallace, and indeed the whole strain of our recent scientific martyrology, there is no evidence appreciable to science of any specific creation ever having actually taken place. But since we can neither conceive of specific things as without being, nor yet as giving being to themselves, we are forced to conclude that they are created, only stipulating at the same time for liberty to push back their creation so far into the unrecorded past, as practically to identify the event with *the constitution of nature*. This is what gives the controversy its great philosophic interest, that it is thus driving men of science, who are too often superbly prone to sniff at such inquiries as metaphysical, to investigate the origin of existence, or demand an adequate philosophy of Mother Nature herself. For if species interpret themselves into Nature, what does Nature interpret herself into? There can be at bottom but *one* source of being; so that it really does not seem improbable from present tendencies that science may erelong conclude that material things have a rigidly spiritual origin, consisting in the uses they promote to higher existence: thus that there is nothing so veritably supernatural, on the whole, as nature itself.

On its face, however, the controversy is no way philosophic, but purely scientific. The question debated is, whether species obey a natural law of evolution, each being a modification of some broader and cruder species; or whether they must all be regarded as so many original but successive types of creative power. This question begets any amount of conflicting ratiocination, because, like all scientific questions, it admits only of an approximate solution, being dependent for its settlement upon an endless array of counter-probabilities on either side. And we need not expect, therefore, that the problem in its strictly scientific aspect is going to be put at rest in our day. But we repeat that there is every reason to suppose that the controversy will soon be taken off this limited ground, and put upon a truly philosophic foundation. If the rival disputants can only be led to discern, as it would seem they cannot long avoid doing, that all true questions of material *origin* or *nature* are at bottom questions of spiritual destiny, they will at once and gladly leave off rummaging the underground cellars of history in search of the mystery of existence, and turn to its illumined upper stories, which are even now looming large upon the horizon of men's living faith, for the light that they alone are competent to supply. The scientific instinct hitherto, and especially of late,

has been to deal with facts exclusively, and ignore doctrine. But all signs show, and this Darwinian controversy irresistibly, that men of science will be required in the future to become men of thought as well; that is, to confront truth as well as fact, or purge themselves of all indifference and indecision with regard to universal questions, no less than to particular ones. In a word, Nature — sole veritable sphinx, who has hitherto baffled all philosophic and all religious sciolism alike, with her insatiate demands of what? whence? whither? — is now blocking the way of Science herself, and will eventually force her to become godly in pure self-defence, or to hinder the human mind from being buried under its own rubbish, from becoming extinguished indeed under its own mere and miserable *excreta*. It is true that technical men of science seem more backward than any other as to philosophic tendencies; for when any one of them, like Mr. Darwin, steps forth from the ranks to deny, however modestly, that we have any evidence of Divine power ever having been exerted *upon* nature, or strictly from without, and not from within, he instantly challenges such distinction above nearly all his peers as necessarily argues their intellectual average to be very moderate. But the tradition, let us hope, is at last fatally interrupted; so that we may reasonably infer that there will be no *mere* man of science in the future; that is to say, none who will be content simply *to know*, without exacting that his knowledge prove itself at the same time serviceable to *thought*.

Let the truth be thoroughly understood on this subject. The *positive* benefits accruing to the intellect from science are not nearly so great as superficial observers are wont to imagine. It is emphatically a *negative* service which science has hitherto conferred upon the mind; consisting in its gradually disenchanting us of the old superstition which made space and time laws of the infinite being we have in God, rather than two most generalized expressions of the finite and phenomenal existence we have in ourselves. In destroying this vulgar prejudice, science has virtually lifted the philosophic problem of creation (together with *all* strictly cosmical questions whatever in fact), out of the sphere of sense, and converted it henceforth into an exclusive problem of the reason. Such is the great negative work it has done, in sternly demolishing every fancied haunt of Deity within the material realm, and relegating us to the spiritual realm of mind alone to find any adequate signs of his presence. In short, it has prepared us for the spiritual recognition of God, as a being who is essentially inscrutable to a direct approach, or refuses to become known save as he is necessarily *revealed* in his creature.

Of course, people will vary indefinitely in their views as to how revelation becomes worthily constituted. Science has no word to bestow upon this topic. But she puts it beyond all doubt, by the intellectual attitude she assumes at this day, that *revelation*, or *no knowledge*, are the sole remaining alternatives of the human mind with respect to God. Either *some* revelation of the Divine name is necessary to our knowledge of God, or else the Divine name must consent erelong to be blotted out of men's remembrance: upon this point she speaks with commanding accents. We accordingly mean no reproach, but a sincere homage to science, when we express our conviction that any old dame, with spectacles on nose, who devoutly patterns her Bible, even at the risk of swallowing all its marvels as literally true, has a much better, though latent, intellectual relation to the future of thought, than even our sturdiest eaglets of science, who yet are content to find in their knowledge of what they call "the laws of nature" a full satisfaction to their spiritual aspirations, or thirst for truth. She at least does not actively or acutely misapprehend the *rôle* which Nature plays in the drama of creation, and they habitually do this, in converting her from an accessory into a principal. The truth is, that what we call "nature" is merely a hypothetical body, or bond of universality, which we, in our ignorance of man as the only *true* universal, do not hesitate to assign to specific existence, mineral, vegetable, and animal, as necessary to give them fixity, or render them stable. And this is literally all it is: a purely logical substratum or substance, having neither existence nor function unsupplied by our intelligence. In its widest acceptation, it is a mere provisional cuticle of the human mind, designed to harbor that mind, or give it a *quasi* outward unity with itself, while it is destitute of true inward unity, or unhoused in its own spiritual recognition. And to take up our abode in nature, therefore, or make it the temple of our intellectual rest, without instantly pressing on to know the ma-

jestic spiritual form to which it is altogether and abjectly ministerial, is not a whit more creditable to our intelligence, than it would be to cherish the disgusting viscera of the corpse for their own sake, and with no view to the lessons they reflect upon the health and disease of the living subject.

Vagabond Adventures. By RALPH KEELER. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

IT is given to so few people to have run away from home in very early life, to have adopted the profession of negro-minstrelsy in fulfilment of the ambition of every boy for some sort of histrionic eminence, to have abandoned this art for the purpose of going through college, and then, after much travel in Europe and a course of study at Heidelberg University upon less money than most of us would like to starve upon at home, to have settled quietly down to writing for the magazines, that Mr. Keeler has at least one reason for making this curious and entertaining little book. The story was worth telling, even if he could have imparted to it no charm of narration and suggested no pleasant or useful reflections to his reader. But he has made it lively and agreeable in style, and he has addressed himself so skilfully to the reader's good sense as well as interest, that we believe the public will find it, as we do, a novelty in literature, and something very much better than a novelty. There is the flavor in it of the picaresque novel, without the final unpleasant tang of that species of fiction; and the author has so objectively studied his hero, that even where the latter falls into unpoetizable squalor, and has things happen him that you wish had not happened, you do not refer your repugnance to the historian, who, you feel, sees these things in the same light you do. On reflection, too, you are glad that he treats his subject so unsparingly, for a book has no business to be merely literature; and such a book as this especially ought to teach something, — ought to disenchant youth with adventure, and show Poverty in her true colors, that people may use every honest effort to avoid her. That lean nymph is so apt in literature to take the imagination of the young, that it is well for once to see her as she is in real life: Mr. Keeler, who has walked up and down with her, like Constance with grief, and has the same reason to be fond of her, paints anything but a seducing picture of her. He keeps a surprising cheerfulness of temper throughout, but he does not pretend that his intimacy with poverty is ever enviable; and indeed there never was but one man had the heart voluntarily to perpetuate such a thing, and he was a saint, and not a literary man.

There is something quite touching in the first of these vagabond adventures, that is to say, in the account of the boy who ran away from home; but the author does not directly appeal to sympathy for him. So strange facts have rarely been so simply told, and with such strict regard to the truth of local color and the integrity of the hero's character, who never thinks or does anything beyond his years. Those of our readers who remember Mr. Keeler's Atlantic papers, "Three Years as a Negro Minstrel" and "The Tour of Europe for $ 181 in Currency," are as well qualified as ourselves to pronounce them very interesting in substance and agreeable in manner: he has somewhat enlarged them, as they now stand, and they will bear a second reading singularly well. We think that the first two parts of the book are better in every way than the last: they are better in style, and in fact they are more curious; for the poverty-stricken traveller and student is not so novel in literature, whilst the runaway boy and negro-minstrel, surviving to write of himself, is absolutely new. The minstrelsy paper is peculiarly entertaining to us people of the audience, who are always longing to know what the actors are like behind the scenes, and who have here the chance to see our delightful old friends with their burnt-cork off. It is immensely gratifying to find so much human nature in them, — yes, so much more human nature than falls to the lot of most other men; and we ought all to be obliged to Mr. Keeler for the sincerity and good taste in which he has presented them. That company on the Floating Palace is one that it is charming to know through him; and the whole paper has now an historical value, for negro-minstrelsy, that sole growth of drama from American life, is now almost wholly passed away, and was waning even before slavery perished. Something else pleased us in this paper: perhaps it may be roughly described as confirmation of our belief that the truly American novel, when it comes to be written, will be a story of personal adventure after the fashion of Gil Blas, and many of the earlier English fictions.

No one should be a prophet who can possibly avoid it, and so far we have kept ourselves pretty free from prediction. It is well for Mr. Keeler to have here grouped together these singular facts of his life, but it will be no surprising fortune if he shall come after a while to regard his work as crude in some ways: at least, he has given such evidence of growth since his first book as to make us hope this. But with these haunting reminiscences once fairly uttered, and, as far as he is concerned, dismissed to the limbo of all known facts and accomplished purposes, he can turn to more imaginative tasks with an expectation of success which will be fulfilled in proportion as he remembers (what he ought to know better than any one) that, truth is stranger than fiction, and not only this, but is better even in the airiest regions of the ideal, and that the only condition of making life like ours tolerable in literature is to paint it exactly as it is.

Monsieur Sylvestre. A Novel. By GEORGE SAND. Translated from the French by FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

IT is owing, no doubt, to a greater difference in the constitution of society in France that, judged by the rules regulating our social life, many French books written with a manifest moral purpose are immoral to us, because the improper is made so very conspicuous when absent. In situations where the Anglo-Saxon would not suspect, Lamartine, for instance, in his most impossible Platonic stories, is sure to tell with gratuitous solemnity that everything was perfectly correct. If "Monsieur Sylvestre," therefore, is not free from this species of negative impurity, it would appear to be not so much the fault of Madame Dudevant as of her nation and its literature. And it is due her to say that her seeming honesty, even in her errors, has placed George Sand, at her worst, on a moral plane far above that of the abandoned English female novelists of the period.

The book "Monsieur Sylvestre" is exceedingly philosophical; a fact which accounts, it may be, for the somewhat slow movement of the story itself, and the philosophy varies in quality.

The characters of the story are made to form a sort of exploration party after happiness. Monsieur Sylvestre the hermit, divides the command of the expedition with M. Pierre Sorède, a young gentleman who is dissatisfied with the matrimonial scheme of his worldly uncle. A young physician is the next important person, in a philosophical point of view, and Mademoiselle Vallier, the heroine, the most important one of all in point of story-telling interest. Before Pierre married the heroine, and just before his duel with a pretender to her hand, he states the results of his search after happiness as follows: "Happiness has never been defined and cannot be; each man forms an idea of it which is peculiar to himself, and even this varies according to the state of his mind; nothing is happiness, properly speaking, and everything is happiness to a fully living soul; therefore the question is, not to seek after happiness, but to develop life which gives it to us, humble or magnificent, ardent or calm, ecstatic or sweet, as it gives us talent or genius, according to the organization which we possess. And I may well add that, for youth, the true and the best employment of life is love!"

As Pierre does not afterward state definitely any other opinion concerning happiness, we may take that to be his last one on the subject. This, however, gives no idea of the beauty and breadth of some of the sentiments of "Monsieur Sylvestre." It is a work entirely of George Sand's latest manner, and the traces of a master are almost everywhere apparent. As a story it is not quite so attractive as "Antonia," or even "Mauprat," the two others of her works which have preceded this in the series of translations. "Mauprat" has more of the writer's early fire in it, and of her early crudeness. "Antonia" is a charming love-story, in which Madame Dudevant approaches what she seems to us to have reached in "Le Marquis de Villemer," namely, her greatest purity, though not her greatest strength. Mr. Shaw has given us an admirable translation, notwithstanding an occasional difficulty with his pronouns, and the use of too much translatable French everywhere in the volume.

Companions of my Solitude. By ARTHUR HELPS, Author of "Friends in Council," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WE could not give so many good, tangible reasons, perhaps, for not liking Mr.

Helps's essays as might be urged why we should like them by some one who does; and yet we are very certain of not finding them satisfactory. They have a quaintness without humor, a prejudiced and narrow-minded benevolence, an elaborate and fatiguing ease. The author is apt to be very subtle about some interest purely factitious and quite unworthy consideration, and then for compensation to treat with one-sided petulance and impatience some most serious and important problem. He is a humane thinker to no particular purpose; his sympathies embrace misfortunes upon the understanding that the conditions producing the misfortunes are not to be essentially changed. He is a conservative who would like to see the world improved, but not particularly advanced; but at the same time he has some very startlingly radical sentiments in abeyance. In the literary management of his book he concerns himself so much with getting into a proper and impressively careless attitude to say something, that you are usually quite worn out before he says anything. When he refers to an expression of one of his characters as humorous or sarcastic, in which his reader is able to discern only a cold and colorless flippancy, it is touching, though pathos is not Mr. Helps's strong point; in fact, he seems to have only a vague *faiblesse*, and no *forte* at all. Yet, as we must say again, one might found a contrary opinion upon his book, if one had a mind to discover only its good things. Here, for example, is a passage which might persuade us that Mr. Helps had made a shrewder study than any one else of German character, for the German people are now realizing upon the French battle-fields the terribleness he guessed to be in them, when one day he stepped into a Protestant church in Germany: "They sang psalms such as I fancy Luther would have approved of; and I thought it would be a serious thing for a hostile army to meet a body of men who had been thus singing." Or he might almost make us believe that he had acquainted himself intimately with things in this country, so cursed by the brutality of people in small authority, when he wrote beseeching those wretched little despots to bethink themselves that "it is a great privilege to have an opportunity many times in a day, in the course of their business, to do a real kindness which is not to be paid for. Graciousness of demeanor is a large part of the duty of any official person who comes in contact with the world. Where a man's business is, there is the ground for his religion to manifest itself."

The companions of Mr. Helps's solitude are his reveries upon all manner of subjects, and he talks on with a looseness at times which it is no great violence to call maundering. He laments for a long time the existence of prostitution, which he sees clearly enough comes from the aristocratic constitution of society in some degree; and then of the folly that tends to ruin he says: "For women are the real aristocrats; and it is one of their greatest merits. Men's intellects, even some of the brightest, may occasionally be deceived by theories about equality and the like, but women, who look at reality more, are rarely led away by nonsense of this kind." If you feel like answering that this admirably disastrous aristocratic sentiment of women is an effect of their false education and narrow life, a relic of their ancient slavery, in fact, rather than a finer instinct, spare yourself the pains; Mr. Helps is going to tell us very shortly that "there is a cultivation in women quite independent of literary culture, rank, and other advantages. They are more on a level with each other than men."

We do not recollect to have read anything upon the social evil quite so aimless and inconclusive as the speculations in Mr. Helps's book, though we recognize a certain nervous and distracted good-will in the essay that at any rate does honor to his heart. There may be more reason for the existence of this and the other essays than we have allowed, but we should be at a loss how to express it. There seems to be no occasion for uniting the sentiment of Tupper to the logic of Ruskin, and presenting the result in the form of reveries and dialogues; and yet there may be.

Valerie Aylmer. A Novel. By CHRISTIAN REID. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

IT must often have happened to our reader, if he is also a play-goer, — and especially a play-goer of these later times, when the theatre has taken to holding the mirror up to nature with so much freedom, — to have seen upon the stage among the masculine characters certain figures — very pretty and charming figures sometimes — which were rather puzzling. They were dressed, these

figures, in men's clothes, and they behaved as much like men as any persons upon the stage, and more. Were they faithful lovers and devoted husbands? Such fidelity in lovers and devotion in husbands was never seen before. Were they seducers and *roués?* They were incomparably beguiling and abandoned. Were they dandies? Their foppishness exceeded all other foppishness. Were they assassins? The murderousness of those assassins! — it made one's blood run cold.

And yet, there was something which rendered the spectator doubtful if they were all that they seemed to be. Perhaps it was the very excess with which they developed the dramatist's ideas, the extreme vigor with which they represented masculine character, that awakened misgiving. You might not declare that they were women, but it was incredible that they were men like other men, though they might be such men as the ladies would be could they gratify that aspiration of theirs, "If I were only a man!"

We are confirmed in this suspicion, which is very likely unfounded, by the appearance of the ladies when they wreak this desire in fiction; for in their personation of lovers, husbands, and brothers there, they remind us of the surpassing manliness of those mystifying figures on the stage. Even when they would deceive us as authors, and call themselves by men's baptismal names upon their title-pages, they are defeated by the behavior of their people in men's clothes; and we should know that Christian Reid was a lady, because all the men in the book are ladies, or at the best, ladies'-men, and are severally much better and much worse than they could be if they were what they pretend to be. In such minor personages as Valerie's father, General Aylmer of Aylmers, and her uncle, M. Vacquant, this fact does not appear so strikingly; but there is no doubt of it when you come to her lovers, Charley Hautaine, who had loved Valerie from childhood, who was "clever, high-spirited, brave to a fault, thorough-bred within and without, and handsome as a prince in a fairy tale," whom everybody loved, "even the girls with whom he flirted, and the men whom he rivalled," and who had done warlike wonders in the Confederate Navy during the war, and had light clustering curls, and played upon the guitar, and sang duets, and had fought duels, and had thrown his dearest friend out of a window and crippled him for life; Julian Romney, M. Vacquant's step-son, who had "all of boyhood's smoothness of outline and clearness of tint in the face, whose refined features and waxen complexion suited its rich brown curls and lustrous eyes; all of boyhood's grace in the slender figure that bore upon it the stamp of such thorough-bred elegance, yet who had a curve of disdain about the mouth, and a cloud of petulance on the brow, which deepened and lightened continually, without ever quite vanishing, and made the most careless observer sure that this man had never in his life known the curb of wholesome restraint, imposed either by others or himself," and who, in fact, after being flirted with by Valerie (*la belle des belles* they called her in her native Louisiana, where they know ever so much French), takes more and more to gambling and is finally killed in a duel; and, above all, Maurice Darcy, the soldier-artist, Valerie's cousin, of Irish blood, and a prodigy of coolness, suppressed passion, cutting sarcasm, and generosity and genius, such as is found only in ladies' novels, who hates Valerie's coquetries, and saves her life, and wins her, and breaks with her, and has "quick gleams flash into his deep-gray eyes," or as it were "a stone mask fitted over the features," or "a cloud, heavy and dark as night," rolled over them, according to his moods; who is often the guest of M. Vacquant, his uncle, whom he tells plainly he does not forgive, and never shall forgive, for his ill-treatment of his mother, who paints the most wonderful pictures, and is with "the Emperor Maximilian" up to the last moment in Mexico.

We should fear that the worst effect of this sort of thing might not be the bad literary art, but that after a while the young men might think of taking the lady novelists at their word, and instead of remaining the sensible, slow, easy-going fellows we all know and like, might begin to ask themselves whether, if women liked those pretty monsters they painted, it was quite worth while to behave with any sort of sanity and good-temper. But fortunately it is worth while, for the sake of one's own comfort, and besides, in novels like "Valerie Aylmer" any one may see that the whole tone of society is as flagrantly unnatural as the men. We speak now for the North; we cannot declare that, in Baltimore and Louisiana people do not talk and act as Christian Reid says. The circle is very, very patrician, and in purity of blood and breeding alone is one which we cannot hope to see in the North, or ever

associate with on equal terms. Pretty nearly everybody has been a champion of the Lost Cause, and has fought with unspeakable heroism; and some have become so joined to lost causes, that they follow the failing fortunes of despotism in Austria and Mexico. They are mostly of French extraction, and they are of the Catholic religion; and we have an uneasy feeling (which we dislike to express) that they would think themselves much better than one of our best Boston families. They read nothing commoner than "Blackwood," in the thin air of those heights, and they interweave in common parlance genteel *morceaux* of the *langue Française*, like *qu'importe*, *tapis*, *atelier*, *mes amis*, *voila tout*, *par exemple*, *début*, and *au revoir*. Hardly any conversation is without these embellishments, and the feebleness of the book is forever staggering into italics.

It would be difficult to give a general idea of the comprehensive absurdity of "Valerie Aylmer," and we are not even going to tell the plot of it. We do not know whether it is more sad or more amusing to note how entirely it seems to be evolved from a young girl's ignorance of the world and knowledge of the most unnatural literature, and how it seems unconsciously to have been put together from this deplorable reading. The art of doing this at all is something in the author's favor, and youth is something; and at times we fancied that the dialogues of the book, preposterous as they were, had a movement of their own, and did not leave the development of the characters altogether to the author's explanations; but we are not sure of this, and the only kindness at parting which we can think of is to remind the author that she can easily outlive "Valerie Aylmer," and that she cannot help doing better in another novel.

Thayer Expedition. — Scientific Results of a Journey in Brazil. By L. Agassiz and his Travelling Companions.
Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil. By Ch. Fred. Hartt, Professor of Geology in Cornell University. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

It will be seen by the title of this work that it constitutes a part of the long-expected report of the scientific results of the Thayer Expedition to Brazil. This expedition, was on all accounts the most remarkable enterprise of the kind ever undertaken in America, — indeed, considering the time occupied and the extent of country traversed, one of the most fruitful journeys ever undertaken, not excepting the great enterprises by our own and other governments. Mr. Hartt's report on the physical geography and geology of the region studied by himself and the other assistants of Professor Agassiz may well serve to show to the public the spirit of investigation which guided, and the magnitude of the work done, by the gentlemen who co-operated in this investigation of the great empire of the South.

His work being a part of a series of reports on the same region, Mr. Hartt has evidently felt himself limited in the scope of his treatise to the range of subjects properly falling under this title. This takes away from the book the general interest which would naturally be attached to a journey by a careful observer in the ever-new tropical region of South America. The book has few of those traits which will make it popular in the worse sense of that word. It differs entirely from the class of books to which, for instance, the "Brazil and the Brazilians" belongs, and though it may want the few good traits of that eminently popular volume, it wants equally its many bad characteristics. A glance at the table of contents shows at once that it is as a scientific report that the volume is to be considered, though the matters of which it treats, as well as the methods in which they are considered, makes it interesting even to the unscientific student of South America. Although Mr. Hartt's observations extend over only a small part of the whole surface of the Empire of Brazil, they have covered by far the larger part of the coast line of that region, and extended far enough into the interior to give us a great deal of information about the most important commercial provinces, those containing the diamond districts of Diamantina, Chapada, Sincora, etc., and the extensive coal basins whose development is to play so large a part in the future of the continent.

Beginning with the province of Rio Janeiro, Mr. Hartt takes up the several other provinces, and gives a succinct description of each, drawn from his own note-books or from the journals of his fellow-travellers, compared with and illustrated by the work of other observers in the same region. We cannot follow him through the encyclopædic detail of this part of his work. The last

chapter contains the only important generalizations which his book affords, for during the first eighteen chapters our author sticks very closely to his facts. Some of these general conclusions are of the highest value. Mr. Hartt seems to have satisfied himself that the gneissic rocks of the province of Rio de Janeiro and the Serra do Mar are of Laurentian age, and that they were lifted above the sea as early as the beginning of the Palæozoic time. While acknowledging the probability of these two conjectures, we must confess that the evidence does not warrant us in the supposition that these opinions are to be admitted into the facts of the science without further evidence. The admirable criticism levelled against the hasty conclusions of geologists, in the chapter on "Illogical Geology," by Mr. Spencer, should make that class of naturalists see the dangers involved in this sort of reasoning. It must be confessed, however, that Mr. Hartt's opinion concerning the age of these rocks receives striking confirmation from the parallelism between the lithological and mineralogical features of the materials of which they are composed and rocks from the Laurentian system in this country. This comparison has been made by Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, whose opinion on such points is of the highest value.

Unquestionably the most important matter discussed by Mr. Hartt concerns the evidences of glacial action in the region from Rio to the Amazon. When Professor Agassiz, in 1865, first announced the existence of glacial drift in the neighborhood of the equator, the scientific world pretty generally believed that the judgment was hasty; that it was too much influenced by a desire to extend the domain of that geological agent, of which he had been to a singular degree the discoverer, to regions where it would seem impossible for it to have operated. We hope the clear statements of Professor Hartt will at least give pause to the illogical talk of those who, ignorant of the facts, have in a very unscientific way hastened to protest against Agassiz's conclusions. Mr. Hartt tells us distinctly that he was at the outset opposed to the view of his master (and of his complete scientific independence the writer can testify), that he conceived it to be in the highest degree improbable that could have worked in Brazil as it has wo in British America. Yet he has by ful study been drawn to believe that whole of the shore region of Brazil was, ing the last geological period, covered ice to a great depth, which performed precisely the same part which it perfor probably at the same time in North A ica. We cannot give Mr. Hartt's argume in detail; it is, however, convincing to a right-minded man that further objections Agassiz's view must come from persons w have studied the facts at least as carefully he and Mr. Hartt have done.

The same good reasons which would de the critic from criticising the style of "blue book" might be urged against cr ing about the rhetorical shape of Mr. Hart book. There is so little, however, to said against the way in which the auth has presented the matters of which he treat that we may, without risk of prejudice him, say that he has considered clearne of statement very much more than elegan of diction; that he is laconic to the extre of being dry. The reader meets so ma full-points in the course of a page, th he feels as if he were travelling over intellectual *corduroy road*. But the wo form of this offence is something venial con pared with the sin of fine writing.

Of the work as a whole it is not too muc to say that it is the most valuable contrib tion yet made towards the development o the physical history of the noble Empire Brazil. It was the great good fortune the Thayer Expedition that it secured earnest and intelligent co-operation of most enlightened of modern sovereigns, P Pedro II. We are heartily glad that th important event in the exploration of h country should have come from the energy and talent of our own. South America may or may not come to be the home of the emigrants from its overcrowded sister continent in the last decades of the next century, but it is certainly the fairest field now open to the exploring ambition of our American students who long for uncultivated fields. We hope there may be many to follow the way in which Mr. Hartt has led.

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